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. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1890. No. 19.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, 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.

AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,

formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price

CLOTHING HOUSE

—OF—

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,

where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

TO THE TRADE!

TRADE MARK

WE HAVE MUCH
pleasure in calling the attention of the intelligent farmer to our unprecedented facilities for supplying the trade this fall. Never did the *agriculturalist* need more for his money than he does now, and realizing this fact we watched the market carefully and bought our stock lower

THAN EVER BEFORE
and have determined to give you the advantage of it. After an experience of over fifteen years' diligent study in our business, coupled with the best mechanical devices that could be procured, we now offer you our own brands of

A. A. BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE!

—AS WELL AS OUR—

IMPERIAL COMPOUND FERTILIZER

WHICH ARE MADE
from crude stock of our own selection and for mechanical condition and quality are unsurpassed, our goods are nothing new, and our efforts in the seasons that have passed to give the farmer a strictly honest and reliable fertilizer, have been rewarded by the knowledge of universal satisfaction and a permanent trade.

THANKING OUR
patrons for past favors we now promise to continue to exercise the same skillfull care in the manufacture of our own celebrated brands that we always have, and to keep them up to their present high standard of quality and mechanical condition.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in All Kinds of Fertilizing Materials,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
August 2, 1890.

Pure Animal Bone Fertilizers!

For Satisfactory results buy the LISTER'S or H. S. MILLER & CO.'S BONE PHOSPHATES, which have been used for years and PROVED TO BE THE BEST.

FOR SALE BY W. N. E. WICKES.

Will be delivered at any of the wharves on the bay or river Orders solicited. Aug. 9, 1890—3t.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACURERS OF AND DEALERS IN—
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Special Fertilizers for all Crops are claiming attention now. No one article will suit every plant. We compound formulas suitable for all crops. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula.

We Were the First House in Baltimore Who Furnished This Facility of Obtaining Either the Mixed Chemicals or the Compounding of Special Formulas.

We also offer to the Farmers Our Old and Reliable
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate, Special Wheat Fertilizers,
Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone,
Pure Dissolved Raw Bone, Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate
Mu.iate Potash, Sulphate Potash and Kainit.

At Bottom Prices. We do not publish certificates, as our goods speak for themselves. Hope to receive your orders early. Correspondence by mail promptly attended to.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
July 26, 1890. OFFCE ON HIGH STREET, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

1890 1890

WM. H. CACY,

MANUFACTURER of FERTILIZERS

Chestertown, Maryland.

"STANDARD!" "NEW LIFE!" "RELIANCE!"

The Above Brands of Fertilizers
have been used in this and neighboring counties for the past five years, and during that time have given general satisfaction. My facilities for manufacturing are now better than hitherto, and I guarantee to fill all orders promptly and in first-class drilling order.

If those farmers who have not yet tried any of our brands of Fertilizers, will inquire from some one who has used them, as to results obtained, I think that they will be induced to give them a trial.

WM. H. CACY,
August 2, 1890 CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to persons owning engines and going over the bridges with them on the road from Millington to Smyrna and the bridge over Chester river at Millington, that they do so at their own risk until said bridges are repaired.
By order of the County Commissioners,
j14-tf. T. WATERS RUSSELL, CLERK.

NEW LOT of OUTING CLOTH, Dress Ginghams and Challie's, just received at J. H. SIMPERS'.
m31.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

The purchase and transfer of Chester Bridge from the Chester Bridge Company to the county commissioners of Kent and Queen Anne's counties have been consummated, and the bridge is now open for public travel. All persons are hereby notified that certain repairs and improvements are contemplated to be made as soon as practicable and that pending the completion of said repairs and improvements, all persons using said bridge do so at their own risk. By order of the Board.
T. WATERS RUSSELL,
July 26, 1890—tf. CLERK.

Spring and Summer!

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
SHOES,
STRAW HATS,
Straw Matting,
At Lowest Prices!

J. H. SIMPERS.
April 19, 1890.

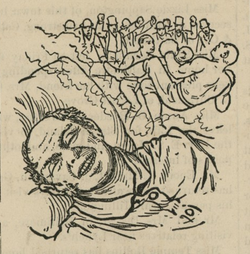
THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

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.



JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. One a Dose.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Premeditated Resolution!

AN IRREVOKABLE DECISION!

