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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.

Vol. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1883. No. 15.

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.,
xecuted with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

1850. 1883.

W. N. E. WICKES,
AGENT FOR
LISTER'S FERTILIZERS
BASIS BONE.

Wheat and Grass producers and permanent improvers of the soil. Long tested, well known and universally approved.

Lister's Standard Phosphate,
Lister's Ammoniated Phosphate,
Lister's U. S. Phosphate,
Lister's Pure Ground Butchers' Bone.

Are offered to the farmers at reasonable prices, and on accommodating terms. These goods will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings of the river or bay. It is very desirable to have orders filed early in the season. This will secure the goods in dry and fine condition for the drill. Orders left at the store of WICKES & BROTHER will receive prompt attention. Aug. 4-3m.

NONE CAN BEAT IT! SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!!

"Reliable" and "Corsica Compound"
PHOSPHATES,
Manufac'd by THOMPSON & McFEELY,
CENTREVILLE, Queen Anne's Co., Md.
Show Their Success by the Increased Demand for Them.

The sales of 1882 were over double those of 1881, an increase of over 100 per cent. It is made at home under our personal supervision and guaranteed to be first-class in every respect. Nearly every one that uses it once buys it again in larger quantities.

In Splendid Drilling Condition. Put up in the Best Bags that can be Bought. Yields this Year in Very Many Cases Thirty-Five Bushels to the Acre.

We refer you to:
Theodore F. Dill, Robert Nicholson, R. J. Catlin, Josiah Lusby, John N. Dodd, W. W. Stephens, W. T. Nicholson, Thos. Massey, Mrs. E. R. Wickes, Wm. Morris, Purnell Jefferson, Thos. S. Wilmer, B. N. S. Wilkins, E. N. Roland.

Analysis Guaranteed.

For Sale by R. G. NICHOLSON, Chestertown, Md.
August 4, 1883—s.

High Grade Fertilizers!

MONARCH, MASSEY'S STANDARD
—MANUFACTURED BY—
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Especially adapted to the growth of Wheat and Grass. Prompt, active and Reliable. The great and increasing popularity of these Goods is a proof that they are unexcelled in quality and condition. Orders solicited and filled promptly.
Branch Office and Warehouse at MASSEY'S.
Aug. 4, 1883.

MOGEE & FLEMING,
Chestertown, Md.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
MOGEE'S
GREAT VALLEY SCHUYLKILL
Quick and Slaked LIME,
Manufactured at NORRISTOWN, MONTGOMERY CO., PA.

THIS LIME has been used more extensively during the past eight years than any other lime by the Farmers in Maryland and Delaware. It has given decidedly BETTER RESULTS than any other Lime on the market, and as we are the largest dealers now in the Lime business we can and will deliver to farmers and dealers as cheap if not cheaper than any other firm in the business.

We supply orders by Railroad, from Philadelphia to Crisfield, and all the connecting branches, and we have boats to fill all orders not accessible by rail.

We are prepared to sell on time—4, 6, or 8 months note—payable at Banks.

April 7, 1883. MOGEE & FLEMING, Chestertown, Md.

USE SURE GROWTH TO GROW WHEAT IT PAYS!
TRADE MARK
SUPER-PHOSPHATE
MANUFACTURED BY D. SCOTT & BRO., ELKTON, MD.
For sale by W. MELVIN, Chestertown. A. WOODALL, Georgetown.

1846. 1883.
CHAPPELL'S
FERTILIZERS
Have Stood the Test for 36 Years.

Chappell's CHAMPION Super Phosphate,
Ammoniated Super Phosphate,
Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,
Dissolved South Carolina Bone.

The above Phosphates having been in the market for 36 years is sufficient guarantee that the standard has been kept up and farmers can rely on them. Guaranteed to drill.
We will deliver at any of the landings on the bay or rivers. Order early.
HINES & CLEMENTS, CHESTERTOWN.
Aug. 4-s.

Farmers' Favorite

BRADLEY'S SUPER PHOSPHATE is too well know to need more than the agent's name selling it. We warrant it to be a first class article, and to drill in every case. When we say drill we mean that the farmer shall return the Phosphate if not found in Drilling condition.

