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The Kent News:

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1882. No. 19.

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 a reasonable prices.

1850. 1882.

LISTER'S FERTILIZERS.

No Longer an Experiment! Standard Maintained for Thirty Years!

Lister Bros. Standard Phosphate.

Ammoniated Dissolved Bone,

Pure Ground Fresh Bone.

The fact that the Preparations of Lister Brothers have STOOD THE TEST OF THIRTY YEARS' TRIAL, should be a sufficient guarantee that Farmers will realize a good result from their use.

IN GOOD CONDITION FOR DRILLING.

Will be delivered at any of the Landings or Wharves on the River or Bay.

EARLY ORDERS SOLICITED.

In my absence orders left at the Store of **WICKES & BROTHER** will receive prompt attention.

W. N. E. WICKES.

Aug. 12, 1882—10t.

EQUAL TO THE BEST!

SUPERIOR TO MANY!

IMPERIAL

High Grade Super-Phosphate,

MANUFACTURED BY

CONNELLY & DEFORD,

CHESTERTOWN.

All who have used this Phosphate are prepared and willing to testify as to its great merit.

OUR BRAND KNOWN AS

LANKFORD!

is an AMMONIATED ACID PHOSPHATE which we can highly recommend.

Full Line of CHEMICALS on hand.

MR. F. H. RIVERS is representing us at Galena, and orders given to him will meet with prompt attention. Sept. 2, 1882—3.

Ahead of All Competitors!

TRADE MARK

MONARCH

—AND—

MASSEY'S STANDARD.

The Favorite Fertilizers.

Manufactured by C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

These Goods have been thoroughly tested the past season and have, in every instance, given entire satisfaction. Our facilities for manufacturing and shipping promptly and economically are unsurpassed, and purchasers may rely upon obtaining their goods in PERFECT DRILLING CONDITION.

Put up in good sacks of 167 pounds each.

A FULL LINE OF FERTILIZING CHEMICALS of highest grade always on hand, at city prices.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit our Factory, and any information will be cheerfully furnished. Orders solicited.

C. W. KENNARD & CO., Chestertown, Md.

Branch Office and Warehouse at MASSEYS. Aug. 12, 1882—3.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.'S

STANDARD and RELIABLE

High Grade FERTILIZERS.

No. 1 AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME and POTASH.

CHESTER COMPOUND.

Dissolved Bone Phosphate and Alkaline Salts.

The above Brands of Fertilizers have been upon the market for four years, with a steadily increasing popularity. They are made of the highest grade materials, prepared in the best manner, and all in fine drilling condition. Their best friends to-day are those who have steadily used them since their introduction. Their price as well as their reputation commend them to the attention of buyers.

No. 1 Ammoniated Superphosphate of Lime,

$33 AND INTEREST ON CROP TIME.

Dissolved Bone Phosphate and Alkaline Salts,

$24 AND INTEREST ON CROP.

SUBJECT TO A DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Aug. 5, 1882. *T. W. ELIASON, Jr.*

Go to the New Dea!

NEW STORE!

New Goods!

BALTIMORE & PHILA. PRICES!

The undersigned respectfully informs the inhabitants of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened a FINE STORE in Chestertown, with a large and well selected stock of

BONNETS.

JOCKEYS, trimmed and untrimmed, of the latest styles; also, a large stock of

Gross Grain & Satin Sash & Trimming, Ribbons, all shades, colors & widths, Flowers, Feathers and Laces of every description.

Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Satins, Fringes, Crapes, Ladies & Gents' Undergarments, Ladies', Gents' & Children's Kid and other kinds of Gloves.

Jewelry, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Corsets.

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

NOTIONS of all kinds and many different articles too numerous to mention. We buy all our goods for cash, and therefore are able to sell all goods as cheap, if not cheaper than any Baltimore or Phila. store. Our motto is Quick Sales and small Profits.

J. CANTORWITZ, opp. Post Office,

April 15. CHESTERTOWN

T. G. WROTH. WM. R. ALDRIDGE

WROTH & ALDRIDGE,

HAVE OPENED A

NEW STORE

IN CHESTERTOWN,

Next to J. K. Aldridge's.

Everything New,

Bought for Cash at Best Cash Rates, and will be sold accordingly.

