THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
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.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
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.

ESTABLISHED 1836.
R. GROVES,
—WITH—
THOMAS BOND & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 216 Light Street, - Baltimore, Maryland.

JAMES W. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.
JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
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.
18 East Camden Street, *Near Light St. Wharf*, Baltimore, Maryland.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt Street, Balto., Md.
We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
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.

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.

PHILADELPHIA.
R. A. 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

S. F. CREW,
late of J. F. Moyer & Co.
M. L. COULBOURN,
late Manager of Egg & Poultry Department of J. H. Coulbourn.
CREW & COULBOURN,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
POULTRY, EGGS, GAME, DRESSED PORK, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, &c.,
No. 318 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
REFERENCES:—Dr. Samuel Beck, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Kent Co., Md.; Stevens Bros., 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.; Dey & Kugler, 98 Thompson Ave., N. Y.; Produce National Bank, 104 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
P. E. CREW & CO.,
(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)
FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sale if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

Professional Cards.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite Voshell House.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday excepted.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
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.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

ROOFING!
GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only $2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and anyone can put it on. Send stamp for sample and full particulars.
GUM ELASTIC ROOFING CO.,
39 AND 41 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Local Agents Wanted. n8-3m

WOULD YOU LIKE
A NICE GARDEN?
If so, raise PERFECT VEGETABLES with
POWELL'S SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES
For GARDENS
Which are clean and inodorous. Put up in suitable quantities for *small and large gardens*. No trouble to use. Not expensive. For sale by general stores, Druggists and Seedsmen. An interesting circular telling how to make a good garden, sent Free. W. S. POWELL & CO. Chemical Fertilizer Mfrs. Baltimore, Md.

NECKWEAR of all styles and to suit all taste made to order and just received. Can't be beat own. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

OUR BLACK RIBBED HOSE, in Misses and Ladies, from 5½ to 9½, we offer very cheap.
f27. WESTCOTT & DODD.

Legal Notices.

ORDER OF DISTRIBUTION.

THE undersigned, administrator of Annie E. Kendall, late of Kent county, deceased, in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county of January 20, 1891, hereby gives notice that he will

On TUESDAY, 10th day of February, 1891, exhibit in said court his final administration account and make distribution of the personal estate of his decedent. CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
j24-3t. Adm'r of A. E. Kendall.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, No. 840, Equity.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent county, *versus* James B. Merritt and wife.

THE LIEN CREDITORS of JAMES B. MERRITT, of M., are hereby notified to file their claims, duly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court within TWO MONTHS from the date of the first insertion of this notice, after which an account will be stated distributing the fund.
By order of the Court.
Jan. 31-4t. EBEN F. PERKINS, Auditor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration, c. t. a., on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

MARY SHEMMELL,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the fourth day of August 1891, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this twenty-seventh day of January, 1891.
HARRISON W. VICKERS,
Jan. 31, 1891—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Marion deK. Smith, Trustee, *versus* William A. Wheatley,

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity.

ORDERED, this 28th day of January, 1891, that the sale of the Personal Property of WILLIAM A. Wheatley, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Trustee, under a Deed of Trust, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2d day of March next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of two successive weeks before the 16th day of February next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $2,700 and debts collected and cash on hand $2,086.12.
SAMUEL BECK, CLERK.
True copy—Test:
Jan. 31, 1891—3t. SAMUEL BECK, CLERK.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Thomas Hill, assignee, *versus* Charles W. Rambo,

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity.

ORDERED, this 27th day of January, 1891, that the sale of the Real Estate made and reported by THOMAS HILL, assignee of a mortgage from Charles W. to Abel J. Rees, dated the 4th day of October, 1885, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 8, Folio 239, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2d day of March next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 2d day of March next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $775.00.
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
Jan. 31, 1891—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

John G. Miers *versus* Hines, Elizabeth D. Hines.

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity.