Prices as Low as any Goods in the Market Analysis being the Same.

We will deliver free of freight to any landing on the bay or rivers. Call and give your orders early.
HINES & CLEMENTS, CHESTERTOWN.
Aug 4-s.

"OLD KENT"
PHOSPHATE.

I am now prepared to furnish the Farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties with "OLD KENT," No. 1, FOR WHEAT, in fine drilling condition. It has given entire satisfaction.
JOHN W. HINES, Chestertown.
Aug. 4-tf.

FARMERS who are interested in Growing Crops cheaply and successfully should write us for our pamphlet on pure fertilizers. A good fertilizer can be made at home for about $12 a ton by composting with POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS. References in Every State. Agents wanted for unoccupied territory. Apply with references.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Manufacturers of
Powell's Tip-Top Bone Fertilizer,
Bone, Potash, Ammonia, &c.
16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
ARMSTRONG & SPARKS, Ag'ts, Chestertown

THEY NEVER FAIL!
Smith's Fever and Ague Pills
ARE WARRANTED TO CURE
FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS.
We Challenge their equal.
PRICE 50c. and $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.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and Liver Pills,
For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch
Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Headache and Constipation.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED
30,000 Boxes Peaches,
(We furnish Boxes,)
Delivered at any of our wharves on Chester River or Corsica Creek
Cash paid on delivery.
J. W. THOMPSON, Manager Thompson's Line.
jt28-tf.

TO PEACH GROWERS.
If you want a first class Set Springs for your Peach and Farm wagons call at Hines & Clements and examine their Spiral Springs which are guaranteed the best and Cheapest on the market.
HINES & CLEMENTS.
July 14.

FARMERS will do well to cut the briars and sassafras bushes in August, 17, 18, and 20, and J. K. Aldridge's Bush Scythes will be sure to kill them.—Call and purchase before that time—at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.
July 25-tf.

ENAMELED PRESERVING KETTLES, best quality and Cheap at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.
ju-25-tf.

COMMISSION CARDS.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.
GROVES & WINPENNY.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
112 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.

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

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

D. B. STEWART
With T. H. KEPNER,
General Commission Merchant,
And Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
No. 2 Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.
Special attention given to the sale of Peaches. No charge for empties not collected. Sales reported daily. Returns weekly.
References:—Messrs. Polk & Pennington, of Howell's Point fruit farm; Wm. Archibald, Jno. Young, Louis S. Hepbron, W. H. Stewart, E. B. Pennington, Wm. H. Pennell, Kent co.; James A. Ray, Baltimore. jy7-tf.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

B. TREW,
114 Light St. wharf, Baltimore,
Will give Special attention to
THE SALE OF PEACHES and other FRUIT this season.
jy28-tf.

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.

HUTCHINSON & HILL,
Commission Merchants,
(Of 324 N. Del. Ave., Phila.,)
HAVE OPENED A BRANCH HOUSE AT
183 Reade Street, NEW YORK,
which will be managed in person by WALTER S. HILL, formerly of this county. ag4-tf.

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.

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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
A Fine Farm

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned as trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, the 28th August, 1883,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

At the Voshell House, in Chestertown, THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE:

THE FARM
CALLED
Green Point,

in the Third Election District of Kent county, State of Maryland, lately owned by Lewin Usilton, now deceased.

THIS FARM contains

402 ACRES, 3 Roods,

And 27 Perches of LAND,

more or less, all arable but 100 Acres in

WOOD AND TIMBER,

and a few acres on the water lines.

The location is desirable, being convenient to Churches, Schools, &c., and the Dwelling is beautifully situated on a high bank, commanding a magnificent view of the Chesapeake Bay, the Harford shore and surrounding country.

Worton Creek, one of its boundaries, is navigable for steamers and grain vessels. On this Creek the farm has a good WHARF, and has the additional advantage of being near the steamboat wharf and Public Landing at Buck Neck. The arable land is conveniently divided and well fenced.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Are a NEW FRAME DWELLING, commodious and well arranged, with a Kitchen attached. The outbuildings are ample for the farm and in good order; there is also a

Peach Orchard of 2200 Trees,

one year old, of well selected varieties;

Pear Orchard and other Fruits.

