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The Kent News:
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CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
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AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

LISTER'S FERTILIZERS
—FOR—
FRUIT TREES, CORN, OATS,
VEGETABLES, &c.

LISTER'S STANDARD, AMMONIATED BONE, U. S. PHOSPHATE GROUND BONE, and other preparations for PEACH TREES and the various Spring and Summer crops, for sale by

March 31, 1883—6t. W. N. E. WICKES.

HUBBARD'S STANDARD BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE TRADE MARK

Notice To Farmers. Important Announcement

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers of Hubbard's Standard and Extant Bone Superphosphates,
And Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO.

SEE ANALYSIS:

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27, 1883.
Messrs. T. R. Hubbard & Son:—Sample of your Ocean Bird Guano sent me gives the following result:

Moisture Det. at 100	10.40	Alcaliwe Salts	2.62
Organic matter	13.34	Or total Nitrogen: equal to Ammo.	1.12
Capable of producing Ammo.	0.93	Bone phos. of lime available	26.53
Inorganic matter	76.26	Bone phos. of lime undecomposed	13.51
Containing Nitric Acid	0.57	Salts of potash and soda	2.62

BALTIMORE, Feb. 27, 1883.
MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON.—*Dear Sirs:*—Enclosed you will please find result of my analysis of the sample of Ocean Bird Guano which you sent me a few days since. It is my candid opinion that the article represented by this sample must prove a valuable Fertilizer; as stated in my analysis 26.59 per cent. of the Bone Phos. of Lime is soluble in a solution of citrate of ammonia, abnormal temperature, and would be quoted available phosphate, though the physical condition of the undecomposed phosphate justifies me in saying that all of the phosphate is in an available form and ready to act as plant food.
Very truly, yours, G. A. LIEBIG.

SAMPLES and PRICES of our O. B. GUANO can be seen at our office, and will be pleased to furnish it to the trade either from Factory at Chestertown or from warehouse, Baltimore. We also call special attention to our GUANO COMPOUND for CORN, in addition to our Standard & Extant Bone Superphosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,
March 31, 1883—7t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

C. W. KENNARD. H. C. CHASE.
IMPORTANT to FARMERS!
TRADE MARK
INCREASE the YIELD of YOUR LAND by using
C. W. KENNARD & CO.'S
STANDARD PHOSPHATES
For all Spring Crops!
ABSOLUTELY PURE and in FIRST CLASS CONDITION.
Your attention is particularly directed to our
PEACH TREE GUANO.
THE BEST ARTICLE of the kind in the market.
Manufactured by
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
WAREHOUSE—AT MASSEYS. Chestertown, Maryland.
March 3—8.

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!
GREAT CLOSING OUT SALES!
Entire Stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
WILL BE SOLD AT A GREAT REDUCTION FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY in order to make room for Spring stock. We mean business, and guarantee GREAT BARGAINS to EVERY BUYER. For want of space we can only mention a few articles and prices:

GOOD MELTON OVERCOAT	worth $2.75	selling for	$2.00
HEAVY CHINCHILLA "	" 5.00	" "	2.75
FINE " "	" 8.00	" "	6.00

Double Bo. P. Overcoat, light and dark 6.00 to 12.00, selling for 4.00 to 8.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Overcoats worth 2.50 to 3.50, selling for 2.00 to 6.00
All other fine Overcoats reduced in like proportion

MEN'S GOOD SUITS	worth $7.00	selling for	$5.00
BUSINESS all-wool Suits "	11.00	" "	7.50
FINE DRESS "	15 to 18.00	" "	11.00 to 13.00

Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits reduced in like proportion.
We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine. You will see for yourself that
The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE
Under the KENT NEWS OFFICE,
is the place to buy your Clothing.
Feb. 3, 1838. A. FRIEDMAN.

CORN FERTILIZER
THE HOME IMPROVED
In Fine, Dry Condition for Drilling.
Price $25 per Ton
Manufactured and for sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
March 8, 1883.

TRADE MARK FOR CORN PHOSPHATE.
CORN PHOSPHATE.
OLD KENT No. 2
I again offer to the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties my
Standard Phosphate
—FOR—
CORN, OATS, VEGETABLES, and FRUITS.
It will prevent Corn from
FRENCHING
And the Worms from Injuring
FRUIT TREES.
Call at my office on Court Street and read the certificates of some of our best Farmers.
"OLD KENT"
has been used now for Five or Six Years with ENTIRE SATISFACTION to those who have used it.
J. W. HINES.
March 10—8t.