I HAVE too many Goods; we are getting too little money cash; cash is a mighty lever; I am going to make a clearing sale; the knife is ground sharp; cutting is being done; Down, Down Go Prices.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c., any stock and all of Our Stock Must Move. I am going to offer Unprecedented Bargains, one of which is Thirty Dozen Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, ranging from 4c. to 12c. each, many of them worth actually 25c. each. Another, a genuine German Linen Table Damask, at 52½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 50c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost 8, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7½c. per yard up; other Dress Goods at Reduced Prices.

Shoes, Slippers! Shoes, Slippers!

Ladies' Shoes, Misses Shoes, Men's Shoes, Children's Shoes and Slippers at the CLOSEST CASH PRICES. I defy competition. Give us a call, it is to your interest.

R. F. PARKS,
May 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

50 FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
1709 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA. (Both Sexes.) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

FULLY APPRECIATED!

Judging from the way our Clothing has been moving, especially since our reduction sale started, we cannot but arrive at this conclusion: That the trade has learned where to get squarely treated with Honest Goods and Bottom Figures at all times. Now as we have had a good season and have run out a great many goods, still we have some left which must get out in order to make room for stock to arrive. This enumerating prices does the consumer no good. Come in and see the goods for yourself and we will make the price satisfactory. The goods have got to move and we will put a price on them that will make them go.

SHOES:

In shoes we handle only Men's, Boys' and Youths' and by not mixing our stock we can give more attention to one line and give you a better assortment at closer figures. We have secured the exclusive right for the sale of the celebrated line of Men's, Boys' and Youth's Fine Custom Made Shoes, which have been sold here for six years. We carry them in stock, all styles, sizes and lasts, and make to measure anything you want, and guarantee satisfaction in every case. GOOD DRESS SHOE, $1.00, $1.25. PLOW SHOES, 80 cents to 90 cents.

We now Control the Celebrated Riveted Shoe!

This shoe needs no comment as it is known to be the BEST SHOE in the country for the money. The former price of this shoe has been Men's, $3, Boy's $2.65, but as you know we always give you the advantage of low prices at all times. We have cut the prices down and will sell MEN'S, $2.75, BOYS' $2.50. At these prices it cannot be equaled. Beware of imitations. This shoe we control and it can only be found at

A. FRIEDMAN,
Opposite Stam's Hall. *The Leading Clothier.*

Under New Management!

I HAVE BOUGHT OUT the Stock of GOODS formerly belonging to M. T. Goslee and purpose keeping a GOOD STOCK of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, at the LOWEST NO-PEACHES PRICES.

For the Next Sixty Days!

I will offer all broken lots from 20 to 75 per cent. lower than price asked by Mr. Goslee so as to make room for stock. We have just received a full line of H. Fayter's goods, among which is the CELEBRATED RIVETED SHOE, formerly sold by Mr. Goslee. Boy's $2.65, Men's $3. Also his hand-made shoes. Measures to order. We keep a SHOE STORE exclusively.

NEW GOODS, NOW ARRIVING,

suitable for Boys, Girls, Men and Women. Call in and examine my stock. I will be glad to see my old friends and the public generally.

THOS. G. WROTH,
May 10, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

BARGAINS in SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE,
(STORE NEXT DOOR TO J. K. ALDRIDGE'S HARDWARE STORE.)

WE HAVE A COMPLETE and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, including Challies, Satteens, Percals, Ginghams, Outing Cloths and all kinds of Dry Goods. A very large and fine line of White, Plaid and Striped Muslins, Hamburg Edging and Insertings, Flouncing for Ladies' dresses. Straw Mattings in White and Colored, 12½c. to 40c.; Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, 10c. to $2.00. We will continue to keep a full line of Shoes for Boys, Girls, Men and Women, ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. We have a lot of Ladies and Misses Shoes and Slippers which we will sell very cheap. A nice line of FLANNEL SHIRTS from 50c. to $2.50. Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.

I will be glad to welcome my old friends and the public generally.

May 17, 1890. WILLIAM R. ALDRIDGE.

AFTER LEE'S SURRENDER.

The Experience of the Man who is Said to Have Killed the Last Union Soldier.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

A rather tall and middle-aged man, somewhat bald, of pleasant address, stands behind the desk and greets the guests on his arrival at the Norveil-Arlington Hotel at Lynchburg, Va. His name is R. Stockwell Terry, and he has the reputation of having killed the last Union soldier who fell in the rebellion.