We keep a full line of

DRY GOODS,

SHOES, GROERIES, NOTIONS,

SEGARS, TOBACCO, CROCKERY, and everything usually found in a First Class Store.

A LADY'S nice KID GLOVE will be sold for a dollar. Every pair guaranteed not to rip or tear.

Eggs, Butter, Lard, Poultry and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices. Give us a call.

WROH & ALDRIDGE,

Feb. 18, 1882. CHESTERTOWN.

BOOTS and SHOES

—AT—

LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF

James A. Shaw,

COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.

He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.

aug12. J. A. SHAW.

R. J. FOARD. J. D. BACCHUS.

NEW

COAL and WOOD YARD,

ON CANNON STREET, NEAR DAVIS' LIVERY STABLES,

Where there can be found constantly on hand a full stock of the best White Ash, Cumberland & Lehigh

COALS.

We are now soliciting orders to be delivered from boat at much lower figures than what will be later. Orders left with the firm or at PLATT'S HARDWARE STORE will receive prompt attention. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

FOARD & BACCHUS.

We are also agents for the

STAR BONE PHOSPHATE

Manufactured by J. E. TYGERT & CO., Smyrna, Del. aug26.

WOOD! WOOD!

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks. WILLIAM PERKINS.

Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown. Aug. 30—tf.

FARMERS Will find it to their interest to examine our stock of goods before purchasing. Our stock of TRACES, LINES, PLOW CASTING and FARM HARDWARE generally will be found complete, and prices as low as the lowest. m4. T. L. HINES & CO.

WHITE-WASH LIME, Salted Fish by bbl. or ½ bbl. mh25. R. F. PARKS.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE

HOUSE and LOT

IN CHESTERTOWN.

BY virtue of authority from the owners, the undersigned, as Attorney, will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, at the Court House Door, in Chestertown, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, Sept. 9, 1882,

AT THREE O'CLOCK P. M.,

All that HOUSE and LOT

situated on High Street, in Chestertown, opposite the residence of Hon. Joseph A. Wickes, fronting 50 feet on High St., with a depth of 62 feet, being the RESIDENCE OF THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN RUSSELL.

THE HOUSE

is a Two-story Frame Building, with Attic, and contains Ten Rooms and a good dry Cellar. It is well built of good material, and in good repair.

The location is one of the best in town as a residence, and for renting it would be an excellent investment, as it will always command a good tenant.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third cash, and the residue in equal instalments in one and two years from day of sale, with interest from Oct. 1, 1882, when possession will be given. Credit payments to be secured by mortgage on the premises or bond with security.

The title is indisputable and the sale peremptory.

JAMES A. PEARCE, ATT'Y.

JOHN H. GREENWOOD, Auct'r. aug26-tf.

NEW STORE!

HAVING opened a new store at the old stand opposite Voshell House, I am now prepared to furnish the general public with a full line of

GROCERIES,

such as Flour, Meal, Buckwheat, Syurp, Molasses, Meat, Coffee, Sugar, Tea; Salt and Dried Fish, Canned Fruit, Hominy, Rice, Crackers, &c. Also, a choice line of

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

I have also just opened a choice line of Glassware, Queensware and Tinware, all of which I am selling at bottom prices.

I have also good country Lard, and good Cider Vinegar.

BOOTS & SHOES I am selling at cost.

Choice line of Tobacco and Cigars of the best brands. A good smoke for 3c.; or 2 for 5c., and other articles too numerous to mention.

Give me a call and convince yourself that this is a Cheap Store, and where you can find everything kept in general stock.

GEO. E. CASEY.

N. B.—Highest market price paid for Country Produce. Lard wanted; cash paid for it if required. fe18.

SUMMER GOODS

—AT—

Attractive Prices!

NEW STOCK

DRY GOODS! NOTIONS!

SHOES! SHOES!

MATTINGS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.,

AT

J. H. SIMPERS'

CHESTERTOWN.

June 15, 1882.

STRAW.

THE Chestertown Straw Board Company desires to purchase STRAW, either to be delivered at their Mill or to be hauled by the Company. Those anticipating a sale of their Straw should have it well put up in stacks or ricks, so as to keep it dry and sound. It must also be FREE FROM CHAFF.

The Company is now prepared to make purchases for future delivery.