ORDERED, this 23d day of January, 1891, that the sale of the Real Estate made and reported by RICHARD D. HYNSON, the attorney named in a mortgage from John W. Hines and Elizabeth D. Hines to John G. Miers, dated the 1st day of September, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 8, Folio 169, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th 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 25th day of February next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $5,817.50.
SAMUEL BECK, CLERK.
True copy, Test—
Jan. 24, 1891—4t. SAMUEL BECK, CLERK.

WM. H. LAMBERT. ARTHUR M. BROWN.

Butter Makers, Attention!
—THE—
Breakwater Churn
LEADS THEM ALL IN BUTTER MAKING.
Makes Butter in from One to Five Minutes, and More Butter from Same Quantity of Cream, and Works all Butter-milk Out Better Than Any Other Churn.
Below we give a list of prominent farmers and Butter Makers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties, who have used and endorse the Breakwater Churn:

J. M. J. Baron,	Thos. Anderson,
Thos. Bordley,	Geo. W. Hatcherson,
J. Thos. Bordley,	Edw. W. Hepbron,
Samuel Nickerson,	A. L. Corey,
Edw. W. Emory,	Robert Comly,
Samuel Moun,	Elwood Morris,
E. B. Emory,	Wm. S. Walker,
Geo. W. Rodenhizer,	L. R. Shewell,
James P. Hatcherson,	Thos. C. Parsons,
John P. Nicholson,	Thos. A. Hudson,
Thos. W. Skirven,	Jenny Wood,
J. Walter Skirven,	James Wood,
Wm. Bryan,	W. H. Coleman,
R. S. Emory,	Benj. Colburn,
Albert Strong,	Horace Willson,
Aaron Weeks,	J. F. Hubbard.
Wm. DeFord,	

Use one of the Breakwater Churns and save time and Butter.
LAMBERT & BROWN,
j24. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—FOR—
Painting or Paper Hanging
—GO TO—
BLAKENEY AND HOLLETT
(successors to F. J. Carter, Chestertown.)
You will find a FULL LINE of
VARNISHES, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &c.
Also, a Beautiful and Extensive line of the
LATEST STYLES OF WALL PAPER
WINDOW SHADES, &c.
FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, Repaired and Painted at short notice.
P. S.—Estimate cheerfully given. j10-tf.

A NICE assortment of GLOVES for both Men and Ladies, just received and very low.
WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

PURE APPLE VINEGAR for Pickling.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

How He Was Cured.

"You refuse, then, Ellis, to give up that woman who has come between us, and ruined the peace and happiness of our home? You prefer to risk my alienation, possibly my hatred, rather than cease your visits to that house? Speak frankly. Heaven knows that it is the time for perfect candor on both sides now. I must know what I have to expect—to endure. Ellis, answer me!"

The speaker—a fair and pretty woman of some thirty-five years, with regular features, blue eyes and abundant raven hair, paused in her rapid walk up and down the elegantly furnished drawing-room, and looked at her husband, as she waited anxiously for his reply.

He was a man apparently ten years her senior, with a massive, stately, upright figure and face as regularly handsome as that of a statue. Perhaps his exceeding beauty had been his ruin; and yet Ellis Grove was by no means a vain man. The eyes of women, old and young, had followed him with open admiration from his earliest boyhood and not much harm had come of it. For 45 years he had been a dutiful son; for 15 a faithful and attentive husband, in spite of all the attention lavished upon him in society by married and unmarried belles. Now, just as he was beginning to descend the hill of life, a sudden change had come over him, for which his wife, his family, his friends were unable to account.

A Jersey lady of wealth and respectability, a widow of thirty, who had got tired of the seclusion of her island estate, arrived in London about three years previous to the time of which I write, and established herself there in Portman Square. Still in the bloom of womanhood, this lady was as beautiful as a dream, and as generous as a princess in a fairy tale. She speedily became the rage—the fashion. Her receptions were always crowded with the magnates of the West End; her carriage in the park was surrounded three deep with admirers; her opera-box was filled, on the evening when she designed to occupy it. A chaperone of unblemished respectability accompanied her wherever she went in public, and occupied the post of "companion" in her beautiful home. Not a breath had sullied the fair fame of the lovely widow until now. And now there really seemed to be some danger of such a thing being the case.

