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# Kent News.

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

Vol. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881. No. 48.

**The Kent News:**
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*Office in the Masonic Hall.*

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

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HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,
*VOSHELL HOUSE,*
*CHESTERTOWN.*
Devote our time exclusively to the Profession, and can be found at all hours. mh5-3m*

***DR. C. P. GILPIN,***
**DENTIST,**
Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

**SURVEYING.**
THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

*Law Cards.*

**C. T. WESTCOTT,**
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

**JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,**
—AND—
**CHARLES W. HEUISLER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
*And Solicitors in Chancery,*
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.
**HUTCHISON & HILL,**
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
**Commission Merchants,**
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

**JOHN T. GALE,**
**Wholesale Commission Merchant,**
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
**Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,**
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
jan8-6m.

**NEW GROCERY STORE**
**UP TOWN!**
WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.
Our stock comprises
**SUGAR, COFFEE,**
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.
COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
**WHALAND'S,**
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

**WHOLESALE**
**AND RETAIL!**
THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:
CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND
**Cart RIMS,**
Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

**REMOVAL!**
J. A. PERKINS respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the store room recently occupied by S. B. Foard & Co., where he proposes to keep a FIRST CLASS STOCK OF
**PROVISIONS**
**AND GROCERIES,**
SUCH AS
*Hams, Shoulders, Side Bacon, Lard,*
**Sugar, Coffee, Tea,**
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, by sack, barrel or pound.
*TOBACCO, SEGARS, Snuff, Pipes.*
**Canned Goods:**
Canned Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, Peaches, String Beans, of best quality,
PICKLES, SPICES, SOAPS, BEANS, HOMINY, DRIED FRUITS,
Syrups, Molasses, Pure Cider, Mackerel, Herring, Corned Shad, Apples, Crackers, Candy, Nuts, Prunes, Citron, Lemons, Oranges, Figs, &c.
Give us a call and try our goods.
*Country Produce wanted* for cash or trade.
mh5. J. A. PERKINS.

LIME! LIME! and W. W. BRUSHES, for white-washing. Lime, Hair and Cement for building purposes.
mh19. THOMPSON, Up town.

BOOTS & SHOES a Specialty,
At Very Lowest Prices.
jan22. J. H. SIMPERS.

**GARDEN SEED.**
*A Very Large Stock of*
**LANDRETH'S**
**CELEBRATED GARDEN SEED**
of the finest quality, all FRESH. Also, ONION SETS.
For sale at Lowest Prices, by
T. W. WICKES,
March 12. DRUGGIST.

**For Spring and Summer!**
Just Received March 3, 1881,
*A Large Lot of*
**SHOES**
for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

**RILEY'S MILL.**
HAVING rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL for the present year (1881), and secured the services of a competent practical Miller, I am now prepared to give satisfaction as to QUANTITY and QUALITY of
**MEAL and FLOUR**
and would thank the residents of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to give us a call and judge for themselves.
mh5. R. RILEY.

**NOTICE!**
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
*For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,*
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
*Proprietor.*
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

**Spring 1881!**
*JUST OPENED AT THE*
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
OF
**MRS. KATE GILL,**
A Fine Spring Stock of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
**SHOES!**
This stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.
We call special attention to our
*Children's School Shoes,*
*Ladies' Fine Gaiters,*
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.
We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.
MRS. KATE GILL,
mh19. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

**THE CELEBRATED**
**Hyland & Co.**
**FARM WAGON!**
**To our Friends and the Public:**
In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public.
It is an acknowledged fact that most Wagons are built of green material.
Ours are built of the VERY BEST and most THOROUGHLY SEASONED MATERIALS, and the workmanship
**Cannot be Excelled!**
We recommend them to be in every respect an article superior to any other Wagon built or sold on the Peninsula, and know their use will demonstrate this fact.
We are located in the midst of an excellent Timber country. We carry a very large stock of thoroughly seasoned Oak, Ash, Hickory and other Lumber adapted to our business, and are prepared to make any size or style WAGON or CART at short notice, and will give, when desired, a guarantee on every Wagon and Cart we sell.
Farmers and Carters please give us a call. Yours, truly,
W. A. HYLAND & CO.
Feb. 5, 1881.