For further information call on or address

C. T. WESTCOTT, PRES'T,
or T. W. ELIASON, JR., TREAS'R,
Chestertown, Md.

June 17, 1882—tf.

MILLINERY!

MRS. KATE GILL Has just opened a beautiful line of Millinery and Fancy Goods, for Spring and Summer wear, which includes the latest styles in

HATS, BONNETS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Neck Wear, and all the various kinds of goods in the Millinery line.

I am selling at the very lowest prices, and the ladies will find it to their interest to call.

MRS. KATE GILL,
May 6. nearly opp. Voshell House.

PAINTS.

We have secured the full control in Kent County, of the

Girard Ready Mixed PAINTS,

and can furnish all shades, either by the pint, quart or gallon, at bottom prices. These paints are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Any one finding them other wise than as represented, will be furnished any other paint desired free of charge

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Japan Drying, Putty, &c. Give us a call.

d3. HINES & CO.

MACHINERY OIL, CASTER OIL Lara Oil, Golden Machine Oil Black Oil, &c. Bottom prices.

may 27. TOULSON, Druggist.

NEW SPRING STOCK at J. H. SIMPERS'.

MUSINGS IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY EMMIE J. BARRATT.

In the twilight alone I am sitting,
And fast through my memory are flitting
The dreams of youth.
The future is smiling before me,
And Hope's bright vision float o'er me—
Shall I doubt their truth?
I know that my hopes may prove bubbles,
Too frail to endure,
And thick-strewn be the cares and the troubles
That Life has in store.

But 'tis best we know not the sorrow
That comes with a longed-for to-morrow,
And the anguish and care:
If the veil from my future were lifted,
Perhaps at the sight I had drifted
Down into despair:
If I knew all the woes that awaited
My hurrying feet,
My pleasures might oftener be freighted
With bitter than sweet.

And yet, though my life has been lonely,
Some flowers I plucked that could only
From trials have sprung;
Some joys I have known that d'd borrow
Their brightness from contrast with sorrow
That over me hung.
For the moonbeams are brighter in seeming
When clouds are gone by,
If only a moment their gleaming
Be hid from the eye.

Sad, indeed, would be Life's dewy morning,
If, all Hope's bright promises scorning,
O'erburdened with fears,
We saw but the woe and the sorrow
That would come to our hearts on the morrow.
The sighs and the tears.
So 'tis best that we may not discover
What Faith hath in store,
Nor lift up the veil that hangs over
What lieth before.

A New Field for Woman's Work.

A remunerative employment for women has been found in the use of the type writing machine, says the New York Sun. It is not an unusual thing for a very expert manipulator of the machine to earn from $10 to $12, or even more, in a single day, at copying legal documents. The old fashioned method of producing copies of legal papers by manuscript was long since partly supplanted by the work of the copying press and other mechanical devices for copying. But by the failure of chemicals, the unskillfulness of operators and other causes, it often happens that the copying press not only fails to produce a good copy, but spoils the original. Judge Blatchford once issued an order that no copying press copies of documents should be received in his court. He had got tired trying to decipher the blurred and shadowy pages. The type writing machine has proved a boon to lawyers and judges in furnishing legible copies of official documents. The old fashioned carbon paper, or something akin to it is put into the machine, and several copies may be printed at once.

The operation of printing is very much like playing on a piano. There is a keyboard of the letters, and the faculty of printing is measured by the dexterity of the operator. It has been found that the delicate touch of the woman is peculiarly adapted to the work. Some of them can write with a type writing machine as fast as the most expert penmen, and they will keep it up longer than is customary with the pen. It is now quite common for stenographers in the law courts to dictate their notes of the testimony to type writers, who at one operation produce copies for both counsel and the court. The swiftness with which the work is done is marvelous.

Preliminary education—above all, the capacity to spell promptly—is a requisite with the expert type writer. There are a number of firms of women who do type writing for lawyers and others. There are also a considerable number of women who combine type writing with stenography. Clerks possessing this double skill are employed by many merchants. The moment a letter is received, the reply is dictated to a stenographer, who reproduces it on the type writer, taking a copy at the same time, and in a few minutes the printed answer will be in the post-office, and the printed copy in the letter book. The Young Women's Christian Association saw the new field for furnishing employment to women some time ago, and has aided a considerable number to become self-supporting in this way.

CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

STARTLING ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN THOMPSON, OF THE SCHOONER TRANSIT.

Messrs. Jex & Co., of New York, have received a letter from Cove Island, Belize, Honduras, giving the outlines of an exciting adventure occurring on board the schooner Transit, belonging to the firm. The Transit is in the Central and South American trade, transporting to various ports general merchandise sent from New York by the steamer Madland. She is commanded by Capt. John Thompson, with a crew of two men and a cook. About the 1st of August the Transit lay at anchor in the bay of Gracias-a-Dios, the extreme northeastern point of Nicaragua. The schooner was awaiting the arrival of the steamer and lay three miles out from the town, but within the bar across the mouth of the harbor. At night, when the captain was asleep in the cabin and only one man on watch, the schooner was silently boarded by six pirates, who had stealthily approached the ship in two canoes, sheltered by the darkness. The marauders were armed to the teeth, and, having taken the Transit by surprise, were able to seize Captain Thompson and his three men after a brief but desperate struggle. The captain and crew were gagged and bound hand and foot, and the pirates took full possession of their prize, and ransacked the ship from stem to stern. The pirates, after manoeuvring for some time, were unable to get over the bar, and the captain was threatened with death unless he piloted the vessel out to sea. He consented to do so if he was released, and after getting out to sea the pirates, thinking themselves safe, began drinking the aguardiente, of which the ship's lockers contained a plentiful supply. The fiery stuff was partaken of to excess by all hands, and soon the pirates were in a condition of almost helpless drunkenness. Captain Thompson was not the man to let this golden opportunity slip. Watching his chance he ran below, cut the ropes that bound the captive crew, and with their help quickly attacked the pirate band, subdued them and secured the whole six safely in irons. The course of the ship was then altered and she was headed for Blue Fields, 380 miles below Gracias-a-Dios, the nearest point at which there was a United States consul. Arrived there the pirates were taken ashore and surrendered to the authorities, and Capt. Thompson returned to the port whence he had been compelled to sail so prematurely and under such sensational circumstances. The pirates were Spaniards, and of the most desperate character.

How She Won Him.

I have just heard the most remarkable story of the evenness of female temper. It is a beautiful little fairy story, and may appropriately be called "How She Won Him." It happened here in Philadelphia. You know that there was a beautiful dinner given "many years ago," and she sat opposite him and looked ever so charming in a wine-colored silk with a square neck, and otherwise arrayed as never were the lilies in any valley of this poor earth. Well, the idiot of a waiter, in handling the soup, upset the entire contents of the plate in her lap. Just think of it girls! The whole front breadth utterly ruined, and for the world it could not be matched. Well what did she do? Did she faint? Did she say you horrid man? Did she scream? Not at all. She passed the thing off in some witty remark about finery baptism, and calmly resumed her dinner. He, of course, was delighted, thought her a most remarkable woman, and indeed she was; became attentive to her, and finally married her. One evening, long after the event, they were sitting before the fire, the children having gone to bed, and were talking about old times, when he said:

"My dear, I never told you, I think, how I first thought I would like to marry you, did I?"

"Why, gracious goodness, no, never."

"Well he said, "do you remember that dinner at Mrs. Simkins', where your dress was spoilt by the soup?"

"Indeed I do," she replied, "I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"Well," he continued, "you behaved so well about it that I thought you a perfect jewel."

"Yes," she answered, "I remember behaving very well about it at the time; but, good land, you should have seen the mark of my teeth on the bed-post that night."—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

TWICE WOOED.

"Tessie, my dear, how you loiter. Here it is almost six o'clock and Mr. Vane will be dreadfully impatient. Try and bring a little life into your face; you do not appear as a happy bride should."

"I am a most unhappy one," I replied drearily. "Oh, mamma, cannot this farce be stopped? What is poverty to such shame as this I feel?"

"You foolish, foolish girl! After all the trouble I have taken to bring about this fortunate match, you are mad to talk so. Here comes your bridegroom; greet him properly.

Mamma had no time for further admonition, so the bridegroom and attendants entered.

"My dear, it is almost time to go down," said Royal Vane, bending his dark, penetrating eyes upon my poor, pale face, in a way I felt if I did not meet his gaze.

