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.

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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.

PEACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK.

IT HAS BEEN POSITIVELY PROVEN

That in order to have your Trees feed you, it is necessary that you feed them, and experience has also proven that the Best Peach Manure Ever Offered is OUR FRUIT GROWER. It contains all the elements that are necessary to give life and vigor to the crop and trees. Give us one fair trial and we are sure you'll be convinced.

Pomona, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 4, 1890.

MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen: The six consecutive years' use of your Fruit Grower has thoroughly convinced me as to its merits. Years ago when Col. Wilkins lived and we farmed togethr, we used almost everything as a peach manure, but your O. B. is the best I ever tried. On the Island farm, where the 15 tons of Fruit grower was used in '88, on two-year-old trees, we had last year 6,000 baskets, on the other farm we only had peaches where the trees had been fed. I invariably had fruit in the past, by fertilizing my trees, and I believe in order to have fruit, that is the way to do it, and will use between 30 and 40 tons of your goods this spring.

Very truly yours, JOHN A. GROVES.

Crumpton, January 2, 1890.

Gentlemen:—In 1886 I noticed my Orchard did not look like it ought, and in 1887 the leaves were twisted up and by no means in a flourishing condition. Hearing of your Fruit Growerd bought 3 tons and put it at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre on my young trees and on a few old trees that were in a particularly bad condition, I put 300 lbs. or over. The result was I had a fine crop of peaches in 1888, and in 1889 another that exceeded my expectations on both the old and young trees, having altogether 3,500 baskets, and got as high as $1.50 per basket for some. The trees are today in better condition but want to use it again. You can therefore ship me four tons this spring. JAMES M. VANDYKE.

Anne's, Hermitage Q. A. Co., Nov. 11, '89.

Gentlemen:—Replying to your query concerning my experience with your Fruit Grower. In the spring of 1887 we had an old Orchard which had not borne for several years and which the tenant was anxious to dig up. I said give it another year's trial. We used your Peach Tree Fertilizer, about 225 lbs. to the acre. That year the Orchard netted us about $1.00 per tree. We had a fair crop and got as high as $3.00 per box for some of them. We used your goods on the same Orchard in 1888 and got a very full crop. We used it again last spring, applying about 250 lbs. to the acre, and for the third successive year got a fair crop and the fruit was generally of fine quality. The Orchard will be 17 years old next spring, and it now looks healthier and more vigorous than it did five years ago.

Very truly, CASPER G. WOODALL.

Mr. ROBT. WICKES, East Neck Island.

Said he put the Fruit Gower across his varieties and could tell the difference in the half of the tree where it went.

MR. W. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton.

Says he used the Fruit Grower and that he always has fruit and gets good prices.

We Havn't time or Space to Give the Rest in full, but on File in Our Office we Have Letters of the Same Character from

J. B. BRIGHT, Kent Island.
F. H. DILL, Queen Anne's.
W. H. NEWNAM, Queen Anne's.
NOAH CLOUGH, Sr., Queen Anne's.
THOS. P. VANSANT, Queen Anne's.
S. E. HILL, Baltimore.
H. W. VICKERS, Chestertown.
T. J. VICKERS, Lankford,
and scores of others.

If you havn't received one of our new Pocket Diarys send for one.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
Feb. 8, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

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 9 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M., and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday 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. Ellason, 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.

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.

RAPID HARNESS MENDERS, laid Rivets inth e Shade. Sold by J. LLOYD MCFEELY & CO.

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

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.

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.

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.

