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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1883. No. 30.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

J. F. LEARY'S
Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, and all other diseases of Throat and Lungs
Sold by all Druggists at 25 and 50 cents.
CANBY, GILPIN & CO., Agents,
Sept. 29-8m. Light and Lombard sts. Baltimore, Md.

W. P. PATTERSON,
RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF
Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns
RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

15,000 Yards of Carpet!
Our Carpet Trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department.
We have now a beautiful Carpet Room filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS that the market can produce. Our stock consists in
Tapestries, Body Brussels, (with borders to match), Ingrains, Persian Damasks, Rags and Hemps, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired.
We have also a line of Floor Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Feltings, Window Shades, &c.
Remember you have FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS OF CARPET to select from, therefore come where you can get just what you want.
W. H. MOORE & Co.,
Oct. 20-3m. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

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.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!
AND MUST PREVAIL!
And the truth is, we propose to keep THE LEAD in the CLOTHING TRADE on the Eastern Shore. We know that to satisfy the general public strong inducements must be offered, and we are the only House on the shore prepared to offer them. We buy our goods for the cash, therefore can afford to sell them
TWENTY per cent LESS
than those who buy on long credit, or sell goods on commission.
A. FRIEDMAN Buys for the CASH ONLY.
LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES:

Men's Suits	others ask $6 00 for	we are selling at $4 50
" "	7 50 "	6 00
Men's all wool Kersey Suits others ask	9 00 for	7 00
Men's Suits	10 00 for	8 00
" "	15 00 "	11 00
" "	20 00 "	15 00

and all other goods in like proportion. We have a large stock of
YOUTHS', BOYS', & CHILDREN'S SUITS,
which we are selling at very low figures.
OVERCOATS:—Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Overcoats we are selling at very low prices, from $2 00 up.
HATS & CAPS:—Just received from New York a great variety of Hats and Caps of the latest styles.
Gents' Furnishing Goods:—We have just received a complete assortment and are prepared to suit everybody in goods and low prices.
We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine our stock and prices at the STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, under the KENT NEWS OFFICE, Chestertown, Maryland. Respectfully,
Oct. 20, 1883. **A. FRIEDMAN.**

CARPETS! CARPETS!
CARPETS!
CARPETS of Rags. CARPETS of Jute.
CARPETS of Cotton & Wool Mixed.
CARPETS of all Wool.
We invite the inspection of those intending to purchase carpets this fall and winter to the largest stock that has ever been kept in this market and at City Prices.
We have a large stock of floor and stair
OIL CLOTHS
5-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4, and also a variety of Stair Carpet.
Sept. 8-4m. J. B. BURCHINAL.

COME AND SEE!
Come and See!!
MY NEW
CARPET ROOM.
HAVING Just Completed my Carpet Room, I am prepared to show the largest line in Kent county, embracing thousands of yards of Newest Patterns and best makes.
My stock consists in Tapestries, Body Brussels, Ingrains, from highest to lowest, of best grades, of the most choice patterns and best makes; also Rags, old and new; Jutes; Step Carpet; Carpet Padding, Druggets, &c., &c.
I have also a full line of
Floor OIL CLOTHS
in almost any width; can fit most any hall without pieceing.
I can safely say to those who are posted, an inspection of stock and prices only is needed to convince you that I can save you money—therefore try me before going to the city. Very truly
nov3. R. F. PARKS.

CARPETS!
GEO. E. CRANE. CURTIS E. CRANE.
CRANE BROS.,
Formerly of Queen Anne's County,
HAVE opened a NEW CARPET HOUSE at 67 W. BALTIMORE ST., opposite the DIME MUSEUM, and are showing the FINEST LINE of CARPETS ever offered in the City. They ask their friends to give them a call. Their expenses are small, and they guarantee to sell from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other house in the City.
CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS, &c., &c.,
all of the newest styles.
CRANE BROTHERS,
67 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Oct. 13-3m. opp. Dime Museum.

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.

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.