**Roofing & Spouting,**
*TINWARE AND STOVES.*
WM. A. BISCOE,
Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of
**ROOFING and SPOUTING**
at the very lowest prices for cash.
TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.
REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

BILL HOOKS—Grub Hoes, Bramble Scythes and Snaths, Pruning Saws, Tree Axes, Wagon, Cart & Plow Hames, for sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

WALL BRUSHES at all prices.
mh19. J. H. SIMPERS.


*STOLEN KISSES.*

In silence and hush of a dream,
With never a sound to be heard,
But a touch of lips in the gleam
Of the fire, and never a word;
The echo will ever repeat,
Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

For a kiss would a maiden wake
For the charm of a dreamful sleep,
And a touch of true love would break
The peace that the blue eyes keep,
For ever the echo shall greet,
Like song of a ripening rain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain!"

When hearts and lips have grown cold,
And love lives but for an hour;
When life's romance has been told,
And kisses have lost their power,
Then shall soft memory fleet,
No more a dream to enchain;
Yet stolen kisses are always sweet,
And love is never in vain.

## A WOMAN'S VICTIM.

A PRISONER TELLS HIS STORY IN A LONDON COURT.

A singular scene was witnessed lately in an English court. In the dock stood a straight, well-built fellow of about five and thirty. He was a fair man and pale, and he asked the Court for permission to ask a question of the policeman who arrested him. The right to do this was disputed. The prisoner had been taken with spurious money in his possession and had been previously convicted of coining and had undergone seven years' penal servitude for the offense. Released from prison he had gone back to his former criminal habits. It was an old story, and so on. But the Judge ruled that he should permit the question to be put.

"Was it a woman who gave you the information?"

The policeman hesitated.

"Answer," commanded the Judge.

"It was," said the officer.

"Do you see her in court?" asked the prisoner. The officer looked about the court room vaguely.

"Is that the woman?" asked the prisoner, pointing to a rather showily dressed woman with handsome features but a cold, disdainful expression of face.

"It is," replied the officer.

"My Lord," said the prisoner, with a slight tremor in his voice, "that woman is my wife!" A buzz of surprise followed the announcement, and the woman turned her head away from the dock.

"I would like to say a few words, my Lord," continued the prisoner.

"The court will hear you," said Mr. Justice Hawkins.

"Thank you, my Lord," said the prisoner, no longer betraying any emotion, but speaking in clear, firm tones; "I have served seven years on a similar charge to that now preferred against me. If I am again convicted you will give me at least one and twenty years, and that will end my life. Before you do so I would like you to know the whole truth of this affair. I married young. My wife unexpectedly showed extravagant tastes and very expensive habits. I was very fond of her and did all I could to content her. Honestly I could not keep pace with her desires, and we took to coining. She was with me in all my operations, aided in the work and assisted in passing the money. When we were taken the evidence was just as strong against her as against me. In answer to questions I put to my counsel, I was told that if I pleaded guilty and said I had compelled her to help me, she would get off. I did so and she was acquitted. I was sentenced to seven years penal servitude. I served my full time and came back to London, determined to lead an honest life and to restore my wife to an honest home. It was some time before I found her; but I had obtained work at 30s. a week. I had only one wish—to make a new home for my wife. Eventually I found her. She was living with another man. His name is Foster. She told me she had been obliged to accept his assistance or she would have starved. Foster was a fellow-workman of mine. I was willing to believe all she said and to forgive her. It was a bitter struggle, but I did it. 'Come home,' I said to her, 'and let bygones be bygones.' She said she could not come immediately. It would take a little time to break off with Foster, but she would do it. I waited, and every week as I received my wages I took £1 and gave it to her that she might have money without asking Foster for any. At last she appointed a night when she declared she would leave Foster. I was to meet her at the corner of Rathbone place. I did so. She said Foster had come out with her and was a street or so off, but that she would go and tell him now that she had made up her mind to leave him. 'I love you still,' she said, 'better than any other man in the world, and would never have left you of my own free will; hold this until I come back; I will only be a few minutes.' I waited, and almost immediately a policeman came and took me into custody. I did not know what the packet contained; it turned out to be false silver coinage."