Silently I took his offered arm and went slowly down stairs into the brilliantly lighted room, where the minister awaited us.

Oh, such utter silence prevailed!

Only the grave tones of the minister as he repeated the beautiful, solemn ceremony, could be heard.

At last he came to the question, "Will you take this man," etc.

I heard it all too plainly.

I saw my haughty mother's anxious face paling at my silence, and the surprise growing on many, many faces, but I could not speak a lie.

I knew the dark eyes of my almost husband were upon me, regarding me in pained astonishment.

Oh, it was a pitiful, awful silence, broken at last by a resistless power I could not thwart.

"No, no," I pleaded, raising my eyes to Royal Vane's white, sorrowful face. "I do not love you. I cannot be your wife. Oh, how wicked, how weak I have been not to tell you sooner!"

Then, turning around to mamma, I stretched out my arms.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me, mamma," I cried and I fell down at her feet in a dead faint.

They told me afterward how mamma explained that I had not been well and was, no doubt, delirious, and that it would all be right when I recovered; but I knew that one person would never consider my actions caused by the delirium of fever—Royal Vane had understood the truth instantly; I read it in his white, stricken face.

"Of all the disgraceful, dreadful scenes," wept mamma. "I little thought that you, Tessie, would cause me such shame and mortification."

I was really ill for several days, but one day, when almost recovered, they brought me a card.

I shuddered as I read the name—Vane.

"Go down," said mamma angrily, "and let him see how a little fool has disgraced his bridal and wrecked his hopes."

I went down tremblingly, dreading his reproaches; but I need not have been in such trepidation. It was one of the calmest, kindest faces albeit care-marked and older looking, that met my gaze.

He came instantly forward, and in a quiet, steady voice asked:

"How is Tessie to-day?"

"Better," I faltered, "but so ashamed. Oh, Mr. Vane, try to forgive me! I wanted to tell you long ago, only mamma would not let me."

"Yes, I understand that, and it was better even at the last moment than a whole life-time of regret."

And then so adroitly and skillfully he drew from my weak armor of subterfuge the story of mamma's embarrassments and need, and understood matters as they really were.

"Do you love any one else, Tessie?" he inquired before we parted.

"No," I said, "no one; only as I did not love you I could not be your wife. Here is your ring."

"The poor little empty ring," he said sadly, tenderly slipping it on his watch chain, "that once graced the hand of all the wife I shall ever know. Good-bye, Tessie, and may Heaven bless you."

And he was gone.

A week later mamma, jubilant and excited, came to me.

"My dear Tessie, you are a treasure after all. In your usual silly way you let Royal Vane know of our stringent circumstances, and he has made us rich."

"Mamma!" I cried, feeling the hot blood of mortification rise in my temples. "You surely will not accept it of him. Oh, the shame—the shame!"

And I broke down and sobbed bitterly.

"It is your own doings, and it is all arranged so that we cannot avoid profiting by his generosity. The mortgage is paid and you may yet make a suitable match when this little affair has blown over," said mamma, complacently adding: "By the way, Royal Vane has gone abroad; it was the wisest thing he could do. He will return in a few years with a bride, I dare say."

Long after she left me I pondered in deep mortification of spirit, on the circumstances so bitterly humiliating that surrounded us, and wondered, vaguely, how long Royal Vane would remain in Europe, and if mamma's surmise would prove true, and, by the very perversity of my woman's nature, I felt a slight twinge of jealousy in regard to this possible bride.

* * * * *

Two years crept by and mamma had not succeeded in bringing about the "suitable match" she had set her heart upon.

"Of all the ridiculous, old-fashioned girls I ever knew you are the stubbornest. What am I to do with you? Are you determined to be an old maid?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Royal Vane has returned, I hear; perhaps you fancy you can persuade him to attempt making you his bride again. I think he is far too wise and—"

"Mamma, do not speak to me so;" I pleaded earnestly. "Royal Vane feels no worse contempt for me than I feel for myself."

At a party one night I saw him again, for the first time since his return—handsomer, graver, but the lion of the evening. Was it possible that he had ever loved me? I could scarcely believe it and crept back in an alcove that, myself unseen, I could behold him to my heart's content.

By and by I perceived our hostess bringing him direct to me, and trembled with mingled dread and pleasure; but when he addressed me in his calm, pleasant way I grew more composed—that is, until some one in passing him asked:

"Did your wife accompany you?"