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.

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.

ALL goods, not cut, taken back and money refunded if customers are not suited.
n17. WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

FINE and GROUND ALUM SALT, at low Prices. For sale by
oc27. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

PUBLIC SALE.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned administrator of Geo. H. Anderson, will sell at Public Sale at the late residence of deceased near I. U. Church, on
THURSDAY, Dec. 13th, 1883,
The following Personal Property:
2 HORSES and 1 COLT,
2 MILCH COWS,
3 FAT HOGS, 13 SHOATS,
1 Carriage and Harness, and a general variety of Farming Utensils. Also, a good Cook Stove and lot of Household Goods.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
TERMS OF SALE:—All purchases of $10 and less, cash; over that amount a credit of 8 months, on note with approved security.
GEO. T. WILLIAMS, ADM'R.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. d1-ts.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Personal Property
THE Subscriber having rented his farm called "Gregg's Neck," near Galena, Kent county, Md., will offer at Public Sale on
FRIDAY, December 14, 1883,
At 10 o'clock A. M., all of his entire Stock and Farming Utensils thereon, consisting in part of
9 SUPERIOR MULES,
8 of which will be sold in pairs;
1 Pair of First-Class OXEN;
FOUR MARES,
three of which are with foal, one by the thoroughbred horse Bashaw, Jr.;
3 COLTS;
27 Head of Grade DURHAM CATTLE,
among them some are thoroughbred, including one two-year-old Bull, and 4 six-months-old Bull Calves;
45 HEAD OF FINE SHOATS:
Also a lot of Farming Utensils, consisting of, 1 Champion Self-Binding Reaper, 1 Osborne Self-Rake Reaper, both in good order and nearly new; 1 Empire Drill, 3 Syracuse Chilled Plows, and a large lot of Concave and Wiley Plows, 2 large Orchard Cultivators, 9 Corn Cultivators, 1 Roller, 2 Farm Wagons, 1 Peach Wagon, 1 Orchard Wagon, 2 Peach Wagon Beds, 1 Ox-Cart, 2 sets of Wagon Harness, Plow Gears, Single Trees, Forks, Spades, Shovels, Hoes, and many other articles such as are kept upon a large and well-stocked farm.
TERMS.—All purchases of $20 and under, cash. All over that amount a credit of Nine Months on note with approved security and interest, payable at the Kent National Bank. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.
R. R. COCHRAN.
S. M. ENOS, Auc'r. n24-ts.

Fall and Winter!
1883-4!
Wm. J. McFeely & Son
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
—Dealers in—
Family Groceries,
Segars and Tobacco,
CONFECTIONERIES,
Foreign and Domestic
FRUITS AND NUTS,
Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c.
We flatter ourselves that we have the largest variety and the best stock of all the above goods that can be found on this shore, and would solicit a call for examination.
WM. J. McFEELY & SON.
Nov. 24, 1883.

More New Goods
JUST RECEIVED a fine assortment of BLACK CRAPE VEILING—Prices $1, $2, $3 and $4 per yard.
J. B. BURCHINAL.
WE have a Nice Assortment of DOUBLE WIDTH HEAVY COATINGS for Ladies and Children—and the Fur in Black and Colors to trim with, tipped and not tipped. We also have the COATS READY-MADE for Ladies and Children, and take orders for any special style desired, and furnished at short notice.
J. B. BURCHINAL.
JUST IN—Gentlemen's Country-Knit WOOL HOSE, and Ladies regular made WOOL HOSE.
n3-6t. J. B. BURCHINAL.

Merchant Tailoring!
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened near the Catholic Church in Chestertown a MERCHANT
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
and has on hand a fine assortment of CLOTHS and CASSIMERES. He will make Suits to order and *Guarantee a Fit* and satisfaction in every case. A call and examination of his goods is solicited.
Prices moderate.
Sept. 15-4m. LOUIS STOLL.

