Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889. No. 48.

THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less	$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	25

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

No. 206 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,

Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. C. CROW,

No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

FRUIT and PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

ALONZO P. CREW

—WITH—

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

NEW YORK.

Established in 1871.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,

GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

113 Warren Street, - - New York.

Consignments solicited.

REFERENCE:—Account Sales and Check da'ly.

July 28, 1888—6m.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House

Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,

BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

SPRING HARDWARE

—AT J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S!—

ROPE TRACES, Plow Lines, Back Bands, Plow and Wagon Hames, Long-Handle Pruning Shears, Hand Shears, Pruning Saws, Pruning Knives, Garden Rakes, Garden Forks, Manure Forks, Garden Hoes, Bush Hooks, Bush Axes, Trimming Axes and other Tools too numerous to mention.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

PLOWS! PLOWS!

We have a complete stock of Roland Chilled Plows. It is an acknowledged fact that they are as good a Plow as there is on the market. A full line of Repairs for them and the Norris Chilled. Also have repairs for the Oliver and Willard Chilled, Minor & Horton and Concave, at the Hardware Store of

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

FENCE WIRES!

Buck Thorn, Ribbon and Hog Wire. We are prepared to give LOWER PRICES on Fence Wire this season than ever before. SPECIAL LOW PRICES on large Lots.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

SEED POTATOES!

Stop in and see our "Prince Edward's Island Early Rose," "Prince Edward's Island Beauty of Hebron," "Maine Early Rose," "Early White Ohio" Seed Potatoes. We have just received them.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Shovels and Spades!

We have the biggest stock of Steel Shovels and Spades that has ever been seen in Kent county. Had them made to our order.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,

March 16, 1889. Chestertown, Md.

—THE NEW—

{HIGH-ARM}

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,

and the Only Machine in the world that makes a Lock Stich without the use of a Shuttle. Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill and construction, to do the service of a lifetime, should not fail to examine our

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Thanking the public for past favors I solicit a share in the future. Give me a call. Address

CHAS. J. REICHE,

Feb. 2, 1889. Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

REMEMBER THIS!

Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS, embracing Henrietta Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

Notions, Underwear!

Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

BOOTS and SHOES!

Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2 00, $2 50 and $2 75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4 00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

Carpets, Oil-Cloths!

In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 25 to 60 cents per yard.

We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.

Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,

R. F. PARKS.

Feed and Provision Store!

EDWARD J. WATSON

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has opened a new store on High Street, next to the Express Office, in Chestertown, and will keep on hand a

GENERAL STOCK OF

Groceries and Provisions!

FEED, HAY,

CORN, CHOP STUFF,

OATS, MEAL, FLOUR, &c.,

will be furnished at short notice at lowest prices.

GROCERIES of all kinds; Vegetables, &c.,

I shall endeavor to keep a General Feed and Produce Store, and respectfully ask a share of the public patronage. E. J. WATSON.

Feb. 2, 1889.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S

Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

GENTLEMEN,

if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for pieces, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

SPRING FERTILIZERS.

TRADE MARK

From the results of the various SPECIAL FERTILIZERS manufactured by us last spring, we expect a large trade this spring, and laid in a heavy stock of raw materials. From the way orders are coming in, and the expressions of satisfaction from our last year's customers, we take the greatest pleasure in offering the same brands of Fertilizers again. Our goods are so well known in the county that is not necessary to publish many testimonials, but we will be pleased to show a large number at our office to who ever may require it.

ACME FERTILIZER, No. 1, presents frenching in corn and will grow a large crop used on heavy land.

ACME FERTILIZER, No. 2, a Corn Fertilizer for lighter soil, stands high. The increase of Fodder alone will pay for the use of the above Corn Fertilizer.

CLIMAX TRUCK FERTILIZER was used last season by the largest growers of Truck in the county with wonderful success. It is the Best Truck Fertilizer at the price on the market.