NOW is the time to buy GUNS cheap at J. LLOYD MCFEELY & CO.'S.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Marion deK. Smith, assignee of James Kelley,
versus
Samuel W. Aldridge, Sarah E. Aldridge, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 5th day of February, 1890, that the sale of the real estate of Samuel W. Aldridge and Sarah E. Aldridge, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, assignee of mortgage, under a power in a mortgage from the said Samuel W. Aldridge and Sarah E. Aldridge, his wife, to James Kelley, dated August 10, 1880, and recorded among the land records of Kent county, in Liber S B., No. 1, Folios 219, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of April 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 10th day of March, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $6,100

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Feb. 8, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

H. W. Vickers,
versus
Isaac Sampson and Wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 7th day of February, 1890, that the sale of the real estate of Isaac Sampson, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, mortgagee, under the power contained in a mortgage from said Sampson and wife, dated the 9th day of October, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent co., in Liber S. B., No. 8, folio 245, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown or before the 10th day of April 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 10th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Feb. 8, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Thomas J. McWhorter, Trustee,
versus
William H. Rash, Edward Robbins.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 18th day of January, 1890, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by THOMAS J. MCWHORTER, Trustee, under a deed of trust from Rash & Robbins dated March 17th, 1888, to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of February, next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 3d day of February next.

The report states the amount of sales and collections to be $647.48.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Jan. 25, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

DENNIS MCCAULEY,

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 30th day of July, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under my hand this 23d day of January, 1890.

BERNARD J. MCCAULEY,
Jan. 25, 1890—4t. Executor.

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.

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.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

A Trick of the Trade.

"I will not endure this high-handed injustice in addition to all I have been compelled to suffer," exclaimed Edna Deane, pacing up and down her pretty boudoir, with burning cheeks and flushing eyes. "Ever since mother's death my step-father's course has been one of bold and unblushing dishonesty—ignoring and dishonoring every promise he made her. He has forbidden me to receive Harvey as a suitor, although he knows we are betrothed; and now he has stolen from my private desk the thousand dollars in gold which my mother gave me a few weeks before she died, and on which I was depending to meet the expenses of my marriage. It was here this morning, safe and secure, when I went to make some calls—and I thought I detected a more than usually sinister gleam in my step-father's eye when we met at luncheon. The lock has not been broken but opened with a key, and he is the only one who could have a key that would fit it. I will not submit to this shameful imposition! I will go to him and demand the restitution of the money!"

Acting on the impulse of the moment she left her room and proceeded to the suite occupied by her step-father.

The door of his private study, which communicated both with his bedroom and the hall, stood half way open, and glancing in, Edna saw that the room was occupied by no one.

She noticed also that one of a bunch of keys was inserted in a drawer of his desk, as though they had been left there inadvertently.

Edna hesitated a moment, her heart and pulse throbbing.

That her father would voluntarily restore the money, she had scarcely a hope, and she shrunk from resorting to public scandal and exposure. Here, however, was an opportunity to recover her stolen property quietly and secretly; for she had no doubt it was in that desk.

Gliding noiselessly into the room, she turned the key in the drawer and drew it open. There lay the little leather bag containing the hundred golden eagles which she had been treasuring since her mother's death.

Thrusting it into her bosom, she sped back to her own apartment.

"Now, my worthy step-father, we're quits this time," she panted excitedly, as having locked the door, she sat down to count the little hoard. "And nothing but your guilty conscience will indicate to you its present ownership—for no one saw me take it. You shall not have me at your mercy as you intended."

But Edna was not secure, as she supposed. An evil eye had marked her discovery of her stolen property. Silas Manning had watched her from the crack of his noiselessly opened bedroom door; and his vengeance, foiled in one direction, was by that act afforded a baser opportunity.

Having counted her little treasure and found nothing missing, Edna had carefully concealed it, and was rocking thoughtfully to and fro, when, after a hurried knock at the door, her maid entered pale and agitated.

"Oh, Miss Edna!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "something dreadful is on foot! I was passing master's door just now and heard him say something to Tom, the coachman, about 'police station,' and then Tom came out carrying a letter. He would not tell me first, but when I threatened to break with him, he said he was sent for a policeman to arrest you. He didn't know what for but the master is perfectly mad and furious."

Edna sat for a moment as if paralyzed. To fly was of course her first impulse—but where? She had but few friends or acquaintances, and in such an emergency she could not think of one on whom she could rely to understand and protect her in time of need.

