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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PLUMMER & USILTON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Established 1862.

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General Commission Merchants,

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Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.

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Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

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Near Light St. wharf.

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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.

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GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, &c.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

May 17, 1884.

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(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)

General Commission Merchants,

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We are COMMISSION MERCHANTS in all kinds of PRODUCE—Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Garden-Truck, &c. Correspondence solicited. No trouble to answer letter. Send us your name and address and we will quote you our market. Marking-plates, Shipping-tags, Shipping-cards, and daily quotations of our market furnished free of charge. D. E. MANTON & CO., 153 Chambers st., N. Y. Our motto, "Quick Sales, Prompt Returns."

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. R. TODD, M. D.,

MILLINGTON, MARYLAND.

Office consultation free. jy5.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,

Opposite the Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.

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

T. D. GAMBRILL,

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Terms—$10 per session of ten weeks. References: Sanders & Stayman and Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Baltimore; C. M. Lucas, Chestertown, and others. Pianos and organs tuned and repaired. a19-tf.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL. R. HOWARD HAMAN.

BARROLL & HAMAN.

We beg leave to state to our friends that we have associated ourselves for the transaction of legal business between Baltimore city and Kent county.

We will give prompt attention to the collection of claims against parties in Baltimore and other cities. BARROLL & HAMAN.

n3-tf. Chestertown.

1850. LISTER'S FERTILIZERS. 1884

NO CHANGE—NO VARIATION—FROM THE HIGH STANDARD FIRST ADOPTED.

LISTER'S FERTILIZERS!

So well known to agricultural communities are offered to the Farmers with the assurance that the quality and grade are as they have been of the highest order.

Persons who have used these goods through a series of years continue to apply them with great success, realizing full crops and permanent improvement of the land. Some of the largest yields of Wheat in this county this year, and heaviest fields of clover were produced through the application of the preparations of

LISTER BROTHERS.

WM. N. E. WICKES

Is the Agent for the LISTERS,

and will be glad to fill orders at any time or at any of the Landings on the Bay or River. Orders left at the store of WICKES & BROTHER will receive prompt attention. CHESTERTOWN, Aug. 2—12t.

For the Permanent Improvement of Old and worn out lands, large yields of Grain and all General Products requiring a thorough and complete assimilation of the elements, required, there is NOTHING BETTER than

Star Bone Phosphate,

TRADE MARK

RELIABLE, Thoroughly Established,

And THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE in the market.

PlanetBrand Phosphate!

PLANET TRADE MARK BRAND

COMPANION to STAR BONE,

DIFFERS ONLY IN ANALYSIS, AND CORRESPONDINGLY LOW IN PRICE.

This article, containing a large per cent. of Ammoniacal Matter, German Potash, Soluble Phosphoric Acid and Insoluble Bone, thoroughly, manipulated commends itself to all who want a

GOOD FERTILIZER AT A LOW PRICE,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Peninsular Bone Fertilizer Co.,

SMYRNA, DELAWARE,

Importers and Manufacturers of Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies.

J. E. TYGERT, President. *W. G. PIERCE, Sec. and Treas.*

March 29-7m.

"MONARCH" SUPER-PHOSPHATE!

TRADE MARK

Manufactured of PURE ANIMAL BONE,

—BY—

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—(:o:)—

These goods, so well and favorably known to the Farmers in this and adjoining Counties, have for this season been greatly improved and are GUARANTEED to contain no South Carolina Rock, nor any adulterating material.

STRICTLY PURE ANIMAL BONE, raw and dissolved, constantly on hand and for sale at exceedingly low prices.

KAINIT and all other fertilizing material.

Inspection and comparison of quality and prices solicited.

BALTIMORE OFFICE, cor. Light and German sts., in charge of

C. C. McCOLGAN & CO., Seedsmen.

All kinds of Flower, Garden and Field SEEDS, fresh and genuine. Catalogue free. Aug. 2, 1884—s.

"Whitelock's Vegetator"

AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE W. WHITELOCK & CO'S TRADE MARK VEGETATOR BALTIMORE 167 THE CROP PRODUCER

FOR WHEAT AND GRASS.

Farmers, if you wish to obtain large yields of the above crops and get the worth of your money, use the best Fertilizer in the market—

"WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR."

Price, $36.00 per Ton of 2,000 pounds, New Bags, 167 Pounds Each.

