THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1889. No. 27.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c. executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Emma T. Benjamin and others,
versus
Thomas C. Benjamin and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 20th day of October, 1889, that the sale of the real estate in the above proceedings mentioned, made and reported by William M. Slay, Trustee, under a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county in equity, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 3d day of December next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,100.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Nov. 2, 1889—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

William L. Meredith, Collector,
versus
Henry Robinson.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE report of Sale in the foregoing case having been read and considered and the same appearing to have been regular, and the provisions of law in relation thereto having been complied with; It is thereupon this thirtieth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, ordered that the sale made and reported by WILLIAM L. MEREDITH, Collector, as above set forth, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the third Monday in January next;—Provided, a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the first Monday in December next.

FREDERICK STUMP.

True copy, Test—
Nov. 2, 1889—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Charles T. Westcott, Trustee,
versus
C. Wright Spry and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 18th day of October, 1889, that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Chas. T. Westcott, Trustee, under a Deed of Trust from C. W. Spry and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of December next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $20,220.33.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Oct. 19, 1889—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOSEPH MASLIN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 22d day of April, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 22d day of October, 1889.

CHARLES C. STRONG,
Oct. 26, 1889—4t. Administrator.

NEW! NEW!

Fall and Winter Goods!

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES, KERSEYS,

Flannels, Cheviots, Tickings!

DRESS GINGHAMS, PRINTS,

WHITE AND COLORED BLANKETS.

UNDERWEAR of all Grades at Prices to Suit all. Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Corsets, Suspenders, Collars, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs and Notions in great variety.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS

MEN'S SHOES, LADIES' SHOES!

MISSES' SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES!

RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES!

HATS and CAPS! CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!

Full line of Groceries and Queensware. All at lowest prices.

J. H. SIMPERS,
Oct. 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BUILDING LUMBER.

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS,

CYPRESS FENCING.

THE LARGEST STOCK, OF SEASONED LUMBER, IN THE COUNTY,

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES

DO NOT BUY without giving me an opportunity to make estimates for you.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
March 9, 1889.

To the Ladies!

YOU can easily get your DRESS GOODS at home and you can very soon get them soiled, but you cannot have them cleaned or dyed at home, but if you go to

MRS. KATE BRADLEY'S,

three doors below the postoffice in Chestertown, you will find the prices for Cleaning and Dyeing and she will inform you that you can have such work done at the

—NEW YORK—

Steam Dyeing, Scouring and Repairing Co.,

No. 307 N. Howard St., Baltimore,

where your work will be done at short notice. Remember we Steam and Reline your Plush Coat, which makes it equal to new, at a very small cost.

R. LEE NEWNAM, Prop'r,
s14-6m. No. 307 N. Howard Street.

J. W. PURUCKER & CO.,

No. 40 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Maryland,

Between Maltby House and Light Street,

Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

—AND A—

FULL LINE of SPORTING GOODS

We have the most Practical Gun Smiths in the city, and guarantee Alterations and Repairs on Gun, with neatness and dispatch. s29-y.

FODDER YARN, Husking Gloves and Pins, Grain Scoops and Corn Baskets, at the hardware store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

A FORTNIGHT has passed and we are in Possession of the FINEST LINE of

FALL CLOTHING

Ever Exhibited in Chestertown, Maryland.

SOME became impatient—thought our delay was a little longer than necessary, but it takes time, especially when you select your own designs and have them made to order. Those that were waiting for the arrival of our Fall Suiting are fully convinced that they saved at least 20 to 25 per cent. by buying of us.

Our Stock is Complete and We Guarantee Our Prices To Be Lower Than Any Other House.

FALL HATS in a variety of styles and shapes, from 25c. up to $4.00. Our $2.00 Derby Hat should prove a great leader. CAPS, we have a nice assortment consisting of Fur, Polos, Jockeys, Windsors and Silk. UNDERWEAR—without exaggeration we have the Finest Line in town—they are made of Camel's Hair, Natural Wool, Cashmere Wool, Goat's Wool and Fine Australian Wool. NECKWEAR—Light and Dark Effects 25c., regular 50c. quality.

Our $3.00 PANTS are attracting the attention of shrewd buyers. We have some left, will have others next week. Take a look at our $8.00 and $10.00 SUITS before you buy, they are nobby. Our Merchant Tailoring Department is increasing, famous for artistic work and moderate prices.

