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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

GRADUATE of the University of Pennsylvania, (Medical Department,) has opened an office in STILL POND, where he can be found between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., when not professionally engaged.
April 2, 1881—3m.

Drs. T. H. COOPER & BRO.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,
VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.
Devote our time exclusively to the Profession, and can be found at all hours. mh5-3m*

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
326 & 328 North Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.
And dealers in all kinds of Seed Potatoes, Genuine Vermont Early Rose 90c. per bushel. apr2-4t*

HIRAM WOODS. C. POWELL GRADY.
HIRAM WOODS & CO.,
Real Estate Agents,
41 LEXINGTON STREET, *BALTIMORE, MD.*
Our central position gives us facilities for negotiating between Northern purchasers and Maryland and Va. farmers; we advertise extensively throughout the North all Farms on our list.
All persons desiring to buy or sell lands are requested to address as above. mh26-4t.

J. C. HUTCHISON, Jr., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.
HUTCHISON & HILL,
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,
Wholesale Commission Merchant,
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
*jan8-6m.

For Spring and Summer!
Just Received March 3, 1881.
A Large Lot of
SHOES
for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.
Give me a call.
JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

NOTICE!
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST, *Proprietor,*
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

Law Cards.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,
—AND—
CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

NEW GROCERY STORE UP TOWN!
WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.
Our stock comprises
SUGAR, COFFEE,
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.
COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

HAMBURG EDGINGS,
New Styles—Large Assortment, Lowest Prices, at J. H. SIMPERS'.

FERTILIZERS
FOR THE
SPRING OF 1881.
DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES,
" SOUTH CAROLINA,
KAINIT, PLASTER,
SULPHATE OF SODA,
PERUVIAN GUANO,
For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

HOME Super Phosphate of Lime,
RICH IN
Soluble Bone Phosphate and Salts of Potash,
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY
For CORN,
By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

Black Residuum
IN BULK by the Car Load (Ten Tons,) or in BAGS, in FINE ORDER.
This goods has been so extensively and successfully used by the Farmers of Kent having low clay lands that it needs no recommendation.
No farmer, having such land to plant in Corn can afford to do without it.
For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
Select! Reliable! Fresh!

LANDRETH'S
GARDEN SEED
Purchased directly from the extensive Seed Farms of David Landreth & Sons.
Peas, Beans, Early Corn, Beets Radish, Lettuce, Cabbage, Cucumber, Celery, Grass Seed,
AND OTHER VARIETIES in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
Our large experience in the Seed business enables us to buy at very close figures and to sell at the same.
We extend a cordial invitation to all interested in seed to examine our large and fresh stock.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.
Chestertown, March 19, 1881.

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY,
WATCHES,
SILVER WARE,
&c, &c.,
No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!
THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:
CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND
Cart RIMS,
Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

REMOVAL.
SAMUEL GORMAN,
Successor to late Edw. Canty,
Practical Pump and Well Maker,
up town, near the Catholic Church. We have ample facilities for doing all the Pump and Well work in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and defy competition in prices or workmanship.
I give my own personal attention to all work entrusted to my care. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept on hand.
March 26, 1881—tf.

GENUINE Early Rose POTATOES, and *FRESH GARDEN SEED,* at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

THE DIAMOND CROWN
NITRO PHOSPHATE,
For CORN and TRUCK, for sale by
ROLPH & DEFORD,
apr16-tf. Chestertown.

Maize-Oleine!
For CORN and Vegetables,
Manufactured by
ALEX. C. CUMMINS, Smyrna, Del.,
WILL DOUBLE YOUR CORN CROP and is a sure preventive of Frenching.—Is made of the best and purest materials, just such as Corn needs; is up to an honest high standard, and will not burn the Corn. For terms and testimonials apply to W. J. VANNORT, AGENT,
oc2-tf. *Chestertown, Md.*

Corn Phosphate!
"OLD KENT." "OLD KENT."
The undersigned is still selling the reliable "OLD KENT" CORN PHOSPHATE. It has never been excelled. Parties who used it last year are doubling their orders for this Spring.
ALSO,
German Potash Salts,
KAINET,
AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Kainet supplies what the soil most needs, as shown by analysis.
ANALYSIS OF KAINET:

Sulphate of Potash	23 to 26 per cent.
" " Magnesia	14 to 18 " "
Chloride of Sodium (common salt)	35 to 40 " "
Gypsum or Sulphate Lime, &c.	10 to 12 " "

JOHN W. HINES,
apr9-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

The Best CORN PHOSPHATE
For Sale by
THOMAS W. WICKES,
CHESTERTOWN.
apr2-tf.