If you desire a lower-price manure, which is the cheapest and best for the money, purchase our

"SUNNYSIDE" PURE BONE AND DISSOLVED PHOSPHATE

Price $30.00 per Ton of 2,000 Pounds. New Bags, 167 Pounds Each.

To those desiring a Dissolved Bone Phosphate, without Ammonia, the action of which is superior to most articles sold as Acid Phosphate or South Carolina Bone, we offer our

"SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE & POTASH FERTILIZER."

Price $20.00 per Ton of 2,000 Pounds. New Bags, 167 Pounds Each.

The above brands are sold and delivered, 12 bags to the ton, and in fine and dry condition for drilling. EXTRA MOISTURE IN A FERTILIZER ADDS TO THE COST.

You should count the cost of the Fertilizer by the cost per acre. As the soil requires more of a lower grade Fertilizer to the acre than one of a higher grade, the consequence is that the extra quantity required, the extra labor in applying it, and the poor results obtained, make the lower grade of goods more costly.

With perfect confidence we refer buyers to all who have applied our Fertilizers.

MILLER, LIPPINCOTT & CO.

(Successors to W. WHITELOCK & CO.)

No. 44 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

For Sale by JAMES BRICE, Chestertown.

Public Local Laws

OPERATIVE IN KENT COUNTY,

Passed at the Session of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1884.

Kennedyville Presbyterian Church.

AN ACT to authorize and empower the trustees of Grace Presbyterian Church at Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, to sell and convey certain real estate in Kent county, known as the Old Brick Church Ground.

WHEREAS James Welch and Rachel Welch, his wife, by deed, dated December fourth, seventeen hundred and sixty-two, duly executed, acknowledged and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid, in liber D. D., number one, folio one hundred and eighty-nine, sold and conveyed to Robert Maxwell, Colin Furguson and John Maxwell, trustees for the Presbyterian congregation of Kent county, Maryland, and their successors, a certain parcel of land in said county, situated on the road then known as the great road leading from Chestertown to Georgetown, now known as the road leading from Morgan's creek neck to Black's cross roads, adjoining the lands lately purchased by Thomas W. Eliason, senior, from the estate of the late William Welch, and containing about one-half an acre of land; and whereas the old church formerly standing there has been long since abandoned and disappeared, and the place of worship been removed to Kennedyville, and a new and comfortable church has been erected there by the trustees of said Grace Presbyterian Church at Kennedyville, who are the successors of the said Presbyterian congregation of Kent county; therefore—

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That Wm. Archibald, William H. Stewart, Wm. F. Roeder, J. Edward Hurlock, Henry T. Massey and Nathan S. Maxwell, trustees of said Grace Presbyterian Church at Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, or a majority of them, be and they are hereby fully authorized and empowered to sell and convey, in fee, by deed, to be executed, acknowledged and recorded according to law, said parcel of ground mentioned in this act.

SEC. 3. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
THOS. H. MOORE, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
Approved April 8, 1884. oc11-3t.

Partridges and Rabbits.

CHAPTER 52.

AN ACT to repeal Section one of chapter ninety-six of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An act for the protection of partridges and rabbits, and to permit the shooting of ducks and other wild fowl from the shores over decoys; also to pay a bounty upon the heads of large hawks and owls in Kent county," and to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That section one of chapter ninety-six of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An act for the protection of partridges and rabbits, and to permit the shooting of ducks and other wild fowl from the shore over decoys; also to pay a bounty upon the heads of large hawks and olws in Kent county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

1. It shall not be lawful to shoot or trap any partridges or rabbits in Kent county between the fifteenth day of January and the twenty-fifth day of October next succeeding, except that they may be trapped and preserved for stocking or breeding purposes.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
THOS. H. MOORE, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
Approved April 8, 1884. oc11-3t.

An Act to Refund Money Overpaid.

CHAPTER 118.

AN ACT to refund to C. C. Strong, late collector of taxes in the fifth election district of Kent county, a sum of money overpaid by him into the State treasury.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That the comptroller be and he is hereby authorized and directed to issue his warrant upon the treasurer to pay C. C. Strong, late collector of taxes of the fifth election district of Kent county, the sum of fifty-six dollars and forty-two cents, being the amount overpaid by him into the State treasury, and recommended to be refunded by the said officers of the treasury department.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from and after the date of its passage.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
THOS. H. MOORE, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
Approved March 31, 1884. oc11-3t.

MECHANICS' LIEN LAW.

CHAPTER 345.