A. FRIEDMAN,

Oct. 5, 1889. The Leading Clothier of Chestertown.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

—OF THE—

School Board

—FOR THE—

YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30th, 1889.

Balance in hand September 30th, 1888	$ 2,050 64
State School Tax	7,877 52
State Free School Fund	1,660 07
County School Tax	16,850 39
State Appropriation to Colored Schools	4,315 23
Oyster Licenses, from White Tongers	674 50
Oyster Licenses, from Colored Tongers	89 30
Rent from old church building	72 00
Amount of Error in Check, returned	2 00
	$33,591 65

DISBURSEMENTS:

Teachers' Salaries	$22,250 92	
Fuel	1,052 81	
Incidental Expenses	216 64	
Rent	66 50	
Books for indigent pupils	5 56	
Building New School Houses	548 00	
Repairing	597 10	
Furniture, Stoves, &c	263 49	
Sec'y, Treasurer and Examiner	1,200 00	
Per diem of Commissioners	315 20	
Printing and Advertising	85 47	
Paid to Colored Schools	3,853 56	
State and Commissioners' Asso'n	92 86	
Clerk's fees for recording	2 75	
Slating for Blackboards	15 40	
Postage	17 60	
Registers and Reports	50 21	
Note, with interest, in part of School Building bought	1,355 00	
	$31,988 87	
Balance on hand Sept. 30, 1889	1,602 78	
		33,591 65

On the first day of October, 1889, the Collectors of County School Tax were indebted as follows, exclusive of interest:

Eugene Gooding	$700 00
George O. Roeder	770 00
*J. W. Ivens	474 44
*J. Frank Wheatley	708 52
	$2,649 96

*J. W. Ivens has since paid the sum of $222.23 in part, and J. F. Wheatley the sum of $320.00 in part.

The Board is indebted for Buildings and Lot for school purposes, to the amount of $1,250.00, with some interest.

EBEN F. PERKINS.
Treasurer School Board.

OFFICE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD, October 22, 1889.

WE HEREBY certify that we have examined the aforegoing report of EBEN F. PERKINS, Treasurer of the Board of County School Commissioners for Kent county, and the books and vouchers upon which it is based, and find it correct.

R. W. JONES,
CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
JAMES S. HARRIS,
Oct. 26, 1889—3t. COMMISSIONERS.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

FOR RENT for 1890.

A STORE HOUSE at LYNCH'S,

Kent county—an excellent stand for a general store and drug store, on moderate terms. Apply to

R. D. HYNSON, Att'y, Chestertown,
or to JULIA A. HOSSINGER,
a17-tf Lynch's.

F. J. CARTER, Agent,

—THE PAINTER—

And PAPER HANGER,

Has just received his Spring Stock of

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES

—AND—

PICTURE-FRAME MATERIALS!

GILT PAPER from 12½ cents up.

HORTSHORNE SPRING-ROLLER SHADE

from 45 cents up.

A GUARANTEED

Holland Window-Shade Spring Roller for ONLY 75 CENTS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

A call will be appreciated.

Near the "Voshell House."
m23. Main St., a few doors above Postoffice.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET., CHESTERTOWN,

and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by

JAMES A. SHAW,

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.

Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.

JAMES A. SHAW,
j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

WM. T. HICKS,

Undertaker and Funeral Director,

GALENA, MARYLAND.

I BEG leave to inform the public that I am now prepared for the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS. Caskets, Coffins, Shrouds, Burial Robes &c., kept constantly on hand and furnished upon short notice at prices to suit the times.

With three years' experience I can guarantee to execute all orders in a satisfactory manner.

Bodies kept without ice.

ap77-tf Respectfully, WM. T. HICKS.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, Lakes, Ties and Children's Merino Vests, all grades, at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

THE FELON'S RETURN.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?"

The clerk thus spoken to nodded, arose, and went into an inner office. The stranger remained, leaning against the walnut railings of the desk, his hand trifling with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within. He was a tall, fair man, of thirty, with close cropped hair and beard. His shoulders were broad, his features handsome, but there was an old air about him that had puzzled the clerk and would have perplexed anyone. It was certainly something that could not be defined, but it pervaded the whole man; a suppressed look, as of one forced in some way to hide his feelings; a manner of standing and holding his hat which had something apologetic in it.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little railed door. "In there—the office to the right."

