

The Port Tobacco Times,

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 10, 1875.

Volume XXXII.—No. 9

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WE will make it your interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Port Tobacco Times

PORT TOBACCO:
Friday Morning, September 10, 1875.

The Peruvian Guano Supply.

It is only a few weeks since that we had accounts of new legislation by Peru in regard to disposing of her guano supplies as the basis for additional loans in Europe and the securing of the debts she already owes. Now, however, there are intimations of those supplies being a poor dependence in that regard. It is now a poor thirty years since guano was brought to Europe for trial. In 1841 there were considerable shipments. Upon three small islands, called the Chincha Islands, off the south coast of Peru, it was estimated there were about forty millions of tons. The Lobos Islands, off the north coast, also contain enormous deposits, and many smaller islands were covered with it. The revenue to the Peruvian government from the guano trade exceeded that from all other sources. The demand led to explorations in other parts of the world and other deposits were found, but nearly all inferior in quality to the Peruvian guano. The Peruvian States, on the authority of letters written by the captain of a vessel sent to the Peruvian coast to load guano, that then arrived at Pabellon de Pica, and what the vessels had to take in May and June last, when the letters were written, was mixed with stones and gravel to the extent of from twenty to fifty per cent. The engineers in charge of the work were then blasting and burrowing among the rocks to search for more guano, and under them, and to supply the ships with the guano, the rocks had also to be swept over one hundred vessels had then arrived on the coast, for there is no harborage, and some of them had laid three months waiting for their loads. Some of the vessels had refused to take in such rubbish as cargo, and on the authority of the Peruvian government contractors, and these contractors, it was rumored, had obtained a discount of forty per cent. on the remainder of their contract, in consideration of the dress they had to take. A number of vessels had gone to another part of the coast, where guano was said to be more plentiful, Lobos Point, about seven miles distant from Pabellon, but there they fared even worse. The Peruvian guano is said to be of a different quality to that of the Chincha Islands, and the ships themselves were losing anchors and chains. There were 15 anchors and chains lost in two weeks, and there was no compensation for this—the guano here being as bad as at the Lobos. The importance of this testimony from persons who are on the spot.

If these impurities of the guano supply are not removed, the loans which Peru has been raising in England upon "guano security" will be in a bad way. As we have before mentioned, guano is a valuable fertilizer, and is not equal to the Peruvian. There was a discovery in 1855 of animal deposits of the same nature in the mountains of the Andes, in the Caribbean sea, lying off the coast of Guiana and Venezuela; but being in the region of the tropical rains the deposits are subject to chemical changes from which they derive a very different quality from that of the guano of the islands of the Pacific. Next to the Chincha Islands, the most important guano deposits belong to Jarvis, Baker's and Howland's islands, belonging to the American Guano Company of New York. It is probable, however, that Peru has very valuable guano, and is to draw upon a matter of very great interest in the United States, and in Baltimore especially, where the guano is used in the manufacture of compounding fertilizers generally.—*Balt. Sun.*

Fashion.

As our lady readers would likely wish to know what their vain sisters in the fashionable world are after in the way of bonnets, we clip for their information the following from an exchange:

LOVES OF BONNETS.

Felt and velvet will be all the ground-work for the pinnacles of grace and beauty—felt to be worn through the autumn, velvet to come in as the old year closes. The designs are of pale gray flets will be the pet; dark brown, green and blue filling in. Blacks will be little worn. The edges of the bonnets, smooth and left untrimmed, will be the fashion. A soft and genuine snuff, and a "deeply" dark, beautifully blue, will be the fashion. Turquoise and peacock color have their shoppers likewise.

SILK-PIECES OF RIBBONS.

Soft ribbon will ripple around the bonnets and encircle the throats of the fair wearers. They will be about three and a half inches wide. A mottled ribbon called "granite," soft as it is, will tone in beautifully with the velvets. Basket-weave, in cream, blue, and white, are also used; and ribbons twilled on one side with a shimmering, satiny gloss on the other. Wide ribbons, with all their trimmings, will be the jaunty, full loops behind. Grosgrain ribbon has served its day—it will scarcely be used.

LACE FILMS.