For Ellis Grove, one of the handsomest and most talented men in the fashionable world, was now in public forever at her side. A public man and a Member of Parliament, his movements were of course watched by those who knew him, and great was the triumph and delight of "Mrs. Grundy" when first those two names fell, coupled together by a slanderous remark, upon her greedy ear.

"Ellis Grave and Mrs. Norton! What a conjunction! And what on earth will Mrs. Grove say? My dear, I have been assured on the word of one who knows, that he spends three evenings out of every week at her house, and that during the rest of the time he is generally her escort to some place of public amusement. Isn't it terrible? Poor Mrs. Grove, who worships the very ground her handsome husband walks on! Oh, it is a wicked world, my dear! And as for widows, I think they ought to be burned alive when their husbands die, after the fashion of Indian suttee! What an immense amount of trouble Mrs. Grove might have been spared if they had only placed Mrs. Norton upon her husband's funeral pile!"

And then Mrs. Grundy jogged her neighbor's elbow with a wicked laugh.

So it was not strange, on the whole, that the explosion had come and that Milicent Grove stung to the very soul with that deathly pang, whose keen intensity only a loving and jealous wife can know, should stand upon her rights at last, and passionately cry out to her husband that this thing must end in one way or another—that he must choose, at once and forever, between this woman and herself.

"One of us two it must be Ellis, and only one!" she said, bursting into tears. "You cannot love us both. Will you give her up, or shall I leave you?"

Mr. Grove rose from the easy chair where he had been lounging negligently, and took up his hat.

"Milicent, this discussion is in very bad taste, if you will forgive me for saying so." His voice was calm, unmoved and musical as ever. She gazed at him wildly.

"Bad taste! Good heavens! Ellis, it is not a question of good or bad taste that I am discussing. This thing is more than life or death to me!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and a slight smile played around his beautifully chiselled lips.

"So much the worse, Milicent. For I really cannot consent to call that lady's name in question between us two. She is my friend. Make her yours also. Then all will be well. You will see that this foolish jealousy is entirely uncalled for and it will cease."

She drew herself up haughtily and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Is this all you have to say to me?"

He bowed.

"That woman, as you call her, is my friend—my dearest friend." He answered with a frown. "No, madam, I will not give her up!"

Mrs. Grove turned pale.

"Well then, sir, I leave your house tomorrow!"

"As you please madam. If you choose to be so foolishly headstrong, I shall not try to control you. My lawyer shall make every arrangement for your future comfort. Good evening madam."

He left the room. Calm as he seemed, she had touched and pained him at the last. He had loved her once—nay, did he now?—now that the parting between them was really to come to pass? And she could give him up like this because she felt a little jealousy of that fair creature who had so sweetly called him her friend! Good Heaven! Of what was the heart of a woman made?"

Deeply angry and also strangely moved Mr. Grove left his house and hurried to Portman Square. He was to attend Mrs. Norton to the opera that evening and the engagement was an imperative one, even in the unusual and unexpected state of his domestic affairs.

Passing by the servant who admitted him, he went up to the drawing-room unannounced. His step could not be heard, so soft and thick were the Brussels carpets on corridor and floor.

Thus it happened that, through the open door of the conservatory, beyond the drawing-room, he saw a tableau that struck him dumb.

The beautiful widow standing in the light of a silver shaded alabaster lamp, beside a group of orange trees; and at her feet the young, gallant and handsome Col. George Norton, the cousin of her dead husband and one of the richest and gayest of all her many admirers. Her hand was clasped in his; her lovely face was suffused with blushes; and as Mr. Grove lingered there aghast, he heard her say, "Mr. Grove! Dear George, how could you think it? Love him, indeed! Why he is old enough to be my father, and a married man, to boot!"

The old proverb in this case was certainly true—"Listeners hear no good of themselves."

Rapidly and quietly Ellis Grove walked down the stairs, and let himself out into the street. As he turned toward home, his mind was busy contrasting the woman he had left—the woman who had only amused herself with him through all these bright bewildering months—with the gentle, loving, faithful wife still living, thank God! beneath the shelter of his roof.

