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, FEB. 8, 1890. No. 39.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

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

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low prices must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

Mens' Overcoats.
Some broken lots to be closed at $2.75, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $6.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.

John Bull's Overcoats.
They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. English Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.
The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

Boy's Overcoats.
Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, some are worth three times the price.

Men's Suits.
Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby $10.00 suits reduced to $8.00; Imported Cassimere Suits—name denotes its English birth—sold at $15.00, now $12.00.

Boys' Suits.
Have been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed out at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50—some big bargains.

Underwear.
Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

Remember—
We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Jan. 11, 1890. **Chestertown, Maryland.**

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DENTIST.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.
Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store.
will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

JACOBY & MILLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
HAVING had large practice in the Auctioneering Business, we guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. All persons wishing our services will please have JACOBY & MILLER put at the bottom of their bills and paper advertisements. In employing the two the charge will be the same as for one man. G. W. JACOBY,
WM. R. MILLER,
aug. Auctioneers, Galena, Maryland.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

HORSE-SHOEING
Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.
My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.
My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.
My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.
Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.
SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,
d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

FOR SALE!

Orchilla Guano!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.

Has stood the test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH TREES especially.

E. J. WATSON,
o12-6m. CHESTERTOWN.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.
For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,
Black's - Maryland
—DEALER IN—
Grain, Coal and Wood.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANY QUANTITY,
delivered on the Baltimore & Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or on Chester or Sassafras rivers.

A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.
J. C. SUTTON,
j4-tf. Black's, Md.

Established 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.

New CORN Wanted
EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,
in any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market. Nov. 23, 1889.

WANTED.
100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN
—AND—
25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,
delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.
Telephone call 15.
n17-tf. B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown, Md.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN!
COAL, FERTILIZERS
—and all kinds of—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

Wanted: Corn, Either on Cob or Shelled
IN ANY QUANTITY.

Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. J. HERMAN IRELAND,
d7-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

LCOA and LIME!
THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
BUILDING LIME
—AND—
WHITEWASH LIME
is at J. D. BACCHUS'

Coal and Wood Yard!

Special inducements to contractors and builders. Would be pleased to quote you.
Very respect,
Mar. 30, 1888. **J. D. BACCHUS.**

NOTICE.

The Board of County Commissioners for Kent county give notice that all persons traveling either on horseback or in road vehicles of any kind, across the embankment at Sandy Hook Hill, near Galena, do so at their own risk until said road is open to travel, due notice of which will be given.
By order of COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
T. WATERS RUSSELL, Clerk. Dec. 7, 1889—tf.

TAX NOTICE.

All tax-payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are notified that the taxes for 1889 are now over due and for 1888 are long in arrears. Settlements must be prompt. I will be at the Court House EVERY TUESDAY, and at home on SATURDAY.
d7-tf. H. M. STUART, Coll.

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.

HARDWARE!

COOK STOVES
HEATING STOVES,
and RANGES.

We are Now Ready for Business!

AS THE SEASON is nearly over we are offering SPECIAL PRICES on Stoves. Those who need a Cook Stove should not neglect to examine our

GRAND CLIMAX COOK
—AND—
NEW PERFECT RANGE.

For beauty, durability and satisfaction, we claim they are not excelled by any. We have a full line of HARDWARE and a full line of TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY.
Call and see us. Prices as low as the lowest.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.
Jan. 25, 1890.

WE STRIVE TO PLEASE!

Bargains in Store Goods!

WHERE TO GET THEM

ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

WHO HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
Dress Goods, Cloths, Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres, And all Kinds of Dry Goods.
—ALSO—
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries, &c., &c.,
which stock will be kept complete.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!
—SHOES A SPECIALTY.—

Prices guaranteed Low!
Quality warranted as represented!
Best Prices for Trade
All cordially invited. Resp'y,
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.
Jan. 11, 1890.

Here we Are in Season Again!

HEATERS! RANGES!
and Cook Stoves.

