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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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Professional Cards.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Market Street, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Drs. T. H. & J. W. COOPER,

(HOMEOPATHIST,)

Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,

DENTIST,

81 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Sept. 12—1885-y.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,

Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.

☞ Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.

Continental Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1885 $4,938,501.92

Will insure all kinds of Farm Property and Dwellings against any damage by Fire and Lightning, for any length of time from 10 days to 5 years on terms that can't be beat. Buildings insured while being built. New and valuable property insured close to actual value.

A postal from parties wishing insurance will receive prompt attention. The following well-known and valuable properties are insured in this company:

The residence of James A. Pearce, Esq., H. W. Vickers, Esq., and Mr. S. Vannort, also, the County Court House, the New Jail and the County Almshouse.

JOHN D. URIE, Agent,

aug1. Chestertown, Md.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This You can Do by Buying Goods of

THOMPSON---Up Town.

WE will sell you a barrel of Gambrill's, or Wm. Lea & Son, Co.'s Floor, a sack of Salt, a barrel of Lime, &c., for less for the cash than you can buy it in the city.

WE will sell you good brown Sugar at 6c., good Green and Roasted Coffee at 12½c. and 10 lbs. Granulated Sugar at 80c. cash.

WE will sell you a good, solid Plow Shoe at $1, $1 25 and the Best I low Shoe at $1 40 a pair, also a pair of Gent's Sewed Bals., (a good dress shoe,) for $1 35 such as is sold at $1 50. A Gent's Calf, Buttoned or Lace Shoe at $2 50, such as is sold for $3 00 and a pair of Ladies' Kid Front, Glove Kid Tip, Worked Buttonhole, a splendid article and warranted sound for $1 75.

LIME, LIME, LIME.—Hair and W. W. Brushes, a large stock and for sale in quantities. We aim to keep a little of everything and by buying our goods close for the cash, and discounting all our bills we are enabled to sell very cheap.

☞ Give us a call and we will prove to you that we mean business. Thankful for past favors we are

Yours obediently, &c.,

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,

Sept. 19, 1885. UP TOWN.

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE, *CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,* and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found

at C. M. LUCAS',

opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

W. REGISTER'S

MARBLE WORKS!

[NEXT DOOR TO THE MARKET HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.]

I Challenge the United States to produce better marble or finer finished work than I have done at my Yard. I guarantee its durability. You can see for yourselves in all your Cemeteries or in my Yard. I work no Scraps that have been thrown away by the saw-yards. I work no Pennsylvania marble; it will not stand the weather. I keep no agent out to torment. Persons know when they want and they had better look at the stone before buying—go look through your Cemeteries and see the broken and defaced stone. If you want a good and lasting Tombstone or Cottage Monument or a Shaft Monument of any size, I have the Largest Finished Stock of Marble on this Shore, and I will not be outdone in Prices. Call and examine for yourself. Respectfully,

aug15-tf. W. REGISTER.

Oysters! Oysters!

—AT—

MRS. CUMMINS', ON MAIN Street.

I am prepared to cook and serve OYSTERS in the very best style at short notice at my saloon nearly opposite the Bank, in Chestertown.

Families supplied by the gallon or in smaller quantities. My oysters are fresh and the best to be had.

s26-tf. MRS. CUMMINS.

TOBACCO at 50 and 60 cts. per pound. Segars 2 for 5c. and at 5c. that are hard to beat. J. H. SIMPERS.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

SAMUEL BLACK, (col'd.,)

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 3d day of August, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of January, 1886.

T. J. FLETCHER,

j30-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE W. T. PERKINS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,

WILLIAM M. SLAY,

jan23-4t. Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

CAROLINE C. PERKINS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,

WILLIAM M. SLAY,

jan23-4t. Administrators.

Ratification Notice.

Charles T. Westcott, Trustee,

versus

William Perkins, Francis A. Perkins.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, January 30th 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property made and reported by CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Trustee, under a deed of trust, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of April, next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 5th day of March, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $4,163 65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Jan. 30-4t.

Ratification Notice.

In the matter of the sale of Real Estate of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

HAVING examined the proceedings relative to the sale of the lands of Henry Ward by Nathaniel Voshell, Collector of Taxes, and the same appearing to be regular, and the provision of law in relation thereto having been complied with, it is therefore this twenty-sixth day of January, 1886, ordered that notice be and the same is hereby given to all persons interested in said property so sold, that they be and appear in this court on or before the first day of April, 1886, to show cause, if any they have, why said sale should not be ratified and confirmed, and that this notice be published in the KENT NEWS once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of March, next.

JOSEPH A. WICKES.

True copy—Test:

j30-4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Ratification Notice.

William D. Burchinal et. al.,

versus

J. Burton Burchinal and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of the late John H. Burchinal, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of March next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of February, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $10,500 00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Jan. 16—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Visitors and Governors of Washington College,

versus

James C. Roseberry

And Edvina Roseberry, his wife,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, the named and constituted attorney for the Visitors and Governors of Washington College in their mortgage from James C. Roseberry and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Nineteenth day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Nineteenth day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,312.35, subject to a prior lien of $1,687.65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Dec. 19, 1885—4t.

LUMBER!

A SPECIALTY!