He paused here, and there was considerable sensation in court, everybody being convinced of the truth of the man's statement, and impressed by its simple but dramatic force.

"I learned afterward," said he, "that when she left me with that packet in my hand she went up to the first policeman she met, told him where I stood, that I was a returned convict, a coiner of a power of bad money; she knew it, she said, because I tried to pass some of it upon her. That is my story, my Lord."

You could have heard a pin drop while the prisoner was making his statement. The court listened with almost breathless interest. When he had finished, a sort of half-controlled expression of wonder and indignation went round, and the jury looked up at the Judge in a bewildered and puzzled way.

"Policeman," said the Judge.

"My Lord," responded the officer.

"Did this woman speak to you, as the prisoner says?" "Yes, my Lord."

"And gave you the information as described?" "Yes, my Lord."

"Was the packet of spurious silver in his hand, as he says?"

"It was, my Lord."

Upon the direction of the Judge the prisoner was acquitted, and a gentleman started a subscription for him. He raised about £70 for him. The prisoner's story has been verified in every detail.

## AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

*A SLEIGH-RIDE FOR LIFE.*

The month of February was drawing to a close. There had been a thaw, with a warm, drizzling rain, all day, but just before dark the wind changed, and great masses of inky clouds rolled up from the northwest. It grew cold very rapidly, and before 6 o'clock the soft "sposhy" snow had become a frozen mass of ice. The morning dawned clear and bright, with the mercury only four degrees above zero. Frosty particles glittered in the air, and the cleared fields at the base of the distant blue Oquago mountain seemed cased in fetters of ice.

"Boys," said father, rising from the table and going where the warm fire was glowing like molten gold in the open grate, "can't you take Mr. Fenton's sleigh home this morning as you go to school? It's down hill most of the way and you can draw it easily by hand. You will have plenty of time before school commences, and then you'll not be bothered to come home with the horses."

Of course we could take it, just as well as not. John was 17 and I was 10, hale and hearty; and with our strength of muscle and ambitious spirits, we undoubtedly felt, as most young men of that age do, that we were a "full team" for almost anything. The long, yellow sleigh, with three seats and heavy swan-necks in front, was soon at the door. The dinner basket and books were placed therein, and each took his place at the pole for a brisk run along the icy road.

"Let me say one word to you, boys, before you go," said father, coming out upon the stone steps. "Don't undertake to ride down hill. It's icy and it's dangerous. Remember what I tell you."

"All right," we replied in concert, as we started on a run. The half mile that intervened between our place and the school house was soon passed. A number of boys and girls were running about the yard as we came up.

"Hurrah for a sleigh-ride—a genuine old-fashioned good one! I shouted, as we halted before the door. "Come, boys and girls, get in. Load up the old steigh and go down to Mr. Fenton's with us. We'll have a glorious time, and we can all get back before school commences. Come!"

Alas! in our moments of excitement and hilarity how soon was the admonition of a kind father forgotten!

"Good!" ejaculated Harry Siggars, buttoning up his coat and drawing on his mittens. "Girls, get your cloaks and shawls, and bundle up, and we'll have a half hour's fun fit for a king."

In less than five minutes the long sleigh was well filled with a laughing, merry crowd, and we were ready to start. Billy Smith stood up in front to hold the pole, and two of the larger boys took their places on the sides to steer. Herb Martin stepped behind and pushed the sleigh two or three rods as fast as he could run, and then leaped aboard. We were fairly under way. Before we had passed over ten rods I began to see that we had undertaken a dangerous ride. On we flew, gathering speed faster and faster with every rod we passed over, until the keen air blew in our faces and the trees and fences seemed to dash past us at an amazing rate of speed. What if we should happen to meet a loaded vehicle? I could not help shuddering at the thought. The boys who were acting as steersmen were stout fellows, who knew their duty well; but I noticed they already had hard work, and the sleigh, with its heavy load of human freight, was getting beyond their control. We had not taken into consideration the icy road, and the weight of the load that was propelling the smooth steel sleigh-shoes with almost irresistible power.