WE are still selling the SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN HEATERS. There are none better. They are economical burners, and give satisfaction generally. Are also selling the SPLENDID FIRE-PLACE HEATERS this fall. It has been sold in this section during the past six years, and has proven quite satisfactory. Will be pleased to show these goods and give prices.

Excelsior Cook Stoves!

The Excelsior Cook Stove is still to the front. It is undoubtedly the Best Cook Stove on the market. It is only to be used to be liked. Have them in all sizes. Repairs for the Excelsior kept in stock. Have plenty of other styles Cooking Stoves and Ranges.

HEATING STOVES!
In the way of Heating Stoves we have too many to mention. Have a splendid assortment. Right along with the same line of goods we will mention Coal Shovels, Coal Hods, Coal Sieves, Zinc, Stove Boards, &c. Resp'y,
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
Oct. 5, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

COAL and WOOD!

WE WILL call the attention of the community to our stock of COAL and WOOD. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the

LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
WHICH IS THE BEST COAL

for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days interest will be charged from the day of sale. We also give

2240 Pounds for One Ton.
Office on Cannon St., near Princess.
J. T. TWILLEY.
July 13, 1889—tf.

THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece of my mind; and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sorter of a girl I'd have chosen. I have never seen her, but I know she wasn't. A flighty young thing just from the boarding school, who couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almira Fish, and Gregory to go and marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day as he wouldn't come to me, I went to him as the rascal knew I would. I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choak to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he, "and I'll find you there when I come home at night." After a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone just as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue chintz wrapper, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory Bray was at home, answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than never."

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met before.

"Oh, I didn't know," said she. "Indeed I had made up my mind you wouldn't; but it is a long way out here, I know. Come right upstairs. Miss Jones was here yesterday to cut and baste, but we will find as much as we can do to do the trimming between us."

"Cool," I thought. Then I said: "I suppose you are having a dress made?"

"A suit," she said, "a skirt, overskirt, basque and dolman. I do hope you make nice button holes."

"I should hope I do," said I. "I would be ashamed if I couldn't."

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to send me an experienced hand and she said there was no better than Mrs. Switzer."

Now I began to understand. My daughter-in-law took me for a seamstress she expected, and if ever a woman had a chance I had one now. Not a word did I say, only I wonder if seamstresses generally came to work in gros grain silk and a cashmere shawl; and I sat down in the rocking chair she gave me and went to work with a will. I can sew with anyone, and as for button holes—but this is not telling you my story.

"She was a pretty girl, that daughter-in law of mine, and very chatty and sociable. I talked of this and that, but not a word did she say of her mother-in-law. I spoke of people I had known who had quarreled with their relations, but she did not tell me that her husband's mother had quarreled with him.

At last I spoke right out about mothers-in-law. I said:

"As a rule, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law don't agree."

She replied: "That's a very wrong state of things."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it is, but how do you account for it?"

"I suppose young people are selfish when they are first in love," said she, "and forget old people's feelings."

It was an answer I did not expect.

"It is plain you are friendly with your mother-in-law," said I.

"I am quite sure I should be if I had ever seen her."

"Oh, then, I have been misinformed," said I. "I was told that Mr. Gregory Bray was the son of Mrs. Bray, who lives on—street."

"That is perfectly true, but still we have never met."

"How singular," said I. "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

"You haven't heard the truth then," said my daughter-in-law. "My husband's mother is a very fine woman in every respect. But when my husband told her suddenly that he was going to marry a girl she had never saw, she was naturally startled and said some things about me, knowing I was fresh from boarding school and so there has been an estrangement. I think my dear husband a little to blame, and I have urged him a dozen times to go and see her. He is very fond of her, and thinks no one like her in many respects; but his temper is up, and it will take time to cool it; meanwhile, I feel quite sure if she knew me she would like me better. Perhaps that is a piece of vanity, but I should try to make her, you know, and I won't fall into absurd superstitions that a woman must hate her mother-in-law. I can't remember my own mother, and Gregory's certainly would seem to come next to her. Now then you have the story, Mrs Switzer."

"I am sure it does you credit, and the old lady ought certainly to be ashamed of herself."