NURSERY STOCK
I offer to my friends and the public
A General Assortment OF
NURSERY STOCK,
Consisting of
APPLE, PEACH, PEAR,
ORNAMENTAL AND SHADE TREES.
Also, Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants, Osage Orange Quicks, Grape Vines, &c.
My Peach consist largely of yellow, late canning varieties, and none of my stock is injured by cold, as the mercury here on the Bay Shore did not fall lower than 3 degrees below zero.
Write for catalogue.
N. BARNARD,
STILL POND, KENT CO., MD.
Feb. 26, 1881—9t.

RILEY'S MILL.
HAVING rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL for the present year (1881), and secured the services of a competent practical Miller, I am now prepared to give satisfaction as to QUANTITY and QUALITY of
MEAL and FLOUR
and would thank the residents of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to give us a call and judge for themselves.
mh5. R. RILEY.

Spring 1881!
JUST OPENED AT THE
LADIES' SHOE STORE,
OF
MRS. KATE GILL,
A Fine Spring Stock of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!
This stock has been selected with much care and from the very best city manufacturers, and is FIRST CLASS in every department. Prices very low.
We call special attention to our
Children's School Shoes,
Ladies' Fine Gaiters,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, in every variety.
We guarantee all our goods to be as represented. Call early while our stock is full. At the old stand, nearly opposite Voshell House.
MRS. KATE GILL,
mh19. THE LADIES' SHOE STORE.

Round and Square Bread Boxes,
TOILET SETS,
TABLE and FLOOR MATS, GRANITE IRON WARE, Glass Oil Cans; large assortment of Waiters, Red Cedar Buckets, Wash Boards, Cedar Tubs, and a large assortment of WOOD-WARE, at
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

TOWELS 5c. each; 4 Linen Hdk'fs for 25c.; 3 pair Ladies' Hose for 25c. Everything cheap.
Jan. 22, 1881. J. H. SIMPERS.

BILL HOOKS—Grub Hoes, Bramble Scythes and Snaths, Pruning Saws, Tree Axes, Wagon, Cart & Plow Hames, for sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

LADIES' SHOES as low as $1.00; Children's from 25c. to $1.50, at
mh19. THOMPSON'S, up town.

A LINE of Fine TOBACCOS, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

LOVE IN ALL.

Name the leaves on all the trees,
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flowers by rill that blow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads where on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the West, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall,
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light:
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent North
Shimmering arrows shooting forth:
Love is in a meteor's start
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things,
'Tis from love that beauty springs,
'Twas by love creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's forms so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!

HOW HE WON HER.

Professor Pie, school teacher, and a lady whose first name was Huldah, likewise a school teacher, had kept company in Cincinnati for many years. The former got to be fifty years old and the latter forty-five, and still the courting went on. The parents of the lady began to think of this thing. They were not very young themselves and when they saw the gray hairs of their daughter, and witnessed the continued interviewing going on between her and the professor, with no satisfactory result, they became indignant. They forbade the professor the house in dignified but firm language, and had it intimated in proper quarters that Huldah was free. The professor for his part was much puzzled. He had always behaved himself. What could be the matter? He became indignant in turn, and declared that he would see Huldah and be-hanged to the old people. He did see her, and in her own house, too, and she received him with her accustomed sweetness. The old people found it out, and assisted him in the work by absence. He came again, and they shot blank cartridges at him. Still again, and the boys of the neighborhood pounded him with fence rails. Several times more, and finally he carried away with him in his flight a charge of shot.

It was a comfort to him through all his trouble that Huldah loved him. Nothing could change her faithfulness. She wept with him over the persecutions of a hollow-hearted world, and vowed that nothing could change her affections. But there was no such thing as privacy in his relations with her. The old couple learned of every meeting in time to make trouble. If they didn't the boys did. If the boys didn't somebody else did. It was most remarkable. He made appointments that he knew were known only to Huldah and himself; yet they invariably became public. He knew he was not given to sleep-walking or sleep-talking. He asked Huldah if she was thus afflicted, and she demurely said "no. It was extraordinary." There was no explanation of the mystery. The only thing certain about it was that it bade fair to continue, and there would evidently be no place for the living couple in the world. One day a bright idea struck the professor.

"H'm!" he remarked, thoughtfully caressing his whiskers and wiping his baldness with a handkerchief, "see here Huldah! We must circumvent 'em. I have it, the very idea!"

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, smoothing down her dress and looking respectful and interested.

"There is but one way. We must get married, Huldah!"

"Oh, sir," said Huldah, blushing and with great apparent surprise.

"There is no other way," said the professor, smiting one of his thin limbs with great determination. "It must be done. Now I think of it, I wonder I didn't think of it before. It is the only channel through the difficulty. I declare I will not be persecuted in this manner any longer!"

"But, sir," said Huldah, with some hesitation, "is not this rather sudden?"

"It is, I admit," returned the professor, frankly, "but consider the difficulty of these meetings, my dear. Reflect how we have been persecuted these—these ten years back, I think." The professor made a slight calculation, and found he had the time about right. "This cannot go on. I cannot do without you, Huldah, and these annoyances would drive me into the grave in ten years more. No, Huldah, there is really no other way. It must be done."

"Very well," said Huldah, resignedly, and the night of the elopement was immediately selected. The professor, by some special interposition in his behalf, got off without being disturbed by the old people or the boys, and went home happier, for some reason, than he had been since a boy. "She is really pretty," he said to himself. "I never saw her look so nice as she did to-night, and there was a twinkle in her eye that was surely new to her. I never saw such a twinkle. And I think she laughed after I came away; I could almost swear it was a laugh. I am certain it emerged from her room; and it seemed to me that she was jumping and having a great deal of surreptitious fun about something. Ah, well, she will tell me about it herself, I dare say."

The elopement was a perfect success. The old people were as sound asleep as if they had entered into a conspiracy themselves. There were no boys around. The carriage made a great deal of noise, and the rope-ladder was as awkward and noisy as a brass band, but nobody awoke.

"Fortune favors us, Huldah," said the professor, as they rode away.

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, who was as calm as a June morning and so happy and good natured that she almost forgot to be entirely respectful.

Some days thereafter the professor proposed a visit to the old people. "As my wife you will be saved from any annoyance by them," he said proudly. "Do not be alarmed, Huldah. They dare not hurt you. That little ceremony has changed things a good deal, my dear."

"Yes, sir," said Huldah, smiling confidently, and looking as if her happiness wanted her to smile more.

To the professor's unbounded surprise, he was kindly received. The old gentleman shook his hand nearly off, and the old lady had tears in her eyes and kissed him on both cheeks.

"This is very odd," remarked the professor, looking from one to another in profound astonishment. "You—you are perhaps not aware that Huldah and I are married?"

"When did this happen?" asked the old gentleman, apparently with some studied curiosity.

"Three nights ago, sir," said the professor, promptly.

"Three nights ago, hey?" roared the old gentlemen. "And why didn't it happen ten years ago, you stupid old procrastinator?"

The professor was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he seemed to be perfectly helpless.

"You dear old, foolish old goose!" remarked Huldah, putting her arms about his neck.

Then they sat down, and the old people and Huldah told the professor some little things which he had skipped in his youth in his yearning for higher but less important information.

Washington's Mother.

Just preceding the inauguration of General George Washington he visited his aged mother. A writer gives the following graphic scene: "There was another female dear to the newly elected President, and he kept her in final remembrance at the very moment of his greatest importance. It was growing late in the evening of the day, when Washington mounted his horse, and followed by his man Billy, rode out into the woods of Virginia with speed. In the morning he was at Fredericksburg, and his mother was in his arms. Marches, perils, victories, honors, powers surrendered to that piteous look of helpless love, too deep for pride to show through its tears, and the President of the new State was to her a new-born babe—no dearer, no greater. He was just in time, for she had but the short season of summer to live, and, like many dying mothers, life seemed upheld at four score and five by waiting love till he should come. History is ceremonious as to what passed between them, but the parting was solemn and touching like the event.

"You will see me no more," she said. "My great age and disease warn me that I shall not be long in this world. But go, George, to fulfill the destiny which Heaven appears to assign you. Go, my son, and may Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

Passing from that dear, pathetic presence the President-elect, perhaps, did not hear the plaudit of the people in the streets of Fredericksburg. He rode all day by the road he had come and reached Mount Vernon before evening, having exhibited his power of endurance at the age of fifty-seven by riding eighty miles in twenty-four hours. His good wife had made all ready. The equipage and baggage were at the door next morning, and, leaving Mrs. Washington and most of the household behind, he set out for New York at 10 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th of April, accompanied by Thompson and Humphreys. The new State was waiting anxious for its Magistrate.

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten. But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a deep reverie of all that those words may mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms to-night. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June dropped to-night beneath white lids that no voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, white rose-leaf fingers were wont to wonder lovingly around mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in cofined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow covered in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's grouping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never again rest upon her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships and suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, dimpled, laughing, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is Dead!"

Indeed, it is well that we can copy and soon forget the words so freighted with woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our careless pen stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.

HOW HE WON HIS SUIT.—A Galveston man met a friend from the country on the street.

"How do you come on?" exclaimed the former. "When I last heard of you you had a lawsuit on hand with Tom Smith about a very fine horse. How did that end?"

"I won it. I completely got away with Tom. You see, the justice was the most honest man in the world, so I wrote him a note asking him to accept the enclosed $5 bill.

"I should have thought the judge would have ruled against you for trying to bribe him."

"So he would if I had not been careful to sign Tom Smith's name instead of my own. I tell you, there are several other ways of killing a dog than by choking him to death."—*Galveston News.*

AN INSIGHT INTO THE SITUATION.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding a piece of lace to her overskirt and wondering whether she had better plait it on or full it in; "My dear, who is this Congressman Lock who has just died?"

"What Congressman Lock?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Why, I read in the paper this morning that they couldn't do any business because of the dead Mr. Lock. Did you know him?"

"That ain't a Congressman," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "You read that there was a deadlock in the Senate. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, and I read it all through, and when I found that Mr. Conkling felt so bad about it, thought that Mr. Lock must be a congressman."

"No, he isn't either. The deadlock means that the democrats and republicans can't agree."

"Good gracious! Have they had another falling out? I shouldn't think the Republicans would fight the poor Democrats any more. What have they been doing now?"

"They havn't been doing anything. Senator Mahone, of Virginia, went over to the Republicans, and—"

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and Mr. Conkling won't have him confirmed. Though I can't understand why they should interfere with Mr. Mahone's religion. If the poor man wants to join the church I—"

"Who wants to join the church? Who's a church? Think Mr. Conkling is a bishop? Got an idea he's an altar? S'pose he's a dod-gasted chapel with ivory all over him, a spike fence and a chime of bells? It's Stanley Matthews he don't want confirmed."

"I read about him, too," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke. "He's Mr. Garfield's collector, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't. That's Judge Robertson. Mr. Garfield wants Judge Robertson for collector, and Mr. Conkling is opposed to him."

"I don't see why he should be. Though of course I should suppose Mr. Garfield would rather have a man like Mr Mahone, who is going into the church."

"Where's your sense?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye want to mix things up for? Trying to make a grab bag of prominent Americans? Stanley Matthews is candidate for judge. Mr. Mahone is a Senator and Robertson is appointed collector, but, like Matthews, hasn't been confirmed. Can you see through that?"

"Of course, I understand that; but I don't see any excuse for fighting the Democrats, unless they think that Mr. Robertson would collect money from Mr. Mahone, and Mr. Matthews would send him to jail. In that case it—"

"In that case it would take you to straighten 'em out!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "What are you trying to get up now, an idiot asylum? Are you planning for a murder and trying to get up an insanity plea? What d'ye think Robertson's going to collect, hens? Got a notion that Matthews is a penitentiary, sitting around to be leased out? Imagine Mahone to be the national debt? Well, they ain't, they're men, I tell ye; men with legs," and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked out both his own foot handles by way of illustration. "Conkling is opposed to Matthews and Robertson. He says they shan't be confirmed, but he is a friend of Mahone."

"That's what I don't see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I am glad Mr. Mahone will be confirmed, though I don't care for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson. It will teach them to repent their sins and not fly in the face of Providence. I'm glad Conkling is a good Episcopalian."

"Oh! he's a prayer book!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've found him out! You've got him? All he wants is a red cushion and a rack nailed up in front of him to be a dod-gasted mourner's bench! Didn't I tell you he was a Senator? Do you know what a senator is? It's sometimes shaped like a pie, a messley pie! understand it now?"

"And is Mr. Mahone a Senator, too?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, a new light dawning upon her. "No, he ain't a Senator!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke; "he's a lightning rod to keep howling idiots from falling overboard. Begin to see into it? And they want him confirmed, so, if he finds any dod gasted old female Spoopendyke slopping into a canal he'll slam a church on top of her! Got the idea?"

"Upon my word, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you talk extravagantly, Mr. Mahone may fight Democrats, but he would never go around throwing churches at women. I don't know Mr. Mahone, but I don't believe he would do a thing of that kind. As for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson, they know their business best, but if they have abused Mr. Conkling, I would never read one of Mr. Matthews decisions, and Mr. Robereson might call here every day for a month and he could never even collect the paper bill. I don't think it's right to trust such men with the contribution box, and I know the missionary ladies would never permit him to collect the subscriptions."

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's the science of government!" All you want now is a saloon in the basement to be the national Capitol! What you need is a gas meter, and a veto to be an improved White House! When Robertson comes here for the milk bill, you pay him, you hear? And when Matthews is justice of the peace for Brooklyn, you have Conkling arrested for stealing coal, you hear? That'll fetch it! You've got the idea now! All you wan't to do is to live all summer in the Soldiers' Home to be a complete administration! If I had your vision I'd get up on three sticks and hire out as a telescope!"

"Of course, I'll do what you say," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke submissively, "and if Mr. Conkling should take some of our coal, unless it was by mistake, I should certainly feel like complaining of him. If Mr. Robertson comes I will pay him, though the milk is not as good as the first we got. Perhaps Mr. Matthews will fix that when he gets to be justice. Do you think Mr. Mahone will come too?"

"Come!" shrieked Mr. Spoopendyke, "of course he'll come, He's liable to be here any minute. He's a burglar. I tell you, and he may come over the back fence to-night! Look out for him now!" and Mr. Spoopendyke fell clear over himself into bed and pulled the clothes over his head.

"Now I understand why they have a deadlock," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, pushing the table against the door, as a precaution against the marauding Mahone, and then examining a pimple on her elbow; "its because these ambitious Senators and collectors and justices and burglars fight these poor democrats all the time. I suspected there would be trouble when Mr. Garfield beat Mr. Arthur for the Presidency. For my part, I would rather be Gen. Grant, and get all the money, though I don't see what he wants of it, now he's sold out the World's Fair;" and Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled into bed, wondering how she was to tell Mr. Mahone from Mr. Robertson, and whether Mr. Conkling would be content with what he could carry, or if he might not also demand her new chudda cloth dress with cut steel buttons.

HIS CAPITAL IN SNAKES.

The man of whom a garish side-show canvas representing a snake charmer entwined with snakes is descriptive, sat by his box of reptiles on his Brooklyn home a few days ago, filling some bottles with hot water to keep them warm. "This has been a hard winter on my snakes," he said as he placed some of the bottles beneath the blankets upon which a boa constrictor and an aneconda were coiled, and I have had hard work to keep them. I have to keep them warm all the time, and the simplest way is to put them in a tight box of thick pine, with a glass strip in the sides, to crowd in as many blankets as are needed, and to pile bottles of water in the centre, so that the snakes can coil around them. I have lost $500 worth of snakes by the cold weather heretofore, and as these two are worth about $150 each I am careful of them, because there is no life insurance company for snakes, you know."

"Once I was traveling in the Northwest with six snakes, anacondas, boas, and black snakes, and we were caught in a cold snap. I had no way of warming them, and saw that they were beginning to get chilled. You can't build a fire for them, you know. You have to have peculiar appliances to heat them, such as they have in the menagerie at Central Park, where the snake lies upon a sheet iron shelf warmed by an oil stove. I knew that to delay was to lose all my property so I had a bed made for myself, and covered with blankets. Then I crawled in and lifted my snakes in after me. I slept all night with those six snakes in my bed. I have known men to see snakes when there was none around, but I had 'em that night in reality, and I count it the most profitable night I ever spent."

"When do you feed the snakes?"

"Once in three months—four meals a year—breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper."

"What do they eat?"

"Rabbits, guinea pigs, frogs, young chickens, pigeons, always living creatures. I put an animal into the box and the snake strikes it once with its tail, and it is dead as though lightning had struck it. Then the snake throws one coil around it and crushes every bone in its body. Next it ejects a slime all over it, and, stretching out, swallows a mass several times bigger than its body."

"Does one animal make a meal?"

"No, it takes about six. I will feed to these two a dozen young chickens in about three weeks, and that will last them until summer."

Lifting his snakes out of the box, their owner allowed them to entwine themselves about his arms, kiss his cheeks and lips, and crawl around his body and down his legs.

"Oh," he said, "they are as harmless as doves and as wise as serpents. The forked tongue which you see is not poisoning. The popular impression is that the snake uses this to dart its venom, but the fact is that it is only a feeler for the snake during its period of business, just before it sheds its skin. The snakes have only one weapon, and that is their coil. I am careful to see that they don't coil around my throat, for they might choke me to death in a very few minutes. I have been bitten by them several times on the face, but the wound is not dangerous. It inflames some, showing that there is slight poison in the bite, and although slow in curing, it finally heals without a scar. A rattle snake has a hollow fang with which it bites, and at the same instant it ejects a stream of poison as though from a tiny syringe into the wound. I have extracted these fangs, but in a few months others grow in their places. I have handled rattlesnakes in my time, but I don't like their company. It requires skill to handle them, but I don't consider that it does to handle boas or anacondas. The skill with them is in keeping them in condition. This climate is hard on tropical snakes."

"Are there snake doctors?"

"I am the only one, I believe. I have snake medicines. The best remedy for their sickness is burnt alum and white honey; but when a snake begins to go its hard to save him."

"How do you transport the snakes?"

"In a box in a glass cage. I ride in costume on the stage in a procession, with the snakes crawling over me, I allow no one else to handle them. My whole capital is in snakes."—*N. Y. Sun.*

To Cut Sods.

Take a board eight to nine inches wide, four to six feet long, and cut downward all around the board; then turn the board over and cut again alongside the edge of the board, and so on as many sods as needed. Then cut the turf with a sharp spade, all the same lengths. Begin on one end, and roll together. Eight inches by five feet is about as much as a man can handle conveniently. It is very easy to load them on a wagon, cart or barrow, and then be quickly laid. After laying a good piece, sprinkle a little with a watering-pot, if the sods are dry; then use the back of the spade to smooth them a little. If a very fine effect is wanted, throw a shovelful or two of good earth over each square yard, and smooth it with the back of a steel rake.

A GRAVE wherever found preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

POULTRY AND PROFIT.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE AND CAN DO.

Ten years ago a woman who lived in a large New England village, writes a Western lady, was left a widow with four children and little less than three hundred dollars in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at such times, advised her to "put the children out, and perhaps she could support herself by sewing or teaching, but, like the plucky New England woman that she was, she made answer:

"My children shall not be separated while I have health and strength to work for them."

She rented a house with a few acres of land adjoining, invested the greater part of the three hundred dollars in poultry, feed and fixtures, and went to work. The friends predicted a speedy failure.

"Did she expect to support a family of five on the profits from a few chickens?"

"Yes, I expect to do just that," she answered. "When I was a girl I always managed the poultry on father's farm, and as I made it pay then, I see no reason why I cannot make it pay now."

"You'll see," said the wise ones. "It's our opinion that you have thrown away the little money that you had. Five dollars for a rooster!" and eyes were rolled and heads shook over the "shiftlessness" of the woman who paid "five dollars for a rooster." Last winter I met this woman at a poultry show, and she told me of her success. She had educated her children, paid for her little farm worth $800, and had $300 in the bank.

Another woman, whose husband fell from a building and was crippled for life, took up poultry raising because it was the only thing she could do at home; that was thirteen years ago, and to-day she owns a fine farm, well stocked, has money in bonds and in the bank.

A young woman, whose health failed in the close confinement of the schoolroom, went to raising poultry because she was obliged to do something for a living, and because the doctors advised mental rest and as much out-door exercise as possible. In two years her health was firmly re-established, but in the meantime she had found poultry-raising so pleasant and profitable that she refused to teach again. She had been in the business five years, and is now earning a fortune as fast as ever a pair of woman's hands earned one.

Last year the writer made a clear profit of almost $1,000 on a breeding stock of some 200 chickens, ducks and turkeys. I do not publish this to boast over my success, but to show other women what a woman can do under the most favorable circumstances. The favorable circumstances in my case were a splendid stock of breeding fowls, healthy location, a thorough knowledge of my business in all its branches, and nearness to a first-class market.

Of course, some doubting individuals stand ready to declare that it is impossible to make five dollars profit on each adult fowl kept; but, if they will stop and consider that I get spring chickens into the market in the months of April and May, when they sell readily for one dollar each; that I sell ten and twelve pound capons for thirty cents a pound; that I manage to have eggs to sell in winter, when I can get from thirty to thirty-five cents a dozen, and that I sell a few trios of exhibition birds every year, they will see where the big profit comes in.

Now don't stop right here and give up all thoughts of raising chickens just because you cannot get such prices in your locality, but wait until I give you a few hints from my experience.

I have kept poultry in the West, where eggs sold at the stores for eight cents a dozen in summer, and poultry sold in the fall for seven cents a pound, live weight, but I made it pay. We live on a line of railroad, 200 miles from a city market, but I soon found out that all the poultry and eggs from our place went to the city, and I could not for the life of me see why I could not ship just such things as well as the merchants, so I sent a thirty-dozen package of fresh eggs to a commission house in the city; they sold readily, and there was a call for more. "These small packages of eggs, every one warranted fresh, are just what we want," wrote the commission man. I did some more thinking and then put on my good clothes and went to the city. Once there, it did not take me long to find a grocer who wanted thirty dozen of fresh eggs a week, so I shipped the eggs directed to him, and saved the commission merchant's profits. In the fall I sold poultry the same way.

There was no thoroughbred poultry in the vicinity except that in my yards, and when people began to find out that my chickens were superior to the common mongrel fowls, they bought a great many eggs for hatching. There was not one pair of any of the improved varieties of ducks in the county. I sent a thousand miles for a pair of Pekins, and within a month after they arrived everybody had the duck fever, and I was overrun with orders for ducks before a single egg had hatched. I also procured some bronze turkeys, and sold every egg that I could spare and every turkey that I raised at good prices.

Every woman who goes into poultry-raising may not be able to get in these "extras," but every woman who desires to earn money by raising poultry, and goes into the business with the determination to succeed, will be sure to make it pay, even if she sells every egg and every chicken at market prices.

MANY a young lady who objects to being kissed under the mistletoe has no objection to being kissed under the rose. A careless compositor made an error in the above, rendering it, "has no objection to being kissed under the nose."

BUILDING air castles is a harmless business so long as you do not attempt to live in them.

A WEAK man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

MANKIND all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.

HE who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.