SPECIAL POTATO FERTILIZER.—At the request of some of our customers, we made last season a Special High Grade Fertilizer for Potatoes. We have so far more than doubled the sale of these goods over last spring. The results were very large. Try it on early or late potatoes.

OUR PEACH TREE FERTILIZER has given great satisfaction, the results of last year more than ever convincing those that have used the same that it pays well; Better Fruit was had, consequently better prices; the Fruit Ripened up Splendidly; the trees more vigorous; no complaint of Yellows. Fruit-Growers use the goods and Your Trees Will Be Healthier, Your Fruit Finer and Your Pocket-book Better Filled at the end of the season.

A Wonderful Result.

LYNCH'S, March 1st, 1889.—Gentlemen: I grew Seventy-Five Tons of Tomatoes on (7) Acres of Ground where I used your Fertilizer along with manure last spring. I am very much pleased and want a larger quantity this spring. Respectfully. BENJAMIN F. RASH.

Seven Hundred Dollars Clear from Seven Acres, Who Can Beat It?

CHURCH HILL, March 1st, 1889.—Gentlemen: Once again I wish to state the excellent results received from your Peach Tree Fertilizer used by me last fall. My fruit commanded the highest price at Price's Station, a large quantity bringing ($1.25) one dollar and twenty-five cents a basket. I realized ($700) seven hundred dollars clear from seven acres. Respectfully. GUS. PORTER.

For prices of the above fertilizers call on us or see our representatives.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

Office under VOSHELL HOUSE. March 30, 1889.

PEACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT

That FRUIT TREES, of whatever variety, Peach, Apple or Vine, supply the required nourishment to the fruit by their roots, absorbing such elements as are available to give life and vigor to the crop, and if not applied to the soil in some way the tree must naturally deteriorate, which is noticeable in the dropping or shedding of the fruit in early summer months, premature ripening, and finally the loss of both crop and tree.

We do not claim, however, that OUR FRUIT GROWER will prevent all dropping of fruit, premature ripening, or death of trees. This would be contrary to the inevitable laws of nature, but do claim, which has been demonstrated beyond a doubt, that the FRUIT GROWER, when applied to Peach Trees (the most liable to such disasters), will insure a greater abundance of fruit, and of a superior quality. And this having been positively proven, we are confident that one fair trial will convince the most skeptical of the value of this fertilizer.

MR. JOHN A. GROVES, The largest Peach Grower in this section of the country, says the six years' use of our FRUIT GROWER has been entirely satisfactory, having used it extensively, and in connection with almost everything.

MR. W. HARRISON NEWNAM Says the change wrought in his orchard by the FRUIT GROWER was simply wonderful.

MR. J. BENJAMIN BRIGHT, Kent Island, says he put out a young orchard where an old one had just been taken up which has been fed by the FRUIT GROWER, and that he has never grown finer fruit on young trees, realizing as high as $2.25 per box for same.

MR. WILLIAM A. FAULKNER, Near Crumpton, one of the most successful Peach Growers, says in his orchard there were two places of half acre each where the leaves had all twisted up and turned yellow (literally had the yellows), but he put in addition to the 200 pounds sown on the rest of his orchard an extra amount by hand around the trees. The leaves shedded off, new foliage came and put his whole orchard in a flourishing condition. On his other orchard where applied, his fruit was generally conceded to be the finest carried to Millington, realizing (last summer) an average of $1 per basket through for his Crawford and Reeves.

WE DO NOT GUARANTEE

Our FRUIT GROWER to cure the yellows, but we honestly believe that if there ever was a Manure particularly adapted to Peach Trees it is, as its base is a NATURAL GUANO, that runs as high as AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE as DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE, yet this is available by decomposition. Not one pound of Sulphuric Acid is used in its manufacture, hence its superiority as a PEACH MANURE. Farmers have often been induced to try Natural Guanos by being shown how high they run in bone phosphate, but they do not notice that it is INSOLUBLE instead AVAILABLE, the former being of no advantage whatever, hence they should always see that it is AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE. We defy anybody to produce a Natural Guano that will run as high in AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE as our O. B. For want of space are unable to publish a vast amount of testimonials, but upon application will gladly mail a circular, giving the strongest endorsements of gentlemen who use it year after year.

