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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875. No. 4.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

NEW
MILLINERY STORE!

Mrs. H. Usilton & Miss Mollie Willis

Have taken the Store room next door above the Bank, in Chestertown, and have opened a general assortment of

MILLINERY
And FANCY GOODS,

of the latest and most fashionable styles, for Spring and Summer wear. HATS, BONNETS, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments.

They have also on hand a lot of second-hand goods, which will be sold at greatly reduced prices.

Mrs. Usilton is a practical Milliner, having served a regular apprenticeship at the business and conducted it herself in former years.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine their goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. May 8—tf.

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

DRY GOODS, &c.

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS,

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of her lady friends and the public generally, to her present large and well selected Stock of Goods, suitable for the present and approaching season. Her stock embraces

Fine Dress Goods,
Muslins, Prints, Flannels, &c., &c.,
In the Dry Goods line, and
The Latest Styles in Millinery Goods
FOR
SPRING and SUMMER.

HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, LACES, RUFFLING, &c.

Silks, Thread, Cotton, Needles, Pins, Hosiery, Sewing Machine Silk, Cotton and Needles, and many other articles of use and ornament, too numerous to name, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

Those in want of anything in my line are invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. My goods will be found as good and cheap as any in the county.

☞ Strict attention paid to STAMPING for embroidery and braiding.

ap17-y. C. R. FIDDIS.

NEW MILLINERY
—AND—
FANCY STORE!

MAGGIE M. PARKS & SISTER,

HAVE JUST OPENED at the old stand of the late Mrs. S. A. Usilton, an entirely NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK of

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

and having employed an experienced Milliner from the city, recommended by Messrs. Armstrong & Cator, we flatter ourselves prepared to please. A share of the public patronage will be highly appreciated.

MAGGIE M. PARKS & SISTER.

May 1—2m.

SPRING, 1875.

Grand Opening!
—OF—
DRESS GOODS,

In all the latest novelties of plain, plaid and twilled suitings, and a full line of the celebrated COLLINGWOOD BRAND of

BLACK ALPACAS

which for lustre and finish are unequaled by any in the market. Prices 25, 31, 37½, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 75, 80 and 90 cts. per yard.

In addition to which we offer, *below the market rates of the day*, a large line of all the leading brands of

Staple and Domestic Goods,

purchased at the LOW PRICES at the close o last season, among which we will name

Wamsutta Muslin,

in 5, 10, 15 and 20-yard pieces, at the low price of 14 cents per yard, CASH.

PRINTS OF BEST MAKES,
9 and 10 cents per yard.
CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON,
6 cents per spool, 70 cents per dozen.

Having made arrangements with the leading manufacturers of the Peninsula, we are receiving from them

All-Wool Spring Cassimeres

(Slightly imperfect,)

Which we will sell at the low price of 80 cents per yard, the regular price of which is $1.25 per yard.

A FULL LINE OF
Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Button & Lace Shoes

in Kid, Morocco and Lasting, of all the latest styles, manufactured exclusively for our trade, and every pair warranted. Also, Sansser's celebrated make of

Calf Boots, Button and Congress Gaiters
For MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

S. M. REYNOLDS
Middletown, Del.
Mar. 13, 1875.

Wool! Wool!

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Paid for WOOL, either in LARGE or SMALL QUANTITIES, delivered as follows:
JOSEPH BIGGS', near Cecilton, Maryland, on Mondays.
DEWEES' HOTEL, Kennedyville, Maryland, on Tuesdays.
NEW MARKET, Kent county, Maryland, on Thursdays.
L. P. McDOWELL'S, Middletown, Delaware, Fridays and Saturdays.
Commencing May 17, 1875.
GREEN & McDOWELL.
May 15, 1875—1m.

MATTING Just received and for sale cheap by
my1. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

TOWN PROPERTY
At PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, as Attorney, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, June 15th, 1875,
At 1½ o'clock, P. M.,
At the Voshell House, Chestertown, Maryland,
THE FOLLOWING
TOWN LOTS.