But while hurriedly throwing on a large cloak and veiled bonnet she suddenly thought of an old undertaker who had known her family for many years, and had buried both her parents, and whose store was the nearest available place.

Securing her bag of money and bidding her maid a tearful good-bye, she glided from the house and with hurried, yet trembling steps, made her way to the establishment of her old friend.

She found him in and alone, and in a few, tearful, agitated sentences, made known her desperate situation.

"The old villain!" was Mr. Weston's indignant comment. "He thinks he has got the screws on you now, and there is no denying that a malignant, unscrupulous man like him has it in his power to do you a very serious injury. But we will see if we cannot circumvent him. Let me see"—with a twinkle in his eyes. "Under the circumstances, I suppose you would have no objection to be buried for awhile?"

"Buried?" gasped Edna, in bewilderment. "Oh, Mr. Weston, what do you mean? My step-father will, of course, discover that I have left the house, and will be sure to follow me here."

"It is the first and best thing that occurs to me," replied her friend, "and I can put you where he won't think of looking for you at present. You see those fine mahogany coffins way back up there? They are open and I can slip you into one of them."

"I am willing," replied Edna, eagerly. "Anything—death itself, almost—is preferable to being at my step-father's mercy."

"Up with you, then. Remember to keep perfectly quiet, and take care not to cough or sneeze."

Bringing forward a short step-ladder Mr. Weston assisted his visitor to climb up, and, in a few seconds more, she was ensconced as comfortably as the case would admit.

He had no more than resumed his place at his desk when the doorway was darkened by the figures of Silas Manning, his coachman, and a police officer.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the undertaker affably. "Anything I can do for you to-day?"

"I have an idea that you can if you are disposed to," retorted Mr. Manning. "Have you seen my step-daughter this evening?"

"Yes, a short time ago, and she seemed somewhat agitated. Anything wrong?"

"I have a warrant for her arrest," said the officer.

"For robbing my private desk," supplemented Mr. Manning, vindictively.

"Don't tell me such fables!" retorted Mr. Weston. "Edna Deane never stole a dollar from you. Any dishonesty lies quite in the opposite direction."

"You are pleased to be impertinent, sir," exclaimed Mr. Manning, angrily. "I ask if you have seen my step-daughter, and know where she is.

"If I do know I don't propose to part with that information at present," was the composed reply. "You don't get any 'points' out of me, Mr. Manning, short of a court of justice, and then you will get more than you would like to hear, I'll guarantee. If you want to find your step-daughter you must search for her without any of my help. As for you, *gentlemen*," with a marked emphasis on the word, and turning his back as he spoke to the discomfited Manning—"I have the pleasure to bid you a very good-day."

"You will rue this insolence!" exclaimed Mr. Manning, white with rage. "I'll have a settlement with you further on. Come, officer, we must look for the girl somewhere else. It is useless to waste time with this fellow at present."

Fifteen minutes after they had left the store one of Mr. Weston's clerks entered and found him writing a letter.

"I have a coffin to send across the river to-night, James," said the undertaker. "Harness up the horse and I will have it ready by the time you get back. The address is on this letter, which you will deliver at the same time."

James left the store, and the proprietor climbed up to where he had hidden his visitor.

"Now, my dear," he said, cheerily, "I am going to send you to my sister with a note, and I'll send another to that lover of yours and post him after you. You had better be married immediately, and then we will have an interesting interview with Mr. Manning. It will only take an hour to get you there. Think you can stand it?"

"I can stand anything now, Mr. Weston," was the grateful response.

By the time James returned the coffin was ready, the cover partly screwed on, and a thin black cloth thrown over it.

A few minutes later it was lifted into the wagon and on its way to its destination; and at the end of another hour Edna, liberated from her novel conveyance, was supplementing Mr. Weston's letter of explanation to his astonished and sympathizing sister, Mrs. Morrill.