I wanted to get up and kiss my daughter-in-law then and there, but that would have spoiled my fun, so after that I sewed hard and didn't say much, and together we finished the pretty silk dress, and had just finished it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my daughter-in-law; and I knew it was Gregory. Upstairs he came, two steps at a time, opened the door, and looked at us with a bright smile on his face.

"This is as it should be. Fanny, I shall kiss mother first this time."

And he put his arms around us both, but Fanny gave a little scream.

"Oh, Gregory! what are you about. This is Mrs. Switzer who is here making my dress. At least I have thought so the whole day."

"My dear," said I, "I've played a little trick on you, or rather let you play one on yourself, but you've turned out as good as gold, I could not get you to say a word against the old lady. I am Gregory's own mother, my dear, and yours, too, if you'll call me so."

"Indeed I will," said the dear girl, "but I have kept you sewing hard all day. You see, I was expecting a Mrs. Switzer and so I——"

"We've been all the more sociable for that, my dear," said I, "and I'm glad it happened. I've been very foolish all the while, and Gregory has chosen a better wife for himself than I could have done."

And so I think today, for I believe there never was a better woman than Gregory's wife, Fanny.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

He can give the aws of Solon,
He can draw the flag of Colon,
He can write a Babylonian I O U;
He can make a writ in German,
He can draft a Turkish firman;
But the English common law he never knew.

He can write his name in Spanish,
He can make a speech in Danish,
And recite such Sanscrit as would turn your brain;
The Mu'allakat Arabic
He can scan in feet syllabic,
But he can't tell old Shakespeare from Mark Twain.

He can fathom all the mystery
Of old Ethiopic history;
He can name a thousand Norse kings—more or less;
He can mark the Roman bound'ries,
And describe the Aztec foundries;
But has never seen the "Statutes of U. S."

He can trace the radius vector
With a geometric sector,
And can give the moon's diameter in feet;
He can analyze the arum,
Classify the Coptic carum;
But he cannot tell a cabbage from a beet.

AN HONEST DEAD BEAT.

Why a Detroit Citizen Felt Good at His Charity.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Dead beat? Well, maybe, maybe not; can't always tell. Just the other day I had an experience that taught me a lesson."

So spoke a well-known citizen yesterday, a man having a national reputation for his many charities.

"How was that, sir?"

"I was coming up West Fort street one bitter cold night. A poor, ragged fellow stopped me on a corner. He said he was hungry. He didn't mind that, though. He wanted to raise enough money to go to Toledo."

"Yes."

"I gave him a small coin and went on my way."

"Yes."

"Next night I happened up the street again. At the same corner I was stopped again. I gave the stranger a close scrutiny. It was the same man who had halted me the night before."

"Yes."

"He wanted to raise money to go to Toledo. I saw at a glance that he did not know me. He was hungry, but he didn't mind that. What he wanted was to go to Toledo."

"Yes."

"Well, I gave him a small coin and went on my way, wondering whether my alms had done good or evil. But as he asked in charity I gave in the same spirit and argued that the spirit was all the justification the deed imposed."

"Yes."

"Well, the third night I happened down that way again and—"

"And you met the same man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he said he was hungry?"

"Yes, sir."

"But that he didn't mind that, all that he wanted being to get to Toledo?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you allowed yourself to be imposed on three times straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gave him a coin?"

"I did."

"Then you deserve no sympathy! You were humbugged from the word go. That man was an awful liar!"

"That is just the point! I thought so myself—until I picked up the morning paper and read this item:

"TOLEDO, January 24—James Scovill, a stranger, was killed between this place and Wago Works last night while trying to steal a ride on No. 5. He had walked all the way from Detroit and was heading for Toledo. In his pocket was found a letter addressed as above, forty cents and a card of the Bethel house, Detroit."

"Then that was your man?"

"My man? Yes, sir, and honest, too, though beggared by fate. Thank God that I did not refuse him in his last request!"

Gwine to the Postoffice.