The circumstances attending and following this event are peculiar and dramatic, and I repeat them as they were related to me not long ago by one of Terry's friends.

When the war broke out Terry was a somewhat adventurous stripling of 16, and together with two other Lynchburg boys, Claytur and Smith by name, (the latter, by the way, now the partner of a Massachusetts man, George De Witt, formerly of Greenfield, and leading tobacco manufacturers in Lynchburg), left home and joined Mosby's notorious band of troopers.

At the time of Lee's surrender, at Appomattox, and the final proclamation of peace, Terry was for several days detailed with a squad upon some special duty in the interior, and had heard nothing of the collapse of the Confederacy and the cessation of hostilities. He found himself, on returning from this expedition, in the vicinity of his home, and, partly because of a little affair of the heart, and partly for other reasons, asked and obtained a few days' lease of absence to visit Lynchburg.

As he jogged along alone on the outskirts of the city, he was astonished to see standing before him in the forest road over which he was travelling, and but a few yards ahead, a horse which had formerly been his, but which had been captured by the enemy some months before. It was hitched to a tree, and its rider was evidently not far off.

Terry urged his horse, and was soon at the side of his old charger. The latter recognized his voice, and commenced to whinny and make loud demonstrations of joy in spite of every effort of Terry's to silence him. The soldier in the woods evidently heard him, and was hastening to learn the cause of the commotion for just as Terry loosed the bridle rein by which the horse was hitched, and started ahead leading his prize, the brushwood parted a few yards ahead of him, and a Union soldier, carbine in hand, appeared. Driving the spur deep into the flank of his mare, he dashed up the Lynchburg road expecting to arrive in a few minutes within the Confederate lines. Out into the road after him rushed the cavalryman, who, leveling his gun, fired after the fleeing trooper. The bullet buzzed by Terry's head and sped by on a bloodless mission; the guerrilla turned in his saddle, and perceiving his pursuer standing in the road preparing to fire again, brought his ready rifle to his shoulder, and, with a precision acquired by long experience, returned the shot.

Crack! and then one quick glance sufficed for Terry. He saw the soldier stagger and fall, but at the same time saw a number of Federal soldiers rush out from the woods, doubtless to discover the cause of the firing. On went Terry at the top of his bent, and as he urged his panting beast up the ascent leading into Lynchburg he turned again and saw several mounted men, evidently comrades of his luckless victim, pressing after him in hot pursuit.

As he neared the city he began to have serious misgivings. No Confederate guard barred his way, and his anxious eye described the Federal flag floating from the top of the Court House, a signal of conquest. But retreat was impossible, and with the dare-devil courage for which he was conspicuous he determined to press on and trust to fate.

Through the paved streets of the war-scarred city rushed pursuer and pursued, the foam dripping from the horses, and their flying hoofs striking fire from the flinty surface. At the door of his future father-in-law Terry dismounted, and in the house sought refuge. Scarcely had he time to make a hurried explanation before a tumult arose without, and angry voices, emphasized with soul-curdling oaths, demanded "the d——d rebel be dragged out and hung."

It was one of those terrible exigencies which try men's souls, but the master of the house was quick to act. Turning his beleaguered guest over to the other members of the family, he rushed to the door and found himself face to face with the comrades of the dead man and a mob of enraged soldiers, who had learned of the affair and crowded into the street from everywhere, all desirous of avenging the death of the Union cavalryman. An officer advanced up the steps and demanded of Mr. Hoag the surrender of the man whom he was informed was concealed in the house. The old gentleman denied any one admittance, falling back upon his rights as a citizen to deny admission to anybody not armed with an order from the provost marshal. The officer withdrew, announcing his purpose to obtain such an order forthwith, and warning Hoag that if he did not care to submit himself and family to such usage as the infuriated soldiers might indulge in he had better retire from the house before his (the officer's) return from headquarters.

Guards were stationed all about the house to prevent any but members of the family from escaping, and the officer posted off to the provost marshal, while the owner of the mansion locked the door and tried to decide what to do.

Terry's sweetheart had conducted him to a hiding place in the attic, reached only through a trap door, and there he stood, a heavy cavalry revolver in either boot and two more in his belt. In a few hasty sentences his host explained the situation.