"There never was such a man as Edward for devices!" exclaimed the good lady, when the story was finished. "Well, I will make you as comfortable as I can, my dear; and, thanks to these days of ready-made garments, we can buy everything we need for the wedding at very short notice."

The next morning a messenger from a ladies' furnishing establishment called at the residence of Mrs. Morrill, and by the evening of the following day a large box was left there, containing a tasteful trosseau, with such other articles as Edna would be likely to need for the present.

But there was also another and still more interesting arrival in the person of Harvey Drummond, who caught his bride-elect rapturously in his arms.

"Well done for Mr. Weston," he exclaimed. "That certainly was the neatest way out of a dilemma that ever was devised! But, my dear Edna," he added, laughing in the very fullness of his joyous relief from the anxiety that had oppressed him when her disappearance had first become known, "in view of the very peculiar nature of your transportation hither, I feel constrained to ask if this is really your earthly self—because I have conscientious scruples against marrying a spook!"

"Dismiss all such supernatural fears," retorted Edna, gayly. "I can assure you that I am still thoroughly and incorrigibly mortal! There—does that convince you?" she added, with a mischievous pull at his whiskers.

"Perfectly," said Harvey, wincing and rubbing his cheek. "At least, I am willing to assume the risk."

The following day Mr. Weston and one or two other friends, met at Mrs. Morrill's residence, where the quiet but happy wedding was celebrated.

Foiled in his proposed and anticipated vengeance, Mr. Manning had abandoned his search for his step-daughter, and was debating as to what course to pursue to most effectually punish Mr. Weston, when the door-bell rang sharply and a moment later a servant announced to him that there were three visitors in the parlor who desired to see him.

Descending to the apartment, he opened the door.

A lovely young lady, wearing a pearl-gray traveling costume, and a dainty bridal bonnet, arose to meet him.

"Allow me to introduce my husband, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Manning," she added quietly.

"Officer, this is my step-father, Mr. Silas Manning."

With a look of consternation, Mr. Manning made an involuntary step backward; but the officer, quietly placing himself between him and the floor, said briefly:

"I have an order for your arrest, sir, on the charge of defrauding this young lady, formerly Edna Deane, now Mrs. Harvey Drummond, out of her property, left to you in trust. You are my prisoner, sir."

Here was a turn of affairs indeed! But the discomfited man was compelled to submit; and with bent head he followed the officer from the house, and into a close coach that was waiting.

Despite the grievous wrongs she had suffered, however, the happy young bride was not only willing but earnestly desirous to temper justice with mercy, so far as it could be consistently done; and the proceedings against her step-father were withdrawn, upon his restoring the property he had been unlawfully withholding.

This being done, Mr. Manning was released; and soon after left the country a sadder and wiser man, but it is to be feared not a better one.

"I owe all my good fortune to you!" Edna exclaimed gratefully, while calling on her good friend, Mr. Weston, a few weeks after coming into possession of her property. "Had my father captured me that day I tremble to think what evil his vindictiveness might have wrought against me. What would have become of me but for your prompt and efficient aid?"

"Say no more about it, my dear child," was the response, accompanied by a cordial grasp of her hand. "It was only a trick of the trade, and happily a very successful one."

Then with a little twinkle in his eye, he added:

"There are tricks in all trades but ours, you know."

"A trick that may well be exalted into a virtue in view of its beneficent results," protested Edna impulsively.

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Weston heartily, as with another handshake he left her to return to the happy home and life which that novel but most efficient assistance had secured to her.

The Bachelor's Advice.

You, young man, will never marry
If you're wise;
You will take no load to carry
Fraught with sighs,
Life of joy has ample measure,
Many a flowery path of pleasure—
Hymen though can add no treasure
You would prize.

Think of babies always howling
In your ears,
And your wife's eternal growling
And her tears;
How her mother may berate you,
Swear Old Harry wouldn't mate you;
How they both could irritate you
With their sneers.

