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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:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

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.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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.

DR. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

HARRISON W. VICKERS. J. THOMAS ROWLEY.
VICKERS & ROWLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
OFFICE opposite the Court House, on Main st., adjoining store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
☞ Special attention paid to the collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe3-tf.

EMMIT HOUSE, Emmitsburg, Md.
GOOD BOARD and fresh mountain air, attractive scenery, delightful country drives. Accommodations first-class, the house having been recently repainted inside and out. Carriages to and from the depot.
Circulars at C. F. Stam's Drug Store. For information about the House or country, Chas. H. Baker, Esq. W. K. SUTTON, Proprietor.

SURVEYING.
THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.
Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or Address COMEGYS BROWN,
a30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Don't You Forget It!
W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and Notions,
GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,
Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatines, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flower, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.
Choice Confectionery,
Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!
Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.
☞ All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.
May 19, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

SUGAR-CURED HAMS, Shoulders Broiling Beef, Bacon Shoulders and dies, and Breakfast Bacon, at
aug6. THOMPSON'S, up town.

LUMBER
For the SPRING of 1883.
T. W. Eliason, Jr.,
Takes pleasure in announcing to his customers and the public generally that he has now on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of
WHITE PINE, VIRGINIA PINE,
and GEORGIA PINE
LUMBER
on the Peninsula, embracing in part—
White Pine 5-8 Siding, dressed;
" " " " undressed;
" " 6-4 Plank, "
" " 8-4 " "
" " 4-4 Picks & Select, dressed,
" " 7-8 Rabbeted Weatherb'ing
" " Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft.
" " Cull " 12 in. stk. 16 ft.
" " 2x3 and 2x4 Railing.
Virginia Pine Boards 12, 14 and 16 ft,
" " 12 in. stk. Boards, 16 ft.
" " 5-8 Siding, dressed & und'ssed
" " 4-4 12 inch stk. dressed;
" " Frame Stuff.
" " Scantling, Railing, &c.
" " Flooring.
Georgia Pine Frame Stuff,
" " Flooring,
Hemlock Fencing and Pickets.
SHINGLES, LATHS, DOORS DOOR FRAMES, Window Frames, Sash, Mouldings, &c.
☞ Specially low price to purchasers of large bills, either for cash or time.
☞ *TERMS LIBERAL.*
Be sure and get my bid for your bill before purchasing elsewhere.
Feb. 24, 1883. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

☞ **WE OFFER FOR SALE**
At BETTERTON,
A Full Stock of LUMBER
Shingles, Laths, Sash, Doors and Blinds, White Pine, Cypress & Hemlock Fencing White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, Lime, Hair, Bricks and Cement, "Harrison Bros." Ready Mixed Paints. Builders' Hardware of all kinds.
—ALSO—
"ROLAND CHILLED PLOWS."
"WHIPPLE WHEEL HARROWS."
Stove and Egg COAL,
Phosphates for Corn, Kainit & Plaster.
Gambrill's Flour.
Fine Ground Alum and Rock Salt.
TURNER BROS.
P. O.—STILL POND. apr7.

100 ASSORTED BOLTS for $1.25. Also, assorted Copper Rivets and Burrs at HINES & CLEMENTS.

SPRING STYLES of PERCALES, at T. W. ELIASON, JR's.

JACOB BARKMAN. R. FRANK LAWDER. SAMUEL M. LAWDER.
BARKMAN & LAWDER,
General Commission Merchants,
88 S. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞ **PEACHES a Specialty.**
je2-3m*

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
92 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,
For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.
All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore.
For the Sale of
FRUITS. LIVE STOCK.
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-6m.

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.
RUTTER & ASHBURY,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,
No. 79 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,
WITH
CREW & JEROME,
Commission Merchants
For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,
No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.
Near Light St. wharf.
Consignments respectfully solicited.
Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered y

JESSE WILSON,
—WITH—
J. A. STEPHENS. J. W. STEPHENS.
JOHN A. STEPHENS & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of
GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE,
92 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore.
Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondents cheerfully and promptly answered.