One of the oddest sights in the South is to see the negroes hang about the post-offices. They are the first ones to call in the morning and the last to leave at night and it is by no means rare to have them inquire for mail ten or fifteen times a day. I was in the office at Marrietta, Ga., when an aged darkey limped in and inquired:

"Am dar fo' or five letters hear fur Juneboke Duke?"

"No, sir," replied the postmaster after taking a look.

"Well, den, I'll take one."

There are no letters for you."

"Isn't dar a newspaper?"

"No."

"Hasn't I dun got nuffin' 'tall?"

"Not a thing."

"Dat's curus—werry curus," muttered the man as he walked out.

I followed after and when I asked him if he expected an important letter that day, he replied:

"Sartin I does. Dat's why I'ze walked fo' miles dis mawning."

"Where was the letter coming from?"

"I dunny."

"Did you expect news or money in the letter?"

"Deed I did, sah. I 'spected dat letter might hab $20 into it."

"Who from?"

"I dunno, but I 'spected it."

He then told me that he could neither read nor write, had no friend to write to him, had never mailed a letter nor received one in his life, and yet he had inquired for mail at least five hundred times a year for the past ten years. In fact it wasn't an hour after I left him before he circled around to the office again and said:

"I recon I mast have some mail by dis time."

"No—nothing for you."

"Well if dat hain't curus—werry curus! Reckon I'd better wait fur dat 1 o'clock train."

REFUSED A FORTUNE.

Thos. A. Jones Offered $300,000 to Betray Wilkes Booth.

BUT HE WOULDN'T BE BRIBED.

From the Baltimore Herald.

After many years of silence, except as to brief admissions forced from him, Thomas A. Jones, of Maryland, has related the history of his connection with Wilkes Booth's attempted escape. Had not Mr. Mudd insisted upon Jones' discharge from the Washington Navy-yard because of the assistance he rendered Booth, it is quite probable that the man would have maintained his silence to the grave.

Mr. Jones possesses a countenance of solemn seriousness even to austerity. His face indicates resolution, courage and taciturnity. His devotion to duty as he conceived it and loyalty to a trust are praiseworthy, whatever may be the opinion as to the cause he sought to serve.

Booth had been committed to him by a man whom Jones regarded as a friend and benefactor. And no doubt Mr. Cox selected Jones as eminently qualified for such a dangerous and difficult trust. Mr. Jones had served the Confederate Government in a capacity calculated to bring into use and develop the very traits needed to aid the assassin. His post of duty was on the north bank of the Potomac, and communication between Richmond and Washington depended largely upon him. By a system of signals he warned Confederate agents and mail carriers when the trip across the Potomac was dangerous. He planned the regular passages of these agents and provided boats and other necessary articles. Surrounded by the enemy, moving in their very midst, he was compelled to practice constant self-repression. He schooled himself for every emergency and then deceived the detectives who were pursuing Booth. No doubt the authorities who placed Jones in that position appreciated his sterling integrity and fidelity. Neither threats of violent death nor tempting offers of munificent reward could move him.

Capt. Wm. Williams, now a detective in Washington city, was in the United States secret service when President Lincoln was assassinated, and was ordered to take a squadron of cavalry and pursue the assassin at once. He followed the route taken by Booth over the Eastern Branch. Williams and his party first stopped at Surrattsville and then proceeded to Bryantown, where the detective first met Jones.

Yesterday Capt. Williams saw Jones for the first time since the pursuit of Booth, and as he surveyed the Marylander, he said:

HONOR DEARER THAN WEALTH.

"Of course, I remember you, I can never forget that come-to-the-Lord and-be-saved expression you wear now and wore then. But if I had known then what I do now, how different would things have been! Why, you ought to be shot. If you had told me where Booth was you would have been the biggest man in America, would have had money by the flour barrel."

"Yes, and a conscience as black as purgatory," said Jones, "and the everlasting hatred of the people I loved. No, captain, I never the first time thought of betraying Booth. After he was placed in my hands I determined to die before I would betray him."

"Who placed him in your hands?"