The *ceru* cashmere lace is the novelty of the season. It is fine wool lace, made in thread patterns like those of black, chamois, and made in Normandy. Its creamy hue, like that of a dromedary's nose, is very effective with the dark velvets, and will be used in profusion in ruffles, quilting and borders. The designs are very fine. Black lace has gone into disrepute.

ORNAMENTS FOR BONNETS.

Long, massive brooches of red and gold, with tiny floral silver designs on them, and buckles of countless shapes in open filigree silver and gold, chased in *encre* onto patterns, will be the jewelry for bonnets. More in use still, however, are the gold and silver gallons, of all widths. The wide gallon is loosely worn in Panama braiding, and used for binding and crown bands. Narrower braids are set above the crown, but not in it. But with all that, "heavy is the head that wears a crown," and this is our artistic look may not contradict this difficulty. It shares the fate of black lace.

HATS AND VEILS.

The merle brown, a Brazilian blackbird with blue and bronze shades on wings and back, is the leading favorite. The entire bird, is used, and mounted on wire and springs, so as to allow the head and wings to move. Pigons and swallows perched unmounted on the head, leaving the crown, are also in vogue. They are mounted in thick ruffs, long, colored plumes, and bandeaux, passing around the crown and drooping lazily behind.

THE WIG GARDEN.

Clusters of flowers will be placed just inside the top of the bonnet, and, perhaps, a few added outside. Rosebuds just peeping from their leaves, leaves of the laurel, wreaths of flecked green and yellow leaves, with mossy velvet leaves, rough pine cones and ivy, hiding the hair, will be the fashion. The hair, always in to taste and drink for two or three weeks. This is a painless cure.

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

I did love her. Oh, how I did love that girl! And they say all is fair in love and war, and that is some excuse for me. I had liked her a long while, and I knew that she liked me. I was as big a fellow as could be found anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and when I was married, father had promised to build me a first-rate house, and stock the place for me. And when I went to church on Sunday, or to the city, I had good clothes, and was never told I looked ill in them. On the whole, I felt myself a good, fair match for Fanny Martin, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so, too, and she never refused my attentions. I had settled in the slow, quiet sort of way in which country men do settle these things that we'd make a match of it. The other young fellows knew it, and if we were not fashionable, were so far gone that we had our code of honor. None of them interfered or tried to cut me out.

But, then, he came, don't you see, Drapper and pretty, and looked like a tailor's fashion-plate, and talked of things I knew very little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful, gallant ways, that I had never learnt.

Mr. Williams—that was his name. And in that summer holiday of his, while we were working hard over the hay, and were tanned, and dirty, and worn, and so tired that sleep was all we wanted when work was over, why, then, he, soft and sweet and smiling, made himself agreeable to the girls, and crept into Fanny Martin's heart. My Fanny. She scarcely looked at me any more.

She did not care whether she met me or not; and on Sunday, there he was, making me feel, somehow, so coarse, and rough, and vulgar; and when I wanted her to go with me into the woods where we used to sit in the great green shadow, and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse to stay at home; and when on the road from church, I took her hand in mine, she snatched it away, and said crossly:

"Don't Ben; don't do such silly rustic things while the city folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

Mr. Williams laughs, you mean, I suppose, said I. "That's gentlemanly, too."

And then she blushed, and curled her lip and said:

"You are criticizing Mr. Williams' manners, are you?"

After that there was coolness between us; but though it made my heart ache, I could not think that it mattered much to her. I stayed away from her father's house, and I did not walk home from church with her on Sunday; indeed I did not go to church at all. And I knew the young folks, yes, and the old folks, too, were saying that we were out with each other, and I suppose every one guessed why; but I would never answer any questions, not when my own mother asked them, not I.

So the summer passed and the fall came on, and the city people stayed and stayed. I saw that fellow's panama hat, and silk umbrella, and pretty linen suit, wherever I went. Fanny, I thought, I could see other people, I could see him and her—Mr. Williams and Fanny.

They had never made Fanny work much at home, and she had plenty of time to enjoy herself. The only girl, you know, and her people were very well off.

I never intended that we should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that, I did not care for work myself, but I'd never have made a slave of my wife, as most farmers do; any one can see, by looking at the poor women who have no time for rest or prettiness, or even to play with the babies they bring into the world—women whose husbands are rich men, too, very often.