No. 1—Known as the
"TITTER PROPERTY"
situated on Calvert Street, above Kent St., in Chestertown, has a front of about thirty-two feet, and a depth of about 150 feet, and is improved by a story and a half

Double Frame Dwelling

in ordinary repair, and affords accommodation for two small families, and pays a good rent. There is a good Garden attached.

No. 2—Is a LOT on Cross Street, adjoining the property of D. A. Benjamin, with forty-two feet front by 80 feet deep, and is IMPROVED BY A

TWO-STORY HOUSE,
Newly Built,

which with little expense could be made a comfortable Dwelling, or used in its present condition as a Shop, Carriage House or Stable.

There is sufficient Lot back for a Garden.

TERMS OF SALE ARE:—One-third of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six and twelve months, bearing interest, and to be secured.

C. T. WESTCOTT, *Attorney.*
May 22, 1875—tds.

Town Property
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, Maryland, in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,
The FIFTEENTH of JUNE, 1875,
At 2 o'clock, P. M.,
At the "Voshell House" in Chestertown, the
LARGE AND VALUABLE BRICK
Dwelling House,

formerly the residence of Mrs. Harriett Tilghman, and

THE LOT THERETO ATTACHED,

situated on High Street, in Chestertown, near the Bank. The DWELLING is two stories in height, with a basement Kitchen and servants' rooms, and a well plastered attic, which makes comfortable sleeping apartments. The house is well built, roomy, and in very fair condition. Its central and convenient location makes it desirable either for a private residence or boarding house, in which latter capacity it is now used.

The LOT attached affords ample space for gardening purposes, and as such is a valuable appendage to the house.

Possession given Januaay 1st, 1876.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee, the balance in two equal instalments in six and twelve months from the day of sale bearing interest therefrom, and the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT, *Trustee.*
May 22, 1875—ts.

HOME WORK!

Gents' Fine Boots,
Shoes and Gaiters.

Ladies,' Misses' and Children's Shoes.

JAMES A. SHAW,
CHESTERTOWN,

HAS now on hand a good supply of the best Leather, and is prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, in the very best manner, at short notice. His work cannot be surpassed for beauty of style or durability of make, as his numerous patrons in this community will testify.

If you want an extra pair of

Fine Boots, Shoes or Gaiters,
For Spring and Summer wear,
Call at SHAW'S, on Court Street,

and he will be sure to please you.

A good stock of Boots and Shoes of his own make kept on hand and sold at low prices.

JAMES A. SHAW,
May 8, 1875. Court Street.

LATEST NEWS!

SELLING OUT BELOW COST!

BEST BARGAINS Ever Offered!

THE subscriber having determined to change his business, offers his entire Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

and Gents' Furnishing Goods generally, below cost. Come and examine for yourselves, and he will sell you BETTER BARGAINS than you have ever heard of. His stock consists of all the latest styles, and the finest, as well as ordinary quality.

All persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to come forward and settle, either by cash or note. All accounts not settled by the 15th June next, will be put in train for collection.

I hereby tender my thanks to my friends and customers, who have so liberally patronized me for the past eight years, and would most respectfully invite them to call and examine my goods and prices.

L. HECHT.
May 15, 1875—1m.

GOOSE HILL MILL.

THE undersigned having rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL, near Goose Hill, and having secured a first class miller, solicits the patronage of its old customers and the public, feeling assured that we can give satisfaction. The Mill is in complete order, except the bolting cloth, and this will be renewed in a few weeks.

apr10-2m* JAMES L. WILMER.

PICTURES FRAMED neatly and at moderate prices, in Walnut and Gilt, by
Mar. 13. H. A. SPARKS.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of an order or Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, the 15th of June, 1875,
at the porch of the Voshell House, in Chestertown, at 11 o'clock, A. M., all that

FARM and PLANTATION

in Kent county, being the HOME FARM of the late Samuel E. Baker, deceased,

Containing 290 Acres,
MORE OR LESS.