Had he been mad, or only wicked, to forget her so? His wife! his bride! the mother of his only child! She who had wept so bitterly upon his breast when that child—his golden-haired Lilly—was taken from them and hidden in the grave! What could there be in his passing infatuation for the dashing, brilliant widow, to sever this sacred, life-long tie?

Meanwhile Milicent Grove, stung nearly to madness by her husband's careless and contemptuous answer to her passionate appeal, was busy in her dressing-room packing such things as belonged strictly to herself, in readiness for her departure on the morrow. Where to go she knew not—she cared not so that it was away from that now deserted and dishonored home.

She shed no tear, she heaved no sigh over her strange task, but worked at it busily and impatiently, like one who longed to see it done. She dispensed with the assistance of her maid, because she wanted to be alone. The last article of clothing was folded at length, and the lid of the traveling trunk closed. Then she stood up, with a weary sigh, and looked around, to make sure she had forgotten nothing.

Her husband had furnished that pretty dressing-room for her, in the early days of their marriage. Not an article had been touched or changed since that happy time. And faded and worn as the furniture now was, that room was dearer to her than any other in her well-appointed house. For his sake—only for his sake! Again she sighed.

Her eyes fell upon a picture that hung in an oval gilt frame above the mantel-piece. The portrait of a little girl, apparently six or seven years of age; a cherub face, with large, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and ever smiling lips, fair shoulders, half hidden by a shower of golden curls, dimpled feet and ankles, from which the snowy socks had been snatched, and held up by the child in innocently mischievous glee.

Her only child! her darling Lilly, over whose early death she had shed so many and such bitter tears! safe—safe in heaven now! And for the first time since the opening of that little grave had cast so dark a shadow in her house, the almost heart-broken mother fell upon her knees before the picture and thanked God that he had taken the child from her encircling arms. How infinitely more dreadful this terrible separation must have been, had Lilly's innocent blue eyes been there to see! They were closed forever to the sins and sorrows of earth and open only to the glory and the beauty of the merciful Father's home! Thank God for that!

'But oh, my child! my husband?' wailed the poor agonized heart once more.

Some one knelt down beside her, as if in the presence of that little sinless child. A strong arm stole around her drooping form and lifted it to its own proper place upon a manly breast. A dear voice breathed softly in her ear—"Milicent, forgive me! I have been very weak, but not wicked. It is all over now. From this time forth I am yours, and yours alone. You must not leave me, my darling; and oh! my wife, you must forgive me and love me once again, if only for our little Lilly's sake!"

She did not answer him in words. She flung her arms around his neck and raised her lips to his. In that meek, loving kiss that past was buried. They were reunited and happy, and the transient folly of a season was forgotten and forgiven—"for Lilly's sake."

Some Farm Remedies.

Santonene is a good remedy for worms in horses.

A wire muzzle is a good remedy for wind-sucking horses.

Often an ounce of laudanum will relieve severe colic in a horse; give as one dose.

Pulverized charcoal and carbolic acid make one of the best stable disinfectants.

Newly-slacked lime is a good disinfectant to use about the pig-pens. It is cheap and can be used liberally.

Two drachms of bisulphide of soda given daily for two weeks is a good remedy for cows that give ropy milk.

Spirits of turpentine is a good remedy for thumps in pigs; teaspoonful once a day is a dose for a fifty-pound pig.

One ounce of tannic acid, glycerine two ounces, applied with a sponge two or three times a day, is a good remedy for galled shoulders on horses.

Bathing the horses' shoulders at noon and at night with strong salt water will aid materially to harden the shoulders and prevent chafing.

A mixture of coal oil and soap water applied with a spraying syringe, is good for lice on hogs. Give second application at the end of ten days from the first.

Tobacco, 8 pounds; oil of tar, 1 pint; soda ash, 10 pounds; water, 30 gallons. Boil down to 20 gallons and dip the sheep in, allowing them to stand three or four minutes. This is a good remedy for scab.