Any person desiring to purchase a beautiful residence in a healthy, enterprising and social neighborhood should not fail to visit this farm, where they will meet Mr. Jos. R. USILTON, who will take pleasure in showing it.

TERMS OF SALE,

as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash at the sale, or on its final ratification at trustee's option; residue in equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, from which time the whole purchase money will bear interest. The deferred payments to be secured by bond of purchaser with surety or sureties approved by the trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

As the Decree directed, the trustee gives notice to the creditors of the said Lewin Usilton, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county within four months from day of sale of his real estate.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
July 28—ts.

VALUABLE FARM
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE,
BY AN EXECUTOR.

UNDER the power vested in the undersigned contained in the last will and testament of the late Annie E. Bowers, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, he will sell at private sale the real estate of his testatrix—the same being all her

FARM in the 2d Election District,

of Kent county, save a lot in the northwesterly corner of said farm, adjoining the village of Still Pond, and the farm of J. B. Parrott and others. The Farm as offered for sale contains

About 125 Acres,

all arable except a WOOD LOT of about Five Acres, and is now in the possession of Mr. Rob't Bowers as tenant, who will take pleasure in showing it to any one who may desire to purchase. The soil is naturally good, and has been highly improved. It is well fenced.

The Improvements

ARE A COMMODIOUS
BRICK DWELLING

and Out-buildings suitable for the farm, all in good order.

This estate may be purchased at a fair price and upon liberal terms.

RICHARD T. TURNER, Executor.
R. HYNSON, Attorney.
Aug. 4—3t.

AT PRIVATE SALE
A FARM IN MORGAN'S CREEK NECK, containing 135 ACRES,
More or less, known as the Boice farm, adjoining the lands of Messrs. Wilmer, Crow, McGee and others. For terms of sale and full particulars address JOHN K. BOSIE,
jan21-2m. 64 South st., Baltimore.

5 CENT
SHEET MUSIC AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
The choicest Songs, Dances, Waltzes, and Marches, only 5 cents per copy. Call and look over our stock.
May 12. COLIN F. STAM.

Engine Grates.—Notice to Farmers.
ALL persons in need of ENGINE GRATES will please send in orders early, so that they may be filled in time for threshing grain.
m26. WM. A. HYLAND.

TEAR AND SMILE.

"What are you?" said a tear,
To a smile playing near.
"With a flickering shimmer,
You transiently glimmer
On the meaningless features of mirth,
But you nothing express
Of the anguish and stress
That make up man's portion on earth."

"You are rather severe,"
Said the smile to the tear,
"For as day, to shine bright,
Needs a background of night,
So grief must be bordered with gladness;
And the light of a smile,
More than once in a while,
Helps a tear to unbosom its sadness."

—*Joseph Dawson.*

SCENES ON A BATTLEFIELD.

In an article on the battle of Gettysburg, J. A. Walker says in the Philadelphia *Times*: After the first day's fight at Gettysburg the writer was ordered to take a platoon of men and go over the field to bury the dead and care for the wounded. My first subject for burial was a young man of perhaps thirty years, who did not die suddenly. There was evidence of a struggle, and the torn fragments of letters lying around showed he had a secret that he wished to die with him. But the broken pieces of an old-fashioned daguerreotype lying by his side gave me curiosity to learn his name. I tore open the old frame that held the picture he destroyed and found written on the pink paper inside my own family name, that of a young lady living at Warrenton, S. C. Only her name and address written in a feminine hand. I took the paper out and placed it in my pocket book, burying the dead soldier where he lay.—On my return to Virginia I wrote to the lady inclosing the slip of paper and describing the body. She replied in due time, giving me the sad information of her betrothal to the young man. It was her photograph he had destroyed.

Our next was that of a Federal cavalryman, apparently dead, and who was wearing an elegant pair of boots. The guard under my command were scattered over half a mile of territory. I noticed a party of three or four assembled around this cavalryman, apparently undecided as to what to do. I soon learned that they were debating as to whether or not they should take the boots or bury them with him. At the moment of my joining the squad they were disputing over the spoils, when the matter was brought to a close by the dead cavalryman himself. He had heard what was said and in a sepulchral voice asked that he be allowed decent burial with his boots on. As he had to all appearances risen from the dead his request was unanimously granted. We sent him comfortably to the hospital, and hope he is alive to day.