We have JUST LANDED and are selling on CLOSE MARGINS for CASH only—

1 car load 21,000 ft. 4x6x4 Wh. Pine Siding,
4 " " 60,000 " 1x12 do. Barn Boards;
1 " " 15,000 " 1 Edge Fin'g Lumber,
1 " " 18,000 " double Dressed Picks and Selects.
1 " " White Hemlock Studding;
1 vessel load Cypress Fencing & Shingles,
1 " " 60,000 ft. 1x12 16 ft. N. Carolina.

En route and due here in a week another lot of 4x6, 5x5, 6x6 and 6x8 Georgia Timber up to 40 feet in length. Odd sizes resawed.

The above added to our large assortment of VIRGINIA PINE BILL STUFF, Joists, Scantling, etc., offers to purchasers of Lumber for Houses or other Buildings, opportunity unsurpassed in the State.

Our stock of FLOORING and SIDING is worked out of Seasoned Boards and kept seasoning for months after working before delivering to our customers.

Having spared no expense on my

YARD, MACHINERY and VESSELS

To COMPETE for the LUMBER TRADE,

in this and Queen Anne's counties, we think we are entitled to a call from you before deciding your place of purchase.

We can now make it your interest, convenience and pleasure to enter your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.

SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

Times Hard! Money Scarce!
Quick Sales! Small Profits!

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

GREEN POINT!

—ON HAND—

LUMBER. FLOUR. GUM BOOTS.
COAL. SALT. GUM COATS.
LIME. BACON. OIL SUITS.
HARDWARE. GROCERIES. TIMOTHY SEED.
ROCK SALT. COAL OIL. SALT FISH.
ROPE YARN, &c., &c., &c.

☞ If we have not on hand what you want we can get it for you.

oc24. WM. B. TURNER.

AT BETTERTON!

Can be found a full assortment

—OF—

LUMBER.

for building purposes.

Also, Lime & Cement,

BRICKS and HAIR,

FINE SALT, G. A. SALT,
ROCK SALT, FODDER YARN,
HARD & SOFT COAL,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR.

☞ GRAIN bought or sold. Give us a call.

TURNER BROS.,

Oct. 15, 1885. BETTERTON.

HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

The Old Stand

OPP. COURT HOUSE.

PLUSH GOODS! PLUSH GOODS!

We have Dressing Cases, Photo. and Autograph Albums, Work-Boxes, Perfume Stands and Ladies' Satchels, Bronze and Brass Novelties, pretty and cheap.

PLATED WARE! PLATED WARE!

Not as large a stock as you may find but our prices shall be to your interest to give us a call.

LAMPS! LAMPS! LAMPS!

Beautiful Lamps. Nothing will be more acceptable to your wife than a nice Lamp.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

The sun may be fast or slow, but our Clocks never, and way down in prices.

PICTURES AND FRAMES;

BRACKETS AND WALL-POCKETS!

Dolls, Dolls, Toys, Toys, Wagons, Carriages and Sleds, Magic Lanterns, Stereopticans and Cheap Toys in greatest varitey.

TOILET SETS! TOILET SETS!

Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, at your own price as we intend to clear our store of all these things to make room for another line of goods.

CANDIES! CANDIES!

Not by the Ton but enough to supply you with all you may need.

NUTS of all kinds. RAISINS by the lb. or box.

FRUITS! JELLIES! SAUCES!

Figs, Prunes, Chowchow, Gelatine and lots of everything good. Be sure and look well before buying and you will be convinced that this is the place.

H. A. SPARKS,

Dec. 5, 1885. opposite Court House.

To Tax Payers.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

AS COLLECTOR of the Fourth Election District I have my tax books in hand, and bills made out against each individual tax-payer, I am prepared to receive taxes for the year.

To accommodate tax-payers I will be at the Register's office in Chestertown every SATURDAY and TUESDAY afternoon.

Prompt payments are requested, so that I may not be embarrassed, and saved the unpleasant necessity of forcing collections.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,

aug22-tf. Collector 4th District.

FIFTH DISTRICT, ATTENTION!

'Come, let us Reason Together!'

AS citizens we desire to have good roads—we wish to attract visitors and strangers; as good and charitable people we want to make the poor comfortable; to secure peace and order it is needful to have efficient officers. Your boys and girls must be educated. All these things need money—it is indispensable. The Tax Books are now ready, and to facilitate the payment of your taxes I will be at

ROCK HALL at 10 A. M., GREY'S INN 12 M., and EDESVILLE at 3 P. M.,

First and Third Wednesdays in each month.

At LANKFORD and KILBURN the 2d and 4th Monday in each month

☞ I shall be pleased to meet all my friends with their pockets full of current coin of the County, State and Nation as above appointed.

JAMES THOS. LAMB, Coll'r.

aug8-tf. 5th District.

Salesmen Wanted!

Energetic, reliable men, not less than twenty-four years old, to sell the choicest Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock, on SALARY with expenses paid, or on commission as preferred.—Steady employment throughout the year. Business quickly learned. Send for terms.

GLEN BROTHERS, Nurserymen;

jan16-9t. Rochester, N. Y.

[WRITTEN FOR THE "KENT NEWS."]

—THE—
Plum Point Tragedy.

BY NETTIE.

A gay party of ladies and gentlemen in the morning came through the cool woods that lie just back of Plum Point, a promontory that runs out into the Chesapeake bay.

It is also the name of the farm owned by a handsome young bachelor named Allan Duncan, who sat beside a handsome young lady in a light phaeton, drawn by a high-stepping grey, and in whose veins runs some of the best blood of Kentucky horse aristocracy.