This farm is eligibly located on the road leading from Chestertown to Belair, and about three and a half miles from the former place. It adjoins the lands of the late William Thos. Baker, Josias Ringgold and others.

The soil is of excellent quality—produces the various kinds of grains and grasses successfully. It has been thoroughly limed. The farm is divided into six fields and several lots, all under very fair fencing. There is also a quantity of Locust Trees, suitable for Posts. The Garden is enclosed.

A fair proportion of the land is in WOOD AND TIMBER, some of it Chestnut.

A stream of water runs through the centre of the farm. There is an

Apple Orchard and Peach Orchard
Young and bearing, of about 2,000 TREES.

THE DWELLING

is two stories in height, commodious and in good repair. There is a KITCHEN, two Corn Houses, Two Granaries, Stabling, Brick Meat House, Machine House, Dairy, and Pump of Water convenient. Mr. J. Thomas Bowers, the tenant, will facilitate the examination of the premises by any one who may call.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the Decree, are: one-fifth of the purchase money on the day of sale, or in ninety days, at the option of the Trustee. The balance to be paid in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee. The terms may be modified to some extent by the extension of the credit, to suit persons disposed to purchase.

GEORGE VICKERS, *Trustee.*
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r.
Chestertown, May 22, 1875—tds.
[Middletown Transcript copy tds.]

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to PUBLIC SALE to the highest bidder, on

WEDNESDAY,
The 16th of June, 1875,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
At the Hotel in Millington, kept by Mr. H. C. Penington,

ALL THAT FARM
CALLED
"Walnut Grove,"

lying in Kent county, Maryland, in the First Election District, near the town of Millington, containing

300 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

This desirable farm is situated on the public road leading from Millington to Masseys; is about two miles from the former place and three miles from the latter, and adjoins the lands of Henry Spear, Miss Georgie Spear, Wm. H. Ford and others.

The Farm is divided into six fields; the soil is of excellent quality, and adapted to Wheat and Corn.

The IMPROVEMENTS are good,
Consisting of a
Large Frame Dwelling,
IN GOOD CONDITION.

The BARN is new and ample and the farm is well supplied with STABLES, SHEDS, CARRIAGE HOUSE, MEAT HOUSE, &c., all in good condition.

THERE ARE
Three Flourishing Orchards
OF
PEACH TREES,

2,000 ten years old; 3,000 three years old, and 700 five years old. These trees were well selected, are excellent bearers, and of the best varieties.

There are FIFTY TREES of FINE APPLES and also CHERRY and PEAR TREES sufficient for family use.

The Farm is well watered, and the Queen Anne's & Kent Co. R. R., from Millington to Masseys, runs through part of the farm, and divides that part into two good fields.

The Farm has good hedges and good cross fences, all in the best condition.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale are:—One-fifth cash on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee; one-fifth in 18 months; one-fifth in 2½ years, and the balance in seven years. The deferred payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee, and to bear interest from 1st of January, 1876, when possession will be given.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
Trustee.

N. B—The purchaser will have the privilege of seeding wheat next fall and doing any other necessary work on the farm.

H. W. VICKERS, Trustee.
Chestertown, May 22, 1875—ts.

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber has just added to his Livery establishment

A Number of NEW CARRIAGES,

and having some excellent DRIVING HORSES is prepared to accommodate persons with a fine turnout at moderate prices, and respectfully solicits a call from those fond of a pleasant ride. His Stables are on Cross Street, above the jail, where he may always be found giving his personal attention to the business.

my14-3m. C. BLACK RASIN.

Pictures! Pictures!

ALL who wish FINE PHOTOGRAPHS, GEMS, &c., should be sure to call and examine our work. We are making by far the best pictures ever taken here. We make a speciality of our Photographs. Special attention given to copying and enlarging. As we guarantee all our work to please, we respectfully solicit a call.