Our next work revealed to us a sight, if possible, more touching than anything war gives to us, the death of a little boy. He was dressed in the full uniform of a cavalryman, and as he lay he was a dethroned statue of Apollo. Beautiful as a young god, with a face white and clear as a girl's, his right hand resting peacefully across his breast and his left holding his cap.

TRUE ECONOMY.

The Lime Kiln Club Declines to Hear Mr. White's Lecture.

"I would inform de club," said the President, as another starch-box was dropped into the stove to warm up the back townships, "dat de Hon. Pokydemus White, of Grenada, Miss., am in de ante-room. De gem'lan arove heah last night on top of a freight car. His objeck in wistin' the Norf am to deliber his celebrated lektur' on 'How to Economize.' He has offered to deliber it befo' dis club fur de sum of seventy-five cents, which am cheap 'nuff fur any sort of a lecktur' on any sort of a subject. But I has informed him dat we doan' want it. It am plain to me dat he has bin economizin' radder too much. In place of an obercoat he has a yard of brass watch chain. In place of three meals per day he seems to prefer one meal an' two drinks of ob whisky. While de heels ob his butes am all run over, he w'ars a glass diamond under his chin. While his trousers am patched befo' and behind, he sports a galvanized watch dat probably cost $6. Gem'len, de way to economize am to save 75 cents by not 'ceptin' de offer of dis lecktu'er. What de mos' of us doan' know 'bout economy, no stranger wid a stiff knee kin cum along an' teach us.—When a member ob dis club keeps fo' children in skule, pays rent, has a Sunday suit, eats oysters twice a week, an' doan' owe de butcher or grocer, an' all on a salary of $6 per week, I reckon he has got de economy bizness down to as fine a p'int as it kin be worked.

"De Committee on Recepshum of Statesmen will perceed to de anty-room an' remark to de Hon. Pokydemus White dat we has decided not to h'ar de lecture at any price. Hint to him dat he had better leave de city on some ob de night trains. Tell him dat his lectur' will probably draw crowded houses in Toledo and Cleveland."

A PERILOUS UNDERTAKING.

How Two Sprigs of Nobility Crossed the Rockies by the Yellowhead Trail.

From the Toronto Globe.

Two sprigs of nobility, the one English and the other Austrian, who left Victoria last fall to cross the Rocky Mountains on the Yellowhead trail, have just arrived in the city. They tell a terrible tale of what they went through on the trip. It was too late when they started, and the excellent fishing along the Thompson river tempted them to put off the difficult part of the journey until winter had actually set in. They managed, however, to keep on the trail, but the deep snow in the canyons made their progress very slow, and as they could not get any hay for their horses two of the animals soon died, and the other team were reduced to mere skeletons. They could hardly draw the tent and other utensils of camp life. About half across the mountains their food supply gave out and starvation stared them in the face. They trudged along for two days without a bite but a few frozen biscuits and the bark of trees. They camped at night in the shelter of a huge projecting rock, and while gathering wood to make a fire one of them discovered a cave near by, and entered from curiosity, thinking it would make a good grave for them. To his astonishment and delight he found a quantity of ham buffalo meat and corn meal in it, mouldy, but still very palatable food under the circumstances. It must have been stored there by a surveying party in 1876, as this was the date of papers found among the parcels. They made a fresh start, carrying all the provisions they could on their backs, and by the middle of January they descended into the Pearce river valley, where a band of Indians supplied them with enough frozen fish to last them till they reached Edmonton. They were none the worse for their adventure, but they would not care to go through it again. Like Joaquin Miller's squaw, they looked as wrinkled and brown as a bag of leather.

IDLENESS.

Many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for it implies a relief from previous labor, and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it. Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and they are often glad to return to their old occupation to escape the miseries of indolence.