The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him; then standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same odd manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measureless appeal in them.

The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, that was all. But it was the elder one at the desk, who broke the spell at last.

"So," he said, "it is you, James?"

"Yes, it is I," said the other. "Haven't you a word for me, William?"

"I have a good many words that you might not like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I'm glad to see you, delighted, honored, and all that, you know."

"I don't expect any one to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I've been punished for it. Ten years, William—think of that—ten years of prison life, and prison fare, and prison friends! I'd given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out, and I never meant to keep the money."

"We all know the story," said the merchant. "You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I've had it happen in my own office. I can't feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?"

Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eyebrows in an abject fashion, pitiable to contemplate, when one saw in what a gentlemanly mould he had been cast, James Graham answered, "I was twenty when I went to prison. I'm thirty now. The outside world has been a blank to me all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William. I'm a good book keeper, but I'll be a porter, an errand man—anything."

"O, no; not anything here," said the elder. "You've reckoned without your host, James. You are no brother of mine. I cast you off when you became a felon. For the sake of the poor woman who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money, enough to live on for a week or two. I will never give you another penny—don't expect it. I will have you turned out if you come here again."

The prison taint was so strong upon the other man that his pride was not aroused yet; he fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eyebrows again, and asked: "How is sister, Jessie?"

"Well," said the merchant.

"Can you tell me where she lives?" asked his brother.

"No," said the merchant. "Jesse is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

"I'll ask you one more question," said James, in a faltering voice. "Ada Musgrove—what has become of, her? Is she living? Is she married?"

"I have no information for you," said the merchant, harshly. "Here are ten pounds. If you are careful you will get employment before it is gone. Remember, you'll not have another penny from my hand. Take it and go, and don't come back again!"

He flung the money down upon the table. But there was a spark of manhood in his brother's breast even yet; he could not take a gift so proffered.

Suddenly, the abject look upon his face changed to one of wrath and hate.

Tall as he was, he seemed to grow a head taller as he drew his shoulders back; and, glaring at his brother, threw the sovereigns that lay before him into his brother's face.

"Hang you, keep your money!" he said. "I don't want it. I don't want anything from you or any one. I came for help, it is true; for help to be an honest man. I've been among the outcasts of the world so long that I've lost all kinship with you decent folk; but I thought a brother might hold out a hand to draw me back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow. And, by heaven if this is all your respectability and Christianity amounts to, I don't care if I don't see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me to them. Remember that, son of my mother!"

He thrust his hat upon his head, and dashed out of the room, striding through the outer office with no heed of any one there, and clanging the door as he departed.

* * * *

One dark night, a few weeks later, Jas. Graham, in full fellowship with a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house that had been marked for robbery. The lesson was given in front of the doomed house itself; and after his companion had left him, Graham muttered: "Yes, I belong to the fraternity now. I am here to rob this house. I have the mask and the pistol in my pocket. I have my little dark lantern, too. I'm a burglar, and burglars were the only men who welcomed me back out of prison. My brother turned his back on me. My brother—I wonder what my mother would say if she could see me now? If she knew—"

He stopped himself with an oath—seemed, with a motion of his hand, to cast away the thoughts that were upon him—and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade; and finding that it opened easily, had clambered in. His shoes were noiseless. He made no sound as he moved; and guiding himself by the lantern's light looked for a place of concealment. It soon presented itself. A long wardrobe, with a door at either end. In this, behind a very curtain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and in a minute more a step ran across the entry, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole at one end of the wardrobe.

"Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here. Baby is wide awake and I can't leave him."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him—so that he could almost hear them breathe.

"I'm so glad you came today, Ada," said the other, "when I am all alone. Charles was called away so unexpectedly this morning! I declare the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear. Besides being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you tonight!"

"And I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I am as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul!"

"Don't speak of them," said the matron who was evidently quieting her child, as only a mother can. "This house would be more of a temptation to them tonight than it has ever been before since we lived here. There are two thousand pounds in that safe Ada. Charlie hadn't time to deposit it in the bank. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man, concealed so near her, listened with his very heart in his ears; but it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart. That was forgotten. He heard only the voice and the names these two women called each other by. Ada! That had been the name of the girl he loved. Jessie! That was his sister's name. After all, what was it to him? Like his brother, the latter had cast him off, of course, and no doubt Ada only remembered him with horror. Still, how like voices were. Could it be? He stole forward, and knelt down with an eye to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying to and fro, as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow!" said the voice of the other woman. "How sweet babies are!"