BLANKETS—White at $1 50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3 50, $4, $5 per pair. Grey from $1 up. Bed Comforts from 75c. up.
Oct. 6. J. H. SIMPERS.

How We Tried to Whip the Teacher.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

I wuz a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull an' tall.
Ez green ez eny gozlin', but I tho't I knowed it all.
I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood an' chored
For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
About ez rough an' raw ez I—about as big a fool—
Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart feature,
An' giv' us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.

We wouldn't ask no better fun than jist to make him climb,
We'd hev a long vacation an' a whopper of a time.
The teacher he wuz sickly—he was not ez big ez I—
I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't half but try,
Fur eny one lookin' at him would a said on sight
Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.

His hands they wan't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs,
To hoin' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows.
Philetus said he'd use him for a mop to mop the floor,
An' he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out the door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we had planned;
They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand;
But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be
To think they tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;
'F I'd kick the bucket over, he'd make the teacher dance—
He'd flop him in the water, an' he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school-bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell;
I run agin' the water-pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,
The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

The scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his chair,
He took me by the trowsers, and he held me in the ar'
Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like a top,
An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;

He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die,
He swizhed me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry,
While big Philetus Phinney he wuz jist too scar'd to laugh,
He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf.

An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' frightened looks,
Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' raslin' wid the'r books;
An' oh, how hard they studdied—not a feller spoke or stirred—
They didn't dar whisper or to say a single word.

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me such a scar?
He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'.
An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I vow
I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his'n on me now;
He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' at his school;
That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

—*Eugene J. Hall, in Away Out West.*

HE LOST THEM BOTH.

"Cora," said old Mrs. Duchesne abruptly, "did you ever have your fortune told?"

Cora started at the sudden question and then smiled.

"I," said she, "my fortune told? How should I? We city girls never stumble across gipsy camps."

Old Miss Duchesne was sallow, with very black hair, scarcely as yet sprinkled with gray, although 60 years had passed over it; sharp black eyes, and a nose and chin which nearly met.—She looked almost like a sphinx herself as she sat there.

"I used to tell fortunes when I was a girl," said she.

"With cards?" laughed Cora.

"No, by palmistry. Shall I tell yours?"

Cora looked at the old lady with surprise.—Was she in jest or earnest? Why did she speak so sharply? Why did those glittering eyes seem to burn their way into her very brain?

But Miss Duchesne had been the school friend of Cora's mother years ago, and Cora had always humored her eccentricities.

"If you choose," she said, hesitating.

"Give me your hand," said Miss Duchesne; "the same hand which you are one day going to bestow upon Duke Chesterton in marriage."

"Yes," said Cora, calmly.

"A white, plump, velvety little hand," said Mrs. Duchesne, peering so closely into the palm that her nose almost touched the rosy skin.—"Let me see!—let—me—see! The line of luck; the line of life; the line of love! Ah, here we are! Beware of a dark girl. She is coming between you and the line of love. She will work you sore trouble yet."

The girl sat as if some new light had suddenly dawned upon her brain.

"You mean my cousin Ariadne?" said she involuntarily.

Miss Duchesne nodded.

"I mean your Cousin Ariadne," said she,—"Child, child! can it be possible that you are so blind as not to see what is going on under your very eyes? That woman is winning your lover away."

Cora smiled incredulously.

"Oh, but that is quite impossible. Duke loves me! He is engaged to me!"

"Men are false," said Miss Duchesne with energy. "There never was one yet proof against the wiles of a siren like Ariadne Buckingham."

"Miss Duchesne, you must not talk so," faltered Cora, with the color varying on her cheek and a startled look in her eyes. "Ariadne is my guest. Duke is my engaged lover, I—"

Silently Miss Duchesne drew aside the ruby-velvet draperies of the window and pointed to where Miss Leslie's own carriage was drawn up opposite the curbstone. Ariadne Buckingham—a tall, brilliant brunette—was just stepping out. Marmaduke Chesterton, bowing low over her hand, pressed his lips to it as he assisted her to alight.