This Mr. Williams, he could not have made her more of a precious thing than I would; I knew that.

I was thinking this all over one evening on the meadow—not trying to think, you know, but fighting the thoughts that came like musquitos, as fast as I drove them away, to ring in my ears and sting me—when suddenly I heard some one say:

"Ah—Mr.—Mr. Burling."

And I looked up and there was Mr. Williams, natter, than ever, with a cigar in his mouth.

If he had known just how I felt to him, I'm not sure he'd have come to find me in the great meadow, and I was smiling as politely as possible, but he was something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing to one who is civil.

Still I was not over polite to him, I knew.

"That's my name," said I. "Do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he. "There's a little excursion to-night over to the Falls and Supp, and I'm going to take a lady. Have you any little light wagon, and a horse of course, that you could hire me for the evening? I'd rather go alone with her than in the big wagon. You know I'm sure how it is—that a fellow had rather ride alone with a pretty girl, and if you'll help me out I'll be ever so much obliged to you."

So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he, who had cut me out. I looked

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

At him, just holding my hands still by main force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlight road, with Fanny close beside him. I asked myself whether his arm would not be around her waist, and whether, in the shadow, as they fell a little behind the others, he would not kiss her.

"And you want me to help you?" I asked, aloud.

"Yes, please."

"Come along," I said, "I'll show you what I've got."

On the farm that was mine, there was one building, a little cow-shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a padlock for the door, and the key was in my pocket.

It came into my head that I could spoil his evening for him, and spite Fanny, too, by locking him in this shed. And if he had spirit to fight me for it afterwards, so much the better. And I led the way down into the meadow where it stood, and unlocked the door.

"Just look in, and see if it will suit you," I said.

"I can not see anything," said Williams, "It's pitch dark in there. Wait I'll have a match."

He took one from his pocket, and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, and I had the key in my pocket.

Then I went away, and layed myself flat upon the porch in front of the house, and felt happier than I had before for any time. Revenge is sweet now and then. I don't pretend to have none of the old Adam in me.

I'd been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of a cricket was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little light step close beside me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and, jumping up, stood before Fanny Martin. The first thought that came into my mind was that she was coming for her beau, and it made me fenshish.

"That you, Miss Martin?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Burling," said she; and though I'd said Miss Martin, how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came to see your mother. Is she in?"

"No; gone to prayer meeting at Deacon Dulles'."

"Then I'd better go home," said she;—but she lingered.

"Not looking for some one else?" I asked.

"No," she said very sadly. "Good night."

But I could not let her go without saying a word. "I thought you'd be on this wonderful drive," said I.

"Then you were mistaken," she answered.

"Did he forget to come for you—Mr. Williams, you know?"

"I haven't been asked to drive," said she. "I don't know why you speak so. The city folks are all by themselves, and Mr. Williams, I suppose, is with the lady he is engaged to. She came down last week with her mother."

"Oh," said I.

And I began to wish I had asked a few more questions, before I locked young Williams up in the cow house.

We stood still for each other. I saw her lip quiver. Was it for him? Had he killed her? That was fit for fat, anyhow. But she was so pretty, and so sad, and so winning, I felt my heart give one great throb. I took a step nearer—she took another.

"Oh, Ben," cried she, "I can't stand it, if you stay angry with me. I always have liked you best, but you've been so awful cross," and then she was crying on my shoulder.

Did you ever make up with some one you'd quarreled with, loving her all the time? Did you ever feel, holding the dear face between your two palms, pressing kisses on the dear, soft mouth, that it had come back, all the old love, and trust, and sweetness, and hope that you thought dead? If you have, you know what I felt that moment.

I found myself again. I was Ben Burling once more. Not the hot, angry man, but a man with a curse upon him, I had seemed so long, and all for a silly little woman, how strange it was. Out of all my life, I'd like to have that moment back; it was the sweetest I ever lived through.

Then, what? A splash of crimson and orange on the white wall of the house; a cry from Fanny. We both turned and looked. Up in the midst of the far meadow rose a column of flame. The cow house was on fire, and I had locked poor innocent Williams up in it, to be roasted alive.