We had a good mile of down grade to ride and scarce a quarter of the distance had yet been passed. A short way below us the road made an abrupt turn to the right, around a spur of the deep hill-side. The ground had slid away on the lower side of the road around this turn, and an almost sheer precipice yawned below for more than 150 feet. Could we make the turn? We had little time to think. A loaded sleigh had passed along the road the night before, and the runners had cut deep furrows in the soft slush, which was now frozen like adamant. Doubtless these aided greatly in keeping our sleigh in its proper position. We dashed round the dangerous turn like wildfire. I shuddered as I caught an instantaneous glimpse of the tall tree tops away below us, and lower still the cluster of willows that lined the icy shore of the river.

At the same moment a column of white steam shot up from the foot of the bank directly below us, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive rang fearfully in our ears. It was the up mail train, sounding its approach to the station.

The road extended along the steep hill-side in a southwest direction for half a mile or more, when it crossed the railroad near the foot of the descent. In many places the rocks had been sliced down 40 or 50 feet to form the road bed, and a precipitous cliff extended below to the railroad track. Neck and neck we flew along, even with the great puffing iron monster below. It was a wild race for life; for if we met the train at the crossing no earthly power could save us. The engineer saw us and promptly sounded the danger signal—sharp and distinct. It rang alarming in our ears, like the knell of approaching death. The steersmen grasped the side of the sleigh with the energy of despair, and, setting their teeth together, made a last concentrated effort to check our lightning-like career. But the moment their feet touched the surface they were thrown violently upward; nearly jerking them from their position, and the mad, runaway sleigh dashed on.

The engineer, seeing our siuation, as we afterwards learned, opened the throttle and threw on every pound of steam the engine was made to bear. Fearing our lives, he made the effort to pass the crossing before we reached there. It was an awful moment. The sleigh track spun out behind us like silver ribbons, and the stumps and corners of fences seemed to dash past us like flashes of lightning. Little pieces of ice from the road bed flew spitefully in our faces, and the wind blew so hard we could scarcely breathe.

Oh, how forcible did father's kind words of warning come back to our recollection now and pierce our disobedient hearts with mental anguish! Thoughts of home and eternity passed vividly thro' our minds in quick succession. The girls clasped each other's hands, and with staring eyes and bated breath tremblingly awaited the dread moment. A moment only we had to think, and we were at the crossing and the crisis was at hand.

The sleigh struck the iron rails just ahead of the cow-catcher, and, with a sudden shock, leaped forward and upward. There was a frightful clanging and hissing around us, and deafening screech from the steam-valves as we leaped the track. The hot breath of the fiery monster swept in our faces as we swept before him; and he even left his mark, in the shape of a long and deep indentation, on the rear of the sleigh-box.

The girls uttered a wild shriek of despair, and two of them fainted in each other's arms. Billy Smith sank down, pale and trembling, and the steersmen tottered and shook as though their almost palsied limbs were struck with deathly weakness.

It was all over, however. We had won the race; we were at the bottom of the hill; we were safe. The engineer and fireman swung their hats, and a score of handkerchiefs fluttered at the car windows as they dashed past us; but we were too much excited and frightened to return the congratulation.

Our rate of speed diminished rapidly as we crossed the little flat, and, shortly after we struck the ascending grade, ceased altogether. The shock to our nervous system had been considerable; but nevertheless we soon recuperated, and while the girls slowly wended their way back to the school house, we drew the sleigh to its destination.

We returned to the school room that morning ten minutes late. The teacher had heard the story of our narrow escape but did not mention it to us then. Perhaps our blanched faces and nervous glances revealed the fact that we had learned a lesson which we would not soon forget.

Aye, so it was! For weeks after that exciting event I often saw in my dreams the great, hissing iron steed just dashing upon me, and with the alarming scream of the steam whistle I would give back the answer with a despairing shriek, and awake trembling with mortal terror. Father kindly forgave us when he heard of it, but it was the last of our riding down hill; and from that day to this I cannot witness the sport anywhere near the railway without recalling my fearful experience, when so many of us passed through such a narrow escape from a death so horrible.