"Do you see that?" asked Miss Duchesne.

Cora burst into tears and hurried from the room just as Miss Buckingham entered from an opposite portal, all smiles, followed by Mr. Chesterton.

"Where is Cora?" said the brunette airily.—"I hope her headache is better. We have had such a delightful morning at the picture gallery, and we have brought home some exquisite cut flowers to arrange for dinner. Where are they, Duke? Bring them in here. I am sure Cora will excuse us for invading her boudoir."

But Miss Duchesne did not return the fair Ariadne's smiles. She gathered up her knitting, made some curt reply about desiring to be alone, and stalked out of the room.

"Cross old thing!" pouted Ariadne. "One would almost imagine, Duke, that you were her lover, and that she was jealous!"

She laughed a shrill, sweet tinkle of a sound. Marmaduke Chesterton laughed also. All that Ariadne Buckingham did or said was perfect in his eyes.

Miss Buckingham's father had lost his all in unfortunate ventures and Ariadne had been brought up on an income of nothing per annum.

Every one pitied poor Ariadne, who, nevertheless, was always exquisitely dressed, went everywhere, and lived, metaphorically speaking, on the fat of the land.

She had written to Cora Leslie, her mother's cousin, that she would like to spend the winter with her; and Cora, full of sweet, womanly compassion, promptly sent money for her to come.

"I never had a sister," wrote Cora, "and I am sure that I shall love you dearly."

And it was thus that Ariadne had rewarded her. The old story over again of the serpent who stings its benefactor.

But although Cora had been blind, the rest of the world, like Miss Duchesne, was more clear-sighted.

Col. Vavason, Mr. Chesterton's uncle took him sternly to task for his defection from the line of equity.

Duke laughed.

"My dear uncle," said he, "you take things too seriously! Cannot an engaged man so much as look at another woman?"

But one day in blossomy May, Col. Vavason's card was brought up to Miss Leslie.

Cora was preparing to go out with Miss Duchesne for a drive. She was full of bright happiness that morning, and even Miss Duchesne breathed more freely, for Ariadne Buckingham had left them the night before in response—so at least she gave them to understand—to a telegram from her father, who was ill. The nightmare dream was over at last—all the world was May!

She ran down into the drawing-room, where Col. Vavason leaned against the mantel, tall, pale and handsome.

"Oh, Colonel," she said brightly, "I am so glad to see you. Duke is coming—"

But she paused as her eyes fell on his pale features, the look of mute horror in his eyes.

"Duke will never come here again," said he in a low tone. "Be a heroine, Cora. Bear your trouble bravely. Duke went away before daylight. He left a note asking me to tell you. He loves Ariadne Buckingham, and has followed her to her home!"

And so Cora Leslie closed the chapter of her first love—or rather Marmaduke Chesterton closed it for her.

At the end of a year Marmaduke Chesterton came back. He was not married to Miss Buckingham after all. The beautiful brunette had accepted his presents and smiled on him with those melting eyes of hers, amused herself at his expense and finally wedded a young lieutenant of artillery to whom she had been engaged for years. Duke was pale and haggard as he stood there in the boudoir, where he had first asked Cora Leslie to be his wife.

But Cora was lovelier than ever. As he looked upon her he marveled that he could have ever cared for one like Ariadne Buckingham.

"Cora," he said, in a broken voice, as she cordially gave him her hand, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling, "I forgave you long ago. And oh, how you must have suffered, Duke!"

"But," he went eagerly on, "I am disenchanted now. My eyes are opened at last. I know that I never really loved any one but you.—Sweet Cora, is it too late to ask you to renew our engagement once more?"

"I am afraid it is," said Cora, still serenely self-possessed and calm.

"But why," he urged.

"One reason," answered Cora, "is that I have long ceased to care (except of course, as a friend) for the man who loved Ariadne Buckingham better than me. The other is that I am to be married next week to Col. Vavason."

"To—my uncle?"

"Yes," she answered, "to your uncle. I love and honor him as I never loved and honored man before."