AN ACT to repeal section forty-three of article sixty-one of the Code of Public General Laws, title "Mechanics' Lien" so far as the same applies to Kent county, and to re-enact the same.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That sec. forty-three of article sixty-one of the Code of Public General Laws, title "Mechanics' Lien" be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Kent county, and re-enacted as follows:

43. The provisions of the preceding sections of this article shall not apply to Charles, Calvert or St. Mary's counties.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted,* That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

J. M. MILLER, Secretary of the Senate.
THOS. H. MOORE, Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
Approved April 8, 1884. oc11-3t.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.

"I say, Charlie, you've done for yourself this time!" said pretty Doris Thornton to her adorer, Charlie Ringwood of the Chalkshire regiment, as they were sitting together in the conservatory attached to the pleasant riverside villa belonging to Doris' father, Mr. Thomas Thornton of the Stock Exchange.

"Why—how, Doris?" asked the young man.

"By speaking as you did at dinner against steam-launches, and saying that the men who owned them and used them were cads," replied Doris. "Papa's just bought one, and next to his fishing, has made it his greatest hobby."

"By Jove! that's unlucky," said Charlie. "Now what's to be done? It's no use my going and telling him that I was only chaffing, because I spoke so straight."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Doris, seriously. "You could hardly have made a more unfortunate mistake, for papa considers the real cads to be those who growl because others like to move fast without any trouble to themselves."

"On a crowded river, washing away banks, and kicking up no end of dirt and noise," continued the young officer. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Doris, for the old boy is rather touchy, and it might influence his ideas with regard to you and me, eh?"

When the young people had returned to the drawing room it was very evident that the "old boy" was disturbed. In vain Charlie sang his best songs; in vain he tried to inveigle the angry gentleman into pleasant conversation; in vain he exerted every effort to show himself off to the best possible advantage. The blow had been dealt, and it rankled beneath the capacious waistcoat of the wealthy old stock broker. He answered his guest in curt monosyllables; he made much rustling with the newspaper, and coughed inordinately during the performance of Charlie's songs, and when it was time for the young man to return townward, instead of offering him one of his famous Antonine Carunchios, shaking his hand heartily and expressing a hope to see him again soon, the old gentleman assumed a severe air and said:

"Ahem—Mr. Ringwood, of course—ahem—a gentleman of your refined tastes could never—ahem—think of marrying the daughter of a cad who keeps a steam launch! Ahem—good-night sir."

Charlie was staggered, and looked pleadingly at Doris, who, however, only shook her head slowly and significantly.

There were probably few more unhappy young men that night within the metropolitan radius than Charlie Ringwood as he turned slowly homeward and pondered that, in terse language of Doris, he had done for himself.

The next morning brought him, instead of hope, a letter from his sweetheart which made him absolutely miserable. It was as follows:

"MY DEAREST CHARLIE:—I have snatched a moment to write these few lines. Papa was in an awful rage last night after you had gone; called you an insolent puppy, and all sorts of things, which I should not have minded had he not wound up by forbidding me to hold any further communication with you, and saying that a man who would be ashamed of his father-in-law because he kept a steam-launch was not a fit husband for his daughter. What are we to do? Ever your affectionate

"DORIS THORNTON."

"Aye!" muttered Charlie, when he had read the letter for the twentieth time. "What are we to do? It's no use arguing with this sort of a fellow, once he gets a notion into his head no power on earth can drive it out. I wish to goodness I'd not said a word about steam launches."

In the evening he went to his club, where he met with an old schoolfellow, Jack Raggles. Now Jack Raggles, although continually in difficulty himself, was famous for his ingenuity in getting other men out of their troubles. More than once had Charlie been obliged to have recourse to him for advice, and he had never regretted it. This was a far more serious case than any preceding one, but Charlie was simply desperate, and would have clung to the maddest device suggested, as a drowning man clutches to a straw. So he got Jack Raggles into a quiet corner, and there, over a sherry-and-bitters, he laid the facts of the case before him.

"Well," said Jack, when Charlie had concluded, "it certainly is an awkward case and it would be deuced hard lines for you to have to chuck up all your thoughts of marrying a nice and pretty girl like Miss Thornton for such a trifle. But I've got fellows out of far worse holes before now and I dare say I shan't fail this time."

"You are a good fellow, Jack, upon my word you are," said Charlie, enthusiastically; "but by Jove, if you get me out of this you'll be a genius."