She came forward now and knelt down, and he saw her profile. It was Ada Musgrove—for he had left her a girl of sixteen and found her a woman of twenty-six, but handsomer than ever.

"You love children so that I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Grahan knew that it was his sister who spoke. "I know William wants you to have him. He always has loved you. And, Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness. He hated the world more than ever now. He hated his kinsfolk—this cruel brother and sister of his most of all.

"He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness—love for him," said Ada. "No, Jessie; I have said this to you before, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives."

"Ah, Ada," cried Jessie, stooping over, "it is a comfort to me to know you still love my poor brother. I thought I was the only being who still loved him."

And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these two women weeping together, and for him.

"Yes, Ada," said his sister; "and though, poor James is so sadly disgraced, still when he returns I will be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my husband will help him to win back the place among good men that he lost so long ago. William is cruel to him, but then we women are softer. When he is free again I trust he will come straight to us. I fear William would hurt him by some reproachful speech. He will be free very soon, Ada."

The man who had stolen into the house to rob it—the man of whom they spoke—could bear no more; his heart was softened as it had not been since he was a little child. It was as if the angels had spoken to him.

Then he remembered why he was there, and kneeling and kissing the door that lay between him and those dear women who had saved him from desperation, he crept away, and finding his way to the window which he had entered he departed as he had come, vowing to lead an honest life, and sometime—perhaps when he was dying—to see those two dear creatures once again. At least, always the memory of their looks and words would keep his heart tender and life pure, lonely as might be his lot.

With these thoughts in his mind he stood on the ground, and remembered with a pang who would arrive soon and what their errand would be; and that, while he scorned to betray them, he must stand between them and their purpose, and save his sister's home, perhaps her life, from their hands.

He felt in his bosom for his pistol. He would not use it until the last, but he must stand between those women and all harm.

He knew well enough the unforgiving ferocity of those with whom he had to deal and he muttered a little prayer for aid—the first he had breathed for many a year—as he heard soft footsteps approaching.

* * * * * *

"He is opening his eyes," said a voice.

James Grahan heard it and wondered what had happened and why he could not turn himself and who spoke.

Then came the remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict, and the report of a pistol. He knew all now. His fellow burglars had shot him and left him for dead. But where was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice, "I think he is opening his eyes."

Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him.

"James," said one, "do you know sister Jessie?"

The other only burst into tears.

"Yes, I knew you both," said he, faintly. "How did I come here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?"

"We found you wounded—dead, we thought—at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada knew you first."

"Dear Jessie," he said; "dear Ada!"

"We don't know how it happened," she said. "When you are better, you must tell us. Only we have you back, and you shall never go again; never!"

He knew he never should. He knew it did not matter whether he told them how he had come to see them now. He knew that in a little while he should neither see their faces nor know their voices; but he was very happy. A foretaste of heaven was given to him.

"They have been terrible years," he said; "terrible years! All that while I have never heard from you, but I have you now. Come closer; I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister threw her arms about his neck and kissed him over again. Then he turned to Ada Musgrove.

"If I were going to live, I should not ask it," he said; "but you used to kiss me long ago, Ada. Will you kiss me now, my dear just once more?"

She took him in her arms.

"God is very merciful," he said; "more merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever said.

A Fast Ride on a Locomotive.

We cannot tell from the time-tables how fast we travel. The schedule times do not indicate the delay that must be made up by spurts between stations. The traveller who is curious to know just how fast he is going, and likes the stimulus of thinking that he is in a little danger, may find amusement in taking the time between mile-posts; and when these are not to be seen, he can often get the speed very accurately by counting the rails passed in a given time. This may be done by listening attentively at an open window or door. The regular click of the wheels over the rail-jolts can usually soon be singled out from the other noises and counted. The number of rail-lengths passed in twenty seconds is almost exactly the number of miles run in an hour.