Mr. Duncan was conducting a party of pleasure to a shady nook that lies upon the bay. All except he and the lady who accompanied him went into the trim sailboat that lay moored at the shore for a sail in the stiff breeze that was blowing from the west.

Miss Blanche Seguin, a petite, pretty, piquant, dark brunette, sat upon a grassy hillock, while Mr. Duncan was stretched at her feet. His athletic form, whose muscles had been developed by rowing, fishing, and shooting the water fowl in the cold days of winter, was shown in all its symmetry and strength. He was such a man that a woman having once seen would take the second look, while her eyes were filled with a tender light as she looked down upon his upturned face in which shown all the passion and devotion that young life can know.

"Blanche," said he, "there are times when I cannot understand you. Your love seems to grow cold; you look upon me with gloomy eyes; you are wayward, capricious, and seem bent upon wounding me. What is it? Have you a secret that dominates you and causes you to hurt me? Tell it to me. Let me share your grief, if you have any."

"Allan," she replied, as she leaned toward him, while the tiniest of pretty feet peeped from beneath a dainty muslin gown, "don't refer to anything unpleasant today. I intend this to be a 'white letter day in my life;' to be happy, perfectly happy, if I am never so again. I am with you; I love you; I have only sunshine in my soul as I look upon your face, or feel the strong yet tender clasp of your hand. Let us float with the tide as our friends are doing out yonder and let us be gay and full of joy."

The words of the song, "Then You'll Remember Me," came from a fine tenor voice, from the jolly party in the boat. A tender look came into the girl's face and she threw her arms about her lover's neck and with a passionate whisper said: "Allan, whatever the future holds, remember me and this day." Relaxing her arms she sat quietly and then her lips moved as if in prayer, while her whole form wore an attitude of devotion. In the lowest of whispers she said: "God, pity and forgive the past with its mistakes. I thank thee for the love of a good man. O, I am so happy," she said aloud.

"That is the highest compliment you can pay me," said the young man.

The sun becomes too warm for the boating party. Seeking the shore they exchange many a jest with Mr. Duncan and Miss Blanche for preferring each other's company to the gay crowd that have just landed.

Among them is a young lady that says little, but whose eyes smile at the clatter of others. She is fair and tall, with deep blue eyes that match the changing hue of the sea. Her form is well developed and one glance into her eyes, one look upon her brow proves that she has the mastery of self. She may have her changing moods, but the purpose of her soul is fixed. Her name is Geneva Harwich. Her father is a Virginia farmer—among the few who since the civil war have made money by agriculture. He has withdrawn from the cultivation of his fields and leads a scholarly life in Norfolk. He has given his daughter all the advantages of culture that money can secure. She is a graduate of Vassar and has spent a year in a *pension* in Paris, followed by travel in all the countries of Europe, with a winter in Egypt, for her father like many other learned men have a pet theory in the Pyramids. She was visiting at the same house with Miss Blanche Seguin and had often met Mr. Duncan. But she saw how matters stood between her friend, Blanche, and Mr. Duncan, and only took a woman's interest in their love. No throb of jealousy was in her bosom.

Mr. Duncan invited his friends to stop at his house, which was reached at a short distance through a shady lane on each side of which was a high hedge, forming a green background for the starry daisies, the fragile, wild white carrots, and the bold, hardy, blooming yarrow. Nothing that could conduce to the comfort of a bachelor was wanting. Trophies of the sea and the chase were scattered around. As he showed his home to his friends he found an opportunity to say to Blanche that all was needed to make his home perfect, was her heart to cheer him, her hand to rule him, her presence ever to be a sun shining upon his hearth.

After partaking of a lunch of watermelons, cantaleups, peaches, pears, apricots, and other fruits from his grounds, the party declined the invitation of the colored cook, who conducted the arrangement of Mr. Duncan's farm, to dinner, though she assured them she would give them corn fritters and spring chicken as sweet as "de young missus demselves."

When Mr. Duncan reached the home of Mr. Hugh Carroll, where the young ladies were visiting, he spent the time till after dinner talking farming and fruit-growing with his friend. Mr. Carroll and Mr. Duncan had been intimate friends before the marriage of the former, and unlike most young men with their unmarried friends, the intimacy had been kept up.

"Duncan, do you know that there is a fine-looking fellow here from New York?"

"Who is he?"

"His name is Fiorette; he is an Italian and judging from his conversation and manners, evidently a gentleman."

"Why is he here?"

"He is a friend of Miss Seguin, and comes with letters of introduction from his friends in New York. From his manner I judge that he has some designs upon the affections of Miss Seguin?"

"What?" said Duncan, with a quick look. "She has never called his name to me. I have told you of the relation that exists between Miss Seguin and myself. I know she loves me. But I must confess to you, Hugh, that at times Blanche seems to me to have something weighing upon her spirits, and today said a strange thing to me."

"What?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Well, don't get down-hearted. All young fellows are fools when they are courting. I was a case in point. It will come out all right. Run up to your room and get ready for dinner, 'tis only five minutes till the bell will ring."

"All O. K." said Duncan, as with a springing step he mounted the stair.

A few minutes after all were seated around the table, upon which was a bountiful dinner, served in that style that gives zest to a summer appetite. The host, a large, handsome, blonde man, in the full-tide of early manhood, with smile and joke made his guests at ease. His wife, in whose eyes shone the light of southern skies, and whose cheeks had been kissed by a southern sun, sat at the other end of the board. She was a fine, matronly-looking young wife, the beauty of whose form was shown to perfection by the soft, clinging material of which her dress was made.