Just Think of It. You Can Dress Your Orchard for About $2 Per Acre.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

March 23, 1889. MANUFACTURERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

—*MANUFACTURERS OF*—

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,

BALTIMORE, MD.

We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Corn and Oats Fertilizers, Asparagus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate, Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone; Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash, Sulphate Potash and Kainit.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,

March 23—3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,

d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

WILLIAM PARR'S

NEW HARNESS STORE

I have just opened a nice line of

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Saddles,

Bridles, all Kinds of Harness,

which I am selling very low. I also have in stock everything that is kept in a First-Class Harness Store, from a 10-cent Hame Strap to a Set of Fine Harness.

Encourage me by buying your Harness Goods where you can have them neatly and promptly repaired. Thankful for past patronage I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR,

no3-1y. STILL POND, MD.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,

sep8-y. Up Town.

Special Notice to the Public!

hereby inform the public that I have taken the sole agency of

PROF. STRAUSS' ERADICATOR

for removing Grease and Oil Spots from Silks, Satins, Woollen Goods and Carpets, without injury. You cannot be convinced of the quality of this compound until you come to my establishment and convince yourself free of charge. Price, 25 cents per box. It will be sent by mail to any one desiring it. Orders will be promptly filled.

I am still supplying the well known "VANDEGRIFT HAIR INVIGORATOR." Ask your druggist; if he can't supply you address the proprietor,

JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT,

s15-tf CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. McFEELY'S

THE TWO WILLS.

How a Lawyer Frustrated the Plans of a Designing Woman.

It was the gloomiest of gloomy days. There was not a redeeming feature about it. If it had only rained there might have been music in the drops; if it had snowed we could have "lived over" the beautiful poem, but it did neither, and now late in the afternoon the air was thick, damp vapor, and the street ankle deep with slush and mud that an unpaved Western town supplies so bountifully and readily.

Then again, the life of a young attorney is not always one whirl of excitement and pleasurable results. Not a living soul except a bootblack—just as if we should ever need bootblacks again—had entered the door that day. In vain had I tried to give my mind over to the ordinary statutes, and then in despair sought the more inviting stimulants of Regina vs. Reynolds; even gossip of a great leading case failed to inspire me, and wearily I turned from my books to my thoughts, and from my thoughts to my gloom.

It was just then, before I had ascended to the realms of suicidal purpose—for I walk that way slowly—that the door knob hesitatingly, cautiously turned and I—was again very hard to work, pen in hand, with one eye on the paper and the other on the door.

I won't make a diagnosis of just how fast my heart was beating, if peradventure the door would open, and somebody that was somebody would come in. I could endure the suspense no longer, and looked squarely up. The door had opened, and though the evening shadows were gathered thick and fast, I could see that my visitor was in dress and manners a lady—the most significant word in the greatest of languages. Her vail concealed her face, but old or young, ugly or pretty, her thoughts probably were: "Here's a young man—very young—he hasn't had much experience—don't think he ever did such work before—it would help him, but that don't help me any—I think I had better look"—

But I interrupted my own forebodings by springing to my feet with a "Good evening, madam. Step in; I'm through with matter in hand—a little pressed now, with term time upon us, but have an hour to spare to-day—such a dull day. Sit down," and my first triumph was won, for she was seated.

Then I swept my books from me with an air of relief, as if any problem she might agitate would be child's play compared to what I had just passed through.

I had not yet so much as caught the color of her eyes, and couldn't but wonder why she kept her vail drawn so closely—unless she was meditating a sudden flight to the office of the bald-headed wretch across the way, who had a few grey hairs and more experience, you know, but a bad attack of rheumatism, too, thank heaven, which I devoutly trusted was keeping him on so bad a day as this.