The Secret of Successful Farming.
USE
ORCHILLA GUANO!
A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT
Rich in Phosphates and Alkaline Salts.
WOOLDRIDGE, TRAVERSE & CO.,
Importers,
64 Buchanan's Whf., Baltimore.
I have secured the control of this very superior Crop Producer for Kent county and am able to offer it
At IMPORTERS' PRICES.
ORCHILLA is endorsed by the Deer Creek Farmers' Club, of Harford co., Md. It contains but little ammonia, hence is no stimulant. It contains no vitriol—hence gives no encouragement to sour grass. Call on or address the agent for full particulars.
WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's, Md.
Crop time given for a satisfactory note. mr3-2m.

Facts! Facts!
I do not propose to be Outstripped in Business!
And OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY ARE REQUESTED
Not to Forget It!
I carry a FULL LINE OF GOODS generally, embracing—
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions,
Beautiful line of HAMBURGS, Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Oil Cloths from 2¼ down to 1 yard wide. CARPETS, &c., &c.
I buy goods closely, cautiously, and carefully. In this way, and by looking to my customers' interest—as I am by 14 years' experience in business taught that I *must* do—propose to make it to everybody's interest to come to
PARKS',
It is a fact, and the people know it too, that I carry one of—if not *the* best—stock of goods in Kent county. The coming season further additions you may expect.
As to SHOES, BOOTS, Tobacco, Coffees, Sugars, Soaps, as well as Dry Goods and Notions, will say that those who undersell us *have got to get up early!*
I am selling a Tobacco for 50c. lb. that can't be beat; a Black Cashmere for 50 & 75c., ladies from the city say is cheap.
ANOTHER FACT—an effort to accommodate is our aim.
All kinds trade taken in exchange for goods, and do not limit the *quantity*.
Very truly,
fe24. R. F. PARKS.

Don't You Forget It!
W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,
GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,
Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.
1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.
11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.
Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!
Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.
All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.
Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

Is It You
Reader, who said you would like to get such nice fitting Clothing as City people wear, rather than the wholesale goods commonly sold in most stores? This will tell you how to do it. The very large increase in our business the past season allows us to make a still lower scale of Prices than ever before, and you can see enough in buying from us to pay for your trip to our city.
The Garments we sell are manufactured under our personal supervision, upon the premises, thereby securing the best sewed and fitting Clothing ever produced. Our Goods are made for the individual wear of our patrons, and not for wholesaling. We sell them with a positive guarantee; therefore no one runs any risk in buying at our house. We indulge in no kind of show or pretension that can only result in increased prices, but depend on the merits of our Goods and genuine Low Prices to hold and gain patronage.
Upon these statements we invite you to call and look through our immense Stock of New Styles and Fashionable Designs. Any garment not entirely satisfactory will be gladly exchanged or money refunded.
Be sure and first call upon
C. N. Oehm & Son,
Clothiers of Men, Boys and Children,
230 W. Pratt St.,
THROUGH TO
55 Hanover St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT attached for those who prefer their Clothing made to measure. mh10.

A New Departure
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.
Galena, Md.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.
Department No. 1: DRY GOODS, PRINTS, Muslins, Ginghams, Satins, Cashmeres, Lawns White Goods, Flannels, Cottonades, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves—the celebrated Alexandria Kid Glove, warranted. Hamburg Edgings, Corsets; Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Waterproof Gossimer Coats; Satchels, Clocks.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
for the large and small.
HATS and CAPS, Queensware, Hardware, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy & Staple Groceries.
Depart. No. 2—Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Salt, &c.
Depart. No. 3—Men's and Boys'
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Men's Suits $5, $8, $10, $12. $15, $18, $20.
Depart. No. 4—(second floor)—
FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
Cottage Suits, Tables, Chairs and Lounges at City Prices.
Depart. No. 5—(second floor)—
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS.
We also buy the Sigwalt Singer Pattern Sewing Machine, and sell at less than list prices.
We would ask our friends and the public to please call and examine our stock.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.,
Main Street, GALENA, MD.
March 3, 1883.