The meeting between Mr. Fiorette and Mr. Duncan was not cordial. Each bowed coldly to the other, but did not seek to lead each other into conversation. Mr. Duncan, a cordial natured man usually, did all in his power to entertain the gentlemen who came to the house of his friend; however, the dinner passed off well.

In the midst of it Mr. Carroll called out, loud enough for all to hear:

"Who is going to the picnic down at the point this afternoon?"

"All, I suppose," was the quiet reply of his wife, to which there was no dissent.

After the gentlemen had finished their cigars and the ladies had taken the "beauty sleep," necessary to the exertions of the evening, preparations were made to go to the point. Beaux and belles pairing off. It is needless to say that Mr. Duncan was the escort of Miss Seguin, who seemed to be laboring under great mental excitement. There was an unnatural brightness in her eyes, a flush in her cheeks and her voice trembled with emotion.

Mr. Fiorette upon the plea of weariness excused himself from the picnic. Accompanied by his valet, a low-browed, thick-headed, furtive eyed, Spanish dago, sought his room. It was next to that of Miss Harwich, connected by a door—being in the same suite. Miss Harwich had refused to go because the sun upon the water had given her a headache.

The murmur of voices in the next room awoke her. She heard one voice speaking pure Italian with Tuscan accent, while the other replied in that patois found so often on the borders of Italy and Spain. She would have paid no attention to the murmur of voices had she not caught the words "Mr. Allan Duncan," as if hissed between the teeth; then "Senor must kill him." Her interest was awakened. She heard the whole plot. The valet was to row his master across the creek or arm of the bay, on one side of which at its mouth the picnic was to take place. Naturally Mr. Duncan and Miss Seguin would stray among the trees that formed the picnic grounds. Fiorette disguised would spring upon Duncan unawares, use his dagger, rush to his boat and be rowed out to the vessel that passed up the bay to Philadelphia late in the evening; go to New York by rail and trust to luck to escape detection.

Miss Geneva was in a fever of excitement till they left the house. Then she called for a servant, but with exception of the cook and nurse all had accompanied the party of pleasure. Being reared upon a farm, she went to the stable, geared a horse, having to use parts of different harness, for every whole harness had been used to draw the numerous party to the point. The only vehicle was a no-top buggy, used by Mr. Carroll in conducting his farm. She did not pause. Instead of driving around the head of the creek, which was many miles, as the pleasure party had done, she drove furiously to its mouth expecting to find the boat of a fisherman who stayed upon that side. He was away upon the shoals fishing for rockfish and white perch. Instead of sitting down and wringing her hands in impotent despair as many women would have done, she divested herself of her heaviest articles of clothing, having learned to swim while in Europe, plunged into the water of the creek or inlet and swam to the other side, a distance of more than a hundred yards without attracting attention. Without being seen, which would demand a public explanation, she sought to find Mr. Duncan and warn him of his danger. While she was seeking her object by hiding behind the thick bushes that lined the shore, Mr. Duncan and Miss Seguin were seated in a carriage from which the horse had been removed.

Their ride from Mr. Carroll's had been an unsatisfactory one.

He said to her, "Tell me Blanche, who is Fiorette? Have you ever loved him?"

"Upon my honor, no, Allan. My father, as you know, is French. He thinks it right to dispose of my heart and hand. At sixteen he affianced me to Clarence Fiorette, who is as you see a man as handsome as Apollo, but with a spirit as mean and as cruel as language can express. He has been the bane of my life. I have told him I can never love or marry him. Knowing that my father favors his suit, he pursues and persecutes me. He follows me everywhere, for he is rich, well connected and all houses are open to him. Now, you know my secret. Pity me, but love me all the more. My mistake of the past was in allowing my father to engage me to him. I have broken it long ago, but Mr. Fiorette will not consider it broken."

"I believe you, my darling, and my arms will protect you from the machinations of this devil in the form of a man. I shall ask from your father: if he will not give me the jewel I ask, like the Romans of old I'll take you."

She answered him with a look of love and trust. As she turned her head to glance toward the sea she caught sight of a white handkerchief waved from a stick, "Look Allan, I do believe there is some one trying to attract your attention."

"I expect it is some one from the farm. Excuse me a moment. I'll see what is wanted."

He walked leisurely down to the green bush. "My God, is that you Miss Geneva, and in what a plight! What has happened?"

In a few hurried words she told him of his danger.

With a manly grasp of the hand and a kindling eye he warmly thanked her for her great act of friendship. Going back to the ground he sent his trusty man to conduct Miss Geneva home in a close carriage.

In open combat he did not fear Fiorette, but how to guard against the stiletto of an Italian assassin was a puzzle to his plain, honest American brains.

He passed the remainder of the afternoon, which was nearly done, in adding to the pleasure of others. By the time supper was served night had come.