"I want you to write a will," she suddenly began, in a half-halting voice.

"Certainly, madam," I answered, nobly resolving to strengthen the faith within her; and I pulled half a quire of legal cap toward me and thought of the solemn opening and the weighty formalities of its publication.

"It is to be my husband's will," she added. "He dare not come out on such a day as this," and she shivered so prettily that I was reconciled with the weather for the first time that day.

"Hadn't I better come to your house?" I ventured to suggest.

"Oh, no; not now," she answered with a little sigh. "It might excite him too much. But he may be better to-night, and I will send the carriage for you then. It will not make any difference, will it, about the will being binding?" And something told me she was peering anxiously at me.

"Of course, madam, if he then fully and voluntarily adopts it as his, it is just the same as if I took it all down from his own lips."

"Well, we want—he wants—to leave all his real and personal property to me, with full power as executrix—and I am to take charge of his only child, and make for her such allowance as I shall think wise."

"What is your daughter's name?"

"She is not my daughter," she answered, with the slightest token of gathering animation in her voice.

"Ah, yes; just so," said I, nervously fumbling with the paper. "She's your step daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's her name? You see I must mention it."

"Mabel Cecil," she haltingly spoke.

"A deuced pretty name!" I remarked to myself. "I wonder why she wants to stumble so over pronouncing it?" And then I tried to forget all about it as I took up my pen and began:

"I—I—Ah! pardon me, madam, but what's your husband's name?"

What fools men are when a little excited especially young lawyers sitting up with an early case!

"Robert E. Cecil."

"I, Robert E. Cecil, of the county of Herkimer, State of——, do make and publish this my last will and testament:

"I give, bequeath and devise to my dearly beloved wife"—

"Ah! pardon, madam, but what's your name?"

"Lucy L. Cecil."

"To my dearly beloved wife, Lucy L. Cecil, all my real and personal property of whatsoever kind and nature, after the payment of all my just debts; and I hereby commit to her guardianship my only child Mabel Cecil, for whom there shall be made such allowance and maintenance as to my beloved wife may seem fit.

"And I hereby appoint Lucy L. Cecil my sole executrix of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, this third day of November, A. D. 187—."

"I suppose you understand," I undertook to explain, "that this will vests all your husband's property in you, and to leave your daughter's allowances to your discretion is to leave, at law, nothing in her own right. The provision is, in short, meaningless, except that it shows that the testator had her in his mind when he made his will and so far makes it all the more binding."

"Exactly!" She spoke with animation. "It's his wish—and I shall see that you are well paid for your trouble and counsel—the carriage will be here very soon." And she was gone as quickly as she had come.

The remark about payment had entered a very thread-bare coat, and had struck right home.

"But it's too much, all the same, pay or no pay," I growled, "to cut that girl off that way without a cent! But it's the old story—I can't help it!" and I sank back with a philosophic smile on my face.

Then—just in sport, in a fit of malignant satisfaction—I took up a second sheet of legal cap, and scribbled thereupon, with a formal opening and close, that this same Robert E. Cecil gave all his property to his dearly-beloved daughter, Mabel Cecil, and left the lady of the veil where the law found her.

"But such is the history of the world!" I concluded, solemnly, "ever such, and what a gulf, deep, impassable, between what ought to be and what is! How I should like to bridge it over!" And I buttoned up my coat, and walking to the window, imagined I could see through the darkness the coming of the carriage of Mme. Cecil.

The time dragged slowly, very slowly, and I never felt more genuine relief than in hearing the heavy wheels grinding through the mud and slush, and a knocking at the door to notify me the carriage was ready.

I sprang into the carriage, and away we dashed through such darkness that I could not for the life of me discover to what portion of the town we were being driven. But in a very short time we came to a sudden halt, and the carriage door opened. The coachman conducted me up the brown stone steps, where the open door was already awaiting me, and I stepped into the dimly lighted hall.