THE whistle of a locomotive is heard 2,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

WHEN you get pretty well up on the White Mountains, it is said you can often see a rain storm below you. It must be a decidedly healthy place. A man don't feel "under the weather" there, you know.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

BE courageous, and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

FINDING A TRAIL.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—200 men in faded and ragged blue uniforms every face sunburned and bronzed, every sabre and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here, at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has grown cold. Aye, it has been lost. It is as if the white man had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor, and no visible sign of life. The pines and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide ten thousand Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a still, hot day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The eye of a lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse adown the valley and the circulating flight of an eagle so high in the air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for signs but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. It is a lost trail. There's something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here in the center of the valley, every footprint suddenly disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant with grizzly locks and fighting jaw rides down the valley, followed by five troopers. They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle-girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts slow glances along the mountain side to his right—along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that! Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley on the other slope it is answered again. Down the valley, a full two miles beyond where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps to the right like the sudden turn of a river, the signal is caught up and drew back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band galloped straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp-pointed ears work faster. Only eighty rods now, and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirls about like a top, and is off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down the valley—they are looking for a hoof-print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign, however insignificant, to prove that men have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He sees that he is not being pushed, and he recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves away to the right, and changes his gait to a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thump of hoof-beats he will straighten away and show to the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirlwind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to the turn in the valley. The lone horse has stopped to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm he breaks into a terrific run, takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing out of sight as if followed by lions.

"Halt!"

The grim sergeant sees signs in the actions of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to the right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into a dense thicket, the ticket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye could penetrate that fringe. The Indians may be ambushed there, or the horse may have scented wolf or grizzly.

"Forward!"

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the bend. To disobey is ignominy and disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bough is as still as if made of iron. There is a silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk or buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend, the valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower—level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

"Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out."

"Halt!"

It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail have been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out of the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five—ten—twenty—fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and 200 Indians in war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

"Into line—right dress!"

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to two hundred, but he will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp and rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

"Now, men, one volley—sling carbines—draw sabres and charge!"

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke, and the six horses sprang forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabres flash and clang—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering, and turning the bend at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow in his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and the notes of the bugle will prove that the lost trail has been found.

A TIMELY HINT.

Drowning accidents are of almost daily occurrence, but many a life could be saved if the following simple directions were followed:

When you find yourself in deep water you will sink first a few feet down, but if you do not struggle you will come quickly to the surface again, which on reaching immediately draw a full breath, throw your head back, and this will have the effect of placing you in a recumbent position on the surface of the water. Now, this is a most critical time for those who don't know what to do next. Extend your arms at once on a level with your shoulders, palms of hand downward, so that the water cannot penetrate them, and begin gently paddling the water with the movement of the hands from the wrists only. Extend your legs quietly and slowly in a line with your body. If you raise your arms or legs above the surface of the water you will sink, but if you have the presence of mind not to do so, or struggle about, you will never sink, so long as you keep paddling gently, without exertion, with your hands, and so you may float on until you are picked up or until you are numbed by the cold.

A KANSAS WOMAN was upbraiding her husband when a cyclone hove in sight, and, with a sigh of relief, the unhappy man ran out into its path, and was safely blown into the next county.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

MOUSTACHES MADE TO ORDER.

Lads Who Want to be Men and Who Therefore Worry the Beard up Prematurely.

"Are you ever called upon to raise moustaches for youngsters?" a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter asked a professor of hair culture who seems to have an extensive following there.

"Oh, yes, indeed," was the hair compeller's reply. "I have many customers from sixteen to twenty-one, and even as high as twenty-five, whom I treat especially for the growth of the moustache. The youngest customers are anxious to force the crop of hair on their upper lip; the old ones find the growth too scanty and are anxious to increase its luxuriance. In the latter instance the seed pores have not been opened or life has disappeared from the bulb before it got a chance to sprout. The easiest cases to handle, though, are the young men, who want precocious moustaches. By feeding the hair roots, keeping the soil moist and warm and the pores open, I have found it possible in three months to give a sixteen or seventeen-year-older a very good-looking moustache and before the rest of their face is ready for the touch of a razor."

"Are there many young men anxious for this labial decoration?"

"You'd be surprised to know the number. I have now under treatment three young men from a local boarding school, two boys in one of the railroad offices, the son of a prominent operator on 'Change and a clergyman's boy. They come here regularly every three weeks to have the furze clipped from their lips, which strengthens the hair. No, I do not use the razor. It would pull the hair roots out in the tender condition in which the treatment leaves the flesh.—A fine sharp scissors does the work."