## SECURING AN ANNUITY.

One day an old man, careworn, feeble, wrinkled, and apparently tottering on the verge of the grave, presented himself before Baron James Rothschild soliciting the honor of an interview with the famous banker. The old man was so aged; so poor, and had so dejected an aspect that the Baron was immediately impressed with a compassionate feeling, and this became a livelier interest on learning that he was a Jew. The aged visitor took from a bag a rich and beautiful plate, so splendidly wrought that the Baron admired it exceedingly.

"Sir," said the patriarch, "will you buy this of me? I have the whole set, and a service so beautiful must find its fitting place in the mansion of the prince of financiers."

"It is indeed very fine," said the Baron. "How much do you wish for the service?"

"Look you, sir," said the old man, "I am bowed down with many years, and have not long to live. I am poor, and wish to end my days in comparative comfort. Will you, in exchange for this valuable set of porcelain, give me an income for life of 100 francs ($20) a month? It is not much for you, and I am so old."

The Baron looked at the poor old man, examined the plate again, and after a few minutes' reflection said: "Well, be it so, here is the first payment. Send me the service, and give me your name that I may have it entered in my treasurer's books."

The splendid set of porcelain was delivered the same day to the Baron, and a month afterward, while he was seated in his counting house, a man entered for the second payment of the proposed income. But the man was young, scarcely thirty-four years of age, of a vigorous constitution and great muscular development, and looked as if he would live for one hundred years.

"But you are not the man!" exclaimed the astonished banker.

"Excuse me, Baron," said he; "I am indeed the man.

"But you appeared at least eighty years old," said the Baron.

"But, sir, I am only thirty," said the man.

"In fact," continued the Baron, "I thought that your venerable appearance did not belie your assertion."

"I have wonderfully recovered," observed the man, "and thanks to your generosity."

The Baron laughed heartily, and gave orders for the payment of the money, exclaiming: "Ah! you are an excellent commedian, and you took me in thoroughly."

"I am probably the first who has done so," replied the Jew, politely bowing to the millionaire.

For years Rothschild paid the monthly allowance. His porcelain set is so exquisite that he does not complain.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Scientific American says: Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest, and in every case three or four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.
All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.
And when the time for departure came
The bag was flat as a flounder,
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred and eighty pounder.

## Apropos of the Occasion.

In the heavy stage coach, as we roll out of Leadville, are seven men. One is an army officer who has half a dozen scars to prove his bravery. Cut off from his command, on the plains last summer, by a score of Indians, he intrenched himself and fought the band off until help arrived. Two of the others are desperadoes, who have killed their men. Three of the others are stalwart miners, each armed with two revolvers, and they look as if they would prove ugly customers in a row.

The seventh man might do some shooting on a pinch, but he hopes there will be no pinch. In the crowd are ten revolvers, two derrengers, three repeating rifles and four or five bowie knives, and there is perfect good feeling as the stage rolls along. It is tacitly understood that the army captain is to assume command in case the coach is attacked, and that all are to keep cool and fire to kill.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning. The windows are down and the passengers are smoking and talking, and seeking for comfortable positions. The coach has just reached the top of the hill, when every horse is suddenly pulled up.

"If it's a b'ar we'll have some fun," growled one of the miners, as he put his head out of the window.

"If it's a robber gin me the first pop at him!" whispered one of the desperadoes.

No one could say what the trouble was when a wiry little chap about five feet six inches tall, with black eyes and hair, clean face and thin lips, appeared at the left-hand door with a cocked revolver in either hand, and said:

"Gents, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I've got to make a raise this morning. Please leave your shooters and climb down here one at a time!"

It was sudden. It was so sudden that it took ten seconds to understand the drift of his remarks. Then every eye turned to the right-hand door, and the two revolvers held by a second robber were seen at the open window. It was a trap. The rats were caught, and would they fight?

"Gents, I'm growing a leetle impatient," continued the first robber, "and I want to see the procession move!"