ABEL J. REES. JAMES J. REES.
REES & SON,
General Commission Agents,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, Poultry, Fish, Oysters, &c.,
And the PURCHASE of SUPPLIES,
☞ 162 Light St., opp. Str. Enterprise Pier. BALTIMORE, MD.
Refer to Citizens' National Bank. tjan1.

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.
GREENWOOD & WOODALL,
Commission Merchants
And General Produce Dealers,
72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building
BALTIMORE.
Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties. jy26.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,
Manufacturers of all styles
CHEWING TOBACCO
AND DEALERS IN
LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.
No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets, BALTIMORE.
FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

R. I. C. JONES, JR., & CO.
IMPORTERS OF
BRANDIES, GINS, WINES, &c.
DEALERS IN
Pure Rye Whiskies.
No. 26 German Street, bet. Calvert and Light, BALTIMORE, MD.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited. je23.

B. STRAUSS, Agt,
Wholesale and Retail
LIQUOR DEALER,
No. 1 Camden Street,
May 19—6m. BALTIMORE.

ESTABLISHED 1860.
MILBURN, MITCHELL & CO.,
Wholesale Liquor Dealers,
CURERS OF
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKEYS,
55 W. Pratt St., Balto. Md.
Don't pay agents or smugglers 25 or 30 per cent. to get your whiskey but send your demijohns direct to our House; we guarantee full value for your money.
June 9, 1883—3m.

LUMBER, LUMBER.
To Whom it May Concern:
I AM prepared to furnish at short notice and reasonable rates, all kinds of LUMBER, namely:
Frame, Bridge and Wheelwright LUMBER,
the last named a specialty. OAK SILLS, Posts and Braces; Oak, Gum and Poplar JOISTS & STUDDING; Sheathing or Shingling LATHS; Red or White Oak BRIDGE LUMBER; Piling, any size or length.
☞ Small profits, large sales.
Please call on or address
JAMES COX,
Cox's Station, Queen Anne's co., Md.
☞ MERRICKTON P. O. jan20-6m*

SHOES, all grades, Cheapest to Best at closest prices.
apr7. J. H. SIMPERS.

THEY NEVER FAIL!
Smith's Fever and Ague Pills
ARE WARRANTED TO CUR
FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS.
☞ We Challenge their equal.
PRICE $1.00 PER BOX.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.
ELIAS SCHMIDT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.
Sold at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.
June 30-6m-1p.

Kampmeetin Time!!
It's a little early perhaps to begin talking about Camp-Meeting Buggies; but you will want one, and we have them—
Good Top Buggies, from - - - $60 to $74
Call and see us and we promise to sell you the very best buggy in Baltimore for the money. We mean business—big business.
R. F. BRIGGS & CO.,
53 W. Fayette St., Baltimore,
Opposite Barnum's.
je30. A. W. HAWKS, Manager.

CARRIAGES!
NEWEST STYLES! BEST MAKE!
and LOWEST PRICES!
—AT—
GEORGE E. LAMBERT'S
CHESTERTOWN.
I have ample accommodations and a full supply of the best material on hand for the manufacture of Carriages, and have in my employ the very best workmen to be found anywhere, enabling me to make to order any style of Carriage needed in this section.
I have now in my show rooms as fine a variety of the different styles as can be found in most city establishments, and we guarantee them to be AS GOOD and AS CHEAP.
Among them we may mention
Piano-box Top Buggies,
Brewster & Wilson spring;
Double Spring Phætons,
Jump Seats, Rockaways
and Dayton Wagons,
We deal exclusively in Carriages, Dearborns and Express Wagons, and knowing our reputation is at stake, and purposing the permanency of our business establishment here, we have something more at heart than temporary pecuniary advantage. We are determined that our work shall give satisfaction in every respect and therefore do not hesitate to give guarantees in every case.
DAYTONS.—Special attention is called to our Dayton Wagons—the very thing for farmers
Repairs of all kinds—Smithing, Painting and Trimming—at short notice, at lowest prices.
☞ Please give me a call.
GEO. E. LAMBERT,
jt1. opposite M. P. Church, Chestertown.