"Oh, Fanny," I cried, glaring at the horrible sight. "I'm a murderer—a murderer—don't touch me."

And away I flew to undo my mischief if there was time. There might be, perhaps.

Never was such a run as I took across that long meadow. But when I reached the door, plunging my hand in my pocket for the key, I could not find it. I had dropped it somehow. It was not about me.

"Williams!" I cried; "Williams! are you there? I am outside; courage!"

"There was no answer.

"For heaven's sake, if you can speak, do," I shrieked; but silence only answered me.

Doubtless the smoke had already smothered the poor fellow, but I set to work and tore away the burning boards. I was scorched. My hair, my face, my eyebrows. Twice my clothes were on fire, but I rolled on the grass, and was up and at the flames again. Oh, it was horrible, horrible! If he had been my rival it would have been bad enough, but an innocent young fellow, his sweetheart waiting for him somewhere. What a wretch I was.

"God have mercy on me," cried I.

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

"Let me save him, don't punish me by making me a murderer!" and I tore and wrenched the boards with my burnt hands. And in a moment more—well—it was the roof that fell, I think—I don't know.

"He'll do very nicely now," said some one—very nicely; plenty of nourishing food, quiet, and the wash as directed. No danger, no danger, though his escape is wonderful."

It was the family doctor, and I was on the spare bed in the bedroom, with bandages about my hands. Mother sat there—so did Fanny. Father looked over the bed foot. Plegg, James Marie, the help, were also visible.

"And why to gracious he was so set on saving that old shed, I can't tell," said mother. "Must have had something precious there."

"They did not know, then. I sat up and looked at them all.

"It wasn't the shed," said I. "Mother, father, Fanny, it was Mr. Williams. I had locked him up there, I've murdered him."

"No you haven't," said another voice. "And some one came around the bed. I'm alive, you see. You didn't think I'd stay locked up in a cow shed, did you? I had an engagement with a lady, did you? I just burned the lock off with my cigar and came away. I intended to give you a fright in return for your trick. I suppose you call it a practical joke in the country; but I didn't think of anything serious. I'm really sorry."

"I don't know what I said. I know I felt like a fool; but that was not as bad as feeling like a murderer."

I had a pretty pair of hands for the next four weeks; but I did not mind it as much as if Fanny had not fed me with her. She petted me as though I were a hero instead of an idiot. I believe she thought I had done something noble and grand. She's been my wife now—how long, Fanny? Not so long as I have forgotten to be lovers, though my boy's head is on a level with his mother's shoulders, and my own is turning gray.

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

Fever and Ague.

This disease is more prevalent during the spring and fall than at other seasons. The reason is that changes of temperature are then more sudden and more frequent. There are persons who have lived many years without fever and ague districts without having had the disease. With proper care and attention, all might avoid it. An observance of these simple rules would generally ward off the disease: Avoid exposure to the damp air of the early morning and the early evening, except when exercising, and then do not remain in the open air to cool off. Avoid great fatigue; sleep eight hours out of twenty-four. Be sure that the water used for drinking and cooking is perfectly pure. Wear flannel under-clothing at all seasons—Keep the feet dry and warm.

To cure fever and ague take twelve grains of quinine at one dose, about an hour before the chill is expected. Just one week from that hour take another twelve grains of quinine. The disease will seldom return. This is the dose for an adult. Children should take smaller doses, according to age. The reason that decided doses of quinine cure fever and ague seems to be, that the disease receives a shock which breaks it. Small doses of quinine only hold it in check during the time the medicine is being taken; as soon as it is suspended the disease usually returns. Hence the popular notion that the quinine only "feeds" the disease. The fault is not with the medicine, but in the manner of administering it. While we do not believe in encouraging the employment of medicine, we are bound to say that quinine, periodically administered, has proved the only "dead-shot" for fever and ague in our practice.—*Dr. Hall.*

She Cured Him.