Mr. Duncan's carriage was brought up just beyond the others in the edge of the wood. Just as he was lifting Miss Seguin into the carriage, a man rushed up towards him. Hearing his footsteps he quickly turned. A dagger glanced through the flesh of the tender part of the arm and entered the back of Miss Seguin. She gave a groan and fell into the arms of her lover. "*Je meurs,*" she gasped, in the language of her father. Then she took two or three short, quick gasps, opened wide her deep, dark eyes and fixed them with a despairing but loving look upon Allan, and barely murmured, "Allan, *je t'adore.*"

Clarence Fiorette stood for a moment speechless with amazement at the mistake he had made. Then with a groan, which language can not describe, he made off for the high rocks that run out into the bay at the mouth of the creek. He threw his hands above his head, turned his eyes to the darkening heavens, where the solemn stars were looking down like the eyes of avenging angels, and muttered in Italian, "I have loved and lost. I have slain my own soul." He took one long look at the sea and sky and gave a leap into the sea. There was a moan, a gurgle, a bubble, and life was o'er. "He had sown to the winds; he reaped the tempest." Passion claimed her own, and his future was what the good God only knows.

It was a mistake in thinking Miss Blanche had expired. In a few minutes a soft sigh fluttered from her lips, but she did not open her eyes. Barely breathing she lay like a figure chiseled from Parian marble. Mr. Duncan put a mattress, which had been secured from a neighboring farm house, into an open carriage. With George Wright, a trusty colored man, Mr. Carroll's coachman, for a driver, he slowly and sadly made his way to Mr. Carroll's house. Miss Seguin's head rested upon his arm, he constantly applied cologne and volatile salts—the only restoratives at hand. Unlike most young men at a picnic, no one had a drop of alcoholic stimulants. This was the result of local sentiment.

The grey-haired family physician, who had been sent for, was waiting when they reached home. After gravely examining Miss Seguin, he said there was hope.

The look that came into Duncan's eyes at the doctor's opinion was made up of hope and joy. He had held himself by the strength of his masterful will, but now nature demanded her revenge, and while there was a soft look in his eyes he fell into a chair like a strong man exhausted by buffetting waves, and a tremor passed over his whole frame.

In answer to a telegram Monsieur Seguin came on from New York with his son, a fine, dark-eyed, elegant Frenchman, fresh from the salons of Paris, where he had not been corrupted by the ceremonial flippancy of the French capital. Jules Seguin was a gentleman.

The only expression the father was heard to make when told of the treachery and miserable end of his friend and protege, Clarence Fiorette, was the single word, "Rascal."

Mr. Seguin's intimacy with the young farmer, Allan Duncan, who had had all the advantages that Harvard could confer and the polish which association with our best Southern society gives, led him to respect the young man. He readily gave his consent to the love of the young couple.

It is not necessary to trace Miss Blanche's slow recovery. But a year after she and Allan were seated upon the sands of Lake Leman near Geneva, where a grey-moustached old soldier was consul, whom they had met the fatal summer before. It was through him they had come to spend the summer months in the cool, pellucid air of the Swiss mountains.

"Allan, life after all has been kind to me. God grant that I may prove the truth of your favorite quotation:

'More human, more divine than e'er
Is woman!'

"Ah, Blanche, you have already proven that in the patience and sweetness you have shown in your long illness. I am certain when the silver comes into my hair, I can say with the same poet:

"Not many friends my life has made,
Five into my hands their lives have laid,
And these were women;
I am grieved but never have I been betrayed.'"

"Thanks, my love," was the soft reply, as she nestled close to the side of her husband.

Not far off was Miss Geneva Harwich and Mr. Seguin, the brother of Mrs. Duncan. Their faces told their story.

"Shall I tell my sister and her husband of my great happiness in winning your love? One who has shown herself so true for a friend will be all tenderness I know to him who loves her with all the power of his soul."

"As you please," she quietly replied.

The eyes of four happy people gazed out upon the placid waters that had met the sad gaze of the prisoner of Chillon, whose prison was in sight, and the sadder gaze of him whose sore heart had sung that prisoner's immortal story.

Duncan and wife could well say with their favorite poet:

"Hearts like apples are hard and sour
Till crushed by pain's resistless power;
And yields its juices rich and bland
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.
The purest stream of human love;
Flow naturally never;
But gush by pressure from above,
With God's hands on the lever;
At first turbidest and meanest;
At last sweetest and serenest."

No Old Folks in the House.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There are no old folks in the house
To sit with us today,
And talk about the good old times
When they were young and gay;
The links that bound us to the past
Have broken, one by one,
The aged ones have gone to rest,
Their work on earth is done.

The little child upon the floor
Will interrupt its play,
To ask, in broken, tender tones:
"Has grandma gone away?"
And oft goes searching through the house
And calling, here and there,
For "grandma! grandma!" to come back
And fill the vacant chair.

To guard us from unnumbered ills
The old folks seem to stand,
The outposts that protects and warn
The precious household band;
And as we see them drop away
Adown life's steep decline,
The shaft of age strikes us, and we
At once "fall into line."

Ah! blest the home where old folks dwell
In happiness and peace,
Till Death, the messenger arrives
To give them sweet release;
Their presence is a gracious boon,
More precious far than gold,
And youth a richer sweetness gains
By contact with the old.

The ancient treasures we may keep,
The ancient styles restore,
And reproduce in many ways
The good old days of yore;
But through the songs of joy will run
The undertones of pain,
Because, alas! we cannot bring
The old folks back again.

Be kind and tender to them now,
While they require your care,
And let them feel that in your hearts
And homes they have a share;
For soon the parting hour must come,
And you will sigh and say,
"There are no old folks in the house
To sit with us today."

Advertising Nuggets.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

You can't eat enough in a week to last a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

A thing worth doing is worth doing well. A thing worth advertising is worth advertising well.

The enterprising advertiser proves that he understands how to buy, because in advertising he knows how to sell.