A New Departure
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.
Galena, Md.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.
Department No. 1; DRY GOODS, PRINTS, Muslins, Ginghams, Satins, Cashmeres, Lawns White Goods, Flannels, Cottonades, Notions, Hosiery, Gloves—the celebrated Alexandria Kid Glove, warranted. Hamburg Edgings, Corsets; Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Waterproof Gossimer Coats; Satchels, Clocks.
Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
for the large and small.
HATS and CAPS, Queensware, Hardware, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy & Staple Groceries.
Depart. No. 2—Syrups, Molasses, Oils, Salt, &c.
Depart. No. 3—Men's and Boys'
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Men's Suits $5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $18, $20.
Depart. No. 4—(second floor)—
FURNITURE AND BEDDING,
Cottage Suits, Tables, Chairs and Lounges at City Prices.
Depart. No. 5—(second floor)—
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS.
We also buy the Sigwalt Singer Pattern Sewing Machine, and sell at less than list prices.
☞ We would ask our friends and the public to please call and examine our stock.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
W. A. WHITAKER & BRO.,
Main Street, GALENA, MD.
March 3, 1883.

FOR SALE:
Post! Post! Post!
SEVERAL THOUSAND LOCUST, Cedar, White Oak and other kinds of POSTS, of different sizes and length. They lay in the second, fourth and fifth districts. Also, White and Red Oak BRIDGE BOARDS, White Oak Piling and Railroad Ties.
Charles W. Jones, living near Mr. P. A. M. Brooks' woods, will act as my agent to deliver all orders, but the sales must be made by me. All persons are forbidden to take anything out of said woods unless by my or C. W. Jones' permission.
WM. PERKINS.
Chestertown, March 3—tf.

LADIES!
If you are in want of anything in the way of **GLASSWARE** it will pay you to call at SPARKS', opposite the Court House, where you will find the largest stock in Chestertown, and prices to suit all. Also, a full line of Cabinet Sized Frames, beautiful and cheap, and a great variety of Fancy Goods and Notions are to be found at
apr28. SPARKS'.

MACHINE OIL,
CASTOR OIL, LARD OIL,
West Va. Golden Machine Oil, at
je16. TOULSON'S Drug Store.

CLOTHING!
Our $10 SPECIAL SERGE SUIT
All sizes 32 to 48.
If you want a HANDSOME $10 SUIT that looks and wears like one that costs double the money,
CALL, EXAMINE and COMPARE
with goods sold by other houses, and see if our assertions are correct or not.
Largest Line of Tailoring Goods in the City.
Popular Prices:
Suits to order - - $20 00
Pants " " - - 5 00
I. HAMBURGER & SONS,
164 W. Baltimore St.,
Adjoining New B. & O. Building,
j2-3m. Baltimore.

CITY TRADE.
"Yes, sir, I am from the country; but I entertain a modest suspicion that I am sufficiently intelligent to know the difference between ancient and modern styles. What I want is a suit of clothes that was made some time during the present century." "Certainly," says the polite salesman addressed. "You can be accommodated, for you are now at the GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM OF C. N. OEHM & SON, where everything is made for the City Trade; consequently there can be no distinction in showing goods to our friends from the country. Here the Styles are set, and, as you see, there is nothing old to select from. All the Patterns are new, novel and pleasing, and for *Cut, Fit and Finish* we are acknowledged without a rival. Your experience has evidently been among the expensive clothing houses, where they devote considerable time to window exhibitions and chromo distributions. With us there is no necessity for such devices. Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and our Prices always *lower* than any other house in the city."
Every Garment sold is guaranteed to be exactly as represented, or the money will be refunded by
C. N. Oehm & Son,
POPULAR CLOTHIERS
—OF—
MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN,
230 W. PRATT ST.,
CONNECTING WITH
55 HANOVER ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
☞ *Custom Department in Connection.*

THIN THINGS
FOR THE
THOUSANDS!
Half-lined and Skeleton Suits in all the newest and most desirable shades in Serges; also, Blue Flannels, Yacht Cloth, Mohairs, Drap D'Ete and Worsted. Our assortment of Alpacas, Pongee Silk and Seersucker Suits (all colors) was never approached in magnitude or variety before in the State.
In Dusters we can astonish you. We have them in all the best fabrics in Linen, Mohair, Alpaca, &c.
We also have the Largest Line of Boys' and Children's Clothing for Summer wear ever shown.
A Separate Department for White and Fancy Vests, in which over 1,500 styles are shown, from 35c. to $5 in price.
We always excel in getting up Clothing for Summer wear, and we are proud of our magnificent assortment.

Furnishing Goods.
Our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. No gentleman of taste, who appreciates richness and elegance of fabric and style, should miss seeing our stock. Remember, while this assortment is largely composed of the finest grades, we do not ask fancy figures on a single article. Our prices will bear comparison with those usually asked for cheaper goods, while in quality and make-up they will be found immensely superior.

HATS and CAPS
We have in our cases HATS from the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States, and we defy any hat house in Baltimore to show finer goods or better styles. They will show you higher-priced Hats and you may think they are better because the high-toned Hatters tell you so, but they are not. Our display of Straw Hats cannot be equalled or our low prices beat.
"EXCELSIOR,"
CLOTHING COMPANY,
S. W. COR. BALTIMORE & LIGHT STS.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Largest Establishment in Maryland

JOHN VANDEGRIFT,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
At his new Barber Shop, adjoining W. Hudgins' bakery, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in first-class style. Give him a trial.
apr28-tf.

SOME smokers seem to forget that a poor cigar costs them exactly as much as a good one, then why not smoke only the best, "Tansill's Punch," America's finest 5c. Cigar. One price only, $5 per hundred, 5 cts. each. Sold by
m31. W. H LAMBERT.

GRASS SCYTHES and Grass Sneaths, Bush Scythes and Bush Sneaths, Grass Hooks and Scythe Stones for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE,
m12.

ON THE BEACH.

I drank with her the wine of life
Beside the ocean beach;
The merry throng pressed slowly on
Along the sandy reach;
White specks of sails, far out at sea,
Swept down the distance dim,
And ocean's ceaseless monotone
Chanted a vesper hymn.

The sky was blue; the air was filled
With life's ambrosial wine;
And sweet blue eyes 'neath drooping lids
Looked lovingly into mine.
A beauty rested on the sea,
A glory on the shore,
And softened by the distance, came
The music of the oar.

Far out at sea, a little cloud,
No larger than the hand,
Came up, and gathered strength, and grew,
And darkened all the land.
The crowd dispersed; we followed not
The terror-stricken flock;
But close I drew her to my side
Beneath a sheltering rock.

And then the lightning flashing past,
The thunder in our ears,
I told her all my inner love for her—
My hopes, my doubts, my fears.
Oh, blessed hour! her lips met mine!
We heard no wailing blast;
The sun broke forth with light divine;
The storm was over—past!

A glory shone on land and sea,
A light unseen before,
As slowly we retraced our way
Along the golden shore.
Ah, well! I am an old man now,
Yet with affection proud,
Safe in each other's love we hide
From every threat'ning cloud!

THE MEN THE GIRLS LIKE.

S. K. D. in New York Ledger.

The Boston girl likes a man of mind, whose name is in the magazines. Professor is the title she adores; and she rather despises money. She admires lean men with thin features, who live on Graham wafers and eschew tea and coffee. And she prefers eye glasses to the brightest eyes. If her admirer takes her to lectures so darkly deep that she cannot understand a word of them, she is entirely happy, and asks no more amusement.

The Philadelphia girl requires of the gentleman she "respects"—any warmer feeling she thinks vulgar—that he shall never touch beer, nor smoke cigars; that he shall attend church regularly, and be socially "well known." Her greatest happiness is in taking tea with his ancient aunts and uncles, who entertain her with genealogies longer than those of Genesis. And she thanks fate that they have been brought together, if she discovers that his mother's husband's great-grandmother was a forty-third cousin to William Penn.

The Virginia girl admires a "gentlemanly man," who wears a large mustache and rides well. She requires great courtesy and many compliments, and immense deference to "the ladies." And he must be of first family. To be perfect, he must be a colonel.

The Cincinnati belle adores, of all things, a man with a voice, who is good at making a stump speech, and expects to be a Congressman. If he can hold his own in responding to an after-dinner toast, and takes her to hear all the prima donnas who come to town, she will say "yes" when he pops the question. She rather likes him to be a man of the people, if he is capable of making his own way in the world.

The Colorado belle likes a stout man, not very young, with a loud voice, and a high color, and a talent for getting on. She does not object to whiskey and cigars, if he only owns plenty of mining stock. She never asks about his grandfather, but she expects him to be generous; and her idea of a token of affection is a diamond—the bigger the better.

The New York belle at present makes the young "dude" her ideal. She likes to have the square shoulders and the dash and impudence all to herself. She does not demand pity, virtue or accomplishments of her idol—neither genius nor business talent. She simply desires him to be the undoubted heir to somebody's millions, and able to assure her a lifetime of utter idleness. Her ideal used to be a count or marquis, from the vague whereabouts, "Europe," but he has turned out badly so often that he has gone out of fashion.

HOW HE SHOCKED HER.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's receipt for making watermelon pickle last summer, and being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson Jakie to read it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid yew? Gew ever see a watermelon that wasn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only two halves to anything; I don't believe that you are reading that, Jakie."

"Well, I don't have to; anyhow that's what the reseet says. Then soak it in a pint cup—"

"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well I ain't here to tell the whereases and the howfores. I'm just reading the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put in a skillitt fur five days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a receipt as that?" said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care to not spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it," but Jake continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter and the whites and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee-mill and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off in crooks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes a capital desert," and Jakie slid out of doors and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RIGHT AND LEFT.

Do we ever consider how entirely we depend upon one of our hands, and we have but two, and that the other is comparatively speaking quite a useless member? If anything should happen to disable our right hand, how entirely dependent we are upon the assistance of our kind friends; and yet surely something migh: be done early in life to train the other hand to take its share of the work now almost entirely done by its fellow. That it can be made equally available is clearly proved by watching what is accomplished by those who have lost a limb in early youth. The late Lord Raglan wrote with as much ease with his left hand as others do with their right, and there is no doubt that those who have suffered the loss in early years acquire a dexterity that is really marvellous to us who are accustomed to the use of both; but woe betide an unlucky mortal who meets with some slight accident which disables the important member for a few days. He remains at the mercy of his friends and many are the awkward dilemmas in which he is placed. How often in old age a stroke of paralysis renders a hand and arm useless, and the matter of even signing the name becomes well nigh an impossibility. Now might it not be worth while in these days, when everyone is doing and learning more than our grandfathers and grandmothers ever dreamt of, to make young pupils practice the use of their left hand at all events, so that in case of need it could be available?—Many years ago a gentleman in Devonshire was known as a clever artist, but very few are aware that he could sketch with both hands at the same time. Whether as a pastime or as a serious study it may be worth the suggestion that all should learn equally to use their right and left.

AT Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun sets and rises at six o'clock the year round. Your clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here. When it disappears for the night it is six o'clock, and you can set your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and in the other part it is winter.

INTERVIEWING MRS. YOUNG.

From the Denver Tribune.

Hearing that Brigham Young, Jr., and his family had arrived from Salt Lake and were quartered at the American House, one of the *Tribune* reporters took a notion yesterday morning that he would run down and interview Mrs. Young. The scheme of interviewing Brigham was an old one—there would be no enterprise in anything of that kind, but the idea of a chat with the wife seemed new and brilliant.

"Can I see Mrs. Brigham Young in the parlor for a few moments?" inquired the reporter at the office counter of the American House.

"Walk up to the parlor and I'll find out," said Mr. Smith.

The parlor was the largest the reporter had ever seen. It was eighty feet one way and seventy the other, and the ceiling was so high that the reporter thought they must have to use a telescope to determine when it needed white-washing. He sat down in a chair in one corner.—Pretty soon a tall, stout lady entered the room.

"Mrs. Young, I suppose?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady.

"I have called, madam," said the reporter, "to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Ah, sir," said the lady pleasantly, as she took a seat, "I fear I shall be unable to gratify your curiosity. My husband has gone out for a walk, when he returns he will doubtless be glad to advise you upon any topic concerning our faith of which it may be proper to say anything."

"But I wish to obtain your views," explained the reporter. "Mr. Young has been frequently heard through the press, while his wife has never been interviewed. May I hope, madam, that you will accord the *Tribune* the honor of being the first to convey to the public your—"

"Did you wish to see me?" inquired a small thin lady, who had entered the parlor quite noiselessly.

"Excuse me," said the reporter, "but Mrs. Young was the lady I asked for."

"Well, I am Mrs. Young," said the small, thin lady.

"Yes," said the tall, stout lady, "this is Mrs. Young, and so am I. *This* is Sophia, Mr. Young's fourth wife, while I am Margaret, his seventh wife—he calls me Birdie."

The reporter was considerably embarrassed.—"He might have been happy with either, were t'other fair charmer away."

"Be seated, madam," said he, "I have called to ascertain your views on the questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Oh, but I've nothing to say," protested the small, thin lady; "Brigham will be in shortly, and maybe he'll talk with you."

"But, madam," urged the reporter, "Mr. Young has been frequently heard from through the press, while his wife—beg pardon, I mean his wives have never—"

"Who was it wanted to see me in the parlor?" asked a red-haired, freckle-faced lady coming into the room at this juncture.

"Why, this gentleman is a reporter," explained the tall, stout lady, "and he has come to interview us. Mr. Reporter, this is Mrs. Lucy Young, my Brigham's second wife."

Mrs. Lucy Young bowed stiffly and sat down on a hair-cloth sofa.

"I'm not going to be interviewed so be done, Briggy's got to do it."

"Hello, girls, anybody down here want to see me?"

The inquirer was a curly-headed, red-cheeked young lady, who came bouncing into the room very unceremoniously.

"It's a reporter come to interview us," said the freckle-faced lady.

"A reporter? Why, how funny!" exclaimed the curly-haired, red-cheeked young lady, laughing heartily. She sat down next to the reporter.

"I'm one of the Mrs. Young," said she, "but I mustn't say a word that is liable to be printed. Brig would never forgive me if I did. I'm his fourteenth wife, you know, and he's awful jealous. Oh, there you are, Emma. Come in, dear. Here's an editor who wants to interview us."

Emma was another wife—the eighth. She was cross-eyed, but otherwise comely to view. She was followed by Rachel, the third wife, who was brown-haired and blue-eyed, and demure looking. They were duly introduced. The reporter felt himself called upon to commence all over again.

"Mrs. Young," said he, addressing the group, "I have called to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to the Mormons."

"Wouldn't it be better to call the rest before we attempt to be interviewed?" suggested the eighth Mrs. Young.

"Perhaps so," said the reporter. "But—but—but how many are there of you?"

"Oh, we're quite a family," said the fourth Mrs. Young; and going to the door called out: "Maud, Jennie, Clara, Rebecca, Harriet, Mabel, Ruth, Julia, Frances, Mary, Caroline, Esther, come into the parlor, and bring the rest of us with you."

The reporter pinched himself to discover whether he was awake. There was no doubt about it.

Mrs. Young began to stream into the parlor. There was every variety of her. She was tall, short, fat, lean, red-faced, pale-cheeked, plump, scrawny, old, young, sour, pleasant, vivacious, stupid, graceful and awkward. The parlor got crowded—why don't they have bigger parlors at the American House, anyway? The idea of expecting a reporter to interview Mrs. Young in a room not more than 60x80! The air was stifling. The reporter felt as if he were going to faint. He began to regret he had ever undertaken the novel task of interviewing Mrs. Young.

"Oh, girls, girls, here comes Briggy!" cried one of the ladies who had been looking out of the window.

"Where? where?" screamed the rest rushing pellmell to the windows—there were seven of them—and craning their necks to get a look at their husband. Such a scrambling and hustling never were seen before. Mrs. Young pushed, crowded, slapped and scratched one another in their attempts to secure a view of her liege lord.

"See, he threw a kiss at me," exclaimed Mrs. Young.

"He didn't either! It was for me!" cried Mrs. Young.

"And immediately the rest of Mrs. Young indignantly asserted the kiss was meant for her, and then ensued a war of words, in which such endearing epithets as "You saucy jade," "You pert minx," "You mean thing," and "You cross old hen" figured conspicuously. The reporter crept wearily away from the scene. As he tottered through the hotel office Mr. Smith stopped him.

"I hope you succeeded in getting the interview you wanted," said Mr. Smith; "I did the best I could under the circumstances, but the fact is quite a number of Mrs. Young have gone out shopping and others were feeling too much under the weather to receive callers."

HOW HE NAMED THE BABY.

In the city of Portland, Me., one of the leading auction and commission houses employs a porter who rejoices in the name of Tim. Tim had been noticed for sometime to be rather indifferent to his duties; and on being questioned as to the occasion of his negligence, replied:

"To tell the truth, sir, I've had a little boy born to me; and I want to name him after both o' yez, but I don't entirely get the sense of the names."

The dilemma in which the porter was placed was apparent; and the members of the firm endeavored to devise a suitable cognomen for the child. Tim continued dissatisfied, however, notwithstanding the most ingenious splicings of titles. At length, one morning he was observed to be unusually active, in explanation of which phenomenon he told his employers:

"He boy was christened last night, sir."

"But," said the senior, "you must have had a name for him?"

"I did, sir."

"How did you get over the difficulty you had about it; what did you call your boy?"

With a perfectly radiant countenance, Tim answered: "Edward M. Patten & Co. Ryan, sir!"

It is needless to add that the firm "came down," in behalf of their little namesake, in a style worthy of their reputation for generosity.

A SAN FRANCISCO professor spells potato as follows: "Ghoughphtheighteau," and declares it to be correct according to the following rule: Gh stands for p, as you will find from the last letters in hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthsis. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. Te stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as in beau." He can go to the head.

THE BOSS JOKER AND LIAR.

A Texan Who Knows J. Armoy Knox and Tom Ochiltree.

"Lean Bill" Podgers was standing beneath the vertical rays of the July sun yesterday surveying the Washington monument. A *Herald* reporter, who was passing, recognized Podgers as a gentleman of a somewhat celebrated character whom he had met in Texas some years ago. Approaching the Texan the reporter reminded him of a former meeting and soon had the pleasure of seeing a broad smile of recognition sweep across the face of the tall man from the Brazos Bottom. After commenting upon the beauty of the stately monument Mr. Podgers said:

"I see that you newspaper fellers say that J. Armoy Knox fit a duel?"

"Yes, it is alleged that Mr. Knox burned with a New York sculptor."

"Don't believe a darn word of it. Knox ain't no fool, by a darned sight! It's agin Texan nater to give another feller a chance to git the drap on him. All bosh, sir—one of Knox's jokes! He'd joke at his grandmother's funeral, sir!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that Knox would not meet an adversary in a duel, Mr. Podgers?"

"Don't mean to insinuate anything, sir. All I know is we don't do things that way in Texas. We never know down thar how much sand a man's got on'til the time comes fur him to show it. As a gineral thing he has to show it quick, too, or eat dirt. Now, Knox tuck to our ways thar like a young duck does to water, and thinks too much of the old State to go back on her customs and traditions. You kin depend upon it, the Siftings man hasn't fit nary duel. It's all a joke. Knox is the boss joker of the State."

"Do you know Tom Ochiltree?" asked the reporter.