As I did so a lady, whose figure and manners told me she was Mme. Cecil, glided from a side room, and with a little plaintiff smile bade me follow at once. But in that instant I read her face and, perhaps, her character. She might have been thirty-five, only she didn't look it with those brilliant black eyes, pearly teeth and elegant manners; but behind all these I read the positive force that, turned to good, may save a country, but given over to evil would sacrifice everything to success.

Noiselessly she glided over the heavy carpets, and as silently I followed her. She passed into the library—as I instinctively felt—into the chamber of death; even elegant furniture and costly paintings and embroidered coverlets are not to overawe our destiny.

"Mr. Cecil, the lawyer has come," she softly said, as she stooped over the emaciated face of a silver-haired man.

"What? Who?" as he started from a seeming stupor, and looked wonderingly at me from his sunken eyes.

"He will read it to you now, Mr. Cecil;" adding in a low tone: "He is sinking rapidly; I fear you must hasten."

I felt that I must. I seated my self at his bedside, and as I did so I saw his lips tremble, and I believed they were breathing a name; I imagined it was "Mabel."

Our boldest moves are born upon the spur of the moment.

"Mrs. Cecil, may I trouble you for a glass of water?" I asked, and I took out the will she had drawn.

"Quick, sir!" said I, as I noticed his sunken eyes watching her hastening footsteps. "Do you want your daughter to have all your property, save what the law gives your wife?"

He started back from me as if he could not trust his own senses, or was doubting whether to put confidence in me; but he seemed to feel the necessity of doing so, and suddenly the dull eyes brightened with a momentary gleam of relief and joy as he clearly answered:

"Yes, yes! And God bless you!"

And I, too, was thanking heaven for the whim that had led me to write two wills so very like in strength and appearance, and it was only the work of a moment to make the change, and just in time.

With Mrs. Cecil came the housekeeper and a man servant, and in their presence the dying man tremblingly signed his name to the second will, and they witnessed it.

They had gone, and I started to go, when the old man pressed my hand, and I saw the tears gathering in his eyes. As I turned to go I involuntarily felt that the black eyes of Mme. Cecil had witnessed all and suspected everything.

"I should like to see that will," she said firmly, in a low voice.

"Some other time. He's dying, Mrs. Cecil."

"So much the greater reason, sir! Show it to me."

I looked her one instant calmly and suggestively in the face, and then started for the door.

"Stop!" she cried, and a tiny silver-mounted revolver gleamed in her hand.

"My God! Mrs. Cecil, you have killed him! He has died at your hands!" I cried as I heard a strange sound behind me, and would have turned if all the pistols in the universe had been pointed at me.

The old man's arms had been lifted as in prayer, but now sank withered upon the pillow, while his eyes stared at us in the rigidity of death. He was dead.

Instinctively Mme. Cecil seemed to recognize that it was all over, and lowering the weapon, hissed at me between her pearly teeth:

"You have played me false—go! go! or I will shoot you!"

And I went, gladly enough, from the brown stone front, with its treachery, its wickedness and avarice, into the dark night and muddy streets. But I had carried out the wishes of the poor, dragooned husband, and Mabel received her own. As soon after as her share of the estate could be obtained the wretched woman disappeared from the neighborhood, and it was understood had sailed for Australia.

Although a young and almost briefless lawyer, I was appointed Mabel's guardian, and I so faithfully fulfilled my trust that after six years, when she was a little more than eighteen, she gave herself as well as her estate into my keeping, and as I write this, after my cozy tea, and as Mabel leans on the back of my chair watching the rapid strokes of my pen, she declares that I did not praise myself at all in the grand act of justice I did, and the courage I showed at the revolver's mouth to sustain her rights.

—*Albany Evening Journal.*

SENATOR INGALL'S VIEWS ON DEATH.

His Address in the Senate.