J. T. WAMPLER & CO.,
May 15—4t* of Baltimore, Md.

CHOICE
REAL ESTATE
In Kent Co., Md.,
—AT—
PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of a power contained in a Mortgage from Thomas W. Ringgold and Mary J. Ringgold, his wife, to the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent county, Maryland, dated the 21st day of October, 1871, and duly recorded among the Land Records for Kent County, aforesaid, in Liber J. K. H., No. 10, folio 259, &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, Md., on

TUESDAY, the 15th of JUNE, 1875,
At 3 o'clock, P. M.,
THAT FINE BODY OF LAND
KNOWN AS
"KNAPLEY'S GREEN,"

In Eastern Neck, Kent county, Md., situated on Chester River, and Grey's Inn Creek. Under recent survey it has been divided into two tracts, called the "Home Farm" and the "Church Creek Farm."

CHURCH CREEK FARM

Extends from Church Creek on the South and West, to Grey's Inn Creek on the North, and contains

211 ACRES, 3 Roods and 20 Perches,
MORE OR LESS.

About 100 acres are arable, of good quality and fertility, and is especially adapted to grain, peaches, small fruit, and trucking.

The balance is in

VALUABLE CHESTNUT TIMBER

well grown and easy of access. The Farm is under Chestnut fencing, in good repair, and lies near the public road to Grey's Inn Wharf, from which it is about a mile distant.

The Home Farm,

Beautifully situated on Chester River and Grey's Inn Creek, commanding unobstructed views, both up and down the River, for several miles, is considered one of the FINEST LOCATIONS in the County. It contains

235 ACRES, 2 Roods and 15 Perches,

MORE OR LESS; is divided into four fields—part of one being in Peaches—all under Chestnut fencing in good condition.

This Farm is about 1½ miles from Grey's Inn Wharf, to and from which there is daily communication with Baltimore by steamboat. The soil is light, of good heart, and easily cultivated.

The Improvements
ARE A TWO-STORY
FRAME DWELLING,

four rooms above, three rooms and a hall below, with Kitchen attached; TWO TENANT HOUSES and an OVERSEER'S HOUSE, Meat House, and an Ice House, all in good condition; a LARGE FRAME BARN, CORN HOUSES, and 150 ft. of Shedding. A Pump near the dwelling, and also one near the barn, besides a spring of excellent water within 100 yards of the house.

The adjacent waters abound in Fish, Oysters and Wild Game. Schools, Churches and Post Offices are near at hand.

The tracts will be offered separately and as a whole, or either may be subdivided into smaller sections.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale; the balance in three equal instalments of 12, 18 and 24 months from the day of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and be secured by bonds or notes of the purchasers with sureties to be approved by the undersigned. Deeds at cost of purchasers.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Trustee and Attorney.
Chestertown, May 22, 1875—tds.

House and Lot at Bel Air,
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale,

ON TUESDAY,
The Fifteenth day of June, 1875,
At the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.,
At 2½ o'clock, P. M.

ALL THAT LOT OF LAND

in the village of Bel Air, Kent county, Md., of which the late Philip Drugan died seized, containing

One and a half Acres of Land,
More or Less.

This property is located in a flourishing village, where there are several stores, a Post Office and Church; and convenient to Schools and Water Landings on the Chesapeake Bay. The Kent Co. R. R. is completed to the village.

The Lot is improved by a

One-Story Frame Dwelling

with Kitchen attached, Meat House, and well of Water, and is enclosed.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or within thirty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee; the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale and to be secured by the bond or notes of the purchaser, with surety to be approved by the Trustee. Posession given on ratification of sale. Deed at cost of purchaser.

C. T. WESTCOTT, *Trustee.*
Chestertown, May 22—ts.

CULTIVATOR TEETH!

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

HAVE now on hand over One Hundred Set of their Superior CAST STEEL CULTIVATOR TEETH, at $2.25, $2.50 and $2.75 per Set. These Teeth have been used for several years in this county and give universal satisfaction. We have also the OLD STYLE THREE-CORNERED TEETH.