Jack was silent for a few moments and puffed vigorously at his cigar. At length he said:

"I say, Charlie, isn't the old man a regular maniac for fishing?"

"Rather," replied Charlie. "He takes a holiday about three times a week on purpose to fish. He starts off after breakfast with a big hamper and a jar of beer, and sits in a punt until evening. Still, now he's got this wretched steam-launch, I expect he'll off with the old love and on with the new. But what has fishing to do with the subject in hand?"

"Never you mind just now," answered his friend; "but you find out from Miss Thornton when her father next intends to go out in his punt, and where he is likely to be, and then send me a telegram to Clarges street, and I'll tell you what to do."

Charlie had such implicit faith in Jack Raggles' ingenuity that he went home that evening in a comparatively happy frame of mind.

He wrote to Doris the first thing the next morning, and in the evening got a reply to the effect that Mr. Thornton was already making preparatians for a long day's fishing on the Wednesday following. He telegraphed immediately to Jack Raggles, and received the following reply:

"Keep close to him, but out of sight, at about 6 o'clock in the evening."

Charlie wondered what on earth his friend's scheme could be, but resolved to obey instructions. He knew very well that Mr. Thornton's happy hunting-ground was a secluded backwater, famous for fench and perch, about a couple of hundred yards above the lawn of his house. Thither he repaired, stealthily, like a man bent upon an evil errand, about 5 o'clock, and took up a position upon a rough riverside path, well nigh hidden from sight by rushes and foliage, whence he could observe the enthusiastic old fisherman without being seen himself. The old gentleman was sitting like a wax figure in his punt, with a large cigar in his mouth and rod in hand, when Charlie arrived. So completely absorbed was Mr. Thornton in his sport that a regiment might have defiled behind him without attracting his notice. Charlie watched him until a distant church clock chimed the quarter to six.

He then saw the old gentleman take out his watch, look at it attentively, and after a few moments hesitation, slowly and reluctantly begin to pack up his rod and line and put his paraphernalia together.

Charlie began to get anxious. Whatever plan Jack Raggles had concocted would have to be carried into execution quickly or it would be too late.

At last Mr. Thornton had arranged his tackle and united the punt-poles, and was pushing off into mid-stream.

Charlie's heart sank, but he crept swiftly to a little promontory to watch the old gentleman faithfully, according to instructions, until six o'clock.

Mr. Thornton being old and obese, punted slowly and with difficulty, and as the clock struck six he had not yet got out of shallow water. So intent was Charlie, however, in looking at him, that he did not perceive the dark outline of a steam launch coming directly upon the punt, and he was only made aware of the fact by seeing the old gentleman wave one arm vigorously, and by hearing him shout lustily, at the same time that he endeavored to get his unwieldly punt back out of the way. But it was too late, the bow of the launch went gently against the punt, though with sufficient force to tilt it up, with which moment the poor old stock broker was sent floundering into the water, yelling madly as he went.

Quick as thought Charlie dashed in. The water was fortunately barely up to his waist, so he seized Mr. Thornton under his arm, and, after much splashing and shouting and fuss, got him first into the punt, and then on board the steam-launch.

The first person Charlie saw on board was Jack Raggles, who behind the stock broker's back, was impressing silence and non-recognition by energetic gestures.

Directly Mr. Thornton felt himself firmly on his feet he burst into a violent passion, which was in no way appeased by the approach of Jack Raggles, whom he did not know, with the most admirable expression of contrition in his face, and the words, "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry, sir," on his lips.

"Sorry, sir!" roared the old gentleman; "so you ought to be, sir, I consider it positively iniquitous and abominable that a man can't go out for a day's fishing without being run into by a lot of cockneys who have no more idea of handling a steam launch than they have of handling a balloon! and I shall take the earliest opportunity, sir, of laying the matter before the authorities in order that such unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject may be immediately put a stop to. It is abominable, sir, abominable!!!"

"Can I put you ashore anywhere?" asked Jack, deferentially.

"Yes, sir, you can, as soon as possible, and before I catch my death of cold," replied the old gentleman. "You see those steps ahead, sir?"

"I do," replied Jack.

"Well, then, if you can see those steps, how the mischief was it that you couldn't see me?" said Mr. Thornton. "But as you can see them, steer to them—that is, if you know how to. They belong to me, sir, to Thomas Thornton, Esq."