My heart stood still.

I saw him smile and shake his head, but failed to catch his reply.

The room swam, the lights danced.

"The—heat is great," I faltered.

"Let us go out upon this verandah. You do look ill. Come."

I gladly went, drinking in strong, fresh draughts of the cool evening air.

"Did you say your wife"—I began, but could go no further.

"Tessie," he said gently, "do you see this?" and he held up my old engagement ring. "The only wife I ever had wore this a very little while."

And then it must have been the moonlight that betrayed my great relief, for he exclaimed:

"Tessie! Tessie, what do I read in your dear eyes? Has it all been a mistake and do you love me? Will you wear this once more?"

I allowed him to put it on my finger; then I flung my arms about his neck and sobbed from sheer joy.

"I loved you always, only I did not know it—not until you had gone away. For all the sorrow I have caused you I will try to repay by a lifetime of devotion."

And when once more we stood before the minister there were given two earnest, heartfelt responses.

THE Texas Siftings man had a cow which he says was sold him for a cross between a Jersey and a Durham, but it looked more to him like a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. The following conversation took place between the owner of the cow and a neighbor who had his clothes line and garden devastated. "Why in the thunder don't you take your blamed old cow in at night and lock her up?" "And why, my friend," responded the editor, "don't you take your blamed old garden in and lock it up at night?" "But I don't want your cow in my shrubbery," howled the irate neighbor. "And I don't want your shrubbery in my cow," calmly returned the editor. "It spoils the taste of the milk." Just here some friends prevented deadly consequences.

A MAN in California has been granted a new trial, after being convicted of murder in the second degree, because the jury drank so much beer during the trial as to unfit them for serious deliberation. The trial lasted eight days, and it was shown that during that time four five-gallon kegs of beer, five gallons of wine, ten bottles of claret, and considerable whiskey were purchased by the jury at their own expense and consumed by them without the knowledge of the court.

"Winsome Women."

She counts her lovers like her blest beads
That pale nuns tell upon a string;
The round once finished, there but needs
Simply to recommence the thing.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Woman—the crown of creation.—*Herder.*

Woman is a miracle of divine contradiction.—*Michelet.*

All that I am my mother made me.—*John Q. Adams.*

Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines.—*Ruskin.*

Narrow waists and narrow minds go together.—*Comfort.*

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.—*Gladstone.*

In wishing to extend her empire, woman destroys it.—*Cubanis.*

If woman lost us Eden, such as she can restore it.—*Whittier.*

I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—*Boucicault.*

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right to her sex.—*Bulwer.*

What is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.—*Cowley.*

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.—*Saadi.*

A fashionable woman is always in love with herself.—*Rochefoucauld.*

All women are good—good for something or good for nothing.—*Cervantes.*

Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.—*Victor Hugo.*

A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.—*Francis I.*

There was never yet a fair woman, but what she made mouths in a glass.—*Shakespeare.*

A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear.—*George Eliot.*

Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume.—*Heine.*

Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.—*Cervantes.*

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of pity.—*Luther.*

Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her way.—*Socrates.*

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile, so have all sages said, all poets sung.—*Jean Inglelow.*

Ideas are like beards—men never have any until they grow up, and women none at all.—*Voltaire.*

Often the virtue of a woman must be very great, since it has to suffice for two.—*Elizabeth of Roumania.*

Friends, beware of fair maidens! when their tenderness begins, our servitude is near.—*Victor Hugo.*

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—*Richter.*

At present the most valuable gift which can be bestowed upon a woman is something to do.—*James A. Garfield.*

A woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion makes her appear.—*Mlle. de Lespinasse.*

A man never so beautifully shows his own strength as when he respects a woman's softness.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

A beautiful woman is the bell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes.—*Fontenelle.*

A woman set on anything will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every day moments of existence.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A beautiful woman is a practical poem planting tenderness, hope, and eloquence in all whom she approaches.—*Emerson.*

They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women, because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—*O. W. Holmes.*

One can to an almost laughable degree, infer what a man's wife is like from his opinion about women in general.—*J. S. Mill.*

There are only two beautiful things in the world, women and roses; and only two sweet things, women and melons.—*Malserbe.*

It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one.—*Lady Montagu.*

A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true woman's eyes, for God himself sets behind them.—*J. G. Holland.*

The divine right of beauty is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.—*Junius.*

The soul's armor is never well set to heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.—*Ruskin.*

She was of that light, unreflecting class, of that light, unreflecting sex—a Woman. Reader, for thy sins thou must have met with such fair Irrationals; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies, untamable as flies!—*Carlyle.*

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray;"
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine;
Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine.
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree;
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me.