TRUTH lies in character. Christ did not simply speak truth; he was truth, truth through and through; for truth is a thing not of words, but of life and being.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to to be delivered from tempation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

ARTHUR P. GORMAN.

Mr. Black's Tribute to the Maryland Senator.

Hon. Chauncey F. Black, of Pennsylvania, in a letter to the New York *World*, pays the following tribute to Senator Gorman, of Maryland, for the part he took against the force bill and closure resolution, both of which Mr. Black regards as practically dead:

"Among those entitled to the unbounded gratitude of the American people for the preservation of their institutions from this deadly assault stands easily first Arthur P. Gorman. With him and around him, through all the vicissitudes of an arduous contest almost unexampled in parliamentary history, were the entire democratic minority, whose moral and intellectual average, it is little to say, is equal to that of any other in the history of the Senate. Among them it is difficult to distinguish degrees of merit all served with so much devotion and ability. But to affirm that Senator Gorman was pre-eminently the leader is to cast no reflection upon his associates or to detract in the least from the honor which belongs to each of them. He was their leader because they made him so, and it is to their peculiar credit that they did. In all the long and heroic struggle they did nothing wiser than this. As chairman of the caucus, Senator Gorman was the official manager on the democratic side, and the record he has made as such will stand not only to his own immortal honor, but to that of those who having first placed him where his talents and discretion were given their proper scope, followed him with voluntary steadiness and enlightened discipline. From first to last there was not a single break or misstep. From the beginning of the session to the unexpected and brilliant triumph of Monday of last week, Mr. Gorman committed no single error and incurred not a word of criticism from any quarter.

"There is no parallel to this case in the history of England or America—a man leading in the struggle vital to the liberties and interests of the whole people, involving possibly the very existence of a political party, the struggle extending through many weeks with varying fortunes and chances, and this man trusted and commended with absolut unanimity at every turn, and accorded the full measure of credit for his conduct at the end without a solitary dissenting voice! Not Gladstone nor Parnell in Great Britain; not even Randall in the great conflict of the Forty-third Congress, and certainly not any of the democratic leaders since in the House of Representatives, has contributed a page so fair and undisputed as this to the annals of English-speaking freemen. It need not be said that none but Mr. Gorman could have accomplished this. It requires only to be repeated that Mr. Gorman did accomplish it, and that as a mere personal achievement it is without example in the parliamentary history of our race.

"Senator Faulkner, secretary of the caucus, seconded him with alertness and ability of the highest order. Between them they knew every incident of the contest far in advance. They knew every moment where every man was and what every man would do. Their plan of action was never broken or disjointed for an instant. They suffered no surprises, but on the contrary, they inflicted on the enemy two of the most memorable ever witnessed in Congress. It is possible that in time, at some degenerate period not now anticipated, the democratic party, to which has been committed the keeping of free institutions in this country, may forget the matchless service performed in this instance by Arthur P. Gorman and his knightly associate in the Senate, who, though equal, chivalrously accepted and obeyed his leadership for the common good. But it is not likely. It is a service which will grow in the public estimation as the years roll on and as the blessings of self-government, thus saved, shall become more and more apparent.

"The late Mr. Randall conducted a similar battle and won a similar victory against the force bill in the Forty-third Congress. Unlike Mr. Gorman, however, he was criticised and charged with more or less dependence upon suggestions from Speaker Blaine, then in the chair of the House. But, nevertheless, that event gave Mr. Randall a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and especially of his democratic fellow-citizens, North and South, from which he never could be dislodged; in which, indeed, he could scarcely be disturbed. Mr. Randall did many things not approved by his party; among other things he separated from it finally upon the tariff question, but his noble defense of the common rights of all people as against the force bill remained an inexpungable record, open and resplendent to the everlasting honor. His name is linked forever with that single and signal victory of the people over strong government, of home rule over centralization. It will be the same with Mr. Gorman, except that in the latter case the completeness of the achievement and his personal claim to the credit of it have not and will not be challenged. There is none more willing than his senatorial associates to accord him the full measure of it.