As yet the stock-broker had given no thought to his rescuer; but as they were floating down the stream toward the steps, he turned and said:

"And to whom am I indebted for my rescue from a watery grave."

Charlie stepped quietly forward and bowed. The old gentleman started back and exclaimed:

"Good gracious! Mr. Ringwood! Sir, allow me to shake your hand most heartily. You have performed an action tonight that shall not pass without recognition. You are a noble fellow, sir—a noble fellow."

"I did nothing, Mr. Thornton, but what any other man would have done under similar circumstances," said Charlie, feeling himself to be a deceitful hypocrite in assuming the deprecatory air of a hero; "but now that we are here together, I should like to express my extreme regret that I should have given you offense the other day by expressing my opinion about steam launches more candidly than, perhaps, I should have done, but, believe me—"

Mr. Thornton interrupted him:

"Believe me, sir, you did not say enough. I am a complete convert to the opinions you hold. Steam-launches are an abomination, sir, and mine is for sale this very moment."

THE PLAN APPROVED AND IMPROVED.

An English newspaper has hit upon a novel plan of increasing its income. It is printed in a small summer resort where visitors during the season like to see their names in the personal column, and having a true appreciation of the vanity of man it has adopted the rule of charging three pence for using "Esq." at the end of every name. It is hardly necessary to say that the paper has prospered and will next season increase its rates for "Esq." after a name to six pence, cash invariably in advance. Some of the struggling village papers of this country might "catch on" to this idea and even improve upon it, for Americans seldom adopt the foreign idea without improving upon it. If he would keep his property out of the hands of the sheriff the editor of the village paper must be ever on the alert to turn an honest penny. Let him lay down a schedule of fair rates for complimentary references to his fellow-citizens. "Our esteemed fellow-townsman" should be worth twenty-five cents every time in this country of high prices, and "our genial and whole-souled friend" ought to bring thirty-five cents. "Honorable," "General," "Colonel" and "Captain" prefixed to names in the personal columns should bring paying rates, and a reference to a young man as the "gallant, generous and fine-looking" should bring two dollars and a-half at least. A candidate for the legislature should always be glad to pay five dollars when he is named as "our honored, fearless and progressive fellow-citizen," while the usual pleasant references to "enterprising merchant," "vigilant and able town commissioner," "talented young friend," "genial candidate for coroner," "polite and obliging undertaker," and "bully boy with a glass eye" should bring from ten to fifty cents each. There is really no reason in the world why a village editor should be poor, save that he don't know how to make money. Many of the various channels in which he might be useful to himself he never sees until it is too late.—*Scott Way.*

SHE WILL SEND FOR HIM.

A broad-shouldered, compactly-built young woman with brown face and hard hands sat in the Lake Shore depot waiting for the departure of a train for the East. She had just arrived in town from Dakota.

"Marriage?" said she, in response to some remark by her companion; "that's what all the good-for-nothing cranks of men that I see from plowing time to harvest can talk about. What do I want to get married for? There are more than three hundred of us girl-farmers in Dakota and we will hold a convention some time. I never saw a man yet that I would have around. I intend to farm it until I get enough money to live on comfortably, and then I'll see. There was a nice young fellow in my neighborhood last July, who tried to be very gallant and wanted to help me whenever I did any work. If I chopped a little wood, he wanted to do it. If I went after a pail of water, he wanted to carry it. If I put a bag of grain on my shoulder, he insisted on giving me a lift. He was a pretty nice boy, but he made me tired. One day I wanted the hay-rick on the wagon, and I took hold one end and clapped it up on the wheel so quick that it made him dizzy.

"'Let me,' says he, but he only threw the whole thing down in trying to get the other end up. He didn't have the strength.

"Says I, 'Oh, go away. You don't eat enough No. 2 wheat.' Then I put the rick up in good style.

"We meet lots of such fellows out there. They are good enough, I suppose, but when I want one I will send for him."—*Chicago Herald.*

The Result of a "Personal."

A funny story is told of a lady who was foolish enough to answer a "personal" in a daily paper which stated that a young man was desirous of making the acquaintance of a young woman, with a view to matrimony. She carried on a long correspondence with the advertiser, taking, however, the precaution to have her letters copied by a confidential friend. She always sent the copies and retained the originals. Her answers came regularly, but her correspondent was quite as cautious as she was herself, for he always employed a type writer, and she had no means of becoming familiar with his handwriting. Finally, after a good deal of gush, a meeting was agreed upon by the pair, and the lady was somewhat surprised, when she arrived at the place appointed, to see her brother, wearing in his buttonhole the flower which was decided upon as the means of identification. They both acknowledged their folly by indulging in a hearty laugh and went home together, fully resolved to have nothing to do with these traps to catch the unwary, called "personals."