"Samuel Cox. It was the morning of the 16th of April—Sunday morning—that one of Cox's white men came to my house, on Huckleberry Farm, and told me that Cox wanted to see me at once. I suspected something, as I had heard the evening before that Lincoln had been killed. I had a horse saddled and rode over to Cox's, and there he told me that Booth and Harold had been there and wanted assistance to get across the river. I was told where the men were—in a pine thicket about a mile and a-half from the house. I was given instructions how to reach them without being shot—certain signs by whistling, etc. Upon reaching the dense pines I met Harold, to whom I explained that I was sent by Cox. I was then piloted to where Booth was. He lay on the ground, wrapped in a pile of blankets, and his face bore traces of pain. Booth asked me many questions as to what people thought of the assassination. He appeared to be proud of what he had done. I at the time thought he had done a good act, but great God! I soon saw that it was the worst blow ever struck for the South.

"Well, captain, I can talk now, and I did the best I could for the poor fellow. I carried him something to eat and papers to read, and tried to keep him in good spirits until I got a chance to send him across the river. The country, as you know, was full of [soldiers and detectives, and I did not know how soon I could get him away. I think it was the following Tuesday I went to Port Tobacco to see how the 'land lay,' and it was there, in the bar of Brawner's Hotel, you said you would give $300,000 to any man who would tell the hiding place of Booth."

"Yes, and if you had given the information you would today be General Jones instead of a discharged laborer from the navy yard."

"That may be true, but how could I give up the life of that poor devil over there in the pine thicket hovering between life and death, and the confidence reposed in me by the best friend I ever had, Samuel Cox? I was a creature of circumstances. I did not know Booth, but when Cox put him in my keeping nothing would have tempted me to betray him. I could have placed my hands on him but honor and truth were more to me than the entire wealth of the government.

"I have lived in plenty and I have lived in poverty, but God knows I have never betrayed a trust or done that which I believed dishonorable. While I was not ashamed of the part I played in that sad tragedy, I was never given to speaking of it. I preferred to have it buried with the past and but for the mean little spite work of Congressman (?) Mudd this matter would have never come out.

CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

"But to return to Booth and Harold. I did the best I could for them—gave them plenty to eat and waited my chance. At the expiration of the sixth day I was over at Allen's Fresh and heard the officers give orders for the cavalry to go down to St Mary's county, that the assassins were there. This was my chance and mounting my horse I made good time to where Booth and Harold were concealed. Booth was glad to know that his time to get into Virginia had come.

"The night was dark, and Harold and I lifted Booth on my horse. I went a little in advance and Harold walked by the horse leading him. Our progress was slow, but we finally reached my house, and I made the two men stay in the orchard while I went in to get them something to eat. Booth wanted to get off the horse and go in, but I knew it would never do, as there were too many negroes about. His appeals were pitiful, but it was the best I could do.

"I had already told my negro, Henry Woodland, where to leave the boat, and after we got supper we proceeded to the river. We lifted Booth from the horse and carried him to the boat and placed him in the stern, while Harold took the oars. I then lighted a candle and showed Booth by his compass how to steer to get into Machodoc creek, and gave him directions to Mrs. Quesenberry's who I thought would take care of him.

"Booth was profuse in his thanks to me, and gave me a few dollars for my boat. He offered me more, but I thought he would need money worse than I, though it was the only boat I had. That was the last I saw of Booth.

JONES UNDER ARREST.

"You remember my being under arrest at Bryantown?" said Jones to the captain.

"Yes; and, Jones, let me say to you that myself and the other officers believed that you knew more than you would tell, but that sanctimonious look of yours saved you."

"Well, I could sit there and hear orders given and reports received which I knew were lies. Some of the reports of the scouting parties were lies made out of the whole cloth, but of course, I said nothing. I knew Booth had hit the Virginia shore. I was cursed and abused until I felt I could not restrain myself. Everybody seemed to have a special spite at me. When you posted the bills ordering all citizens to join in the search for Booth, and that to furnish bread or water to Booth meant death, I felt shakier than ever. After keeping me there at the hotel several days I was told that I would have to come to Washington, and was sent there in an ambulance in charge of Detective Franklin, of Philadelphia, who used every effort to get me drunk and make me tell what I knew. He didn't succeed by a long jump, and finally gave up and took it out in cursing me. I remained seven weeks in Carroll prison, and was not used as a witness, because nobody knew that I knew anything.