So Marmaduke Chesterton lost both blonde and brunette, and Miss Duchesne was satisfied at last that her darling was worthily wedded.

LADIES AND LADIES.

As a young lady walked hurriedly down the street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian, he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk. Two richly dressed ladies (?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several passing by amused by the boy's dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without further interest. All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel; when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright faced stranger stepped to the boy's side, and said in a tone of thorough kindness,—

"Let me hold the other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn paper, her skillful hand replaced the parcel on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said,—

"I hope you havn't far to go!"

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to bear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare, asked,—

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response. "Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant like, 'cepting to grand uns; I guess there's two kinds; them as thinks they are ladies and isn't, and them what tries to be and is!"

PIG PENS.

My experience last winter taught me a valuable lesson in regard to confining young pigs on a plank floor. Several got so stiff that it impaired their growth. In this cold latitude it is quite difficult to keep pigs warm in winter without confining them in a pen. I have an idea of building a sort of an annex pig house with a graveled floor and a platform in one corner with low sides to keep the bedding on it for a sleeping place, and so give the pigs a chance to exercise on the ground. Of course this ground floor must be elevated above the surface of the earth outside, or else the water will soak in and make it wet and muddy. A fountain could be put under it of small stones and the gravel be put on top of this. The pigs would have to be kept rung, or they would root it up. In such a pen I do not believe pigs would get stiff and lame, as they are apt to when confined a long while on a plank floor. It should be made roomy enough so that there would be ample space. Where a few pigs are to be kept, a smaller pen would answer, of the size of a length of a board—13 feet square. Such a pen should be lined on the inside and filled in with chaff or saw dust to keep it warm, and the space overhead left open to the roof, which would be ample for good ventilation.
—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

USEFUL HINTS.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe in a dry towel.

Washing the hands twice a day with Indian cornmeal, and rubbing on a little glycerine at night, will keep them soft and white.

A wet umbrella should be left with the handle downwards to drain and dry. It will last much longer when cared for in this manner, as it will dry quickly.

Never make bread with unboiled milk, for the chances are that the dough will become sour.—One great point in successful bread making (besides kneading well) is to beat the sponge thoroughly.

To clean black cashmere, wash in hot suds, with a little borax in the water; rinse in blueing water, very blue, and iron while damp. It will look almost equal to new.

To clean a tea or coffee pot that has become discolored inside, put into it a teaspoonful of saleratus and fill two-thirds full of water, and let it boil two hours. Wash and rinse well before using.

Steel knives which are not in daily use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in a dry place.

A MICHIGAN YOUTH, aged nineteen, had a flare-up with his girl, and out of revenge, married the latter's runt—"fat, fair and forty." It is the first time annty fat has been utilized as a cure for a broken heart.

WHEN your parlor furniture gets worn threadbare, have it covered with muslin; then every one will think it is new, and that you have covered it to preserve the delicate-hued satin.

WHY LINCOLN WAS KILLED.

From the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

A few days since we met one of the most intelligent and able lawyers known in Tennessee.—Before and during the war he was an official in the United States Government, and his position was one of responsibility and trust. He is a man whose veracity has never suffered so much as the taint of suspicion, and whose honor, integrity and ability is respected, even beyond the confines of the State of Tennessee, in which he now resides. In talking with him about the assassination of President Lincoln, and he was in Washington at the time, we were free to express the opinion that some day the truth would be made known and it would then appear that the South nor any of its sympathizers instigated his murder, nor were at all even remotely connected with it.

"No," said this young gentleman, "the South had no connection with it. The assassination of Lincoln had no political significance whatever. The truth of this matter has never been given to the public, and no one has ever seemed to divine the reason why he was killed." These are the facts in the great crime:

Near the close of the late civil war a party of old friends had met in the city of Washington. There were four of them of whom J. Wilkes Booth was leader, and with a jolly spree they celebrated their reunion, continuing their revelry all through the day and until the light of another day had come to disturb it. Just as they prepared to depart Booth said:

"Well, boys, what are you going to do, and when will we all meet again?"