At last she completely cured him. For months she had patiently endured the pangs so many thousands of young wives are compelled to suffer. Almost every morning at breakfast the heart-lake man expressed his hope that he might live to see the day when he should get such coffee as he used to have at home. Or such corn bread as his mother was wont to make and bake. At dinner the meat was over-baked in the range. To be sure his mother used to roast the meat in an old-fashioned Dutch tin oven, and the piece was always done to a turn—the last turn of the revolving spit. Those days were forever gone. But he might and ought to get such a green apple pie with new cheese as his mother used to give him. At length the long suffering wife arose in her wrath, upset the table, sending the dishes and their contents clashing to the carpet, strided over to the astonished husband, and gave him a box on the ear which knocked him off his chair, and remarked: "There's a clip over the head of you, such as your mother used to give you when you was a boy, golden yer." Thereafter there was domestic peace and quiet in that house, with never even an allusion to the maternal coquetry and comforts of the by-gone days.

"A pale man with long hair got into the car. It was a cold day, and the seat near the stove was occupied by a man and a woman. The man settled down in the vacant seat and explained: "He run over the track ahead of the engine. He wasn't struck."

"Why is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Because he first lies on one side and then on the other."

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The *ceru* cashmere lace is the novelty of the season. It is fine wool lace, made in thread patterns like those of black, chamois, and made in Normandy. Its creamy hue, like that of a dromedary's nose, is very effective with the dark velvets, and will be used in profusion in ruffles, quilting and borders. The designs are very fine. Black lace has gone into disrepute.

ORNAMENTS FOR BONNETS.

Long, massive brooches of red and gold, with tiny floral silver designs on them, and buckles of countless shapes in open filigree silver and gold, chased in *encre* onto patterns, will be the jewelry for bonnets. More in use still, however, are the gold and silver gallons, of all widths. The wide gallon is loosely worn in Panama braiding, and used for binding and crown bands. Narrower braids are set above the crown, but not in it. But with all that, "heavy is the head that wears a crown," and this is our artistic look may not contradict this difficulty. It shares the fate of black lace.

HATS AND VEILS.

The merle brown, a Brazilian blackbird with blue and bronze shades on wings and back, is the leading favorite. The entire bird, is used, and mounted on wire and springs, so as to allow the head and wings to move. Pigons and swallows perched unmounted on the head, leaving the crown, are also in vogue. They are mounted in thick ruffs, long, colored plumes, and bandeaux, passing around the crown and drooping lazily behind.

THE WIG GARDEN.

Clusters of flowers will be placed just inside the top of the bonnet, and, perhaps, a few added outside. Rosebuds just peeping from their leaves, leaves of the laurel, wreaths of flecked green and yellow leaves, with mossy velvet leaves, rough pine cones and ivy, hiding the hair, will be the fashion. The hair, always in to taste and drink for two or three weeks. This is a painless cure.

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

I did love her. Oh, how I did love that girl! And they say all is fair in love and war, and that is some excuse for me. I had liked her a long while, and I knew that she liked me. I was as big a fellow as could be found anywhere about. I had a farm of my own, and when I was married, father had promised to build me a first-rate house, and stock the place for me. And when I went to church on Sunday, or to the city, I had good clothes, and was never told I looked ill in them. On the whole, I felt myself a good, fair match for Fanny Martin, though she was so nice a girl. And her father and mother thought so, too, and she never refused my attentions. I had settled in the slow, quiet sort of way in which country men do settle these things that we'd make a match of it. The other young fellows knew it, and if we were not fashionable, were so far gone that we had our code of honor. None of them interfered or tried to cut me out.

But, then, he came, don't you see, Drapper and pretty, and looked like a tailor's fashion-plate, and talked of things I knew very little about, and his hands were white, and he had graceful, gallant ways, that I had never learnt.

Mr. Williams—that was his name. And in that summer holiday of his, while we were working hard over the hay, and were tanned, and dirty, and worn, and so tired that sleep was all we wanted when work was over, why, then, he, soft and sweet and smiling, made himself agreeable to the girls, and crept into Fanny Martin's heart. My Fanny. She scarcely looked at me any more.

She did not care whether she met me or not; and on Sunday, there he was, making me feel, somehow, so coarse, and rough, and vulgar; and when I wanted her to go with me into the woods where we used to sit in the great green shadow, and listen to the birds sing, she had some excuse to stay at home; and when on the road from church, I took her hand in mine, she snatched it away, and said crossly:

"Don't Ben; don't do such silly rustic things while the city folks are here. They never do it themselves, and they laugh so."