Let's see? The captain was to lead us, and we were to be cool and fire to kill. But the captain was growing white around the mouth, and nobody had a weapon in hand. The rats were not going to fight. One of the miners opened the door and descended, and the other six humbly followed. The seven were drawn up in line across the road, and while the robber held his shooter on the line, he coolly observed to his partner:

"Now, William, you remove the weapons from the coach and then search these gentlemen."

As William obeyed every victim was ordered to hold up his hands above his head, and whatever plunder was taken from his pockets was dropped into William's hat. Four gold watches, two diamond pins, a telescope, a dinmond ring, a gold badge and $1,200 in cash changed hands in ten minutes. Not a man had a word to say. The driver of the coach did not leave his seat and was not interfered with. When the last man had been plundered the genteel Dick Turpin kindly observed:

"You are the most decent lot of men I ever robbed, and if times weren't so blasted hard, I would make each of you a present of $10. Now, then, climb back to your places and the coach will go on."

The crowd "climed," and the vehicle resumed its journey. Not a weapon or a time-piece or a dollar had been saved. Seven well-armed men had been cleaned out by two and not a shot fired or a wound given. Each man took his seat without a word. Mile after mile was passed in silence, and finally the seventh man, the one who might fight on a pinch, but didn't, plaintively suggested:

"Can't some of you gentlemen think of a few remarks which would be apropos to the occasion?"

No one could, and silence was renewed.

## How Indians Return Calls.

From the Milwaukee (Wis.) Sun.

A party of Sioux Indians were guests at a leading Milwaukee hotel, and the ladies had a great deal of amusement with them, studying their customs. That is, they all did except one lady. The ladies called upon the Indians and the savages returned the calls almost before the ladies could get to their rooms. One lady called on a chief and then went to her room and retired, and pretty soon there was a knock at her door and she found that it was the chief. She told him to come in the morning. The lady unlocks her door in the morning so the porter can come in and build a fire before she gets up. She heard a knock in the morning, and supposing it was the porter she said: "Come in." The door opened and in walked Mr. Indian. She took one look at him and piled the bed clothes over her head. He sat down on the side of the bed and said, "How?" Well, she was so scared she didn't know "How" from Adam. She said to him in the best Sioux that she could command: "Please, good Mr. Indian, go away until I get up," but he didn't seem to be in a hurry. He picked up pieces of her wearing apparel froom the floor, different articles that he didn't seem to know anything about where they were wore, and made comments on them in the Sioux tongue. The stockings seemed to paralyze his untutored mind the most. They were those long 90° in the shade stockings, and they were too much for his feeble intellect. He held them up by the toes and said, "Ugh!" The lady trembled and wished he would go away. He seemed to take great delight in examining the hair on the bureau, and looked at the lady as much as to say, "Poor girl, some hostile tribe has made war on the pale face and taken many scalps." Finally, she happened to think of the bell, and she rang it as though the house was on fire, and pretty soon the porter came and invited the Indian to go down stairs and take a drink. The lady locked the door too quick, and she will never leave it open again when there are Indians in town. She says her hair—on the bureau—fairly turned gray from fright.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD little fellow was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around a little while, he burst out with, "Ma, I feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

*THE WORLD AS I FIND IT.*

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on glass,
And only woes abide.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet this I dare not say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest,
They tell of woman's wiles—
That poison dips in pouting lips,
And death in dimpled smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am:
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse
That hearts are made to ache,
That jest and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake.
It may be so—I cannot know—
But let them talk their fill;
I like my life and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

## A Famous Hunter.

HOW HE MADE $175 IN A WOLF FIGHT ON THE TOP OF ROAN MOUNTAIN.