LUMBER
For the SPRING of 1883.
T. W. Eliason, Jr.,
Takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of
WHITE PINE, VIRGINIA PINE,
and GEORGIA PINE
LUMBER
on the Peninsula, embracing in part—
White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank, "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks & Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weatherb'ing
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft,
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed & und'ssed
" " 4-4 12 inch stk. dressed;
" " Frame Stuff
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff,
" " Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.
A large lot of Cypress Fencing to arrive SHINGLES, LATHS, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, Window Frames, Sash, Mouldings, &c.
Specially low price to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.
TERMS LIBERAL.
Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.
Feb. 24, 1883. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LUMBER! LUMBER!
To Whom it May Concern:
I AM prepared to furnish at short notice and reasonable rates, all kinds of LUMBER, namely:
Frame, Bridge and Wheelwright
LUMBER,
the last named a specialty. OAK SILLS, Posts and Braces; Oak, Gum and Poplar JOISTS & STUDDING; Sheathing or Shingling LATHS; Red or White Oak BRIDGE LUMBER; Piling, any size or length.
Small profits, large sales.
Please call on or address
JAMES COX,
Cox's Station, Queen Anne's co., Md.
MERRICKTON P. O. jan20-6m*

FANCY BASKETS, Work Baskets and Satchels, at SPARKS'.
FINE CONFECTIONERY at W. H. LAMBERT'S.

THE GIRLS.

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls;
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls.
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy hour of night,
While the stars that over-spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sorter-kinder rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that unceasing ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.

See the flirting of the girls—
Radiant girls;
How the softened brain of lover wildly whirls
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall,
How he skippeth to and fro,
And perspires.
Would that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false one hurls
Each new victim—see the flame—how it swirls
How it curls,
How it curls;
Better far that they were churls
Than fall victims to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart-racking of the girls.

HIS LAST COURT.

The Arkansas *Traveler* in a recent issue says: Old Judge Greyson, a Justice of the Peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, before the "carpet baggers" began their sway, and year after year, by the will of the voters, held his place as Magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his Court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, which, with his own hands he had made, and every evening just at a certain time he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "Hard Justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher Courts. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study and no man disputed him.

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him.

"The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the Magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a Court much longer."

"I am not well today," said the Judge turning to the lawyer, "and any cases that you may have you will please dispatch them to the best, and, let me add, to the quickest of your ability."

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to st most reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the Judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the Magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, Judge, and know that any ruling made by the few can have but little effect on me; and she coughed a hollow vacant cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the Magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped, and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and to body. Years ago I was a child of bright promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was the admired of all the gay society in our neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, Judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before Courts, but I have never before spoken of my past life." She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that this is the last Court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should come no more, I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride and had loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home, my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, "I do not know you!" My husband died. Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world.—My child died and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered: "I know not those who disobey my commandments." I turned away from that letter hardened. I embraced sin. I rushed madly into vice. I spurned my teachings. I was lost and time again arrested. Now I am here." Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old Magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead." The woman was his daughter.

A DAIRY-MAID'S DISASTER.

Among the brilliant coterie of beauties that surrounded the Prince of Wales at Brighton in the early part of the present century was Lady Haggerstone, whose charms had at first sight attracted the admiration of the amorous Florizel. But not content with the general admiration which his Royal Highness was disposed to grant to all pretty women, her ladyship was ambitious to completely captivate the heart of the heir apparent. Accordingly a *fete champetre* was announced to come off at her pretty little villa near the Spa, and her ladyship was determined to charm the Prince by assuming a rustic dress that would have satisfied the taste of a Watteau. At her residence she had a miniature farm-yard and three pretty little Alderneys. When the Prince with his friends and attendants had arrived the fair hostess came forward from a side wicket, dressed as a milk-maid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the Prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Thus equipped she tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat that hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her lace stomacher, till she came opposite his Royal Highness, to whom she dropped a carefully studied, bewitching rustic courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautiful plaited straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail conveniently for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crosset-looking of the Alderneys, she was about to begin her pretty task; but not relishing this new and strange companion, the animal at once commenced kicking out, upsetting stool, pail and milkmaid, and then trotted coolly away. Lady Haggerstone rose, covered with confusion, and beat a hasty retreat into the little dairy, whence she did not emerge again that day.

HE TOOK THE HINT.—A sad-faced man, looking as though he had recently lunched off a cholera epidemic, walked into the sanctum and remarked: "I hate to speak about it, Mister Editor, but there are some mighty thin things creep into your paper once in a while." "I know it," said the editor, "and there are some mighty thin things creep into a newspaper office once in a while, too, and if you don't skip out pretty quick I'll turn on the sewer gas and blow you through the key hole."