The kindly Elm receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace
Became with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the spring.

Oh, beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

A NEWS "SNAP."—A chap came into the Blizzard office this morning and asked the local explorer:

"Did you get onto that snap!"

"What's that?" asked the scribe, as visions of a good item came dancing before his goggles.

"Why, that railroad business. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No, what was it?"

"That kid fake. You must have heard about it, didn't you?"

"No, I tell you; I just came to the office a few minutes ago, and haven't been around any. Don't keep me waiting, please; what was it?"

"Why, a woman had a baby on the train."

"No, is that so? That'll make an excellent item."

"But that isn't all. The same train ran over a man."

"Good enough! The Blizzards will sell like wild-fire to-night. I'll have the boy wet down an extra sheet or two. But where did the woman have the child on a train?"

"She had it in her arms."

The scribe looked up in astonishment. For a moment he felt as if he had swallowed his gullet; but, regaining his composure, he asked:

"And where was the man when the train ran over him?"

"Under a bridge," answered the chap, as he walked away.—*Oil City Blizzard*

A MISSOURI paper wants to know who can endure being hawked at with the black beak of envy? No one, sir! No man can tamely submit to such a thing. And if ever a man hawks at us with the black beak of envy, we'll bite him with a dog if the livid talons of retribution smite us with the red bolt of vengeance from the dripping jaws of the cloud of hate the next minute. Yes, sir; we'd do it.

"WHAT do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" indignantly inquired a fashionably dressed young lady of the conductor of a fearfully overcrowded street car the other day. "A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss," said the ticket-puncher, and the lady stood up and rode four blocks further with the smile of an angel.

A ST. LOUIS belle at Saratoga displays 116 costly gowns.

[Written for the KENT NEWS.]

Pen Photographs of Some of Ye Old Folks.

NO. VIII.—NAMES—JAMES AND JOHN AMONG THE GALES—JOE AMONG THE RASINS—"FI'PENNYBIT" JOE; ORIGIN OF THE SOBRIQUET—COURAGE ON THE WING.

There is a singular tendency in some families to adhere to old family names. A noted example in this county may be found among the Gales. At one time there were living five of that family bearing the name of James, and as many called John. The same prevailed in the Rasin family; four or five at one time rejoicing in the favorite name of Joseph. Big Joe was a blacksmith and a man of powerful physique, whose ill-will it was not deemed desirable to incur. Then there was Gentleman Joe, whose wife, Miss Wright, was a beauty and a belle. One son of this family is still living at Still Pond, who I think, was the only child.

The most eccentric of the name was known as Five-pennybit or Fi'pennybit Joe. William Coburn and John Ashley married the sisters of this Joseph, who with his brother were the heirs to the estate situated on the border line between Worton and Still Pond, afterwards known as the "Bell" farm; Joshua Bell having married Mary Ann, the elder daughter of William Coburn's only two children. On the marriage of Georgetta, her sister, to John Gemmill, the farm was divided, and still remains in two separate tracts. As neither of the brothers married, and Ashley owned the farm now known as the "Porter" place, near Catt's corner, Coburn bought their interest. Joseph boarded with his sister Coburn, and being addicted to the lavish use of tobacco, drew frequently upon his brother-in-law for means to gratify this taste.

At the annual elections, then held in Chestertown, and at all public meetings, he was pretty sure to be on hand, and never refusing to drink when he had the opportunity, soon became as mellow as an over-ripe pear. When in this condition he was very pugnacious and prone to quarrel. On these occasions he never failed to pour out the vials of his wrath on his sister's husband, William Coburn. "Yes, there is Billy Coburn," he would exclaim, "got all my property, and paid me all in fi'pennybits." From this expression he took the sobriquet of "Fi'pennybit" Joe Rasin.