"Well, rather, stranger. Got drunk with him many a time. Knowed Tom a long time. Me and him was boys together. Tom allers was a clean liar. Recollect when we was boys his mother wouldn't let Tom go in swimmin'. But Tom would go and afterwards lie out of it. So his mother fixed on the plan of sewin' his shirt-collar together. One day Tom went in and got me to sew up his shirt collar agin. I done the job clean so as when he got home his mother wouldn't know he'd been swimmin.' Well the old lady axed Tom if he'd been in the water, and in course he said no, and showed his shirt sewed up all right."

"But your shirt is on wrong side out, Tom," said the old girl. "How's that?" Dash me if that boy wasn't ready fur her, stranger. He jist kicked her cold by saying:

"Oh, that's easily explained, I fell over a fence and my shirt turned!"

"I knowed arter that that no other Texan would have any chance with Tom after he growed up. But bust me if he ever beat that shirt lie since!"

"Yes, stranger, Texas is a bully State. She's got the boss joker and boss liar, and don't you forgit it!"

THE YOUNG MAN WHO SHOWED OFF.

The other day a young man about twenty years of age, accompanied by a girl two or three years younger, reached the city by a Bay City train, and after looking around for a few hours returned to the depot and bought some sandwiches for lunch. The fellow was heard bragging a good deal as to what he had done and could do, and what cities he had visited, and by and by he walked up to the depot policeman and handed him four five-cent cigars and said:

"That's my girl in there."

"Yes."

"She just thinks her eyes of me."

"So?"

"I've never had a chance to show her how I'd die for her if necessary, and it seems to me we might put up a little job right here."

"How?"

"Well, suppose me and her walk out to see the river. I leave her a moment. Some chap comes along and begins to chin her. I rush back and knock him into the middle of next week. She'd want to marry me within a week. Girls or her age just dote on heroes, you know?"

"Yes, they do."

"Well, you help me. You pick out some chap around here and tell him what I'm up to, and I won't mind standing treat for all hands. When I rush in on him he'd better run."

Five minutes later the girl stood on the wharf alone. A fellow big enough to pitch a barrel of flour over a freight car approach in a careless way and observed:

"Fine day, miss?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nice view of the Canada shore?"

"Yes, indeed."

"May I offer you some peppermint loz—?"

Just then the young man came rushing down. When he came within ten feet of the couple he cried out:

"Villain! take your leave or I'll toss you into the river."

"Oh, I guess not," carelessly replied the other.

"Base scoundrel! I am here to rescue this young girl from your clutches!"

"Don't bust any buttons off, my young cub!"

The young man made a dash. He had to or wilt. He rushed at the big chap with his arm upraised and heroism in his eye, and the next minute he was picked up and tossed over among a lot of green hides as carefully as if he had been glass. Then the big man raised his cap to the girl, smiled sweetly as he bowed and scraped his foot, and he was out of sight before the young man recovered sufficiently to call out:

"Minnie, did I kill him?"

"No, Henry."

"Thank Heaven that I am not guilty of murder! Let him beware, however. Another time I may not be able to restrain myself!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. W— is a character in a certain country village. She is now an old woman, and lives in a small cottage off the main street. A few days ago she met a lad driving a fine load of hay to market. She stopped him, inquired the quality and price of the hay, and after much deliberation ordered the boy to drive his horses round into her yard. The place was rather straight for the wagon to enter, but he finally managed to drive in, and prepared to unload. Looking up to the lad, who, pitchfork in hand, was about to toss off the hay, she said, with great simplicity, "You may give me about enough for a hen's nest: I've been wanting it for some time."

THE late Baron Rothschild once took a cab to his offices, and on alighting tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open and looked at the money significantly, which caused the Baron to inquire whether it was not right. "Oh, yes," replied the cabman, "it's quite right, but your sons usually give me double." "They do, do they?" was the Baron's reply; "well they have got a rich father, and can afford it; I have not."

THIS was the way his spouse encouraged him when he fell from a Memphis ferry-boat into the Mississippi, and was struggling in the water for dear life: "Now, Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flop your arms, hold your breath, and think of all your sins; for it's mighty