The man took the delicate hint.

MOTTO for a young man starting a mustache—Down in front.

HOW WE CAUGHT HIM.

The banking house of Shavewell Bros. had been victimized by an extensive forgery, so cleverly planned and executed that, in detective circles, there was but one opinion as to its authorship. There was but one hand skilled enough for such a piece of work — that of Drumford Marwick, a most accomplished rascal, whose craft and cunning had carried him through a long career of roguery in spite of the best laid schemes to trap him. On this occasion a heavy reward was offered for his apprehension.

I had but lately been enrolled a member of the detective force, and was ambitious of rising.—Here was a golden opportunity—golden in every sense, for whoever caught Marwick would not only be a made man, but would put a round sum into his pocket.

While others were beating the bush in different directions, I resolved to go on a still-hunt of my own. I had information that Marwick had a set of associates in a place about a hundred miles away, with whom, it was not unlikely, he had sought and found a hiding place. At any rate, it could do no harm to make a reconnoissance in the neighborhood.

I took the next train with a view to carrying out my plan. Securing a seat favorable for observation, I commenced glancing over the morning paper and my fellow-passengers. I had no particular expectation of finding any one answering to Marwick's description among them—still it was well enough for one in my place to keep his eyes open.

It was not long, however, till my occupation was interrupted. A plain-looking countryman, entering from a forward car, asked and was accorded permission to share my seat. He proved one of those irrepressible, sociable fellows who will make your acquaintance in spite of you.

He told me his name without waiting to be asked — it was Seth Wiggins, he said — and straightway inquired what mine might be. I didn't care to tell him I was Detective Tyke, so I merely answered:

"Smith."

"Du tell!" returned Mr. Wiggins, looking as much surprised as if I had said Heliogabalus.—He was evidently one of those who think it proper to receive whatever you may say with a certain polite astonishment.

When Mr. Wiggins had exhausted politics and the "craps," and had given me a census of the young ones, he broached the subject that was uppermost in my mind—or would have been but for his eternal clatter.

"That was a nation smart trick that 'ere Marwick played onto the bank," he remarked.

"I know very little about it," I replied.

"No more do I," said Mr. Wiggins; "only I hearn he done 'em outer a mint o' money."

"I've understood as much," I answered.

"I tell you, mister, you've got some pesky cute fellows down to York—rale talented chaps as a countryman like me hain't no business buckin' agin. One on 'em t'other day got me to bet $5 I could tell which o' three keerds had a picter onto it. He laid 'em down in a row—it remarked a lawyer as the Magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a Court much longer." kind, but he passed not nor avoided any obstructioa; and bounding gardens, over a wall, and into the Potomac, swam across, and made his everlasting escape in the timber skirting Queen's Point, while a host applauded in his wake."

Be a philosopher; but amidst all your philosophy—be a man.

PETERKIN'S SUIT.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in the newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief, though, I remember well, the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous, youngish man of business, who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

"Gaze upon her as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair,"

and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked:

"My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year.

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the Doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned; he ran, he flew to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead, but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?"

"Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul?"

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

NEAR SUNSET.

Sometimes, from fields grown sadly strange
Since robins fled, by woodland path,
Straight up the valley-head I range
To reap the day's poor aftermath.

The spiders spin across my face,
The startled partridge fleeing, makes
A sudden silence in the place
The rasping cricket scarcely breaks.

I climb the hill; the top draws nigh;
The path grows light again, and lo!
The pale new moon, the crimson sky,
The village on the plain below.

And weary huskers, binding long
On dusky slopes, still bind by sight,
While, like the murmur of a song,
Their talk is blown across the height.
—*L. Frank Tooker, in the Century.*

A CASE IN COURT.

Two or three little points were developed in the recent famous Biggar breach of promise suit, which for their human nature and their philosophy are really worth preserving. Mr. Clarke, in opening the case for the plaintiff, said the promise to marry was made at the end of the year 1881, Mr. Biggar's attentions to Miss Hyland having commenced in November of that year, and how rapidly and statistically matters proceeded to the breach of promise suit the following touches of the examination of Miss Hyland will show:

"Did you ever hear of Mr. Biggar before you saw him in Paris?"

"I never heard of him before. I never heard of him either socially or politically."