Senator Ingalls delivered the following beautiful eulogy in the U. S. Senate a short time ago on the death of Congressman James Nelson Burnes, of Missouri:

Mr. President, these are the culminating hours of a closing scene in the drama of a national life. When this day returns one political party will relinquish and another assume the executive functions of government. On every hand are visible the preparations to welcome the coming and speed the parting guests. At the eastern portico already stands the stage on which the great actors will play their parts, in the presence of a mighty audience, amid the mimic pomp and circumstance of war, with the splendor of banners, music's martial strains, and the hoarse salutations of accentuating guns.

Enterprises of great pith and moment wait upon the event of the brief interval. While pleasure wanders restlessly through the corridors of the Capitol, hope and fear, ambition, cupidity, and revenge sit in the galleries, or stand at the gates, eager, like dying Elizabeth, to exchange millions of money for the inch of time upon which success or failure, wealth or penury, honor or obloquy depend.

At this juncture and crisis, when each instant is priceless, disregarding every inducement, resisting every incentive and solicitation, the Senate proceeds, by unanimous consent, to consider resolutions of the highest privilege, reported from no committee, having no place upon any calendar, but which take precedence of unfinished business and special order, upon which the yeas and nays are never called, and no negative vote is ever recorded, and reverently pause, in obedience to the holiest impulse of human nature, to contemplate the profoundest mystery of human destiny—the mystery of death!

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed. Injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which make life so cruel and inexplicable, cease in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defence. The mightiest captain succumbs to the invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.

James Nelson Burnes, whose death we deplore to-day, was a man whom Plutarch might have described or Van Dyke delineated: massive, rugged, and robust; in motion slow; in speech sonorous and deliberate; grave is aspect; serious in demeanor; of antique and heroic mold; the incarnation of force, energy, and power.

Not perplexed by moral abstractions nor mental subtleties, he possessed that assemblage of qualities which make success in practical affairs inevitable. Great enterprises were natural to him. Breadth, grasp, and comprehension characterized his projects. Early perceiving the enormous possibilities of the valley of Missouri, longer than the Amazon and more fertile than the Nile, he immediately identified himself with the forces which have developed the empire of the Northwest; made the American desert an oasis, and abolished the frontier. At the bar, on the bench, in business and politics, he was foremost for a quarter of a century.

When we first met St. Louis was an outpost of civilization, and Jefferson City the farthest point reached by railroad. In all that vast region, from the sparse settlements along the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada, from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone—now the abode of millions, soon to be represented in the Chamber—there was neither husbandry nor harvest, habitation nor home, save the casual encampments of the Bedouins of the plains, more savage than the beasts they slew.

We were neighbors—as that word goes in the West. Twenty miles to the northward, across the turbid stream, the level bars of tawny sand, and the vast expanse of primeval forest, were visible from my door, in the morning and evening sun, the spires and towers of the city where he dwelt, and with whose history his name will be indissolubly associated. Here in a stately home, with ample fortune, equipage, and retinue, surrounded by a family he adored, by friends devoted to him, and by enemies whom he had overcome, he confidently anticipated larger triumphs and loftier honors yet to be.

As I looked for the last time upon that countenance from which for the first time in so many years no glance of kindly recognition nor word of welcome came, I reflected upon the impenetrable and insoluble mystery of death. But if death be the end, if the life of Burnes terminated upon this bank and shoal of time, if no morning is to dawn upon the night in which he sleeps, then sorrow has no consolation, and this impressive and solemn ceremony which we observe to-day has no more significance than the pageant of the stage. If the existence of Burnes was but a troubled dream, his death oblivion, what avails it that the Senate should pause to recount his virtues, and that his associates should assemble around his voiceless sepulcher? Neither veneration nor reverence is due the dead if they are but dust; no cenotaph should be reared to preserve for posterity the memory of their achievements, if those who come after them are to be only their successors in annihilation and extinction.