But if one wants to get a lively sense of what it means to rush through space at fifty or sixty miles an hour, he must get on a locomotive. Then only does he begin to realize what trifles stand between him and destruction. A few weeks ago a lady sat an hour in the cab of a locomotive hauling a fast express train over a mountain road. She saw the narrow bright line of the rails and the slender points of the switches. She heard the thunder of the bridges, and saw the track shut by rocky bluffs, and new perils suddenly revealed as the engine swept around sharp curves. The experience was to her magnificent, but the sense of danger was almost appalling. To have made her experience complete, she should have taken one engine ride in a dark and rainy night. In the daylight ride on a locomotive, we come to realize how slender the real and how fragile its fastenings, compared with the ponderous machinery which they carry. We see what a trifling movement of a switch makes the difference between life and death. We learn how short the look ahead must often be, after all, upon the faithful vigilance of others. The headlight reveals a few yards of glistening rail, and the ghostly telegraph poles and switch targets. Where a switch open, a rail taken up, or pile of tiles on the track, we could not possibly see the danger in time to stop.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

MARCHHARE'S WILL.

If there hadn't been a touch of—well, to put it mildly—a touch of eccentricity about old John Marchhare, he would have hardly made such a will.

Several years before the vessel in which he was returning from the West Indies went down at sea, with nearly all on board, John Marchhare was picked up by one of the boats, and clinging to a little girl—a mere child—whose life he had saved, while her relatives and all who knew her were among the lost.

From the little stranger thus thrown upon his care he did not turn away. She was too young to give any account of her parents or family, and all subsequent efforts to discover her kindred or whence she came proved fruitless. John Marchhare adopted her and took her to his home and heart.

Having neither wife nor child, he felt free to do as he would with his handsome fortune; and it pleased him that it should go to his adopted daughter—"provided," so ran his will, "that if my said adopted daughter should marry during the lifetime of my brother, Edward Marchhare, whom I hereby constitute her guardian, without the approval of my said brother, then the foregoing bequests and devises shall become void, and my whole estate shall go to my said brother."

This was an eccentric will; but we have already said John Marchhare was an eccentric man. It is easy to see that it was left to Alice Marchhare, as she was called, the threefold choice of accepting a husband of her guardian's selection, of remaining single during his lifetime, or of forfeiting her fortune. That it was thus made the interest of Edward Marchhare to oppose any match that might be offered to Alice was a point that probably did not occur to the testator; or, more likely still, he knew his brother better than to suspect that sordid motives would ever sway him in fulfilling a trust committed to his conscience.

Alice had barely reached womanhood when her benefactor died; but when it was known how John Marchhare's will read, and the power it gave his brother, suitors swarmed round about the young lady and her guardian, and it is hard to tell to which they were the most polite.

George Preston had not waited for the publication of John Marchhare's will as the signal for falling in love with Alice, as several others had done, in spite of her beauty. The truth is he had been in that state as far back as he could remember. And Alice, we may as well let the reader know, had always liked George.

But when George Preston asked Mr. Edward Marchhare's permission to tender his hand to Alice, the old gentleman shook his head.

"Have you a home to offer her?" he asked, "or means to support her?" he added, before George, in his confusion, could an answer.

"Perhaps," he continued, giving the young man no time to recover himself, "perhaps you think Alice's fortune sufficient for both. Now, whether she shall have one or not—"

"It is a question I have never stopped to ask," broke in George, indignantly.

"Whether she shall have a fortune or not," said Mr. Marchhare, disregarding the interruption, "depends on her not marrying in my lifetime in opposition to my wishes: and I shall certainly never wish to see her wedded to a man willing to be dependent for a living on the bounty of his wife."

"You mistake me," cried George, with flushed face, "if you rank me in that class. I have strength and energy—"

"But as yet they are untried," said Alice's guardian, without waiting for him to finish. "I am willing to put you to the test, however. Return in three years the possessor of $5,000 saved from your own earnings, and if Alice then consents to hear your offer I shall not oppose it."

George's face brightened. A much severer ordeal would not have daunted him. And when he took leave of Alice, though there was no formal plighting of troth between them, he had no misgiving lest the end of three years should not find her faithfully waiting his return.

* * * *

The allotted time had nearly gone by before George, after many struggles and hardships, had succeeded in laying up the sum which entitled him to appear and claim of Marchhare the fulfillment of his promise.

At a railway station, the last stopping-place on his journey home, he went into a refreshment room for supper. He had not half finished the scanty repast when the sound of the bell, and the summons of the porters, caused a general commotion and rush for the train. George caught up his overcoat, and followed the rest.