Don't forget our CAST STEEL HOE for covering corn and garden use, at 75 Cts.

All work at lower prices in proportion. We are determined to do work as low as any other parts, and of same quality as heretofore.

May 8. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

SOMETIME!

Somewhere—upon the face of God's sweet world,
Though where I know not—
There should be some to love me.
Out on life's restless ocean I am hurled:
Wherefore—I know not—
Unless to prove me.

I scan the face of every passer by,
With a vague wonder,
To see them smile so;
Then to secluded haunt again I fly,
And weeping ponder—
How long a while so!

Somewhere—somehow—within the great "To Be,"
Though where I know not!
O gracious God—have pity!
From men—and memory—and self—I flee:
More bitter tears could flow not,
Comfort me with thee! C. L.

A MAN'S PRIDE.

Earle Trevors stood upon the verandah in the freshness of the Summer morning, and watched the girl gathering flowers in the garden. She did not know that he was watching her, for an old lilac bush screened him; therefore she was her own natural self, and had not that air of restraint and shyness which she usually manifested when he was with her. Her cheeks were bright as any of the roses she was gathering, and Earle could not help thinking that her face was like a flower in its brightness and color; a shy, wild flower, that was all the sweeter because it had not been subjected to the hot-house treatment of city life and fashionable ways.

"If she were educated and could have the advantages of refined society she would make any man a wife to be proud of," young Trevors thought, as he watched her.

He had taken a fancy to Susie Dinsmore's face the first time he had seen it. It was so different from the faces he was used to that it half fascinated him. He had known her three weeks now, and the charm her face held for him at first had not worn off. Sometimes he almost fancied he was getting in love with the girl. Her frank, shy ways were novel enough to any one who was used to the hollow artificialities of fashionable life, and they charmed him. When she said a thing, she meant it. How many ladies of his acquaintance in fashionable circles of city life could he say that of? He rather felt inclined to believe that what they said they did not mean. Sometimes he thought that society was all a sham, and he wished he was rid of it. But, after all, society's opinion was too strong to be ignored, or he was too weak to brave it. He hardly knew which.

A bird flew up from the June rose-bush by the gate, and sang his sweetest as he soared away up in the blue. Susie stopped to listen, and when the bird's song was completed, and the bird itself was a mere speck overhead, she began to sing. Her song was something like the bird's, full of runs and trills and plaintive little notes that set all the air to ringing with their melody. She made a beautiful picture as she stood there, with her hands full of flowers, her hat fallen off, and her brown hair blowing all about her face.—The gray stone wall with the June roses clambering over it, and the wide, green meadow beyond made a fitting background for it all. Earle Trevors keeps that picture in his heart to this day. It is one of the things he will never forget.

"You have outdone the bird," he said, when she had finished her song. "He will hardly dare to sing again if he is wise."

She gave a started look, and a deeper color dyed her cheeks.

"I didn't know you were listening," she said.

"I am glad to say I was," he answered. "I never knew you sang. Now that I have found out that you do, I shall ask you to sing for me often. Your voice would be your fortune if you choose to make it so."

"I don't know anything about singing," she said, pleased at his admiration.

"I don't suppose a bird does, if you reduce his knowledge to rules and theories, and yet, most of us would be glad to sing as well as the bird does," he answered, coming down the path to where she stood. "Let me help you gather your roses, won't you?"

Gathering roses with a girl whose face has already fascinated you is a rather dangerous experiment if you would keep heart-whole. It would have been better, far better for Earle Trevors if he had gone his way that morning and left Susie Dinsmore to her old life; he might have forgotten her face in time, and her voice would have ceased to haunt him. But we never know when we ought to do that which we see clearly must be done some time. He knew, or he *might* have known, if he had stopped to think about it, that it was not safe for him to linger here with this girl, who interested him as no other one ever had. That which we call interest, in a case like this, is apt to become something more than mere interest. If he only could have foreseen then what the result of his summer's idling would be how much pain he could have saved himself.