Parental Solicitude.

New York Millionaire—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?"

"Yes."

"Coachman chained?"

"Yes."

"Has the patent butcher-catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?"

"Yes."

"Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."

A FAMOUS AND UNIQUE PAPER.

The paper used for printing the Bank of England notes has always been made by the Portal family, whose ancestor came over from Bordeaux after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing scarlet, was up to that time unknown in England. Except by burglary, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautifully water-marked paper produced at the mill at Laverstroke. Every piece of this paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for before being ground up again into pulp. Mr. Portal's paper has a potential value, quite apart from its worth merely as paper, for it has always been regarded as so essential to a passable forgery that the world at large felt perfectly easy regarding any attempts to impose on them through the medium of the Bank of England. This paper—it is, perhaps needless to tell any one—is quite unique. Tested by touch, it emits a crisp, crackling, sharp sound, and in color it has been described as "neither blue-wove, nor yellow-wove, nor cream laid, but white of a hue that can be compared with no other white." The three decked edges show the natural boundary of the pulp when first molded. The fourth is left smooth by the knife which cuts the note in twain. The paper is tough—so tough, indeed, that after the addition of one grain of size it will hold a weight of sixty pounds without tearing. Yet the quantity of fiber in a five-pound note is not more than eighteen and a half grains, and the sheet is so thin that erasures are oftentimes found to be extremely difficult.

But what constitutes the main safeguard of the bank is the "water," or, more properly, the wire "mark," that transparent design which can be instantly detected when the paper is held up between the eye and the light. This device is obtained, as all water-marks are, by twisting wires to the desired shape, and sticking them on the face of the mold, so that when the pulp settles down it must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on the other parts of the sheet. The water is then permitted to run through the sieve-like face of the mold, and the sheets of paper in embryo, "couched" by the mold being gently but firmly pressed upon a blanket to which this spongy sheet clings. Sizing is a subsequent process, so that when dry the water-mark is plainly seen, being transparent where the substance is driest. This water-mark is secured to the bank by virtue of a special act of parliament, so that, apart from the pains and penalties which attach to any attempt to circulate forged notes, it is a very risky game to imitate even the trade mark of the most important monetary institution in the world.

The largest amount of a bank note in circulation, in 1827, was £1,000. It is said that two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,000 each, were once engraved and issued. A butcher, who had amassed an immense fortune in the war times, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a private banker, asking for the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying he had kept it for years. The £5,000 was handed over, but the banker hinted, at the same time, to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest.

"Wery true, sir," replied the butcher, "but I likes to look on't so well that I have t'other one of the same kind at home." An eccentric gentleman in London framed a bank post bill for $30,000, and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting-rooms. The fifth year he died, when the picture was at once taken down and cashed by his heirs.

Some years ago, at a notable man's house near Hyde Park, a dispute arose about a certain passage in Scripture, and a Dean who was present denying that there was any such text, a Bible was called for. When it was opened a marker was found in it which, on examination, proved to be a bank post bill for £40,000. It might possibly have been placed there as a reproach to the son, who, perhaps, did not consult the Bible so often as his mother could have wished.—*Paper World.*

What a Fly Did.

James Howard, of this city, less than two years ago married an excellent young lady in Albany county by the name of Reynolds, and they lived happily together until yesterday. At breakfast an inquisitive fly dropped from the ceiling and, stretching, crawled slowly around Mrs. Howard's coffee cup, undoubtedly enjoying the delicious aroma and wondering how it could get a drink, when its foot slipped and it floundered in the liquid. Its struggles attracted the attention of James, who pulled it out and playfully tossed it across the table. Unfortunately, the fly alighted in a wet and bedraggled condition on Mrs. Howard's plate. She indignantly threw it back upon her husband's plate. James gazed steadily at his wife for a moment, and seeing blood in her eye deliberately picked up the fly, and, with a hand trembling with suppressed rage, threw it again upon her plate. Then began a game of shuttle-cock between the two, and the fly flew back and forth until it was lost. Then the young wife, bursting into tears, seized her bonnet and left the house. Word was communicated to the parents, and last evening the father of the much abused wife drove to Schenectady with a team and removed her effects, and now the once two loving hearts "meet as friends no more." They have separated for good, and thus two lives have been made miserable by the single misstep of a fly. On such small things do our destinies depend.—*Schenectady Union.*

A WOMAN'S TACT.