People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements on the public and they will soon melt under it like rock salt.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low. Either plan will prevent good times from coming.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement, it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

It is a mistaken notion that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of mose enterprising merchants is, that it pays better to spend less in rent and more on advertising.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the vaule of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

A man's sign offers a mute invitation to those only who pass his place of business; his circular can only reach those to whom personal attention is given; but his announcement in the newspaper goes into the highways and byways, finding customers and compelling them to consider his arguments.

A Skillful Professor.

"Ah, hah!" exclaimed Prof. Mayorhuff, looking up from a book and turning to his wife.

"What have you found, dear?"

"Listen to this from Horace Greeley: 'I am fully persuaded that if chopping wood were universal, rheumatism and dyspepsia would be unknown.'"

"Well, what of that?" asked his wife

"What of it? Why, I shall chop wood, that's what there is of it."

"Did you ever chop wood?"

"Did I *ever* chop wood? Haven't I been editor of the *Woodman* for years? Didn't my article, 'How to clear up new ground,' create a sensation? Of course it did. Jane, I swear that sometimes I believe you are blind. Did I ever chop wood, indeed! I have just ordered a cord of hard oak wood and I shall chop it myself. Aside from the healthful exercise, it will save money. I shall order an ax sent up just as soon as I go down town."

When the professor returned at dinner-time, he asked if the ax had come.

"Yes, it's out there on the porch."

"Well, I shall go to work at once."

"I hope so. We are needing some now, for the weather has turned awful cold."

"Don't fret. You shall have all the wood you want."

The professor went out, and after laboring three hours, brought in two small sticks that looked as though they had been gnawed in two.

"This enough?"

"Enough, the mischief! It's not enough to start a fire."

The professor puffed and "blowed" awhile, and then went out again.

Three hours later he came in again with two more sticks.

"This do?"

"Of course it won't. We'll have snow before morning."

"Snow!" he exclaimed, wiping his reeking brow.

"Yes, snow."

"Well, I don't care if it falls fifty feet deep, I am not going to chop any more to-day. Needn't expect a man to kill himself just because we are going to have snow."

Just then a rap came at the door.

"Come in," called the professor, too tired to get up. "What have you got there?"

"Ax from the hardware store. Made a mistake before and sent you a grubbing hoe."

Mrs. Mayorhuff shouted and the professor collapsed.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

SEVERAL years ago Senator Ramsey gave his wife the choice of a $500 block in Minneapolis or a spring bonnet. Mrs. Ramsey, having heard how economical men had their hats blocked, chose the block, which she has sold for $90,000.

IN Iowa they are experimenting with peaches from northern China. The plucky persistence of the great northwest in pursuit of fruit will certainly have its reward. Nothing like it was ever known before.

What Worth Thinks of Cloth Dresses.

From the Boston Herald.

How like stable grooms and jockeys the women all look.

What we most need is some woman, some real lady of authority and taste, to set the fashions. The Princess of Wales no longer claims it in Paris. It is nonsense to assert that actresses or the demi monde ever set fashions for the real ladies here. These English tailors are running the fashions. It will be a good thing for the ladies, when they return to the wearing of women's dresses, not male ones. Wear cloths out of doors if you like, but get rid of the kind of costumes worn in the stables.

Thank goodness, there is a conviction in London that these stable styles of the tailors are about run out. If they could only be kept for youthful women it might not matter much, but for women of forty years and upward the cloth-made suits are bad. Tailor-made suits are very well for traveling, but not for home wear.

There are no new fashions to talk of for spring. Stay a moment—it is certain that light colors, not dark blues and browns, but light spring colors, are coming soon. The Lyons silk makers are weaving such. There is nothing whatever being made to remind you of ulsters or stable garments. The faille Francais goes out surest, its place being taken by the loveliest pink stuff you ever saw. It has no name as yet. I would call it "Boston faille," in compliment to your people, but that might vex those in New York. I have just finished a brown velvet dress for a lady of that city on which I have placed twenty thousand francs' worth of furs. I furnish everything, and it will be worth nearly $5,000 when finished. As to shapes, it is rather too early to speak, but the idea is to make wafty and bright things, such as could be worn in Baltimore on the warmest days. For my part, I shall be glad when we get back to the time of loose bodices. Horsehair paddings were not used when a woman could breathe in full dress. I have brought in steels again. They make a good adjustment. Of course there are many Paris ladies who do dress well at home, and who wear pretty robes, pretty slippers, and all that. This is because they sensibly change their costumes when they come from the street, their carriage, or the park.

I have the veritable gown worn by a grand lady of the court of Louis XV in my office, which I have often shown to visitors. That was a period of georgeous dresses, wide skirts and hoops. Then came the Louis XVI period, when more simplicity was shown. With the Directory first appeared these stable dresses, then the empire and spangles. Things were plain during Louis Philippe's reign. Some styles of his epoch are seen nowadays with a certain class of old ladies. With the second empire we come back to the gorgeous period. Yes, things were gorgeous during the second empire. There were fashions then. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that the Empress Eugenie set the fashion. Often would I create something entirely original, rich and handsome, and when I took it to her at the Tuilleries she would say: "Ah, M. Worth, it is very beautiful, but I cannot accept it. I must not set the fashions, or people would say I was giddy, foolish and thoughtless. Get some lady of the court to wear it, or have some one wear it at the next ball. Then I will order a copy, but I must not set the fashions."