DIDN'T KNOW OF BOOTH'S PLOT.

"Did you know that Booth was going to kill Lincoln?"

Upon the word of a man I did not. I did know that plans were made to kidnap the President and take him to Richmond, and if the public roads had not been in such an a wful condition in the fall and winter of '63 and '65 the plans would have been carried out too. The weather had been very mild and the roads were soft and muddy making it impossible to make good time. Everything for this scheme was in readiness all the time. Booth was in it. Lincoln could have been caught most any time at the navy-yard or at the old War Department, where he frequently remained until late at night. It would have been no trouble to have crossed the Eastern Branch bridge, and with relays of fast horses Port Tobacco could have been reached, and across the Potomac he would have been sent. The boats and men were in readiness all the time. Booth's bullet put an end to this.

"You were in the secret service of the Confederacy?"

"I was chief signal agent of the Confederacy north of the Potomac, and I may say that I worked night and day for the same. I had charge of all rebel mail and the boats along the river. I seldom missed getting the mails into Richmond on time. I took great chances of being killed and when Richmond was evacuated I was there to collect what was due me, $2.500, and I did not get a cent of it. I also had about $3,500 in Confederate bonds. It all went, and I was left penniless. The war was a bad thing for me all the way through. It is pretty tough on me in my-old age, but I have never regretted being true to my trust.

BOOTH WANTED ALIVE.

After Jones left, Captain Williams said: "I have dealt with and sized up many men during my life, but that man Jones beats them all. He has changed very little during the past 25 years. This is the first time I have seen him since we met at Port Tobacco and Bryantown, and yet I remember every feature. He is a wonderful man, and one whom when he believes he is right nothing can change. I remember when I made the offer of $300,000 in the saloon he was standing next to me at the bar, and I could not detect the least movement or change of his face. There was something which told me he knew where Booth was, or could give us information which could lead to his capture, but he wouldn't be worked. No amount of money or glory would have tempted him. No human being can read his face and tell what is passing in his mind. It is like a stone. He would have gone the hemp route if the facts he now gives had been known then. If he had only told me where Booth was Boston Corbette would never have had a chance to shoot Booth. We wanted him alive.

THE LAST OF THEM.

"What a tragedy! What a tragedy!" At 10 o'clock on Friday night, April 14, 1865, Booth shot the President, mounted his horse and dashed through the city and across the Eastern Branch bridge; stopped at Surratt's tavern and got his carbines and whisky. Here he was joined by David Harold and the two proceeded to Dr. Samuel Mudd's, where Booth had his leg dressed, a crutch made, and shaved off his moustache. From here he went to Cox's and there was placed in the keeping of Jones. Great God, how my blood boils, and yet I admire the loyalty and fidelity of Jones. His part was the grandest of any that was played. Nothing would tempt him! In the pine thicket Booth was nursed by his faithful friend until such time as he could be sent to Virginia and meet his death in Garrett's barn. While the flames swept around him he stood like some wild beast hounded to his death, and received the bullet of Corbett's gun. Mrs. Surratt, Lewis Payne, George, Atzerodt and David Harold paid the penalty on the scaffold. Dr. Samuel Mudd, Michael O'Laughlin and Samuel Arnold were sentenced to imprisonment for life at Dry Tortugas. Spangler got six years at the same place. Dr. Mudd was pardoned afterward, and is now dead. John Jurratt, who escaped to Italy, was brought back and tried. He escaped on plea of the statute of limitations. Corbett, who killed Booth, is in an insane asylum. And Jones is here to tell more than we ever knew before."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"Men Don't Do What They Like, but What They Can."

There lives in the city of New York a man who has accummulated quite a fortune by simply advising people what to do. There always will be a large number of persons who are unable to rely on their own judgment; others come to a conclusion with ease and certainty.