The woman of tact puts the bashful young man at his ease, not by saying brilliant things to him, but by showing interest in the stupid things he says to her till he gains confidence enough to say things worth hearing. She knows that he will estimate the evening, not by what he has heard, but by what he has said, and if she has the skill to reclothe or touch up his thoughts so as to give them striking expression, while they shall still seem to be his, she may indeed evoke less conscious admiration for her conversational talent than if she had showered epigrams, because he will be unaware that his unusual brilliancy is due to everything else than his own unsuspected talents, but she will win his far more valuable admiration of her as a charming woman. When he is older, and has learned the secrets that then escaped him, he will look back upon the time with an admiration for her skill, all the greater because he at first failed to recognize it, and the most cordial because it was so unobtrusive.

Too Many Men for the Girls in Baltimore.

Society in Baltimore here is just now in a queer condition, and one in which it does not often find itself. There are too many men for the girls. All of the young men have come back from their vacations, and are loitering around with nothing to do but suck their canes and revive their summer experiences. There are not a handful of girls who are popular in town as yet, and they are still scattered along the coast or sprinkled about the springs. The clubs are hugely patronized, as a natural consequence, because there is little visiting or other interchange of the usual social conventionalities. Not a card is out for a gathering of any kind, and things are rather lonesome.—*Balt. Ex.*

BILL NYE ON PHRENOLOGY.—An erroneous phrenologist once told me that I would shine as a rivalist, and said that I ought to marry a tall blonde, with a nervous, sanguinary temperament. Then he said, "One dollar, please," and I said, "All right, gentle scientist with a tawny mane, I will give you the $1 and marry the tall blonde with the bank account and bilious temperament when you give me a chart showing me how to dispose of a brown eyed brunette with thoughtful cast of countenance, who married me in an unguarded moment two years ago."

He looked at me in a reproachful kind of way, struck at me with a chair in an absent minded manner and stole away.

MUCH regret is manifested that the Congress of Scientists in Philadelphia didn't take up and dispose of the question why women button their clothes from right to left and men theirs from left to right. What is an international congress of scientists for, anyway?—*Norristown Herald.*

OUR happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing, than a uniform disposition to please. The difference is that which exists between ceremony and sincerity.

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 for 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.

LIST OF PREMIUMS

AWARDED AT THE KENT CO. FAIR 1884.

Below we give the list of premiums awarded at the recent Fair of Kent County Agricultural Society, so far as they have come to hand:

CLASS H—Best silk quilt, Miss Ida Lovegrove, Wilmington; 2d best, Miss Georgia Baker.

Best quilt of other material, Mrs. Mary Cosden; 2d best, Miss Minnie Young.

Best knit counterpane, Miss R J Trew; 2d best, Mrs Mary Walraven.

Best home-made worsted rug, Mrs Robbins; 2d best, Mrs Mary Cosden; 3rd, Mrs J W Corey.

Best home-made rug of other materials, Mrs. Robbins; 2d best, Miss S R Golt; 3d Miss Belle Pippin.

Best pair worsted slippers, Miss A Leaverton.

Best flannel embroidery, Miss S R Golt, Smyrna; 2d best, Miss Emma Nicholson.

Best muslin embroidery, Miss S R Golt; 2nd best, Miss Lucy Hitch, Salisbury.

Best silk embroidery, Miss C L Wilson; 2nd best, Miss Minnie Clements, Smyrna.

Best patching, Miss Sallie E Hitch.

Best hair work, Miss Mollie Noland; 2d best, Mrs Rogers.

Best hand-made shirt, Miss Sallie E Hitch.

Best machine made shirt, Miss Lucy Hitch.

Best pair woolen knit hose, Mrs G R Stephens; 2d best, Mrs J W Corey.

Best cotton knit hose, Mrs Sarah Mather; 2d best, Miss Sallie E Hitch.

Best afghan, Miss Lollie Lusby; 2d best, Mrs Wm G Trew; 3d, do.

Best worsted work, Miss Ida Crew; 2d best, Mrs J W Corey; 3d best, Miss Sadie Morris.

Leather work, Mrs Clark Taylor.