"What do you charge them?"

"Five dollars a bottle for the wash and a dollar for each clipping."

"Do any of the boys want side whiskers?"

"I never had but one call for them since I went into the business. A young fellow studying for the ministry came in and asked me if I could produce a pair of blonde side-boards on his face. I said I could produce the hair, but it might not be exactly blonde. The hair of his head was red, and when I wouldn't guarantee to decorate his jaws with yellow tow he got up and left. Oh, it's fun!"

KISSING BY THE WATCH.

An Interesting Report as to the Duration of the Rapturous Labial Pressure.

The other day some New York dandies tried to realize the length of a minute by holding their breath, but that pastime proved too exhausting and had quickly been dropped when two girls met and kissed on the opposite sidewalk.

"What's the average duration of a kiss?" was asked.

Interest in the question languidly arose. A proposition to investigate the subject was made. All plans of procedure were rejected as impracticable and untrustworthy, however, until somebody hit upon the idea of going to the Grand Central Depot at the time of an arriving train and accurately observing the kisses as unpremeditatedly made. I am able to give the resulting data. Thirteen kisses were measured as to duration from the instant of contact to that of culmination.—Two of these were so instantaneous that the observers noted them at a hundredth part of a second, and four more were rather guessed than actually timed at a fiftieth. All these were between women. The next group of five kisses were recorded at a twentieth. The couples were divided as to sex, but were made up of persons whose ties were presumably those of consanguinity. Then came a full half-minute kiss—that of a little girl and a man who was doubtless her father.

The longest of the thirteen was over a minute according to the time-keeper, but the reliability of the record was questioned on the ground that there was a succession of kisses instead of a continuous conjunction of the lips. This couple was composed either of young married folks or of sweethearts who felt sure that they were among total strangers. There was no hurry or reserve about their affectionate greeting.

A FATHER HUBBARD.

The other day when old Major Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of the church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man regarded her for a few moments, and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you goin' to wear it to church?"

"Why, certainly, Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready and we'll go."

The old man went out into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned, his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.

"You're not goin' to wear them sacks are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off."

"All right; off goes the Father Hubbard," and turning away, he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that is by agreein' with her. If it hadn't been for the Daddy Hubbard I'd a been in a mighty bad fix."

THROW UP YOUR CHIN.

The whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and then the shoulders will naturally settle backward in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward.—The proper way is to look straight ahead, upon the same level with your eyes, or if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be as straight as an arrow, and the reason is because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop when you are walking, if you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.

RED-HEADED GIRLS.

Atlantic City is a paradise for red-headed girls. More red-headed girls can be found there to the square inch than anywhere else along the coast. They may be seen sporting in the surf in box-pleated panties, with a red sash around the waist; they are encountered every few steps along the board-walk; in cardinal jerseys and vermilion stockings they peep out from under crimson parasols; they recline against red upholstery in the hotels, and may occasionally be found in red striped pavilions dying their hair in the sun.—They are not confined to class or condition, but take in Titian and Lotta-hued representatives from Spruce street and Frankford, and from Chester county as well as Conshohocken.—*Philadelphia Times.*

MY SON, you may invent a new electric light, you may improve the telephone until it can be talked to, you may even revise the tariff to satisfy both parties, you may write a dozen successful books, you may save a sinking state, you may make your name famous, your house great and your memory blessed, and then you will not have as big a funeral as Tom Thumb, who never did anything in his life, except to grow less in fifty years than most boys grow in ten. And he only did that because he could not help it.—*Burdette.*

A FLOATING item says that the "peelings of green cucumbers will kill cockroaches." Green cucumber peelings will kill anything if you can get "anything" to eat them. But they would have to be sugar-coated before they could be smuggled into a cockroach that was in its right mind.—*Peck's Sun.*

A YOUNG MISS of sixteen asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of young gentlemen at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly down stairs and untie the dog.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

AN old criminal was once asked what was the first step that led to his ruin, when he answered: "The first step was cheating a printer out of two years' subscription—when I had done that the devil got such a grip on me that I could never shake him off."