At that time the store-room now occupied by T. W. Eliason, jr., was one of the principal hotels in town, and the headquarters of the old Jacksonian democracy. The bar-room fronted the street, and the entrance to it was through a narrow hall or passage, extending through the building. It was lighted by a large window in front. It was the day of the annual election and the "fire-water" flowed without stint. Joe had imbibed enough to revive his recollection of the bemeopathic payments he had received, and was repeating the old story. Coburn was one of the democratic candidates for the Legislature. "A pretty candidate he is," said Joe, "bought my land and paid me all in fi'pennybits, a d——s— of a b——." A warm friend of the candidate, who had been made warmer by his free whiskey, resenting the insult, made a pass at Joe (a small man) and knocked down a much larger man. "Let him come," exclaimed Joe. "Let him come." And he did come, and Joe made for the only door and it was blocked. He next rushed for the window and with one leap went through and struck the pavement amidst a shower of broken glass, and the good-humored laughter of the crowd; not, however, before his antagonist had caught his retreating garments and divested him of them almost to nudity. Still Joe cried, "let him come; paid me all in fi'pennybits!" SEPTUAGENARIUS.

THE BARGAIN.

There are some people whom nothing pleases so much as a bargain. To secure something for less than its worth seems to them to make life worth living, and in order to compass this end they will waste more time and thought that would achieve something greater, and perhaps, after all, buy something they do not want simply because it is a bargain. Such people will crowd into a free lecture room, when the smallest entrance fee would deter them, not so much because they dislike to part with their money, but because the love of a bargain is inherent in their natures, and a free lecture, though it be as dry as chips, is more or less of a bargain, comparatively speaking.

On one occasion a certain firm advertised a quantity of sheeting, damaged by water only, to be sold on a certain day, and the rush for that sheeting was something unheard of in the annals of sheeting. But the bargain-lovers had the tables turned upon them this time. It takes two to make a bargain. The wily firm, instead of marking it down, as the buyers had taken for granted, had marked it up a cent or two on the yard; but as they were none the wiser, they are probably still hugging their bargain, and looking out for more damaged sales. In fact, a bargain is often found to be a delusion and a snare. If you have not paid a fair price, you may be assured that the article is not what it pretends to be, whether houses and land, cotton sheeting or silver mines. "If there are cinders in the coal it is because there were cinders in the pay." Some of us will spend half a day at a time in search of this scarce thing, a bargain, which is as hard to find as the philosopher's stone, and as illusive as the old recipes for making gold. We are not content with getting our money's worth, but we want something thrown in; and the shopman understands our case when he invents pleasant fictions, making us believe that he is losing by the sale—a bait which we are always ready to swallow in our hunger after our pet bargain. We do not believe that this is a national characteristic, but one which we share with human nature. Yet the temperament of the American people is so persistently hopeful that we see a bargain where a Scotchman, for instance, would perhaps only detect a fraud. On the other hand, we sometimes meet those who avoid a bargain as they would a bear, and are sensitive enough to believe that it is only a polite name for taking advantage of another—a sort of legalized swindling—and despise the neighbor who buys her friend's India shawl at half price after her husband's failure. At the same time, in most cases, each party thinks that the bargain is his own.

HAVING FUN WITH A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.—Quietly entering a barber-shop the stranger removed his hat and coat, and taking a card from his pocket, wrote on it:

"I want to be shaved."

A barber stepping forward, read the card and pointing to a chair, said to his brother artists:

"Deaf as a brass kettle and dumb as an oyster."

The man straightened himself out in the chair, when his manipulator began lathering his face.

"This deaf cuss has a cheek like a stone wall," he said, when a general laugh followed.

"Stick a pin in him and see if he is entirely dumb," said another.

The victim remaining undisturbed the following shots were fired at him by the delighted tonsorial artists:

"He needs a shampoo, his head is dirtier than an ash-barrel."

"Shave him with a stool leg, don't spoil your razor on that stubble."

"Gracious! what a breath. It smells like a Dutch band of music."

"He ought to rent that nose for a locomotive headlight," etc., etc., etc.

While all the complimentary allusions were flying about him the operation of shaving was finished, and the man arose, put on his coat, and then turning to the astonished barber, said:

"How much for the shave and compliments?"

"I—I—I—I," gasped the astonished man.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, call again, excuse