"When did you first become conscious that Mr. Biggar had lost his heart?"

"On Thursday, the 11th of November, when he asked me to go out for a private conversation."

"Had he all the appearance of a man who had lost his heart?"

"He had." [Laughter.]

"Had you lost a fair way of losing it?"

"No."

"Were you in a fair way of losing it?"

"Yes." [Laughter.]

"When did you actually lose it?"

"On the 19th." [Laughter.]

"Did he kiss you?"

"Yes."

"I believe once he spoke to you about the propriety of kissing a lady before marriage?"

"He did."

"What did he say?"

"He said it was a subject on which theologians had differed. Some said it was permissable after engagement, and others that it was not allowable until after marriage. He recommended me to consult my spiritual director."

"Did he accompany you to the church?"

"Yes; he waited while I consulted my spiritual adviser."

The Lord Chief Justice.—The kiss was in suspense meanwhile." [Laughter.]

"After that you offered no objection?"

"No."

It was evidently a case of love at first sight, after its kind, though Mr. Biggar could not be induced to marry. And the jury showed that they understood a woman's heart when they awarded Miss Hyland a verdict for $4,000.

SALARIES OF METHODIST PREACHERS.—The Philadelphia *Record*, in summing up the work of the last session of the Philadelphia M. E. Conference, states: "$214,000 are paid the ministers of the Methodist churches in Philadelphia. The prize in the lottery of Philadelphia church appointments, if the expression may be allowed, is Arch Street Church, which pays its pastor the equivalent of $5,200 a year. The Rev. G. W. Miller, who comes from Grace Church, Wilmington, will get the second highest amount paid in this city, at Spring Garden Street Church, where the salary is $3,000. Another Wilmington Conference minister steps into a high grade Philadelphia church; Dr. M. A. Richards is appointed from St. Paul's, in the Delaware métropolis, to Green Street Church, where he will be made comfortable on a salary of $3,300.

A SIDE-SPLITTER from London *Punch*: "Surely, you've not washed this morning, Tommy?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late last night that I didn't think I required it!" Why don't you laugh?

PINDING AN HEIRESS.

A Dublin Story Which Excels the Fiction of Charles Reade.

A Dublin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* telegraphs the following remarkable story to that journal under date of March 2:

In the year 1857 a wealthy baronet lived on one of the finest estates in the Midland counties of England. This baronet had two sons, the elder of whom about this time became enamored of his father's cook, a comely and rather attractive young woman. The young gentleman was addicted to intemperate habits, and during the year mentioned he seduced the object of his attentions. He was desirous of justifying his act by marrying the woman, but his father, hearing of it, informed the young man that, but for the property being strictly entailed, he would cut him off with a shilling. He forbade the marriage, and nothing more passed between them; but, unknown to the baronet, his son carried out his intention, and on November 15, 1850, secretly married the woman. The pair proceeded to Dublin, where early in January in the following year, the ex-cook was delivered of a daughter. Being apparently desirous that the fact should not be known, she, whether with or without the consent of her husband is uncertain, determined to desert the infant, and accordingly on the 24th of that month she went down to Kingstown, made inquiries, and ascertained the name of a person who had the reputation of being a good-hearted and well-to-do woman.

The mother returned to Dublin, and went down the next evening, carrying her baby with her, and at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of that day she left the child on the doorstep of the house of the person whose address she had previously ascertained. The infant was well wrapped up in two complete outfits of clothing, and concealed in one of its wrappers was a purse containing fifty sovereigns and a Testament. The mother rang the house bell violently and ran some little distance away, from whence she could still see the house door. She saw the little foundling taken up and carried into the house, and then she ran on, subsequently returning to Dublin. On the following day she and her husband crossed over to England. From that time, and during the succeeding twelve years, their doings have not transpired, but in 1872 they went to Rome and continued to live in a very fine house on one of the piazzas.