"I for one," said the wildest of them all, "am going down to Richmond to see what Jeff and the Rebs are doing."

All the others tried to persuade him from his trip and pointed out the dangers and difficulties of crossing the lines, but in a drunken spirit of bravado he told them that he was sharp enough to look out for himself, and feared no trouble in getting through, so the party broke up, and that night found their friend within Grant's lines, among the Army of the Potomac.

About that time the proposed movements, strength and plans of the Union Army were as well known to Lee as Grant. Spies were plentiful, and means of information so reliable that an attempt to advance on the part of Grant was always met by the preparations of Lee. This had brought from Stanton a scathing order to the general, which really amounted to a rebuke to the entire army for their want of vigilance and care, and allowing among them so many spies and friends to the rebel cause, to the great injury to the Union arms. The army naturally felt this deserved rebuke from the Secretary of War, and great care was enforced along the lines to prevent a repetition of it.

At this time Booth's friend appeared, and, hardly recovered from his drunken spree, wandering along the line, seeking his opportunity to cross over into Dixie. He was met by an officer, who abruptly asked him his business. In his drunken, reckless way, he answered:

"I don't know that you have anything to do with that; I am attending to my business, and you attend to yours."

A file of men was called, placed him under arrest, and in no condition to give a good account of himself, a drum-head court-martial, composed of officers, still smarting under the rebuke of Stanton, soon sentenced him to speedy death as a spy, and the "findings" were sent on to the President for approval.

Booth soon heard of the fate of his friend, and gaining admittance to the President at once, stated the facts of his case to him, and asked for the release of his friend.

"Mr. Booth," said Lincoln, "what you say you may believe to be true, but this man has been found under very suspicious circumstances within our lines, been tried by a court of officers, found guilty and sentenced to death. They know the case better than you or I can, and, although I regret to do it, it is my duty to approve these papers, and I shall do it."

On bended knee, with tears streaming from his eyes, Booth pleaded in his inimitable way for the life of his friend, assuring him of his loyalty, attributing his foolish, reckless manner to the fever of his late debauch and using every art his life had made him master of, he prayed for the release of his friend from a cruel death until he could prove to his satisfaction all that he said to be true. Overcome by the entreaties of Booth, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Mr. Booth, I yield to your entreaties and your friend will be released."

A cabinet meeting was called that day, and after other matters had been discussed, Mr. Lincoln told the cabinet of this case, and that he had decided to disapprove the finding of the court-martial. A perfect storm arose, each member objecting in the strongest terms against his action. Stanton and Seward most particularly and violently opposed, and said:

"Mr. President, this is the first conviction since my late order of vigilance to the army. He has been tried by our true and loyal officers, who are risking their lives for their country. Our movements have been rendered futile by the efforts of such men as these, and you must not allow yourself to grow weak in such times. Don't allow your good judgment to be overcome, or your heart to be softened by the artistic emotions of a common actor. If my orders are not to be obeyed, and the sentence of our tried officers carried out, accept my resignation and supply yourself with a new Secretary of War at once. I will be no party to such child's play."

Seward also protested and said he would resign his portfolio if the President did not approve.

A moment's thought and Mr. Lincoln rapidly wrote "Approved" across the papers, saying: "Gentlemen, I own it. I gave my promise in a moment of weakness. The army must be protected."

Early next day Booth heard of it and hurried to the Vice-President's office to see if what he heard was true. Sent up his card on which was written, "I must see you and at once." This card was found on the office floor after Lincoln's death. Mr. Johnson told him that his friend had been tried, convicted and had been shot at sunrise that day. Booth told him of Lincoln's promise, when Mr. Johnson gave him an account of the opposition of Seward and Stanton and that they had persuaded the President to change his mind.