Think of meddling Mrs. Grundy—
Family spy!
Coming week days, coming Sunday,
Just to pry;
When you fain would say, "Confound you;"
What a joy 'twould be to pound you!
For the sake of those around you,
You must lie.

Would you have your wife's caresses,
Yours by right;
You must buy her satin dresses,
Dear delight;
Be not then, young man, so sappy,
As to wish yourself a "pappy;"
Few of them are ever happy—
Sad their plight.

TOLD OF SAM HOUSTON.

Pride in His Good Looks—Santa Anna's Capture—The Time to Attack Mexicans.

"Gen. Sam Houston was a handsome and graceful man," said Judge Thomas Berry, of Gallatin. He was discussing the characteristics of celebrated Tennesseeans with whom he had been intimately acquainted.

"He was proud of his fine personal appearance, too," the aged speaker continued, and there is told of him a story which, if true, will serve to illustrate his youthful vanity. When a young man, so the story runs, Houston was in Nashville one day, and was posing on a prominent street corner, when two or three giddy young ladies passed by. They were attracted by the handsome man in his showy uniform, and after passing him turned their heads to get another glance.

"I wonder who that man is," one of them exclaimed to her companions.

"I am, ladies, Lieut. Houston, of the U. S. army," said the young soldier, as he made a step forward and lifted his cap as he addressed them.

Gen. Houston told me once how he captured Gen. Santa Anna. Just after the battle of San Jacinto two of Houston's men, who were searching for prisoners, scared up a deer which ran through the tall grass. The frightened animal passed near to a Mexican, who was concealed in the herbage, and who jumped up in evident alarm.

The two immediately secured the prisoner, who asserted that he was a common soldier.

"You are not," said one of his captors: "look at your embroidered vest. You are an officer."

The Mexican, in his embarrassment, ran his fingers into his jacket pocket and drew out an elegant gold snuff box. This more than ever caused the Americans to believe him an officer. He offered them a large sum of money to release him, but they refused, and started with him to Houston's tent. As they passed a large group of Mexican prisoners, these men cried out that Santa Anna was captured.

The Mexican general thus exposed urged his captors to take him at once to Gen. Houston's tent. Santa Anna was, by Gen. Houston's order, transferred to Washington, and after he had made a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas, sent to Mexico.

The action of Gen. Houston in bringing on the battle of San Jacinto was daring. He had the bridge across Buffalo bayou destroyed during the night so that all avenue of escape for the Mexican army was cut off. The morning of the battle Gen. Houston said he was awakened by the sun shining in his face, and thought he beheld the sun of Austerlitz. The Mexicans were encamped east of his position. Houston waited until the sun had crossed the heavens and was shining in the faces of the Mexicans before he made a movement to assault their position.

These ease-loving people about the hour of one in the afternoon began to take their usual siestas, in which unfortunate pleasure they were engaged when Honston attacked them.

How to Unmarry.

My grandfather used to tell an amusing story about an ignorant young couple in his parish. He had married them, but the marriage was a failure; they could not get on well at all together. They had vast, undefined ideas of what a rector could do, and it entered into their foolish minds that he might be able to undo their marriage. So they asked him if he could not take them into church again and perform some service which would set them free as they were before. The rector said, musingly:

"Well, I think if you come to church I could put you in the way of becoming unmarried. Also, it is a curious kind of business, and instead of coming to the altar, as before, you will have to go into the belfry."

So the unhappy couple readily assented, and on the appointed time they went to the church, and the rector marched them into the belfry.

"You see these two trestles?" he said, "the husband will have to stand upon one and the wife upon the other."

Accordingly the husband, with much wonderment, stood on a trestle and the wife did same.

"Now each of you take a bell-rope in your hand."

This was done.

"Now each of you tie the bell-rope round your neck and jump off the trestle."

"Lord," said one off them, "we should be hanging ourselves."

"Exactly," said the rector, "that is what I mean. The only way by which you can unmarry yourselves in church is by hanging yourselves in the belfry." — *Literary Church Life.*

A Puzzled Dutchman.