In the early part of 1877 the old baronet died, and being unaware of the matrimonial step his son had taken, left the entire possession to his heir, the estate being worth between £13,000 and £14,000 a year. The inheritor of this wealth, was, however, not destined to enjoy it. He, as well as his wife, was of delicate health, and this circumstance prevented them from carrying out an intention, which they then conceived of going over to Ireland, and making a search for their child. The matter was put into the hands of a private detective, but that person utterly failed to discover what was required. Following this came the most startling incident in the whole story. The young baronet and his wife died suddenly at their Roman residence. This was on October 17, 1877. As to the cause of their death little is known, but their end was strange and sudden. Their attendants were much alarmed on the morning of the day by the violent and continued ringing of the bell of their master's room, and on proceeding thither, they found the unfortunate young baronet and his wife *in extremis*. Despite the efforts of the physicians who were called in they both died a short time afterward, and within an hour of each other, the cause of death being stated to be heart disease. As it was not then known whether the deceased baronet had any issue or not, the disposal of his property was deferred by the executors. Had there been no child of the marriage living the property would have reverted to the brother of the deceased baronet, who was a colonel in a crack cavalry regiment in the British army. The latter, however, having learned from the servants of his deceased brother that there was a child of the marriage whose whereabouts were unknown, determined to leave nothing undone to trace her, if alive. Notwithstanding the most active inquiries, however, he could obtain no clue to the missing girl until about four months ago, when he found among his brother's books and papers at Rome a diary belonging to the wife, in which were entered a number of facts connected with the birth and subsequent description of the child and of her own actions subsequently.

Among other items it contained an entry dated January 24, 1860, after she had left the child at Kingstown, describing the place where she had gone and her own proceedings on that day, besides giving some other important information. Possessed of this substantial clue the gallant officer in December last placed the matter in the hands of a man of experience. The first inquiries resulted in no less than three certificates of persons supposed to have been identical with the missing girl being put into the hands of the gentleman conducting the investigation. These were handed to the colonel, who submitted them to a firm of solicitors in London, and the latter expressed the opinion that any one of them might have been adduced as conclusive proof of the child's decease, if the colonel had wished to have claimed the property.

He, however, directed that further and more minute inquiries should be made, and continued his own exertions with the intention of thoroughly sifting the mystery.

Subsequent inquiries, however, were so successful that ultimately the whole story of the girl's career, from the time of her desertion, has been obtained and communicated to the colonel. From the particulars gained it appears that, after remaining for two years and seven months in the house of the person on whose doorstep she had been left, the girl was sent to the Rathdown Union Workhouse, where she continued for a space of nearly four years. She was then sent out into the country and placed in the care of a foster-mother, whence, after being trained in the ordinary duties of a domestic servant, and after receiving a fair education, she was sent out to service, until a few days ago being employed as a servant in the immediate neighborhood of Dublin. Immediately upon the proof of his niece's identity being forthcoming the colonel hurried to Dublin and brought all the certificates he had in reference to the case along with him. No doubt was left in his mind, and he at once took steps to have her removed to a position more befitting her new station in life.

To mark her gratitude to the colonel she offered him half her fortune, but that gentleman declined the offer. The young lady and her uncle left Dublin yesterday for England, where she will be conducted to her new home.

GOD IN NATURE.

In a recent scientific lecture Professor C. A. Young, the astronomer, of Princeton College, used the following language: "Do not understand me at all as saying that there is no mystery about the planets' motions. There is just the one single mystery—gravitation—and it is a very profound one. How it is that an atom of matter can attract another atom, no matter how great the disturbance, no matter what intervening substance there may be; how it will act upon it, or at least behave as if it acted upon it, I do not know, I cannot tell. Whether they are pushed together by means of an intervening ether, or what is the action, I cannot understand. It stands with me along with the fact that when I will that my arm shall rise, it rises. It is inscrutable. All the explanations that have been given of it seem to me merely to darken counsel with words and no understanding. They do not remove the difficulty at all. If I were to say what I really believe, it would be that the motions of the spheres of the material universe stand in some such relation to Him in whom all things exist, the ever-present and omnipotent God, as the motions of my body do to my will—I do not know how, and never expect to know."

THE MAKING OF WILLS.—In a will case recently before Chief Justice Cartter, of the Supreme Bench of the District of Columbia, one of the counsel alluded to the making of a will as one of the most noble acts of a man's life, and an act which gave him the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was providing for those who were to come after him. The learned chief justice, who is celebrated for his pithy and sententious sayings, interrupted the counsel to express his dissent. He said that the making of a will was not a noble act, neither was it an agreeable one.—Most men put off making their wills until the last moment, and when made they were scarcely ever satisfied with them. The making of a will was the great compulsory act of a man's life, and therefore there could be nothing commendable in it. "If," said the Judge, "a man could take his possessions with him, all the property of the earth would now be either in Heaven or hell."

NEXT to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart.