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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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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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.

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;
J. J. Turner & Co.'s
FERTILIZERS,
which are the best in the market.

They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

New Wheat
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove, Md.,
DEALER IN
Grain, Coal, Lime
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements,
&c., &c.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,
The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.
je25-tf.

Look for the Best!
You'll find them by calling
ON
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

WE CLAIM to make as good
Cultivator Teeth
AS CAN BE MADE. We have been doing it a long time, so the people say, and it is they we are trying to please.
BUY OUR
Iron-Frame Cultivators.

They beat anything in that line of implements. We invented it ourselves, and believe it to be the best. As an evidence of it other parties are trying their very best to imitate it, and leave the old ruts.

The following well known farmers have used them, and we do not hesitate to refer to them and many others:

T. A. Jacobs,	Abraham Hurlock,
Capt. E. B. Woodall,	Wm. H. Stewart,
Geo. W. Davis,	Thos. J. Vickers,
S. J. Roseberry,	Thos. J. Tucker,
S. A. Merritt,	W. F. Massey.

Now, the question is from whom will you buy, the inventor or imitator?

Prices have been reduced. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
May 7, 1881. Chestertown.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.

FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.
3Sep1

RICH'D J. FOARD,
DEALER IN
Grain
CHESTERTOWN,
MARYLAND.

New Wheat
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.

I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
OFFICE in F. Platt's Hardware Store, next to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store, High street. June 18—3m.

HYLAND & Co's
CELEBRATED
IRON FRAME
CULTIVATORS!

THESE celebrated CULTIVATORS, made by HYLAND & CO., are surpassed by no other manufactured in this country. Our *CULTIVATOR TEETH* are a new style FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH that has ever been introduced in this county. They can be used with either wood or iron frames. They are made of the very best *Polished Saw Steel*, and are sold for less money than any other make of tooth. The plates are reversable and the shanks stationary.

They can be had at our shop in Galena or Chestertown.

Persons wanting *NEW REAPERS*, or needing old Reapers and Mowers repaired will please bring them in early, as we sell low. For testimonials we refer to the following named gentlemen:

B. F. Sappington,	Henry W. Carvill,
V. Hendrickson,	A. Hurlock,
Wm. Ford,	G. W. T. Perkins,
J. Ambruster,	E. F. C. Perkins,
G. H. Watts,	J. P. Hendrickson,
Samuel Cacy,	R. H. Corbaley,
R. C. Johnson,	Jos. W. Peacock,
Andrew Woodall,	Henry J. Gray,
and many others in Kent, and	
Wm. Knight,	Duncan Veazey,
Wm. Ward,	of Cecil county.

We are also selling the justly celebrated *WALTER A. WOOD'S TWINE BINDER.* Farmers will please give us an early call.

W. A. HYLAND & CO.
May 14, 1881.

SUMMER
Announcement
—OF—
LOUIS K. STAM

Please Read carefully:

In Painting your buildings it is always to your advantage to select the Best and Purest of materials.

I have House and Carriage Paint and Varnishes, all kinds, of the best quality that can be obtained, viz:—J. W. Masury & Sons, and John Lucas & Co.'s. It is guaranteed neither to *Crack, Peel* nor *Blister*, and to last in any weather. It has stood the test here for eight years.

My Spring designs for WALL PAPER are most beautiful, and have been selected with great care from the largest houses of New York and Philadelphia.

Garnet, Cherry, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Pearl, and many other colors of Window Shadings. Shades made to order to fit your window.

Protect your Barns and other Buildings by using Washes. I have all the different earth Paints for such work, and will give directions to mix the wash.

Paint Brushes, White Wash Brushes, Kalsomine, &c. Full stock.

VERY LOW PRICES.

Full assortment of FURNITURE.

Goods delivered to your houses free of charge, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Don't fail to call when you visit town. You will be received politely.

Just below C. F. Stam's Drug Store, and adjoining Mrs. E. N. Melvin's.

L. K. STAM.
May 7, 1881.

LIVERY
And EXCHANGE STABLES
CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.
ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

BLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Oringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

PHILADELPHIA
CREAM MEAD
IS THE MOST POPULAR DRINK NOW SOLD.
T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.
June 25, 1881.

Notice to Farmers!
RAMBO LIME.

MR. H. E. COOPER Has been appointed my ONLY AGENT in Kent Co. to furnish the
Genuine Rambo Lime
at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.

The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*

Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.

We challenge all tests.
R. McCOY & CO.

ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry: I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
apr30-3m* NATHAN RAMBO.

C. F. STAM,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST

PREPARES MEDICINE
FROM THE CHOICEST
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.

The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.

NOTICE!

Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.

Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

Money Saved?
HOW?

BY buying your goods where you can get the BEST for the least money.
Well, where can I find such a place?
At SPARKS'
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

He keeps quite a VARIETY STORE.

Confectionery,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Oranges,	Cakes,	Sauces,
Lemons,	Crackers,	Extracts,
Figs,	Pickles,	Chocolate,
Nuts,	Chow-Chow,	Gelatine.

Cigars and Tobacco.

We keep a good stock always on hand. Gravely's Best Tobacco, Durham and Bob White Smoking Tobacco. Also, a full line of PIPES.

Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!

We are still in the Clock business, and are selling them lower than they can be bought elsewhere. Come and see!

A Splendid Line of LAMPS.

We make this a specialty in our business and cannot be undersold by any one.

GLASSWARE.—In this line we know that we keep finer goods than any house in town.

NOTIONS.—Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Purses, Paper and Envelopes, we are selling at or near cost, as we intend changing this part of our business.

Now Don't Fail
to look for the place. It will certainly pay you, for we are selling goods very low.
SPARKS,
Mar. 26, 1881. opp. Court House.

Beautiful!
Artistic!
Antique!

FINE MAJOLICA WEDGEWOOD, and CHINESE WARE.

A large Show Window full!
Stop and look as you go by.
Also, a case inside our store full of beautiful SILVER-WARE of the very finest Triple Plate.

We are glad to have you come in and look. You are always welcomed.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.
May 21. 1881.

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.

A CARD.—Mr. S. MERRITT, lately in the clothing business in this town, is now with A. Friedman at the New Clothing House in the Masonic Hall building, where he will be pleased to receive a call from his old friends and customers. tf.

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

EBB AND FLOW.

Life throbs with tides that ebb and flow,
With things that come and things that go.
The mists that rise when morn is fair,
Are not more transient in their stay,
Than are the hours that speed away.
For often life seems like a dream—
So quickly flash with glance and gleam,
A thousand things that come and go,
And cause the tides to ebb and flow.

A sad sweet strain that's borne along
By breath of wind, a bit of song,
A few fond words when dear friends meet;
The music of a laugh that's sweet;
The sympathy that prompts a sigh:
A winsome face that passes by;
Brief joys, that stay their little while,
A kindly glance, a loving smile.
These ever come and ever go,
And, like the tides, they ebb and flow.

A lovely landscape, fair and bright,
One moment seen, then lost to sight,
The gorgeous clouds at set of sun,
That crown the day when it is done,
The frosty pictures on the pane,
That fade and come and fade again:
The curling smoke that floats away;
A snow wreath on a winter's day;
All these like waves that ebb and flow
With ceaseless throb, still come and go.

[*Written for the Kent News.*]

SHREWSBURY CHURCH HISTORY.

The person who gathers together, sifts out and properly arranges ecclesiastical and political events, so that they become truly historical, is a public benefactor. The public is indebted to Rev. John Martin, rector of Shrewsbury parish, for a sermon containing much historical matter of interest in connection with the church in the aforesaid parish, and which he has with much careful study and diligent search gathered into the same. The sermon was first preached at Shrewsbury June 12th, and repeated at St. Andrew's chapel, Galena, on the evening of June 19th, in both places to large congregations. Your correspondent will endeavor to give a brief outline of this interesting historical narrative.

As nearly as can be gathered from the ancient records (still in a tolerably good state of preservation) the first Shrewsbury church was built 200 years ago, and derived its name from an English Earldom. Repairs were put upon the church as early as 1704. In 1730 it was torn down, a new and larger one having been built, which occupied eight years in building, being completed in 1739. This church was a costly one for those days. The currency at that time consisting mainly of various products (chiefly tobacco) we find it not strange that the estimated cost of the church should be footed up at 82,000 pounds of tobacco, which at the then current price of that commodity (from 15 to 18 English shillings per pound) would make a no mean sum. Its dimensions were 80x80, and, with the arm afterwards built, 60 feet more; with this addition the building formed a shape similar to the letter T. To the services regularly observed in this edifice we learn that persons walked frequently from 7 to 8 miles, and, that large and commodious as it was, it often proved too small to accommodate the many that worshipped within its sacred walls. Truly the church-going habit, noticeable among the Episcopalians at this day and in this section is perhaps in large measure hereditary. On the great days of the church it was superbly garnished in evergreens, flowers, &c., by persons regularly appointed and paid to perform this service. Among the first vestrymen of the church Crawford, Bailey, Wilmore were named, and as the first Registrar and *Reader* A. Redgraves was mentioned. These church officials were clothed with considerable power, and not unfrequently offenders were brought before them to be reprimanded or otherwise punished for unseemly or immoral conduct. Rev. Mr. Forrester, one of the first Rectors, ministered to this people about forty years; truly one of those good old pastorates we read of in "ye olden days," yet far too unfrequent in these fast times. Mr. Forrester's remains rest among the ancient tombs of this venerable church-yard, and it is said the monument that marks his grave also marks the very spot where once stood the pulpit in the first church, and from which he had so often proclaimed the eternal truth of the Gospel. It cannot be said that he worked for hire, for the few hundred pounds of tobacco and the product from the "Glebe" farm could hardly be accounted a fabulous salary even in those days of cheap living. His "meat" was to do the will of his Master, and the saving of souls his reward. The first recorded baptism in the parish was that of Nat. Comedges in 1699; the first wedding 1708, and first burial 1710. The first money compensation to Rector mentioned in these old and deeply interesting church records is $400 (£80) in 1789.

Mr. Martin closed his able and instructive remarks by a retrospective of his own labors among the people, and touchingly alluded to these past events in connection with the present results and aims. He stated that $1,350 had been raised within the past year, and that within the past five years of his pastorate a total of between $8,000 and $9,000 had been contributed by his parish for evangelical work. Much other matter of deep and curious interest in reference to the old Shrewsbury cemetery, &c., I had intended to include in this article, but circumstances forbid. A further communication may enable me to lay these antiquarian objects before your readers. OBSERVER.

DRIVING FLIES FROM THE HOUSE.—The following simple remedy is said to speedily drive flies from a room containing a plate of the following mixture: Half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one of brown sugar, and one of cream, mixed together.

IF you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure essential to happiness.

ENGLISH turfmen don't like the situation at all. "Those Hamericans, you know, they 'aven't got hany jockeys who can ride a 'oss, an' they 'ave to come hover 'ere to get 'm," is their latest.—*New York Star.*

WILLIAM HERNDON, Abraham Lincoln's former law partner, is now a pauper at Springfield, Ill. Cause, whiskey.

WHAT is the favorite air with the ladies?—In the sweet "buy and buy."

THE LOST PACKAGE.

AN OLD ENGINEER'S STORY.

"I have been waiting here for you nearly ten minutes, Watson," said Mr. Harkins, the President of the Reedsville and and Oakdale road, as panting and breathless, I sprang into the cab of my engine only two minutes before the time for the departure of the train.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, sir," I gasped, wondering what business the president could have with me.

"I was afraid you had met with an accident," he added. "I never before failed to find you at your post."

"The fact is, sir," I explain, "I promised my wife to make a few purchases for her in the fancy goods line here at Oakdale to-day. I forgot all about it until a few moments ago, and then rushed over to Johnson's store, thinking that I should have ample time to get the things and return before starting time."

"That's all right," laughed the president. "I'm glad you didn't risk disappointing your wife. And now I'll state my business in as few words as possible. Watson, I want you to do me a favor."

I replied that I should be glad to oblige him in any way in my power.

"You know Mr. Leonard Haven of Reedsville, do you not?" he asked.

"I am not acquainted with him, sir," I replied; "but I have seen him. He is a tall, dark-complexioned man, with black side whiskers."

"Exactly. Well, I owe him a large sum of money—nearly five thousand dollars. I promised to pay him the amount this evening. I expected to go to Reedsville on this train, and to spend several days there; but my wife has been taken suddenly ill and I can't go. Now I am a man of my word, and as I know Mr. Haven needs the money at once, I want him to have it. Will you take it?"

"Certainly, sir, if you desire."

"Very well; here is the money," and he handed me a small brown paper parcel. "I don't know any one to whom I would so willing entrust it as to yourself. I will send him a telegram at once, directing him to meet you at the depot at Reedville upon the arrival of the train there. In case he should not come you take the money to his house, will you?"

"Certainly, sir"

"I'm greatly obliged to you Watson, and will not forget your kindness. Good night."

"Good-night. Mr. Harkins."

The president leaped from the cab, and I started the train at once, for the conductor had given me the signal a minute or so before.

Five hours later the train reached Reedville. It was then eleven o'clock. The rain was pouring down in torrents, apd the station was almost deserted.

"Mr. Haven isn't here," said Brown my fireman. "You'll have to go to his house, Watson."

"I don't know where he lives."

"I can tell you. He lives on Clifford street, about two miles from here," added Brown. "You'll be soaked to the skin before you get there, and perhaps robbed in the bargain."

"A cheerful prospect," I muttered, as I put on my coat. "However, there seems to be no help for it. Ah!" I cried, as a tall man, wrapped in a long ulster, appeared upon the platform and advanced toward the engine, "here is Mr. Haven now."

The person referred to paused beside the engine.

"Mr. Watson, I believe?" he said addressing me.

"That's my name. You, I think, are Mr. Haven?"

"Mr. Harkins telegraphs me that you have a package for me."

"I have; here it is," and I handed him the brown paper parcel.

"Thank you, Good night," and he walked rapidly away.

"I'm glad I havn't got that walk to Mr. Haven's house ahead of me," I said, buttoning my great coat to the chin. "It wasn't an agreeable prospect. Good night Brown."

"Good night."

I was about to leap from the engine when I saw Mr. Haven again approaching.

"I wonder what he is coming back for," I exclaimed. I hope the money was all right."

"Ah, Watson, I'm just in time, it seems. You were about leaving?"

"I was, sir. What can I do for you, Mr. Haven? Wasn't the package all right?"

"What package?" demanded the gentleman sternly.

"Why, the package I gave you not five minutes ago," I returned, somewhat nettled by his manner, and not suspecting the truth.

"I have received no package," said Mr. Haven. "I only arrived at the station a few moments ago, and I have not seen you before this evening."

"Nevertheless, sir, I gave the package of money entrusted to me by Mr. Hawkins, to you, or to a person whom I supposed to be you, only a few minutes ago."

"I see it all now," interrupted Mr. Haven, excited. "You have been imposed upon. The person whom you supposed to be me was an imposter made up to resemble me. You've been the victim of a rascally plot, Mr. Watson, and my five thousand dollars are gone".

"I hope, sir," I stammered, "that you do not think that I had any knowledge of——"

"Of course I do not for an instant suspect you of any complicity in the plot," interrupted Mr. Haven. "I know you to be an honest man, Watson. Come, come, don't look so down hearted. We may be able to recover the money. Which way did the fellow go. We may perhaps, over-take him."

"That's so," cried Brown, "and I'll lead the way."

And he jumping from the engine ran at the top of his speed in the direction in which the thief had gone, followed by Mr. Haven and myself.

But the rascal has had ample time to make good his escape, and we found no trace of him. No doubt he had effected so great a change in his appearance that had we met him we should not have recognized him.

The police were informed of the robbery and posters were ordered at the printers, in which a liberal reward was offered for the recovery of the money and the apprehension of the thief.

It was nearly one o'clock when I reached home that night. My wife met me at the door. I had sent a boy an hour before to inform her of what had happened, and I saw by her face that he felt as bad about it as I did. But she affected to treat the matter lightly.

"Never mind," she said, as she helped me take off my rain-soaked overcoat; "It was not your fault, Robert. No one will blame you."

"There are many people that will say that I had something to do with the theft of the money," I replied. "It will be believed that I was an accomplice in the act."

"No one will dare accuse you of the crime," cried my wife, indignantly, as she led the way into the sitting room.

"I have enemies who will make the most of this affair," I added, despondently, as I threw myself into the chair before the fire

My wife said what she could to console me, but her efforts proved unsuccessful. If the money had been mine I do not think that I should have felt so badly.

"Well, well," she said, presently, "I see it's no use for me to talk, Robert. When you have had a good night's rest you will feel better. And now by the way, where are the things that I asked you to buy me in Oakdale? You did not forget them?"

"No, no," I rejoined, impatiently, "you will find them in my overcoat pocket."

My wife at once took the parcels in question from my pocket, and, seating herself by her work-table, began an examination of their contents. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, with a loud exclamation.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Aren't the things all right?"

"Robert, what is this?" she cried. "See, see!"

"The package of money!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the one that you thought stolen. Here it is," and she handed me the identical package that Mr. Harkins had given me that evening.

"But what does this mean?" I stammered. "Am I dreaming?"

"Why, don't you see? You gave the thief the wrong parcel. The one you handed him contained nothing more nor less than a pair of the baby's stockings."

"By gracious, Mary, its so!" I cried. "Thank Heaven for that mistake! And now I'll take the money to Mr. Haven."

"Not now, Robert; it's nearly two o'clock. You must wait until daylight."

It was with difficulty that my wife prevailed upon me to postpone my visit to Mr. Haven's house a few hours. I felt as if I could not sleep until I had placed the money in his hands. At six o'clock that morning I gave him the package and told him the story.

"Watson," he said, when I had finished, "I will not conceal from you the fact you have saved me, perhaps, from bankruptcy. The loss of this money at this time bade fair to be a very serious matter to me. You must accept the reward that I offered for its recovery.

At first I refused, but Mr. Haven insisted upon my taking at least a portion of the amount, and when I left the house I had a crisp hundred dollar note in my vest pocket.

It was not known exactly how the thief had learned of the expected arrival of the money, but Mr. Haven had mentined the fact that I was to bring it to a friend in the crowded lobby of the Reedville hotel during the evening; it was supposed that the fellow had overheard the conversation.

FALSE EYEBROWS.

"Item—two eyebrows, indifferent, badly put on," concluded a young lady, talking with true feminine charity of a fair sister then going through the mazes of a lanciers on the middle of the floor.

"What do you mean?" said the reporter, earnestly.

"Why, they are a misfit."

A long look, a steady look, and a look altogether at the eyebrows in question, did indeed indicate a something wrong about them, but what it was was not so evident.

"Do you really mean to say that they are false?"

"I do."

"And that the resources of civilization have put within the reach of lovely woman the means of circumventing nature when the good dame is parsimonious in the matter of eyebrows?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"But how are they put on, and how are they kept on?"

"You never would understand it if you did not see how it was done: the process is called reinforcing the eyebrow. You know most girls have eyebrows as far as they go, but, especially in blondes, this feature is defective, while even brunettes would generally wish to have more eyebrow than they can grow naturally."

"Why?"

"Because it sets off the eye, and takes off that appearance of boldness or bulginess which an unbrowed eye always has. If you ever see a young lady at her toilet, which of course you haven't, you will notice that the very last thing she does is to light a match and burn it so as to have as much charcoal as possible. This little crayon is then wet with—with the dew on her rosebud lips, and drawn lightly and skillfully across her brows in the true arch of Juno. The black deposit is then rubbed in beneath the tiny hairs, having only the effect of darkness; and the result is enough to make the eyebrows stand out to the proper relative place in the precision of the features.

"I get that effect from charcoal; Jennie gets it with more hair. When they don't fit there is a look about them which is very unnatural and by which they can be detected at once."

"But how are they put on?"

"It is a very complicated process and an elaborate one. The eyebrows must be parted down the center, and this false bit, which is just an edge of hair carefully bandolined along the bottom, stuck in and combed lengthways with the eyebrows. It is extremely difficult to do this properly, taking a great deal of time and trouble, and then when it is done the whole business may be brushed away by accident. A girl has to take a whole lot of chances anyhow if she wants to look pretty."—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

(WRITTEN IN THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON.)

It's curious—isn't it, Billy?—
The changes that twelve months may bring.
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king—
I was raking in pools on the races,
And feeing the waiters with "ten,"
And sipping mint-juleps by twilight;
And to-day I am here in the "Pen."

"What led me to do it? What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.
He spends his substance as freely
As the biblical fellow of old;
But when it is gone he fancies
The husks will turn into gold.

Champagn, a box at the opera,
High steps while fortune is flush,
The passionate kiss of woman
Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush—
The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasure that ends in tears—
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dregs that are tasted for years.

Last night, I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways,
There rose like a phantom before me
The vision of boyhood days.
I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the school-house that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow,
I can even hear it's music still.

Again I thought of my mother—
Of the mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I heedlessly cast away.
I saw again in my visions.
The fresh-lipped, careless boy,
To whom the future was boundless,
And the past but a mighty toy.

I thought of all these as I sat here—
Of my ruined and wasted life—
And the pangs of remorse were bitter—
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It will take some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the yearning ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

—*Joliet (Ill.) Republican.*

IN A BAD PREDICAMENT.

They had a terrible time at a wedding up at Pataluma the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest drawback will sometimes take the stiffening out of the swellest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very grand affair, indeed. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But when they got to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom began feeling around for the ring, he discovered that it wasn't on hand.

After the minister had scowled at the miserable wretch for a while the latter detected that the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and worked down into his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whisper to the bride, who turned deadly pale, and was only kept from fainting by the reflection that they would inevitably cut the strings of her satin corsage in case she did.

"Why don't you produce the ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the impression that the miserable wretch was about to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," explained the groom under his breath, his very hair, in the mean while, turning red with mortification.

"Try and fish it out somehow—hurry up!" mumbled the minister behind his book.

"I'll try," gasped the victim, who was rather stout; and he put one foot on the chancel rail, pulled up his trowsers leg, and began making spasmodic grabs for the ring with his forefinger.

The minister motioned to the organist to squeeze out a few notes to fill in the time, while a rumor rapidly went through the congregation to the effect that a telegram had arrived proving that the groom had four wives living in the East already.

"I—I can't reach it," groaned the half married man in great agony. "It won't come!"

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool!" hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself moaned piteously and wrung her powdered hands.

There was nothing left, so the sufferer sat down on the floor, and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumor got under way to the effect that the groom was beastly tight and insisted on pairing his corns.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hide a trade-dollar hole in his stocking; noticing which, the parson, who was full of dry humor, said grimly—

"You seem to be getting married just in time, my young friend."

And the ceremony proceeded with the party of the first part standing on one leg trying to hide his well-ventilated foot under the tail of his coat, and very appropriately muttering, "*Darn it!*" at short intervals.

How to Keep the Boys on the Farm.

Boys on the farm grow tired of the every-day farm work, and even of their homes, unless there is something to relieve the monotony. Farmers make a serious mistake if they fail to make provision for recreation for their children. Give them something they can truly consider their own, and see how soon they become interested therein. Let them have pets, pigeons, poultry, a calf, lamb, or even pigs, with the understanding they may have all the profit they can make from them, and it will be seen that the care and sales will inculcate a business tact, and at the same time engraft on the young and pliant mind a reverence for God's creatures that will be of lasting good through life. Visit a farm-house where the children are thus cared for, and notice with what cheerful countenances they visit their pets, their own garden plots, their flower beds, after the toil of the day is done, seeming to forget in their enjoyment how tired they were, and if you won't realize that it is more blessed to give than receive, rest assured you have no soul. Is it any wonder that boys are anxious to leave the farm just as soon as they become old enough to be of assistance, when they have no home attractions, where "home" means toil, toil, no recreation of any kind, not even a circus? Farmers, make your homes attractive, furnish the children good reading matter, and see that they enjoy themselves, and then instead of driving the boys away it will be found that they have formed pleasant attachments for their homes that will be sufficient inducements for them to remain.

What the Clerk Wanted.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began:

"Mr. Pinchem, I—I—"

"Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?" interrupted the old man.

"Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I have long—"

"And about that order for starch?"

"That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you."

"Ah! speak to me Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day."

"Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter."

"Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that 10,000 lbs. of soap. Six times four are twenty-four; five times two are ten; and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one—ah, well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years."

"Ten, eh? Long years, eh? Any longer than any other years? Go ahead."

"And I have always tried to do my duty."

"Have, eh? Go on."

"And now I make bold—"

"Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind—I'll hear you out."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—"

"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want to do so."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for—for—for—"

"You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long now—I'm busy."

"Mr. Pinchem."

"What, you here yet? Well, what is it now?"

"I wanted to ask you for—"

"Didn't I give her to you, you rascal?"

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary."

"Oh, that was it, eh? Well, sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four and two to carry; and three times—" *Detroit Free Press.*

VOTCH HIM SELL DOT GOAT.

"Herman," said a Poypras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere is dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right avay, as de vinter vil not last, you know Herman. Pring me one uf de goats und I vill show you somepings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem oud, and you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more as seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by the clerk, and smoothening it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the show case, and stuffing it full of papers, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat goat. I haf sold over dirty-fife of dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de dext gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Robe Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloting und odder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a cheap pair of shoes entered the store. The proprietor advanced, smiling, and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got my cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty uf dem, my frient, plenty; at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine to buy nuffin else. I'se got all I want," said the negro sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian wool, und dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for twenty dollars. Mine gracious, cloting vas down to nothing and der vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot will keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vas going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder. More den nine beobles died round vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dat goat vas Russian vool, dick und hevy. Vy, Milder Jones, who ownes de pank on Canal streed, took dat goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vos all right. Misder Tones vas a rich man und he liked de goat. How de pocket vas, but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders.

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy Misder Jones vot ownes de pank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Well, I'll take it. Never mind tieing it up, I'll keep it on." And he went around the corner as soon as possible to examine the pocket book, while the Jew fixed up another coat.

A FRENCHMAN in business here advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.—*Alta Constitution.*

A SUBSCRIBER wants to know "why tea stores are painted red." It is because proprietors of these stores employ men to paint them that color.—*Nor. Herald.*