"Don't mind me," said Terry; "you can do nothing by remaining in the house. I have got to die, but I mean to sell my life as dearly as possible. I have thirty-two shots here, and intend to make every one count, as the only way they can reach me is by the ladder, and I will drop them as they come up."

The old man was loath to leave the youth to die like a rat in a hole, but there was no time for parley now. Just as he was about to turn to summon his family to withdraw from the house his daughter rushed up with an old suit of clothes, and, throwing them up to Terry, exclaimed:

"Quick, Stockwell, put these on, for the love of God, and follow us."

The pleadings of the woman were more powerful than the arguments of her father. Throwing off his uniform, he donned the citizen's apparel, and replaced his heavy riding boots with a pair of slippers the girl had handed him. He followed the family down stairs, and, noticing a trunk in the hallway, dragged it composedly to the front door, where he stood for a moment gazing out unconcernedly at the impatient mob; then, as the sentry passed the door, he walked leisurely down the steps after the family to the residence of a neighbor across the street, the crowd all the while mistaking him for an attache of the house, and intent only in watching for a man in cavalry boots and a tattered uniform of Confederate gray. As the provost's orderly rode up with the permit to search the mansion, and the now exasperated crowd rushed in, Terry was mounting a horse in the rear of the other house, and for the second time that day racing for his life, this time to the mountains.

To his hiding place, a few days later, his former companions in arms followed, for the feeling among the Federal soldiers in Lynchburg over the act and subsequent escape of Terry was too pronounced to admit of the sojourn of any of Mosby's old command with safety. For several weeks they remained concealed, but in communication with friends. Meanwhile Gen. Curtis was appointed provost marshal, relieving the official who held the position when these events occurred, and, at the solicitations of the citizens, he agreed to grant Terry and his companipns amnesty and protection if they would return and make personal surrender to him.

Once more the hunted man turned his horse toward home, and as the three men cantered leisurely along they passed a detachment in camp near the city. A colored boy, who stood in the road, recognized them, and as soon as they had passed he ran to the officer in charge, exclaiming, "Marse Stockwell Terry's done gwine by just now!"

Strangely enough, the officer to whom this information was given was a Lieutenant of the company to which the man whom Terry had shot belonged. He was in his saddle in an instant, and rode away followed by a squad of ten men. Hearing the sound of horses behind them, the three Confederates turned around, and Terry guessed what was in the air.

"They are coming for me, boys," he said to his companions, "and this time I guess the jig is up. It is folly for you to get into further trouble on my account, so go on and I will slow up and shift for myself."

This they declined to do. A few moments later the Lieutenant overtook them, somewhat in advance of his men.

"Which of you is Stockwell Terry?" he demanded, drawing his sabre. In the haste of mounting neither he nor his men had taken anything but their side arms with them. Terry's quick eye caught on to this fact.

"I am," said he, laying his revolver across his saddle.

"Then you are my prisoner."

"Hold on!" and now the revolver covered the officer's heart. "I am traveling under a safe conduct from Gen. Curtis to surrender myself. Make any effort to arrest me, or give any such order to your men, and I will shoot you out of your saddle. Just for the present you are my prisoner, so move along with us and order the men to keep at a respectful distance."

The look of desperation in the eyes of the hunted man convinced the officer that his was no idle threat, and the utter helplessness of himself and his men, with no weapons but their swords, led him to decide that discretion was the better part of valor.

So this strange procession of the captive captor and his men wended its way into Lynchburg. Outside the Provost's office Terry dismounted, and as he did the other seized the bridle of his horse and again called to him to surrender, but Terry once more drew his revolver and this time compelled the Lieutenant to get off his horse and march before him into Gen. Curtis's presence.

He was granted amnesty and soon afterward married the girl of his heart, whose ready wit had saved his life.

Advantage of the Public School.

Edward Everett Hale in the September *Forum*, very truthfully says that we have no place in America for dainty people—often called gilt-edged—who think that the army would be a good place if it were not for the rank and file. So it is better for a boy of ours to be pitched into a public school, to take pot luck with all sorts and conditions of boys, and to learn, in the earliest life, that some of the best fellows in the world, not to say the brightest, never had a French nurse, and always black their own shoes, when they are blacked at all. In all such schools that I have known, the tone of honor is very high. And in such society one early learns the great lesson that all the people are wiser than any one of the people.