"Nor is this the first time Mr. Gorman has saved the democratic party from disaster. When his share in the election of President Cleveland, and in the defeat of the monopoly plot to count him out and defraud the people of their choice, as in 1877, come to be fully written it will be a chapter of extraordinary revelations. But for his order, issued on his own responsibility to the democrats to celebrate that victory, and keep on celebrating it day and night, until it should be acknowledged, the country would not have been aroused to the machinations of the monopolist until too late, and Cleveland would have been placed where Tilden was, but the real leader of '84 was the self-same leader of '90, who now, upon the higher stage, and in full view of an anxious country, has shown, in admirable development, knowledge, sagacity, courtesy, and resolution so commingled as to make the almost perfect political chieftain."

Senatorial Game of Chess.

Gorman of Maryland, has suddenly become one of the most conspicuous democrats in the country. When those diabolical Siamese twins, the force bill and the colture resolution, started on their passage through the Senate things looked rather blue. Hoar and Aldrich, who had the measures in charge, are men of tact and determination. They are not only sturdy debaters, but are especially skilled in parliamentary strategy. The republicans, with the administration behind them, defied the common sense of the country and seemed sure of success. The President, though in the background, pulled the wires and apparently controlled the situation.

It was altogether one of the most serious crises in the history of legislation. On the issue depended, as far as human foresight could discover, the industrial welfare of the whole South. The enactment of the bayonet bill into law meant certain disaster, possibly a race war, the consequences of which it might be difficult to forecast.

Gorman, who is acquainted with all the resources of finesse, was cool, gentlemanly, unobtrusive and wary. There was no bluster, no threat, no noise. It was a game of chess in which every move on both sides was watched with breathless attention. Gorman quietly remarked "Check!" and the astonished republicans saw that the opposition was playing a very strong game. They made a new move, but were met a second time with the courteous word "Check!" Then they became frantic and in their fury played rather wildly. A third and a fourth time Gorman said "Check!" but never lost his temper, was serene and polite. At last the decisive moment arrived. Some independent republicans, who cared more for country than for party, came round to the democratic side, and then young Wolcott made the decisive move. Gorman looked the pieces over and simply said, "Checkmate, gentlemen."

It was the finest bit of tactics in this generation, and the game was won by pure skill, without the excitement of a single boisterous display. And the country is grateful to Gorman, to his fellow-democrats and to the republicans who had pluck enough to defy the revenges of Harrison and do their duty.—*New York Herald.*

Our Darling Boys.

How like sunshine seems their presence,
How gleesome ring their childish joys,
How innocent and pure the pleasure
Of our happy darling boys.

How bright their eyes of sparkling azure.
How fresh their cheeks of rosy bloom;
Their boyish ways how frank and winsome,
Their breath as sweet as rose perfume.

How cheerful, brave and robust,
Are our miniature, wee men;
With hearts as warm and loving
As e'er you'll find, I ken.

May angels guard them from the tempter,
From strife and grief and pain;
And keep their pure, unsullied spirits
Free from every spot or stain.

That they may reach a noble manhood.
Nor strand on life's bewildering way.
But shun the rocks and reefs and quicksands.
That crowd within our short-lived day.

Heaven help them o'er life's rugged pathway,
And aid them in their faith to rise;
To a glorious immortality,
Beyond the deep cerulean skies.

HE NEVER SMILED.

He came into a car on the Sixth Avenue L road at Twenty-third street, says the New York *Evening Sun*. It was Saturday, and everybody had at least one bundle. He had a chair, carefully and closely wrapped in soft brown paper. He looked around and saw that all the seats were taken. Then he made a motion as if he intended to sit down on the chair, but he seemed to think better of it, and he stood behind it, with his hands on the back, and rested himself that way.

At the next station a gentleman and a little girl came aboard.

"Let your little girl sit on this chair," said the man courteously. "She might just as well, and she won't hurt it."

This offer was gratefully accepted, and the little girl was lifted to a seat. Presently there came a sound of music into the car. It was a composition that had become popular at one time, called "Down Went McGinty," but it was inexpressibly sweet.