Some years ago, but little hunting having been done for some time, the wolves became very numerous as well as very destructive, not only in Southwestern Virginia, but fearfully so in western North Carolina; so much so that but few sheep had escaped them in the vicinity of the Black, Yellow and Roan Mountains, in Rip Van Winkle's dominions. The fame of Wilburn Waters as an intrepid and successful hunter and trapper having gone out into all that country, a number of farmers and stock raisers whose folds had been broken up and scattered—some sixty in all—drew up an obligation to give him one sheep each for every wolf he would capture, in addition to the five dollars bounty given by the county for each scalp. Wilburn accepted the proposition and killed several wolves, but the depredations continued. He again started on a hunt. According to Coale's life he held out faithfully, though the wolves led him from mountain to mountain and from gorge to gorge, to great distances and for weeks. But when he returned he brought the scalps not only of that gang, but of others, making in all forty-two wolves as his winter's hunt. Besides these he captured during the hunt a number of catamounts, a few bears, an otter or two and any number of wild turkeys and other small game.

During the same general hunt he had an exciting time with a detachment of five wolves that had wandered off to some distance from the main gang. He was entirely alone, without even a dog, high up one of the tall peaks of the Roan Mountains and several miles away from the nearest human habitation. The five wolves he was in search of were two old ones and three half grown. They had destroyed a great deal of stock in the the range as well as in the adjacent valleys, running out dogs that had been put upon the trail and even evincing a disposition to attack man when alone.

Wilburn had found "sign" and had followed it up a tall cliff near the summit of one of the highest and most inaccessible peaks in the range. It was a sultry, drizzly day, and having greatly fatigued himself working his way up through tangled vines and laurel jungles and climbing over and around steep and ragged precipices, lay down to rest under a shelving rock and fell asleep. In about an hour he arose refreshed, and crawling out of his resting place, he found that the old leader of the gang had been reconnoitering while he slept and had passed along on a ledge a few feet below him. Picking up his gun and tomahawk, he took the track, and on approaching a precipice, he saw the old male wolf at its base quietly licking his chops and apparently winding prey or an enemy in the distance. Stealthily advancing within convenient range, Wilburn brought his shot-gun to bear and fired, when the largest and most formidable wolf of the gang fell and died without a struggle. Securing the skin, he made his way with great difficulty to the top of the precipice and there just beyond the turn of the summit, he saw the four others, three of them gamboling like puppies around the dam, not having heard the report of the gun under the cliff. They were in an open place, and it was very difficult to get within range without being seen, heard or winded, but he made out to "sneak" it to within forty yards of them and "pulled down." Two of them dropped dead, but the old dam and one of the cubs escaped into a cavern near by.

Having started out with the determination of capturing the whole family, he went to digging with a sharpened stick; he soon reached the old one, who was too large to get far into the hole, drew her out by the hind legs and tied her feet together. He had to widen the passage for a distance of ten or twelve feet before he could reach the other. The hole, after being thus worked out, was barely large enough to admit his body, and, it being impossible for the wolf to escape, he had to meet it face to face. All that he could see of the animal was its eyes, which shone like two balls of fire in the darkness of the cavern, and having no room to operate with gun or tomahawk, he cautiously slipped his hand over the wolf's head, grasped it by the neck, brought it out and tied it as he had the other. He then marched out into the settlement with two live wolves and three skins, without having received a scratch or wasting a load of ammunition. The day's work brought him $175, made up by the settlers whose stock had been destroyed and whose lives had been menaced by the gang.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune.*

"THE Associated Press is a great boon, is it not?" asked he. "It is, indeed," she replied, in soft tones: "George and I had one last winter, but papa came in one night before George could take his arm away and acted dreadfully."

You can almost tell that a young man has been ground through a school of elocution when he gets up and recites—

"Rock tin theke radle of thede eape."

We don't know what it means, but that is what it says.

THE corner loafer never visits the phrenologist to find out what he is best fitted for. He does not want to know.

THOSE men whose brains are few but active, are the most successful in business.


**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 or 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:***
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.


## SELLING A RAILROAD SHORT.

**How Mr. Jay Gould Made Two Profits**

*From the New York Sunday World.*

Gould [to his Assistant]—Hain't the two roads trying to buy the Thayer stock?

Assistant—Yes; N. J. C. and B. & O.

Gould [to his Assistant]—How about Pennsy?

Assistant—B'lieve don't want it.

Gould—Yum.

Thayer to Gould—I control the P., W. and B. The fellows that want my stock have got to come up to my figures.

Gould to Thayer—Shoh!

Thayer to Gould—I ain't got myself a majority, but I kin git it.