VALUE OF AN EGG.—An egg is said to contain as much nourishment as a pound and one ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes, 127 pounds of russet apples, 192 pounds of pears and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

A WONDERFUL FLOWER has been discovered on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Its chief peculiarity is the habit of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

THE JURY FELT COMPLIMENTED—"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers." The prisoner was acquitted.

THE following notice has been posted by a citizen on the main street at Atchena, Oregon: "To My Neighbors: "If my spring chickens are disturbing your garden kill them and eat them. Don't pile them out in the alley to become a nuisance."

Katy's Sacrifice.

John Griffith, a rich English manufacturer, sat in a room in his elegant mansion one day in autumn. To judge by his face, his reflections were of an agreeable nature.

"The prospect is," he said to himself, "that my income for the present year will reach 15,000 pounds. That is a tidy sum for one who started as a poor boy. And I am not so old either. Just turned of 60! There is more than one nobleman in the kingdom that would be glad of John Griffith's income. My Kate will certainly have a rich dowry."

He was interrupted here by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Griffith, there are three men below who would like to see you," he said.

"Three men?"

"Yes sir. They are not gentlemen," said the servant, who understood the question. "They are men from the mill, I'm thinking, sir."

"Very well; show them up."

It was a holiday, and the works were not in operation, so that the operatives were off work.

Then was heard the tramp of heavy boots on the staircase, and presently three men entered, whose dress and appearance indicated clearly that they belonged to the class who are doomed to earn their daily bread by hard unremitting labor.

"What is your business with me, my men?" asked Mr. Griffith, rising and surveying them with interest. "Are you employed in the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the foremost, Hugh Roberts, "we are employed in the mill, and it's about that we've come to see you."

"Very well," said John Griffith resuming his seat, "speak on whatever you have to say to me."

"It's this, Mr. Griffith, and I hope you won't get offended at what I say. We came here to humbly beg that you would be pleased to raise our wages."

"To raise your wages!" exclaimed Mr. Griffith in a displeased tone.

"Yes sir. I hope you won't be offended, sir, at our request."

"Don't I give as high wages as are paid in other mills?"

"Mybe you do, sir; but it's very hard to get along on three shillings a day."

"But if I should pay higher wages than others they could undersell me in the market."

"I don't know, sir, but I think we should work more cheerful and do more in a day, if we felt that we had a little more to live on, so that the wife and children needn't have to pinch and go hungry."

These words were uttered in a manly and straightforward tone, and there was not a little pathos in them, but it seemed lost on the manufacturer.

"It's only sixpence more a day we ask, sir," said Hugh Roberts, pleadingly.

Mr. Griffith made a mental calculation. He had 300 men in his employ. He found that sixpence a day additional would make a sum total, during the year, of over two thousand pounds. This reflection hardened his heart against the applicants.

"No, your request is unreasonable; I can not accede to it."

"But, sir," said Hugh Roberts, "think what it is to support a family on three shillings a day."

"It is hard, no doubt, but I cannot afford to make the advance you desire."

"Then you refuse, sir?"

"I do. If you can do any better, of course, I won't prevent your bettering yourselves."

"We can't do better, sir," said Hugh, bitterly crushing his hat between his toil-hardened fingers. "We have no other way to live except to work for you and take what you are pleased to pay."

"Think it over, my men," said Mr. G., more good humoredly, for he had carried his point, "and you will see that I can't pay more than other mills. I've no doubt that your wives and children will earn something to help you along."

The three men departed with sad faces, looking as if life were a weary struggle, with little to cheer it.

Scarcely had they left the room when Katy Griffith entered.

Born when her father was comparatively late in life, she was his darling, and the light of his existence. It was for her that he wished to become very rich that he might make her a match for the highest, as he was wont to express it.

"They will overlook old John Griffith's pedigree," he said to himself, "if his Katy has a good hundred thousand pounds to her dowry."

Katy entered, a bright-eyed, attractive girl of fifteen, of whom her father might well be proud.

"How are you my darling?" said her father, smiling fondly upon her.

"I'm always well," she said lightly; "but papa who were those poor men that I met on the stairs? Had you been scolding them?"

"What makes you ask, Katy?"

"Because they looked so sad and discouraged."

"Did they?" asked Mr. G., with momentary compunction.