But he did not foresee it, and so the summer drifted by, with its roses and its robins, and brought, at last, the time when he must leave the girl whose face had grown so dear to him.

Then he had a battle to fight; a battle between love and his pride. He knew when the time came to go away, that he loved this girl with the face of a flower, and he asked himself if he could give her up; or rather love asked that question of him. And then his pitiful pride took arms and asked him if he could brave the opinion of society by marrying this girl whose face and voice were her only passports to the circle in which he moved.—What was her worth of heart and soul when weighed against her lack of culture and family pride? Absolutely nothing in the estimation of those who moved in the set he belonged to. He felt how weak he was in even allowing a thought of what would be said if he were to marry her to assert itself, and at the same time he knew how much a slave he was to the opinion of society, and he confessed to himself, in shame, that his pride was stronger than his love. He could give her up easier than to brave what "people would say." If she were only educated and refined in the society meaning of the term, then! But she was not, and he must give her up, or face the gossip of those whose friendship he cared nothing for, and that he was not man enough to do. What slaves of opinion most of us are. We ought to be ashamed of it, and more! but that does not mend the matter in the least.

She was in the garden when he bade her good-bye. He had told her nothing about his going away. He dreaded to speak of it. He felt that he had not acted quite honorable with her; knowing that she could be no more to him than she was now, he should have gone away before she got to caring for him. To have done that would have saved her all that his going away would cost her now.

"This has been a pleasant summer," he said, as they stood there among the late lillies and carnations. "A very pleasant summer," and a sigh broke across his lips as he looked away to the distant hills, bathed in the mellow sunshine of the September day.

"It has been the happiest summer I ever knew," she said, softly, and he knew well enough what had made it so. Her love dream had come to her in it.

Then there was a silence which neither cared to break. She was too full of happy, restful quiet, and he was too full of sorrow to speak just then.

By and by she broke off a spray of carnations from their stalk, and gave them to him, with a smile. It was a simple little act, but it touched the man's heart in its tenderest spot. For a moment love was up in arms again, stronger than ever; but the old, cruel pride stood ready to crush it down.

He dared not trust himself longer.

"Good-bye," he said, suddenly, holding out his hand. "I shall keep these flowers in memory of the giver, and the summer that has gone—the summer that has been such a happy one! I wish we could both forget it!" he cried, passionately. He was cursing himself for his pitiful weakness.

"You are not going away?" she said, wonderingly, her face more like the lilies than carnations now.

"Yes, I am going now. Good-bye," and then he turned and went away. He looked back once, and saw her standing there, white, stirless, like a figure cut from marble, and his heart was full of pity for the girl who had learned what it is to love and lose so soon.

* * * * *

Two years went by, and they were two years of constant battle to Earle Trevors. He had thought that he could forget the woman he loved, in a measure, when he was away from her, but he found out his mistake. He could not keep her face out of sight. At the strangest times and places he heard her voice, and the sound of it would set his heart to throbbing, and at such times it seemed to him that he must go to her and tell her that she was more than the world to him. So for two years he fought against his heart, and then he gave up. Love conquered pride at last.

When he made up his mind to face the opinions of society, he wondered how he ever could have been weak enough to put his love beneath his pride. What was the opinion of all the world compared to the love he bore for the girl with the flower face?

He would go to her at once, and claim her as his own. And so he started on his journey.

It was afternoon when he reached the village. A mile away was the one woman in the world to him. He was full of feverish impatience to see her, to hear her voice, to tell her that he loved her.

His path led by the old church. There was a new-made grave in a corner of the churchyard. The sexton was covering it with sods. He could not tell why it was, but something made him stop and lean across the mossy fence and watch the man at his work.

Suddenly the sexton looked up from his task and saw him.