Gould to Thayer—Right off?

Thayer to Gould—Quicker'n lightnin'.

Gould to Thayer—If I saw 120,000 shares lying right on that table afore me I'd snatch it at 70.

Thayer to Gould—Would ye though?

Gould to Thayer—I'd plank the cash right down.

Thayer to Gould—Look-a-here! We can hitch on this thing. I'll tell yer what I'll do. I'll make a bargain to deliver you them 120,000 shares at 70.

Gould to Thayer—Shoh! But you daren't put it in black and white!

Thayer to Gould—Just shove me that pen. Here goes. [Bargain consummated.]

"Kidder, my friend," says Gould, "old man Thayer has just sold me short a hundred and twenty thousand P., W. and B. at 70. That's a majority. He ain't got it all himself, but's going to buy it in at Boston. Now, I'm going to turn it for eight, p'raps sixteen dollars a share. You just rush over to Boston and buy up the whole business yourself without letting the old man know it. Here's the cash. S'long."

Exeunt Kidder to Boston, where he gets the alert of the old man and does'nt leave a purchasable share left.

Gould to Roberts—Pensy don't want the P. W. & B. does she?

Roberts to Gould—I should smile; but the B. & O's got the bulge on us. They're going to get the Thayer stock.

Gould to Roberts—Look at me. D'ye see anything green in my eye? Now, how much down for 120,000, goods delivered at once?

Roberts to Gould—73—no! How about 75? Well, we don't want it if we've got to pay more'n 78.

Gould to Roberts—Closed.

Mr. Gould retreats from Pennsylvania Railroad office and makes this mem.:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 120,000 sold 78 | - - - | $9,360,000 |
| 120,000 bought 76 | - - | 8,400,000 |
| The plum | - - - - | $960,000 |

A few days after.

Thayer to Gould—Can't do it, old fellow. Tho't I could lay hand's on the stock. Be light on me.

Gould to Thayer—Biz is biz, old man. I'm responsible to other parties for them hundred and twenty thousand shares.—Come, pony up.

Thayer to Gould—But how can I?—Devil a share outside of my own to be found. Most remarkable affair, and a week ago so plenty, to! Now do let up.

Gould sternly to Thayer—Them shares or forfeit.

Thayer pleading to Gould—But how much?

Gould coldly to Thayer—Difference between 70 and present market rate, 79.

Thayer—O Lord. Well, here goes; two nines are eighteen and one to carry—there! a round million gone to the d—l!

Gould—I'll be merciful. Plank over $500,000 and sashay.

Business transacted and quits.

Lemmesee, said Gould to his Assistant—how does the whole thing stand us?

Assistant—She pans out delightfully. Look-a-here. First we scooped the Boston market and discharged into the P. R. R. warehouse. Profit $960,000. Then we squeezed the old man for $500,000. Aggregate plum, $1,400,000.

Gould to Assistant—Plums are good, ain't they?

Assistant—Sh'd murmur if they wasn't.

Gould to Assistant—Let's go out now and see what we can do with this 'ere McCalmont stock. [Exeunt, skipping.]

## UNKNOWN ALASKA.

When the late Mr. Seward purchased Alaska from the Russian government he was not aware of the fact that he was getting with his countless fur seals, fisheries, mines and icebergs, one of the greatest rivers in the world, which is now almost demonstrated to be of greater volume than the Mississippi. Such is the Yukon. The vast region it waters remains almost as much a terra incognita as the Congo, in the interior of Africa. In fact, while the latter has been once explored by Stanley from the point where Livingston turned back down to the Atlantic ocean, and by Livingston from its extreme sources to where Stanley's exploration began, no traveler has ever yet seen the upper waters of Yukon, or has been able to enlighten the world as to its length or its source, or the region it drains. Here, then, is an opening for enterprise and ambition more fruitful of promise than anything as yet unrevealed in Africa or the Arctic Sea, and probably less dangerous. That the country contains mines of gold and silver we may readily conjecture, from the fact that such mines exist on all sides of it. The river is navigable for hundreds of miles. It is free of ice from June to September. Its