"Yes, papa! and I heard one of them sigh as if he were tired of living."

"They were men from the mill, Katy."

"And what did they come for? Do you tell them about the work?"

"No; the overseer does that."

"Then what did they come for?"

"You are very curious, darling."

"That isn't telling me, papa," said the young lady persistently.

"Then, if you must know, it was to ask for higher wages."

"Of course you gave it."

"Of course I didn't. Why should I?"

"Because they need it. How much do they get now?"

"Three shillings a day."

"Only three shillings a day?" exclaimed Katy, "and have to support their families out of that?"

"Yes."

"O, papa, how can you pay them such mean wages?"

"I pay as high wages as other manufacturers," said her father.

"But they can't live on three shillings a day, poor men. How much more did they ask for?"

"Sixpence a day."

"Only sixpence a day, and you refused," said Katy reproachfully.

"But consider, my dear, on all my workmen it would amount to more than 2,000 pounds a year."

"And how much do you make in a year, papa?"

"This year, I think I shall make nearly 15,000 pounds."

"You don't surely spend all that money, papa?"

"Not more than 4,000."

"And the rest?"

"I lay up for my Katy."

"Then," said Katy, "as it is to be mine, pay the men a shilling more a day. There will be enough left for me. I shouldn't enjoy money that was taken from so many poor people. Think, papa, how much good the extra shilling would do to your poor men, and how little difference it would make to me. I shall be as rich as I want to be. Come, papa, you were once poor yourself. You should pity the poor."

At these words, he recalled the difficult struggle he had early in life, and the selfishness of his present treatment of his poor operatives struck him forcibly. His own heart joined with his daughter.

"Are you in earnest, Katy, in what you say?" he asked.

"Surely, papa."

"If I do what you ask, it will make a considerable difference in your fortune."

"But I shall feel so happy when I think that the men are more comfortable. Won't you do it, papa?"

"Yes, Katy, I will do as you say. Other manufacturers will think I have gone insane, but if I please my Katy I will not care."

"I love you better than ever now, papa," and the warm-hearted girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

A servant was sent to Hugh Roberts' cottage to bid him come to the great house. He was sitting in moody silence in his poor cabin, which was pervaded by a general air of want and discomfort. He did not understand the summons, but thought he might be going to receive his discharge in return for his bold request. Again he was ushered into the presence of his employer.

"I have been thinking of your request, my man," said Mr. G. in a kind tone, "and though I doubt whether any other manufacturer would grant it I have made up my mind to do it."

"Bless you, sir!" said Hugh Roberts, his face lighting up. "Heaven will reward you. Then we shall have three shillings and sixpence hereafter?"

"You shall have four shillings."

"Four shillings! Are you really in earnest, sir?"

"Truly so. The overseer shall receive my instructions to-morrow."

The workman burst into tears, but they were tears of joy.

"The men will bless you," he said, smiling, and the words had a pleasant sound for Mr. Griffith. A hearty blessing is not to be despised.

It was found on experiment that the profits of the business were but little affected by the increased wages, for the men now worked with a hearty good will which enabled them to accomplish more work in a day, so that Katy's sacrifice will be less than was supposed. Every day she rejoices over the additional comforts secured by the extra shilling paid at her instigation.

Found His Enemy.

Thirty Years of Waiting for Vengeance Knocked Into a Cocked Hat.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls, writes a New York *Sun* contributor, when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked:

"Isn't your man name Graham?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you used to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir,"

"In 1863?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"

"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of fire-crackers under his desk and touched them off?"

"As it happened only yesterday."

"And you basted him for it?"

"I did. I licked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villian."

"He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last?"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a halfturn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the whilom schoolmaster piled onto him and licked him until he cried "Enough," and it didn't take him over three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait quite long enough, I guess."

"Yes! That's where I made a miscue!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he had got to be about 150 years old. The old devil is all of 90 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the sand to stand up to him again. Here's thirty years waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!"

JUDGE—And you say the prisoner came up and assaulted you with malice aforethought?

Witness—No, sah; he didn't use no sech implerment as dat. He jes' hit me wid er club, sah.—*West Shore.*

SUSIE—Papa, isn't it murder to kill a hog?

Papa (who is a lawyer, with a sly wink at mamma)—Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill. The other is killing with intent to salt.—*Harper's Bazar*

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