A Western paper contains the following good story. Our Baptist friends will be delighted with it, and it really teaches a good lesson, namely, the absurdity of merely textual argumentation:

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said, some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come out of the water baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, and it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told went up into the mountain and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, &c. Now we do not suppose that either went into the mountain, but upon it. So with going down into the water, it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way, by sprinkling."

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given to any one who felt so disposed to rise and express their thoughts. A number of the brethren arose and said that they were glad that they had been present on this occasion; and they were well pleased with the sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was most painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some tings I could never belief before. We reat, Mr. Breach er, that Tan iel vas cast into a ten of lions, and come out alife. Now, I never could pelief dot, for the wilt peasts would shust eat him up right off; put now it ish fery clear to my mint. He was shust close py, or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. O, I vash so glat I vash here to-night.

"Again we reat that de Hebrew children vas cast into the firish furnance, and dot, sir, alwish look't like a peeg story, too, for they would have peen purnt up; put it ish all plain to my mint now, for they were shust cast close by, or near to, the furnance. O, I vash so glat I vash here to-night!

"And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vas cast into the sea and into the whalesh pelly. Now, I never could pelief dot. It always seemed to me to be a peeg feesh story, put it is all plain to my mint now; he vash not taken into the whale pelly at all, but shust shumped onto his pack and rode a shore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night.

"And now, Mr. Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more passages of Scriptures I shall pe so happy that I vash here to-night. One of them is vere it saish de vicket shall pe cast into a lake dat purns mit fire and brimstone always. O, Mr. Breacher, shall I pe cast into that lake if I am vicket, or shust close by or near to it, shust near enough to pe comfortable? O! I hopes you tell me I shall pe cast shust py, a good way off, and I shall pe so glad I vas here to-night. The other bassage is that which saish, plessed are they who do these commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city. O! tell me I shall get into the city and not shust close by, or near to it—shust near enough to see what I have lost—and I shall pe so glad I vas here to-night."

He sat down with the impression made on many minds present, that it would do to take the Bible for what it clearly says.

RIVALS ALADDIN'S CAVE.

A Story That Kansas Has a Vast Valley of Pearls.

Ephraim Baker, one of the oldest residents of Kansas, and for a quarter of a century a citizen of Topeka, reports a discovery which surpasses the fables of ancient and modern wealth. When Cleopatra won fame by dissolving a pearl for Marc Antony to drink, she little thought that a few centuries later a western miner and prospector would gather from the shores of an antediluvian river such countless numbers of these gems as to rival the stones in Aladdin's cave, and make the wealth of Crœsus and Monte Cristo insignificant. He lives in a comfortable home here in Topeka during the winter, and as soon as spring breaks dons a rough suit, and with a prospector's outfit, moves across the plains toward the sunset, to be seen no more until the snow flies.

Monday Mr. Baker displayed to a few friends a bottle filed with pearls of various colors, shapes and sizes. Some are pure white, others a delicate shade of green, some have a tint of blue, and others are of the rarest variety of all—black. The forms are perfectly round, oblong, elliptical, &c. They vary from the size of a pin-head to that of a hazel nut. The most astonishing part of Mr. Baker's story, however, relates to the quantity of these gems, which almost passes belief. He says he found them on the western slopes of what was once a river or sea rolling over the plains of Kansas.

As the foothills of the Rocky mountains extend down to Ellsworth and Belleville in Kansas, a rough guess at the location of these ancient pearl fisheries would be just beyond the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas Valleys. Somewhere in that treeless region Mr. Baker says there is 100 miles of old river bed whose sands are literally filled with pearls. Turn up a spadeful of soil where you will, and there rolls from it a stream of tiny globules which whould enrich the collection of the Shah of Persia. Whether Mr. Baker will ever conclude to reveal the site of the "valley of pearls" he does not now know, but he will visit it again this spring.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Rarities.