Soon those in the car began to realize that the music was right in that car, and at last, after the little girl had fidgeted about a lot, half of those in the car discovered the musical chair and began to laugh, while the other half rose from their seats and wondered what it was all about.

The man who owned the chair stood looking straight ahead with a calm face. The father finally began to laugh, although he was at first inclined to be angry, and when they got out at Thirty-ninth street the little girl said good-bye to the man with the chair.

There came into the car then a young man with a large cane, a small mustache, a big boutonniere, and a pretty girl. They were all very swell.

The man with the chair bowed his prettiest and said to the young man: "Your lady may sit down here if she likes."

"Oh, thank you, thank you." They both spoke at once and "his lady" sat down, while every passenger in the car leaned forward with an air of expectancy. The young man bent over his fair companion and said pretty things to her, while the face of the owner took on a stony stare.

Again came the music, far off at first, then drawing nearer, until finally there was no mistaking its source. This time it was an old-time jig tune, "Pretty Peggy."

At first the young woman looked pleased; then, when she realized it all, she became confused. She moved about uneasily, as if she would like to get away from the hidden spring, but the clog tune kept up and took no variations.

Her escort bit his lip and looked at the owner of chair as if he would like to fight, but couldn't quite comprehend that stony stare. The passengers in the rear of the car heard the said of suppressed laughter and left their seats to crowd forward. It wasn't at all polite, but the crowd did it. They roared with laughter, and then the guard shouted "Fiftieth street!" The pair went off, both red in the face, and when at the next station the man with the musical chair and the stony stare went out, he was cheered, but he never smiled.

THE following is a copy of the return mane by a colored constable on a warrant in Liberty county, Ga.: "I have this Day Rest the Body of Kate Ann Lecounte. I have Hir in My Cust. This is the 5th day of the 17th of Jan. 1891.

THE greatest distance at which artificial sounds are known to have been heard was on December 24, 1832, when the cannon at Antwerp were heard in the Erzgebirge, 370 miles away.

An Old Lawyer's Story.

THE CASE OF WALLACE HARPER.

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why sentence should not be passd upon you?"

A solemn hush prevaded the court room as the judge addressed the young man in the prisoner's dock as above.

Wallace Harper turned his gaze for an instant toward me. I had defended the young prisoner to the best of my ability, and the outcome was a verdict of guilty. From the outset I expected this, although in my inmost soul I believed the unfortunate man innocent. Circumstantial evidence, however, had encompassed him round so completely, it was impossible to override it. I could give the prisoner no look of encouragement. I merely looked dumb, perhaps stolidly indifferent, although I was far from feeling so.

Wallace Harper rose slowly to his feet, until he towered full six feet of noble stature, and gazed fixedly at the judge. His face was pale as death, and when he opened his lips and spoke the words sounded hollow and unnatural.

"Your honor, what can I say on an occasion like this? I was foredoomed from the start. Our family has always been unfortunate. My father was killed in battle (Gettysburg), and my poor mother died of a broken heart. My eldest brother fell in one of the battles in the West, the youngest died of yellow fever at Memphis, some years ago, and I am the last of the race. I, it seems, am doomed to die on the gallows!"

He paused here, a hot flush shooting into either pale cheek. Would he break down and beg for mercy? It was not in keeping with his cool courage during the trial. I could not help pitying him, and feeling that it would have been much better had he refrained from speaking at all. I dared not look at his face for seme moments. At length he was again, and I ventured once more to look toward him. The flush had disappeared, and the prisoner's face was as pallid as before.

"I know what the sentence must be, your honor," continued he, with awful calmness. "I have only this to say: I am an innocent man. I lay up nothing against the members of the jury. They thought they were performing a duty; but if there is a future life, in that future the truth will be with me, and I shall be vindicated."

He bowed his head and ceased to speak. His words had been impressive. To me they were convincing. I had moved for a new trial when the verdict had been rendered, on the previous day, and now had no more to say.

"Hanged by the neck until dead—Friday, November 9th."