A young man had accumulated a thousand dollars and was debating whether he should buy a small candy store with it, or whether he should lend it on a mortgage. This latter he knew was the secure way. The other promised great profits. In this perplexity he saw an advertisement: "Advice given those going into business."

After stating his case the counselor said: "My fee will be five dollars in advance."

When this was paid he asked:

'Do you understand the candy business?'

"No; I did not think it was necessary. I expect to supervise it merely."

"Then you will lose all your money in three months."

"You think I had better lend the money on the mortgage?"

"I do not say that. What is your business? That is, what do you perfectly understand?"

"I know the pickle business through and through. I can make pickles of all kinds, but I do not like it."

"Never mind what you like. Go and get a small place and make pickles; go from hotel to hotel, restaurant to restaurant and sell them. In ten years come back and see me; you will have $10,000 at least."

As the young man was going away he was called back.

"Here is a card; I want you to put it where you can see it a hundred times a day." These were the words on the card: "Business is business. Men don't do what they like, they do what they can."

The card had a strange fascination for him; he read it with care as he walked along the street. As he studied it new light seemed to enter his mind.

He found a dingy basement and began to arrange for his operations. Of course vinegar must be got, several barrels of it; some was offered him at ten cents a gallon, some more was shown him at five cents. "Which shall I take?" He thought of the words on his card. He seemed to see people testing his pickles, and, not liking them, depart without buying. "They will know good vinegar," thought he, and so he bought the honest stuff.

In a few days several tubs of materials were ready, and he knew he must market them. Now he greatly dreaded to face strange people, and push his goods upon their notice. He never had courage when a boy, and now as a young man he felt more timid, it seemed. But he thought of the words of the card, and entered a restaurant. The evident manager was a blooming young woman, and the pickle dealer was more afraid of women than men. But "business is business" repeated itself over and over in his mind.

The answer to his statement was that his pickles would be tried, and, if found all right, would be purchased.

"Glad I got that good vinegar," thought the young man, and he began to feel that there was a certain power in the maxim his adviser had given. He began to feel a courage he had never expected in meeting people and trying to sell his goods to them.

Calling at a store to get, if possible, an order for pickles in bottles, he was quickly and rudely met with, "Don't want to see any such stuff." Noticing the utter dismay on the young man's face, the mechant said, short and sharp, Don't you know enough of business to put up your goods attractively?"

As he retreated, ruffled and disheartened, the maxim repeated itself over and over with this additional sentence. "It is business to put up goods attractively." He sought out a lithographer, and had some handsomely colored labels printed. "They will buy the bottles," said a friend, "just for the picture you have on them."

When he had gained sufficient courage he sought out again the merchant who had rebuffed him. "I have come to make you a present of a bottle of fine pickles."

"Why do you make me a present of them?"

"Because you gave me advice that is worth a great deal."

The morning of one Fourth of July came, and he pondered whether to go to his store or not. All at once he thought, people going on picnics will want pickles; it was the magic words on the little card that ran through his mind. He found, as he had thought, a large number of buyers waiting for him.

The little card was consulted in all sorts of weather. If a man made a proposition to him of any kind, and he was in doubt, he would go and look at the words, though he knew them by heart already. One day a cheese merchant came to persuade him to buy his stock.

"People," said he, "who buy pickles always buy cheese; you will do a big trade." It was a temptation. He went and looked at the words and studid them intently, trying to think out their application to the case in hand. "Men do what they can," he reflected. "I would like to sell cheese, but I know I can sell pickles;" then he returned. Now he was resolute and firm, although by nature easily bent and swayed by the words of others.

"Business is business," he said. "I am in the pickle business; if I cannot make money in this I shall quit and go into something else; but I will not have two kinds on my hands."

It was a turning point; after this he could refuse all influence to go into something that seemed at the time to be more lucrative. He was not only industrious, it is plan, he had a fixed principle of action. Of course he was successful; all men who put industry and mind to their work are bound to be successful. When the ten years were up of course he had the ten thousand dollars, and more, too.—*Treasure-Trove.*

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