A deaf ear to gossip.
A church out of debt.
A cigarette smoker who will not acknowledge it is a bad habit.
A negro who will not leave any sort of an engagement to attend a funeral.
A man who could not run his neighbor's business better than it is being done.
A representative of the fair sex who does not care to attend a church wedding.
An individual who sees and acknowledges his own faults while he is blind to those of his neighbors.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

The Touching Tale of Woe Related by a Pennsylvania Editor.

We were the victims yesterday of one of the most distressing accidents ever known in this territory, writes the editor of the Mifflin Center (Pa.) *Blade*. Yesterday morning our wife took occasion to do the family washing, having been kept from it earlier in the week by being very busy putting up our winter supply of apple-butter. Among other articles of wearing apparel which she included in the wash was our white vest, rightly thinking that the white-vest days were about over, intending to do it up and lay it away against the return of the next picnic season. Now, unbeknown to her, in the lower right-hand pocket of this vest there was a large roll of bills, twelve ones and a two—$14 in all. She did not discover the roll, and after having washed the garment thoroughly she hung it out on the line in the back yard to dry. All might yet have been well had it not been for Mr. Ferdenbaugh's large brindle cow, which is well known to most of our citizens. While our wife was in the parlor visiting with Mrs. Parmley who called to see how to make her grape preserves jelly, this beast—she deserves no better name—broke through our back gate and deliberately ate up our vest, money and all! When our wife reached the scene of trouble the beast was just swallowing the last bill, with evident relish. Our wife seized the mop and rushed at the marauding intruder, but she only tossed her, head, kicked sideways with both hind feet, and leaping lightly over the fence trotted off, switching her tail defiantly. Neither the vest nor the money, we are sorry to say, seemed to have any bad effect on her scoundrelly good health. Our wife immediately informed us of the accident, and we instantly called on Mr. Ferdenbaugh and demanded that the animal be slaughtered, doubting not that we should find our money in the first of that suite of stomachs with which we learn from physiology the cow is provided. This Mr. Ferdenbaugh refused to assent to. He pleaded that he was a poor man, and, as he had recently bought the cow, that all his ready money was in her. We naturally replied that all of our ready money was in her, too, but it failed to move him. It was a sad affair, take it all round, but one about which nothing can be done. Our wife's excuse for not looking in the pockets before she began her laundry operations is that she had gone through our pockets for money for twenty years and never found any, and had therefore become discouraged. And, if the reader will believe it, that beast of a cow had the effrontery about the middle of the afternoon to lie down under a tree directly opposite our house and contentedly chew her cud—remasticating our $14, we doubt not.

Remember, ye editor needs money worse than ever since the cow ate up that roll of bills. Pay up, you delinquents! Cord-wood taken the same as cash—in fact, we had rather have it—the cow can't more than gnaw the bark off that at the worst.

An Observing Profession.

"It's no wonder that robbers go out to rob," observed a tramp the other day, as he sat on a salt barrel in front of a grocery on West street. "Any man with an ounce of brains can make a sure thing of it."

"Please explain."

"Why, it's this way: While I never stole a cent's worth in all my life, I've been tempted a thousand times. Let me give you the lay of the average farm-house. There is always half a dollar on the kitchen shelf to buy notions of the peddlers. If the farmer is working his silver watch hangs on a nail just to the right of the shelf. In the bed-room off the sitting-room you'll find all the jewelry. It's always kept in the left-hand corner of the bottom bureau drawer."

"How do you know?"

"You never mind. The deeds and other papers are in a tin box under the bed. If there's any sum of money above $10 in the house it's in a baking powder can on the top shelf of the pantry. No farmer goes to bed with over a dollar or two in his pocket. He lays his pants on a chair at the foot of the bed, and they can always be reached from the window. The key to the barn hangs on a nail over the kitchen sink, and the lantern always hangs in the cellar-way."

"You are a close observer, my friend."

"Well, perhaps, but no more than the rest of the