Mr. Williams laughs, you mean, I suppose, said I. "That's gentlemanly, too."

And then she blushed, and curled her lip and said:

"You are criticizing Mr. Williams' manners, are you?"

After that there was coolness between us; but though it made my heart ache, I could not think that it mattered much to her. I stayed away from her father's house, and I did not walk home from church with her on Sunday; indeed I did not go to church at all. And I knew the young folks, yes, and the old folks, too, were saying that we were out with each other, and I suppose every one guessed why; but I would never answer any questions, not when my own mother asked them, not I.

So the summer passed and the fall came on, and the city people stayed and stayed. I saw that fellow's panama hat, and silk umbrella, and pretty linen suit, wherever I went. Fanny, I thought, I could see other people, I could see him and her—Mr. Williams and Fanny.

They had never made Fanny work much at home, and she had plenty of time to enjoy herself. The only girl, you know, and her people were very well off.

I never intended that we should drudge after we were married. When I had hoped for that, I did not care for work myself, but I'd never have made a slave of my wife, as most farmers do; any one can see, by looking at the poor women who have no time for rest or prettiness, or even to play with the babies they bring into the world—women whose husbands are rich men, too, very often.

This Mr. Williams, he could not have made her more of a precious thing than I would; I knew that.

I was thinking this all over one evening on the meadow—not trying to think, you know, but fighting the thoughts that came like musquitos, as fast as I drove them away, to ring in my ears and sting me—when suddenly I heard some one say:

"Ah—Mr.—Mr. Burling."

And I looked up and there was Mr. Williams, natter, than ever, with a cigar in his mouth.

If he had known just how I felt to him, I'm not sure he'd have come to find me in the great meadow, and I was smiling as politely as possible, but he was something in a man's heart that makes it hard to do the first rude thing to one who is civil.

Still I was not over polite to him, I knew.

"That's my name," said I. "Do you want me?"

"I want something of you," said he. "There's a little excursion to-night over to the Falls and Supp, and I'm going to take a lady. Have you any little light wagon, and a horse of course, that you could hire me for the evening? I'd rather go alone with her than in the big wagon. You know I'm sure how it is—that a fellow had rather ride alone with a pretty girl, and if you'll help me out I'll be ever so much obliged to you."

So he had come to ask me to help him to have a nice time with my girl—he, who had cut me out. I looked

SELECT STORY.

FARMER BURLING'S REVENGE.

At him, just holding my hands still by main force, and I thought of him riding along the moonlight road, with Fanny close beside him. I asked myself whether his arm would not be around her waist, and whether, in the shadow, as they fell a little behind the others, he would not kiss her.

"And you want me to help you?" I asked, aloud.

"Yes, please."

"Come along," I said, "I'll show you what I've got."

On the farm that was mine, there was one building, a little cow-shed. We put the tools in there sometimes, and I had a padlock for the door, and the key was in my pocket.

It came into my head that I could spoil his evening for him, and spite Fanny, too, by locking him in this shed. And if he had spirit to fight me for it afterwards, so much the better. And I led the way down into the meadow where it stood, and unlocked the door.

"Just look in, and see if it will suit you," I said.

"I can not see anything," said Williams, "It's pitch dark in there. Wait I'll have a match."

He took one from his pocket, and stooped to strike it on the sole of his boot, and then I gave him a push and over he went, and I had the key in my pocket.

Then I went away, and layed myself flat upon the porch in front of the house, and felt happier than I had before for any time. Revenge is sweet now and then. I don't pretend to have none of the old Adam in me.

I'd been there about half an hour, and the chirp, chirp, chirp of a cricket was lulling me off to sleep, when suddenly I heard a little light step close beside me, and saw a woman's white dress fluttering, and, jumping up, stood before Fanny Martin. The first thought that came into my mind was that she was coming for her beau, and it made me fenshish.

"That you, Miss Martin?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Burling," said she; and though I'd said Miss Martin, how it hurt me not to be called Ben. "I came to see your mother. Is she in?"

"No; gone to prayer meeting at Deacon Dulles'."

"Then I'd better go home," said she;—but she lingered.