On reaching his destination he was about to draw on his overcoat preparatory to leaving the carriage, when, for the first time, he discovered that the garment he had brought from the supper-room was not his own. It was similar in color and material, but the attempt to put it on at once revealed the difference. He was thunderstruck at the discovery. In a secret pocket of his own coat was the banknote which had cost him three years of anxious toil, and which represented so many precious hopes.

He wildly ran among the dispersing passengers, looking sharply at every man he met, as though expecting to find upon him the object of his search. But all in vain; it was nowhere to be seen.

With a vague purpose of advertising everywhere, and telegraphing in all directions, he was hurrying rapidly along, when whom should he meet but Mr. Marchhare!

George's first greeting was to blurt out his loss.

"I am very sorry," said the old gentleman, gravely; "but you know my conditions; and with respect to their fulfillment, it seems you are just where you started."

"Give me but another chance!" cried George. I can earn double as much in the same time. I will work night and day to do it!"

"Your time is up today," said Mr. Marchhare; "and I have promised my old friend, Well, in the event of your failure, that his son Lawrence may pay his addresses to Alice tomorrow. The young man, though well enough, is something of a fop, and I doubt if Alice will listen to his suit. Still, my word is passed. Ah, here he comes! Shall I introduce you?"

"Stwop thief!" shouted a flashy-looking youth, rushing forward and seizing George by the collar.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed George, dashing aside the hand so rudely laid upon him.

"What's the matter, Lawrence?" asked Mr. Marchhare, astonished at the proceeding.

"Mattah! mattah enough, I should say! Why, that's the fellah that stowle my cwoat! There it is now on his arm."

"Come, come!" interposed Mr. Marchhare; "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"Mistwake!" sneered Lawrence Wells. "A vewy likely mistwake, seeing mine's twice the best cwoat, and his is more than a yeah behind the fwashion. I'm almost ashwamed to be seen in it; I am, upon my swoul. But I'll have satisfaction. I'll call the police!

After a quick glance at the young man's apparel, George flung aside the coat on his arm, and, placing a hand on each of the dandy's shoulders, got him out of the one he had on, in a manner more expeditious than gentle. Hastily examining the secret pocket, George found his money safe; and Lawrence Wells was convinced, under all the circumstances, that there had, indeed, been a mistake. Mr. Marchhare took him aside, and explained that his call on Alice must be postponed for the present. We need scarcely add that it never took place.

VICTIM—Help! Police! I am robbed and murdered!

Corner Policeman—All right; I'll be there as soon as I have helped this pretty young lady across the street.—*Chicago Jour.*

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

Just where it is one never knows—
Beneath the folds it never shows
Above, below, before, behind—
A puzzle to the human mind!
Man never knows his helplessness
Until he tries in woman's dress
To find the pocket.

'Twas sooner found in early days
Before they had the polonaise!
Dressmakers are now sore perplexed
To know just where to hide it next!
In these hard times of scanty purse
'Tis hard to find the dress—but worse
To find the pocket.

A fact by husbands too well known,
She finds his pocket, while her own
Is so concealed about her dress
It long since lost its usefulness.
She bears her purse now in her hand
Because she never can command
That hidden pocket.

He's new to matrimonial cares
Who volunteers to run up stairs
And fetch a trifle, more or less,
His bride left in some other dress!
Believe me, nature ne'er designed
That mortal man should ever find,
A woman's pocket.

He opens wide the closet door,
Each hook so full of robes galore,
That ere he finds the proper gown
Each dress in turn has tumbled down.
Into the placket hold at back
He thrusts his arm, alas! alack!
'Tis not a pocket.

He drags it out in his despair
And spreads it o'er an easy chair—
Lifts up each tuck and fold and seam,
Walks round and round as in a dream.
He's much too good a man to swear,
Yet undevoutedly wonders where
She keeps that pocket.

He grabs it up, and, rushing down,
Upon her lap tosses the gown.
"In truth you are the 'better half,'
If you can find—— Why do you laugh?"
"I laugh because you've brought me here
A petticoat my hubby, dear,
To find a pocket.

Man finds a score with equal grace;
They're always in the self-same place,
But woman, since the world begun,
Could never locate even one.
We'll not except good mother Eve,
Who had no chance, as you'll perceive,
To wear a pocket.

Nor use for one in her scant suit,
Except, perchance, to carry fruit.
What paragons these men would be
Had Eve not let poor Adam see
That luscious fruit to man forbid,
But kept the tempting apple hid
Inside her pocket.