These were all the words that reached my ear. I rose to leave the room. The prisoner was led past. I glanced into his white face. A look of settled despair rested on every lineament. I bent forward and whispered a word of hope, mentioning the fact of my determination to move all the powers for a new trial. He said nothing, and soon the court room was empty.

"It's justice. It was an infamous murder."

I started at sound of voices at my elbow. Two gentlemen were discussing the prisoner and his sentence.

I paused to listen.

"I knew Wallace Harper well. All his family have died violent deaths. He had a good show with Donald Dunham. He had been with the old gentleman two years. I think the trouble was all on account of the girl, who, they say, is quite sick because of the death of her father."

"Did the girl think anything of the clerk?"

"Some say so. I don't know. It seems 'twas on her account that Harper put poison in the old man's wine. It was a foolish as well as a wicked crime."

I walked on. The details of the murder had been recited too many times to interest me now. It had appeard on the trial that Harper was in love with his old employer's only daughter, and that Dunham had quarreled with his confidential clerk in consequence.

On the evening when he (Harper) was to depart Mr. Dunham called him into the library and requested him to drink a social glass of wine with him. It seems that Harper assented. An hour later Donald Dunham was dead. He had died in agony and with his latest breath accused his clerk of having poisoned him. The dregs of one of the wine cups were found to contain arsenic, the other being harmless. The confidential clerk was at once arrested, and in one of his pockets a package of arsenic was found. Such evidence was overwhelming. Wallace Harper sent for me; and I undertook his defense. I made as good a fight as possible under the circumstances.

The antemortem testimony of Donald Dunham, together with the fact that the two had quarreled, and the finding of the poison in the pocket of Harper, was evidence that I could not overcome.

I went from the court room to my own pleasant home feeling a weight on my mind that I could not shake off. A few hours later a messenger came to me from the prisoner, requesting an interview.

I at once repaired to the jail.

Wallace Harper greeted me with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand.

"I am satisfied that you did all that a human being could do, Mr. Nelson, and I want to thank you for it, and to tell you that it is my wish that you do nothing toward securing a new trial."

I expressed my surprise at this.

"It would only postpone the inevitable," he said. "Ill luck runs in our family. I suppose I was born to be hung!" and the laugh that followed made my flesh creep.

"But you are innocent!" I said, a sudden doubt coming, unbidden, to my brain.

"I am innocent. I hope you will never doubt that, Mr. Nelson."

A little later I left him, promising not to urge a new trial. I was satisfied that a new trial could not be obtained, and I had only entertained the thought, to delay matters as long as possible.

It was two months of the 9th of November. Much might be done in that time if there had been any foundation on which to stand. As it was, I tried to dismiss the prisoner from my mind and attend to other business. I could not do this, however and the days and the weeks passed, until but one day remained before the day set for the execution of the condemned. On this day I visited Wallace Harper once more.

He had lost flesh and I could see that there was much inward suffering. I became fully convinced that something rested on his mind, and I urged him to make a clean breast of it.

"It could do no good," he declared. "I will die without speaking." And then I left him.

As I passed from the jail another visitor was announced—a veiled woman. It was doubtless the man's sweetheart, come to visit him for the last time. She had been too ill to appear at the trial, and I had never seen her to speak with her since.

The night before the day set for the vindication of the law I passed miserably. I felt that an innocent man was soon to be launched into eternity.

In the gray mists of the morning of November 9th a veiled female walked to my door. I answered the bell in person, and admitted the visitor to my office room. Being seated, she threw aside her veil, revealing a young face, pale and thin, and almost beautiful.

Before she spoke I knew that she was the daughter of the late Donald Dunham.

"Is it too late to save Wallace Harper?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

"Certainly too late," I answered. "Of course, if there was new evidence, of a positive nature, going to show that some other person committed the crime for which he is to suffer, I've no doubt we might save the young man. But——"

"I have that evidence."

"You have? Why in heaven's name did you not speak sooner, then?" I cried in a stern voice.

"I dared not," she said slowly. "I—I must speak now; the world must know the truth. Wallace Harper is innocent. It was I who did the deed.