"Whose grave is that?" Trevors asked, wondering, as he did so, what possible interest that grave could have for him.

The man recognized him.

"It's Miss Susie's grave," he answered. "You remember her, don't you."

Remember her? As if he ever could forget her! For a moment it seemed as if the wheels of the world clogged and stood still. He had come back to find the woman he loved, and here in the grass of the churchyard he found—her grave.

The Love of Flowers.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion; without any alloy or debasing object in its motive, the cottage has its pink, its rose, and its polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of Spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the bud of vegetation, seems close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy; we view it with a curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not their intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charm us—for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unperceived, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn—no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as the harbinger of the renewal of life; to youth, they are an expanding being, opening years, hilarity and joy; and the child let loose from the house riots in the flowery meads,

"Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket, wreathed with butter cups or orchises and daisies. With summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbors, in harmony and good order; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

WARM weather helps one to be good. That is, you don't care whether your neighbor has a big wood pile or a small one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TROUBLE.

Trouble is the foe of a man's peace of mind. But half of our troubles are imaginary, the creation of our brains. Things that trouble us are not as bad as they seem, and most of them are only mists or a passing cloud. We should treat troubles as we would intruders into our houses—put them out and lock the doors against them. When men are worn out by overwork, or are sick, then trouble has the advantage. At such times a man's friends should contrive means of diversion and find out ways of rest. There is no better relief for trouble than travel and new scenes. When men begin to feel that business and care are robbing them of sleep, and each day increases the burden, they should put the will in exercise and throw them off, or put themselves in the hands of their physician and obey his directions. It is suicide for them to go on after they begin to feel the grinding action of work on the body and brain. But precaution is in using means of prevention. Give a certain number of hours each day to active employment, and never allow your work to break over the bounds. Take a portion of your time for recreation. Make real, solid enjoyment your medicine. Above all interdict everything that will tax, excite or exhaust the nervous system. Sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. When trouble drives sleep from the eyelids, and gloomy, depressed feelings possess the mind, it is high time for a man to pause and seek relief; for there is no telling what such a condition will lead to unless overcome. There is danger in going on after the strain begins to tell on the health, for every turn of the machinery brings the final crash nearer. There are events that come, and are liable to come in every man's life, which he cannot foresee, and over which he has no control. But men should be like mariners, who do not know whether the winds will be fair or foul, but they go prepared for whatever may come, be it calm or storm. Nor do they give up the ship until she goes down. Men should treat trouble in this way, and never give up till death enters and tells them the voyage is ended.—*Prov. Journal.*

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing is for the human heart? Those who work hard seldom yield to real or fancied sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pile, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrows become our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threatened to overwhelm you into the thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

THE Xenia *Torchlight* relates this story: "An old gentleman living near here was called upon some time since by a clock tinkerer, who examined our old friend's clock and pronounced it out of order. The old gentleman said that it was good enough for him and the old woman, and he would not have it fixed, but it was insisted upon, and he finally agreed to keep the tinkerer and his horse all night in recompense for the necessary repairs to the old house clock. The clock proved to need more repairs than was at first expected, and in addition to the night's lodging seventy-five cents was demanded. The old gentleman objected to this, and began to count up what he had already given his lodger. "First, there was your supper—" "But stop," said the tinkerer, "you asked me to eat supper, and consequently can't charge me for that." "Well," said the old gentleman, "you asked me to let you fix my clock, consequently you can't charge me for that. So we are square on the supper and clock, and you owe me for your lodging and breakfast." The old gentleman was ahead.

CARPETS IN 1800.—Seventy years ago carpets were rarely seen in American families of the middle classes, as they are now rarely found in Germany. Dr. Lyman Beecher gives an amusing account of the autobiography of his first carpet at East Hampton, L. I. His wife spun a bale of cotton and had it woven. Then she fitted it to the floor, sized it, and painted it in oils, with a bright border around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre. She took also some common wooden chairs and cut out figures of gilt paper, gluing them on and varnishing them. The East Hampton people were quite startled by the novelty. One of the old deacons called at the house, but stopped at the parlor door, as if afraid to enter. "Walk in, Deacon; walk in," said the minister. "Why, I can't 'thou't stepping on it," was the answer. Then surveying it with evident admiration, he gasped out, "D'ye think ye can have all this and Heaven too?"