A Young Girl's Vanity.

"Doctor, please cut the other toe off, won't you?"

"My dear, I can't do it. It is utterly impossible."

And that is part of a conversation that Dr. Robert Taylor, of the Actor's fund, and a pretty Brockville belle have repeated almost weekly since July 8, 1886. On that date, says the New York *World*, the young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, had her foot crushed in a carriage accident. Several bones had to be removed, and when the foot healed the little toe was missing. It was necessary for her to have her shoes made to order, for while the original foot required a 3½ C boot, the reduced member was comfortable in a 3 A. In the terrible blizzard of 1888 the retired merchant met his death, and when the girl with the nine toes came into possession of her share of property, her first consideration was with Dr. Taylor regarding the possible price, not pain, it would cost to reduce her toes to a double quartet.

It so happened that the case at that time went on record as the only instance where the affliction had not terminated fatally, as traumatic tetanus or lockjaw resulted from the wound, and the greatest skill was necessary to save the life of the patient. For nine days she endured most excruciating pains, that nothing but large doses of morphine would allay. Lockjaw was manifest three days after the accident. The body was bent so that the head and heels almost touched, and the jaws were so firmly set that a tooth had to be removed, through which aperture stimulants were administered by the introduction of a tube, life being sustained with rye, brandy, punch, champagne and egg-nogg. All through the case the muscles of the face, arms and side twitched so violently that the constant attendance of two people was required at the bedside. Yet the remembrance of all that horrible agony seems to have remained only with the doctor, as the young lady with the odd pair of feet is not only willing to go through it again, but will take her life in her own hands and absolve Dr. Taylor of all responsibility for the sake of having her feet mates, as she puts it. And such is the extent to which a woman's vanity will lead her.

A WONDERFUL SPRING.

Cures the Drinking Habit in Three Days.

Cured of intemperance in three days!

How many people know that the State of Georgia owns a natural inebriate asylum. And, nevertheless, such is the fact.

"It is the most wonderful spring in the United States," said Special Officer Broderick, of the Atlanta police force recently.

"To what spring do you refer?"

"Indian Spring. I have taken three men to that spring who were so far gone on the liquor habit that it looked as if it was impossible for them to quit, and every one of them were cured immediately. One of them had been practically drunk for four months. I took along a supply of whiskey, as people said it would kill him to quit off too suddenly."

"Did he taper off?"

"He took one drink after he got to Indian Spring, and after that he declined to touch a drop. He said he did not want it at all. He remained three days, and you never saw such a transformation. He was as sober as a judge, his face was cleared of its bloat and the red liquor look, and he was himself again. Since that time he has been at work steadily, and has not touched a drop. That was six months ago, long enough to effectually settle the matter."

"Does it prove equally efficacious on others?"

"I have tried three cases, and with the same happy results in every case. I believe that that little spring, which does not hold over a gallon of water, is one of the most valuable in this country and worth all the hospitals in the land for the cure of inebriates."

"Why don't somebody ship the water?"

"In the first place, the spring belongs to the State of Georgia, and is just as the Indians left it, long ago. The State government has never permitted anybody to lease it or to attempt to enlarge the flow. The water is free for everybody. In the second place there is a volatile gas in the water that escapes after a few hours, rendering it flat and robbing the water of its extraordinary qualities. For these reasons no attempt has ever been made to export it, and people are compelled to go to the spot to enjoy its benefits. It is a wonderful spring in many respects, but it is the king of all liquor habit cures that ever I have seen.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Mare and Ox Fight.

C. W. Hammond, of Cowan Station, Ky., turned a fine blooded mare, valued at $500, and a large ox into the same inclosure on Monday. The two animals had been together several times before, but as soon as they entered the lot yesterday they rushed at each other. Two or three farm hands were present and attempted to separate them, but narrowly escaped serious injury and failed in the endeavor. The mare kicked the ox in the side with both feet, nearly stunning him, but the latter recovered and gored the mare two or three times. Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bit, tearing chunks of flesh from the ox with her sharp teeth, while she in turn was racked again and again by the ox's sharp horns. Both were covered with blood, but continued the battle as desperately as ever, despite all the efforts of the men to separate them. At last the ox plunged his horn almost entirely through the thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was fatal, but as the mare staggered her weight broke the ox's hor