Unless we survive, the ties of birth, affection, and friendship are a delusive mockery; the structure of laws and customs upon which society is based, a detected imposture; the codes of morality and justice, the sentiments of gratitude and faith are empty formulas, without force or concentration. If in this world only we have hope and consciousness why should their inculcations be heeded? Duty must be a chimera. Our passions and our pleasures should be the guides of conduct, and virtue is indeed a superstition, if life ends at the grave.

This is the conclusion which the philosophy of negation must accept at last. Such is the felicity of those degrading precepts which make the epitaph the end. If these teachers are right, if the life of Burnes is like an arrow that is spent, then we are atoms in a moral chaos; obedience to law is defensible servitude; rulers and magistrates are despots tolerated only by popular imbecility; justice is denial of liberty; honor and truth are trivial raphsodies; murder and perjury are derisive jests, and their harsh definitions are frivolous phrases invented by tyrants to impose on the timidity of cowards, the credulity of slaves.

If the life of Burnes is as a taper that is burned out, then we treasure his memory in vain, and the latest prayer of his departing spirit has no more sanctity to us, who soon or late must follow him, than the whisper of winds that stir the leaves of the protesting forest, or the murmur of waves that break upon the uncomplaining shore.

Basely Ungrateful.

An old fellow sat on a rail fence. His hat lay on the ground; his long hair was tangled and his face wore a revengeful expression. A traveler, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped and thus addressed him:

"You seem to be worried."

"I am."

"What's the matter?"

"Got a duty to perform."

"It must be an unpleasant one."

"No, the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome."

"Why do you wait?"

"See that house up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a fellow in there that I am going to larrup as soon as he comes out."

"He has done you an injury, I suppose."

"He has."

"What did he do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He came into this neighborhood about six months ago and began to practice medicine. I have been a practicing physician in this community for thirty years, yet I treated the upstart kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest ingratitude, sir. I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken awfully sick. He was as sick a man as I ever saw in my life. Why, he had swamp fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and a number of other diseases. I was called in. As soon as I looked at him I saw that he had no show, and I told him that it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could do him no good."

"That was surely commendable," said the traveler.

"Of course; but mark the difference. That young snipe was called in. What did he do? Act with corresponding honesty? No, sir, he pitched in and gave old Pete a lot of medicine."

"And killed him, eh?"

"Well, no; the scoundrel has about cured him."

"Yes, but that proves him to be a good physician."

"A good physician!" the old fellow exclaimed. "Why, blast him, he knew that I had said old Pete couldn't live. He knew that my professional reputation was at stake. Why didn't he let the old fool die? Why did he want to cure him and ruin me? It was an unprofessional act, sir, and just as soon as he comes out of that house I'm going to whale him. I am not going to be insulted in my old age, and above all, I am not going to allow a young popinjay to ruin the profession. Wait till he comes out and you will hear something drop."

Agricultural Multiplication.

We have always held that many farmers are land poor, that they would make more money if they had less land; that the thorough cultivation of a small farm would produce better results than a large farm poorly cultivated. These truths are pointedly enforced by a short dialogue in the *Western Plowman.* The conversation runs thus:

"How many acres of land have you?"

"One hundred."

"Then you have bought some more; you had only twenty."

"No, I haven't bought any, I haven't had any given to me, I haven't rented any. Still I claim that I have one hundred acres."

"How do you make it out?"

"Just this way. I plowed it thoroughly, utilizing every foot of ground, making on an average one acre equal to two. That gave me forty acres."

"Just so."

"I then fertilized the land so that one acre produced as much as three did before. That made me twenty acres more, making the total sixty."

"I see."

"Then I practiced persistent cultivation, which I can prove will double the yield of an acre. Twenty acres more, you see, which makes me eighty."

"Yes, and now for the other twenty."

"The other twenty I got by only using the best of seed and by putting brains and system into my work. And to prove that my farm contains 100 acres I am willing to compare results with the average 100 acres anywhere in this section of county. Things equal to the same things are equal to each other, you know."

HE WAS BAPTIZED NORTH POINT BATCHELOR.