Booth left the office a broken-hearted man, and meeting his two remaining friends went to the same room their late frolic had been held in; they sadly discussed the fate of their friend and heartily condemned the perfidy of Mr. Lincoln in breaking his promise. At last inflamed with wine and passion, their feelings changed from sorrow at his loss to revenge on those who urged his death, and a solemn compact was entered into between those three to avenge the loss of their companion. The plan was soon perfected—the time to be that night; their escape to be the Southern lines. One was to take Stanton, one Seward, and Booth selected Lincoln as his victim in revenge of his broken promise.

The sick room of Seward was entered, and, in the presence of his son, a murderous attack was made on him in bed, and not until father and son bore marks of the deadly knife was the assassin secured. Stanton's absence from the city alone prevented the attempt on him and his possible death, while the report of the pistol in Ford's Theatre brought to his grave the President and changed the political aspect of the then nearly conquered South.

THE WRONG PARTY.

"You know Blank, don't you?" queried a citizen as he entered a Griswold street office yesterday.

"Yes."

"Have you any influence with him?"

"Well; I may have."

"Then you are the man to go to him. He has a son about sixteen years old?"

"Yes."

"That boy is on the road to ruin because his father is too good-natured and too much wrapped up in business. Seems to me it is your duty to go to that man and tell him in a friendly way that he must exercise more government or his boy will be lost."

"I don't think I'm the man," replied the other as he chewed at a blotting-pad and gazed out of the window.

"But why?"

"Well, I've got a boy about the same age, and I'm just going up to the Police Court to pay a fine of $20 for him smashing up saloon furniture! Try the next."

THE editor wrote, "The showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient to meet the wants of the millmen," and the compositor set it up "milkmen."

ADVERTISING RATES.
Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.
No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

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

A YOUNG BRIDE.

There came to me a fair young girl,
She was as pure as orient pearl,
The sunshine glimmering in each curl.

I cannot think of one so fair
Without a dimpled cloud of care,
Made wedded love alone to share.

She had but seventeen summers past,
The roses on her cheek were cast,
That never felt one chilling blast.

She seemed but born to tread on flowers,
To float away the golden hours,
And scatter perfume round in showers.

A child-wife, formed alone to bless,
Dispensing 'round her happiness,
Soothing the weary in distress.

Her smile a sunbeam, shining through
The cloud opening gates of blue,
With angels she bright flowers did strew.

Her husband placed them in his breast,
Where evermore those flowers do rest,
Love's talisman his heart hath blest.

I must not wander from my dream,
Their bark is floating down life's stream,
Beneath an arched rainbow beam.

MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, Nov. 30, 1883.

ITALIAN "NOBLEMEN."

$20,000 a Year not Enough for Marrying an American Girl—Where he Made His Mistake.

From the Toledo Blade.

Some reference has been made to the eager desire of Italian Princes and noblemen of various degrees to marry wealthy English or American women. There are no more affable beings on earth, to foreigners, than the Italian nobility. Almost any one can associate with a Prince, which is a great comfort to the shoddyites, who dearly love to write home that "Last evening Prinzumy called upon us, and we spent a few hours delightfully with him;" or, "that yesterday I took Prince Whatdyecallum out riding." Many tourists never would write home were it not for the privilege of having their friends know that they had got into the very best society.

The Italian Prince who is so affable to strangers has a motive for his affability. He rather likes to descend from the high pedestal of birth on which fortune placed him, and be familiar with untitled Americans and Englishmen. For it is a convenient thing for him to have another man pay for the carriage in which he rides; and it is likewise convenient to have somebody of whom he can always borrow a hundred francs, without ever being asked to pay it. Borrowing he has no objection to, but paying back! that is when the iron enters his soul. And, as it would hurt his feelings, he has too much respect for them ever to think of such a thing. And, as to the poor asses who consider it a great thing to be seen with a nobleman and to the privilege of talking of "my friend, Prince Macaroni," they make these little advances not only willingly, but gladly, and never think of asking them back again. The Prince never thinks of so small a matter, and so they manage to get on.