I cannot say much favorable to business. Just now the Spanish court and ladies are in mourning; very few German ladies come any more to Paris for dresses; fewer Americans than usual are here, and the English and French women are wearing out their stable cloths. WORTH.

The Good Word "Mother."

The other day I was walking with an old man when he took his watch from his pocket and scanning its dial, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but it is time I was home with mother."

"Have you a living mother?" I asked in great surprise, for he was past 70, and his white hair and toothless mouth made the word sound strange, but dearer, I thought, than I had ever heard it before.

"Oh, no," said the old man. "My own mother died fifty years ago, I mean the mother of the boys."

"And who are the boys?"

"Why, of course you don't remember them—I expect you never knew them—for I never met you until today. There's John and William and Thomas and Martha and Matthew. Matthew is the baby, sir, though he does not look like one now, for he's nearly 40 and has a long beard. It is their mother I mean."

"Your good old wife?" I asked.

"Yes, she is mother to all the boys, and I have called her mother for more than 50 years. But you must excuse me, sir, for it is time I should be home with mother. Come along with me and see her, for she is the sweetest, prettiest old woman you will ever have a chance to see. She was a lovely girl, but she is now prettier than she was then. Come along and see her."

The old man led me to the door of his comfortable home and when we were at the gate, Matthew and his wife came to meet us and Matthew said:

"Father, mother had another stroke and can't say a word. Martin has gone for the doctor."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, pushing by Matthew, "mother must have the doctor, indeed she must, for she is not able to withstand another stroke of palsy. Come on my son, and see mother," he said, beckoning to me, and I followed him as he entered the house where his mother lay.

The good old lady was indeed beautiful. Around her brow clustered a growth of white hair that made her look like an angel with a halo of glory radiating from her noble brow. Her mouth was drawn out of its natural shape by the nervous condition of the body, and her eyelids twitched as she looked upon my strange features, but when the old man came before her poor old eyes, and bending softly above her, whispered "Mother, I am here," a smile attempted to play upon the half paralyzed lips, and her eyes brightened and looked love at the man who had been her companion since they were boy and girl, and it seemed to me there was some endearing name for him which she struggled to speak, but her tongue had lost its cunning and clave to the roof of her mouth.

The old man bent lower and imprinted a kiss upon the twitching lips and they made an effort to speak again, but the motion gave no sound. The sons gathered about the bedside and the old man kneeled beside the dying wife and whispered:

"Mother, do you know us?"

She nodded just a little and the good old husband placed his hands upon her brow, where the white hair lay in a thick mat, and blessed her and the tears stole out from his eyes, trickled along the furrows which the sorrows of years had worn in his cheeks and the sons wept; and I, who had never seen any of them before that day, stood apart and shed tears for mother—mother to all good men who might stand by her bedside as she left the earth. As we stood awaiting the end, the cool breezes of the summer day floated in and fanned her brow, and she smiled upon all who called her mother and closed her eyes. She breathed slowly and deeply for a time, and then her eyes opened again and the distorted face lost its drawn and pained appearance, and the eyes of the good woman rested on the faces of husband and children for a moment before they closed and she was still forever.

"Mother, mother, mother!" softly called the old man, but there was no answer to his cry, and turning to the men who stood around him, he said, slowly and sadly:

"Boys, mother has gone on before us—mother is in heaven;" and leaving them alone in the sacred presence of her they loved, I stole away.

How to Get Rid of Rats.

Chloride of lime, placed in their holes and run ways, will drive rats from the premises, the odor being offensive to them. Caustic potash placed in their run ways, it is also claimed, will drive them away; it sticks to their feet, eating into the flesh; they lick the itching places, getting it into their mouths, which makes it still more uncomfortable. Both are cheap and can be got at any drug store. A barrel trap has been successfully used.

A WOMAN may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.—*Hot Springs News.*

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 BILLHEADS, &c., &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

"CERINTHY'S FOLLY."

The Silk Dress that was Never Taken From the Closet.

"No, I tell you candidly, I do not wish to discuss my neighbor's business," said Mrs. Smith, most decidedly. "I mean no offence, Miss Parsons, but, you see, I've had my experience. I just as lieve tell you about it, if you have got time to hear. You see, when we were first married we came here, an' Kiah bought this place (my man's name is Hezekiah), runnin' in debt a good deal, but then we was young, an' could work.

"Kiah had a good trade, an' I minded the house an' garden patch. After we had lived here a number of years a family moved across the way, buyin' that place you see over there. Their name was Morse, an' they were real nice an' accommodatin'. By this time we had three children, and the Morses had one. They had not paid down for their place, an' Mr. Morse was a carpenter, the same as Kiah. Now, I'd always ben real savin' about clothes, an' bought cheap dresses, makin' 'em myself, but Mrs. Morse had her merinos, cashmeres, hirin' on 'em made or buyin' city patterns that fitted just like a glove. Well, I grew a little sour over it, an' some times threw out pretty hard hints to Kiah about his not buyin' me sech things, an' he didn't like it very well, sayin':

"'I work hard as I can now! What do you want me to do?'

"There was an old maid living in the village by the name of S'manthy Jane Jones, who used to come to see me pretty often, an' someway her visits always seemed to kinder pile me up, especially agin' Miss Morse. Kiah didn't like her at all, an' sometimes he would say:

"'She'll git you into a muddle yet, Cerinthy, if you keep on with her!'

"Still I kept on with her. One day she came in all of a fluster to say:

"'That extravagant Miss Morse was at church yesterday, with a fur cloak on—actually fur—an' she cut a big swell, an' everybody's eyes was on her.'