"LISTEN TO THIS, BRETHREN."—The Rev. Mr. P., of Wilmington, N. C., is wont to enforce his strong points by calling upon his congregation in a very emphatic way, to "listen to this, brethren." On one occasion he had reached the point of emphasis, and taken out his handkerchief at the same instant, and as he called upon the brethren to "listen to this," he gave his nasal horn a real Gideon toot, and of course the brethren listened.

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder storm. "Julius, can you pray," said one. "No, Sam," was the reply, "nebber prayed in my life." "Well, can't you sing a hymn?" Just then the lightning struck a tree near by, shivering it, when the first speaker exclaimed: "See heah, honey, sumffin' 'ligious has got to be done, an' dat mighty suddin, too, s'pose you pass around de hat!"

MRS. KEEN, of Springfield, declined to allow her daughters to take part in a spelling match because she heard somebody say that knotty words would be given out.

INTERVIEW WITH A SCOLDING WOMAN.

WHAT SHE THINKS ABOUT MATTERS & THINGS—HER OPINION OF THE EAGLE.

"You lie, and that's the long and short of it!" This was the expression that drove a short-haired, scared-looking little woman, with her sleeves rolled up and broom in her hand, into her back door on a small street in Reading yesterday. The sudden and sharp remark, which came from a thin-lipped, tangled-haired virago of an uncertain age, in a draggled dress and a shaker bonnet, seemed to have been provoked about a dispute about a stray chicken. Here was a chance for the *Eagle* representative to interview, and it was improved at once.

"What is the matter, my good woman?"

"Matter! why, none of your business; that's what's the matter, you shad-bellied, preacher-looking', starved makerel you," (delivered without a pause for breath.)

"Now, my good woman that's no way to treat a friend," was the calm reply.

"Wall, it's just this," said the woman, "some folks, I won't mention names, have a bad habit of keepin' chickens to scratch up their neighbors's gardens. Too many folks do it and it ought to be stopped. A chicken pen is next thing to a hog pen, and that oughtn't to be allowed."

"I believe," said the reporter, "there is a law against pig pens."

"I know there is, and so there's agin frame buildings, but they don't never enforce it, as they ought to. I wish I was mayor, I'd see, I would. But because I speak my mind, the neighbors say I'm a scole—a regular scold."

"That is bad," said the reporter.

"Bad; it ain't all that's bad. There's a good many bad things. There's that there place full of young gals, and my old man makes believe he don't know where it is. Says he goes to lodge. If he don't quit staying out so late, he won't lodge here. I'll—shoo, there, you dod-rotted old rooster or I'll break every bone in your boddy! Yo're as big a nuisance as the gals now-a-days. Not a bit like the gals when I was young. Lace themselves to death, put all they got on their backs, and if I had a mind to tell I might say how some of them got good clothes. But I never say nothin' agin nobody. The preachers ought to blow them up from the pulpit, so they ought; but they don't; all they care for is to draw big salaries and preach so as not to scare the people away from church, and when they git too fat and lazy to preach they want to go on trips for their health. If I had my way they'd be sawin' wood, half of them, and other half would mind their business then, I guess."

"What about the doctors?" asked the reporter.

"What about 'em? Why, half on 'em don't know nothin' but to saw off some poor devil's leg when he sprained his ankle on the railroad. Some on 'em give you medicine enough to sicken a hoss, and t'other kind don't give you nothin' for your money at all. I believe in pow-wows and yarb tea and goose grease, I do."

"Do you like lawyers any better?"

"No, I don't. They can jist git up a quarrel quicker, and take longer to settle it, ch