There was an Italian Prince who laid seige to an American girl with a very rich papa, and as the girl appeared to be very much in love with him, and as he was a very good sort of fellow at bottom, as Italian Princes go, and as he captured the bluff old man by frankly confessing that he hadn't a dollar in the world, and as the Prince business was not very remunerative, and that was the only trade he had, and as the old man could not bear to see his daughter unhappy, he consented to the marriage, and the bargain was made.

The father agreed to give for the support of the pair 100,000 a year, and the papers were signed in a hurry, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and circumstance.

There was a great and vital mistake in the whole arrangement. The Prince understood it to be $100,000 a year, whereas it was 100,000 francs as it stood in the contract, and as the old man had intended, which made an enormous difference.

Neither Rome nor Florence was large enough for a Prince with $100,000 a year, and so they went to Paris and launched out in great style, the old gentleman advancing him the first year's allowance, $20,000.

At the end of the first three months the Prince came and asked for his next quarter's allowance in advance!

"Monsieur is mistaken. It was only $20,000, one quarter's allowance."

"And have you spent $20,000 in three months?"

"Certainly. I am a gentleman, a nobleman, and must live according to my rank. It is all gone."

The old gentleman then whipped out the contract and showed him that it was 100,000 francs a year, and not $100,000.

"Why, that is only $20,000 a year. Do you think I would marry your daughter for a beggarly $20,000 a year?"

And then he was foolish enough to get angry, and he termed the transaction a swindle on the old man's part, and threatened him, and demanded that the contract be changed, and finally offered to strike his father-in-law.

That was where he made his mistake. The old gentleman had long since tired of his princely son-in-law, and the daughter had chafed somewhat under the fact that she knew her father's money had gone partly to the gaming table, and, partly, what was worse, to support another woman, after the fashion of the Italian nobility, notably a great opera singer then the fashion, and things were ripe all around for an explosion.

And so when he raised his princely fist against him, the old gentleman, who had been a hog-driver in his youth, quietly knocked him down, and kicked him down stairs, and forgot his dignity enough to open the door himself, and he kicked him into the street and around the corner, leaving him the most bruised and battered Prince that ever borrowed a dollar or married an American. And then he packed up the valuables and took his daughter, who was quite content, having had enough of Princes, and sailed for America, first notifying his son-in-law that if he had any claim upon him he could come over and prosecute, but if he did not want a repetition of the kicking, he would do well to stay in Paris.

The end of the story is, that the Prince did not worry the girl or her father, but accepted the protection of the opera singer, who happened to want a husband and a title to cover the tracks of her score of lovers; so no obstacle was made to a divorce, as he wanted to marry the opera singer as much as his wife desired to be from him.

And so he married the opera singer and lived upon her in luxury till she tired of him, when she pensioned him for life as the price of getting rid of him.

These things don't always end so happily, but then the father in this case had a hogbuyer's energy and muscle, and the girl happened to have sense. Ordinarily the girl clings to her Prince, till he finally deserts her for some one who can furnish more money.

Rome is full of these noblemen, as is every city in Europe to which strangers resort. Murray, in his guide-book has a special paragraph warning English families with property against these sharks—instancing the fact that a common complaint made by Italian noblemen is, that English wives will not endure beating.

A BOY was brought one day to General Salem Towne, labeled as an incorrigible dunce. No master had been able to make him learn, and if Mr. Towne couldn't he should be apprenticed to a trade. Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him. The boy soon made a mistake and instantly dodged, as if frightened.

"Why do you do that?" asked the master.

"Because I was afraid you were going to strike me."

"Why should you think so?"

"Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake."

"You need never fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." Under this judicious encouragement, the boy showed so much intelligence that he was sent to college. In after years he became a lawyer, an editor, a governor, United States Senator, and Secretary of War and of State. That boy was William L. Marcy, of New York.

A NEW YORK MAN has asked for a divorce because a mustache is sprouting on his wife's lip. As a rule, it makes a man mad to have any mustache on his wife's lip but his own.