"'Well,' said I, 'if I was in her place I'd be a little more savin' and pay for my place. I don't think it's anything to her credit.'

"'Folks do say,' went on S'mathy Jane, 'she is so extravagant that Morse talks of leavin' her, an' that they quarrel like cats and dogs!'

"Well, a good deal was said by us both, S'manthy Jane keepin' a little in advance of what I durst say. Finally, S'manthy Jane took her leave. One thing I had made up my mind to; I would not be outdone any longer by Mrs. Morse. Kiah should dress me better.

"That night I told Kiah about it, an' he said, 'I can not afford it.' But I was determined to have a new black silk. Hitherto I'd always made my dresses, but I thought this bein' a silk, I would get Miss Van Deusen, the village dressmaker. Then I had the dress trimmed with more-antic, an' by the time it was done it cost me a sight.

"Well, the first Sunday after it was done I wore it to church, I didn't take a yearn' of comfort. I wasn't home in silk, you see. I kept a lookin' over to see Mrs. Morse, to see if she was noticin' my silk, but law! she had her eyes so intent on the minister, I don't even believe she knew I was there.

"Then the minister preached about the extravagance of perfessers, on a world lyin' in wickedness, an' I thought every word on it was meant for me.

"Now, as luck would have it, Kiah was taken sick with malarial fever pretty soon after, and wasn't able to do scarce a stroke of work that fall; an' jest as though one trouble must follow close on the heels of another, the children all took sick with scarlet fever.

"Well, our money was gone, an' we were runnin' up a big store-debt. I was all wore out with watchin' an' work, when one day who should walk in but Miss Morse, an' say:

"'I did not know your children were sick until today, as I have been at my mother's on a visit for several weeks. Now, you go an' lie down, and I'll stay with your children tonight.'

"I was so taken aback with her friendly ways and sweet face—for she was as pretty an' smiling as a pictur'—that I couldn't say a word, only to do as she told me.

"The children took to Mrs. Morse mightily, an' rather have her than me. She was a master careful nurse, an' so gentle an' quiet-like, nothin' seemin' to fluster her a morsel.

"She had been a-comin' so for several days, jist like an' angel of mercy, when it seemed to me I couldn't bear it any longer with all the wrong I'd done her, a-pressin' on me down like, so I said:

"'You don't know how mean I feel over it; but I've said unkind things about you, an'—'

"'Yes, I know all about it,' she said.

"'Not how S'manthy Jane an' I went on about your fur cloak?' I asked in astonishment.

"'Yes, she came to me with every word. But let that pass, please,' and she laid her hand on my arm kindly.

"Land! a body could jest have knocked me down with one spear of broom-corn, I do believe, I was so weak.

"'Did she tell you that she said ten times as much as I did?' I gasped.

"No, of course not. That is not the way talebearers do; yet I could imagine she had.'

"'An' you have ben a-doing for me, knowin' all this? This is 'heapin' 'your Bible coals, I 'spose.'

"Land! I imagine sometimes now I feel my head sizzle, jest as it did that day. Mrs. Morse would not let me say another word about it, an' said she must go to the children. I went out in the kitchen an' told Kiah all about it, an' he said: 'What did I tell you, Cerinthy? Didn't I say S'manthy Jane would get you into a muddle?'

"'Yes,' I answered, an' she never even came near to help with the children an' home, an' she a pretending to be such a friend!'

"'Tisn't the way of such as her to stand by in the hour of trouble,' said Kiah.

"Well, come to find out, the Morses' place was all paid for, an' her nice clothes had all been given her by an old bachelor brother in California. But the Morses did not leave off their kindness when the children grew better. Mr. Morse loaned Kiah some money an' helped him into better business when he was able to work.

"I never wore that silk dress again. I kept it hangin' in the closet, and called it 'Cerinthy's folly,' an' if ever felt tempted to talk agin a neighbor a journey to look at that dress cured me entirely. It was better than a dozen sermons.

"I never let S'manthy Jane darken my door again. It even makes me feel cross grained to hear her name mentioned."—*Phila. Press.*

The Continental Congress.

The following interesting facts concerning the members of the Continental Congress of 1776 who signed the Declaration of Independence have been prepared for the News.

The total number of Delegates who signed the Declaration was 56—varying in age from 27 to 70 years. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was the youngest and Benj. Franklin, of Pennsylvania, was the oldest—the age of one—Benj. Harrison, of Va., is unknown. The average age of the Delegates (whose ages are known) was 45 years; the majority of Delegates were under middle age. The four Delegates from South Carolina were notably young—two were 27, one 30 and one 33 years old, and with a single exception (Dr. Benj. Rush, of Penn.,) were the four youngest members of Congress. Of the Maryland Delegates Thos. Stone was the youngest, age 34. Sam'l Chase and William Paca were each 35, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton was 38. John Hancock, President of Congress, was then 37. Thomas Jefferson who drafted the Declaration was then 42. Eight of the signers died before the close of the war for independence—the first, John Morton, of Penn., died in April, 1777; the second, Button Gwinnett, of Georgia, in May, 1777. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, of Maryland, was the last surviving signer; he died on Nov., 1832. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died July 4th, 1826, just 50 years to the day after signing the Declaration.

There are portraits of all the signers in Old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, except six, who died leaving posterity nothing by which to tell of "what manner of men" they were, except their noble acts.