Best stone work; Mr E H Skirven.

Best display wax work, Mrs Rogers; best design, Mrs Rogers.

CLASS K—Lace collar and handkerchief, Miss Flora Crane.

Home-made gloves, Mrs G R Stephens.
Embroidery towel, Mrs W B Stephens.
Table cover, Miss Ida Crew.
Paper flowers, Mrs H Sparks.
Lace, Miss Burgess.
Sofa cushion, Miss Alida Stephens.
Sofa cushion, Mrs Maggie Gale.
Crazy tidies, Mrs Mag Gale.
Mats and pincushion, Miss Sadie Morris.
Toilet set, Miss Julia Ashley.
Cheneille embroidery, Miss Minnie Clements.
Bureau cover, Miss Addie Kennard.
Table cover, Miss Belle Pippin.
Stand, Miss Maria Parsons.
Embroidery on canvas, Miss Alice Hitch.
Worsted tidy, Miss Mollie Parsons.
Working bags, Mrs Brown.
Pin-cushion, Miss Annie Willis.
Tufted tidy, Miss Ida Crew.
Pin-cushion, Mrs John Fowler.
Embroidered hat crown, Effie Gardner.
Rick-rack tidy, Miss Fannie Brice.
Embroidered towel sham, Mrs Henry Sparks.
Worsted necklace, Mrs H Sparks.
Table scarf, Mrs W G Skirven.
Stand cover, Miss Hilderbrandt.
Crocheted head net for horse, Miss E Nicholson.
Sofa tidy, Miss A R Wickes.
Knit silk mits and stockings, Mrs Golt.
Darned net splasher, Mrs W B Stephens.
Lambrequin, Mrs W B Stephens.
Embroidered pannel, Mrs Rogers.
Oil painting, Miss Ophelia Johnson.
Crayon drawing, Miss L K Storm, Smyrna.
Pencil drawing, Percy G Skirven.
Outline drawing, Miss Lottie Hulme.
Painted pannel, Miss Minnie Clements.
Pictures entered by Mr Miller.
Home-made carpet, Mr. Bartley.
Home-made table cloth & towels, Miss L Hitch.
Knit mittens, Mrs Sarah Mather.
Toilet set in outline, Miss Minnie Clements.

Canned Goods, &c—Mrs Rachel Mathiot, best collection canned fruit; one best sample; best col. pickles; eight best samples; best col. sweet pickles; three best samples; best col. vegetables; two best samples; one sample preserves.

Mrs Fannie Sparks, second best coll. canned fruit; seven best samples; second coll. pickles; one sample; second coll. vegetables; two best samples; best coll. preserves; three best samples; best coll. jellies; fourteen best samples; two samples of meat.

Mrs James Dixon, best sample blackberries.

Mrs J T Willis, best sample pears; second best ham.

Miss Alice Hitch, best conserved fruit.

Mrs Maggie Stephens, best ham.

Mrs John Gale, two best samples canned fruit; second best coll. sweet pickles; two best samples; second best coll. preserves; nine best samples.

Miss Emma Nicholson, two best samples canned fruit; two samples pickles; one sample of vegetables; best apple, peach and other butter; four best samples.

Dried Fruit—T J Murphy, best coll dried fruit.

Apples & Peaches—M P Massey, best sample apples.

R S Diehl, best sample of peaches.

Cereals—H M Thomas, best sample buckwheat; best samples oats.

Cakes—Miss Stella Stephens, two samples of cake.

Miss Ida Crew, two samples of cake; best coll. cakes.

Miss Sadie Morris, second coll. cakes; three best specimens.

Bread—Miss Maggie Wroth, best rolls.
Miss Joe Trew, second best biscuit.
Miss Fannie Brice, best biscuit.
Mrs James Brice, best rusk.
Mrs S J Willis, second best rolls; second best rusk; second best light bread.

AWARDS OF POULTRY AND OTHER BIRDS.

H M Thomas, Camden, Del., 2d premium on Partridge Cochins; 1st do on buff do; 1st do white do; 1st do dark Brahmas; 1st do Houdans; 1st do white leghorns; 1st do white dorkins; 1st do gray do; 1st do silver polands; 1st do black spanish; 1st do Toulouse geese; Mrs. James Hatcherson, 1st premium on Langshans; 2d do Brahmas; Samuel L. Rawleigh, 1st do Japanese fowls; 1st do fancy pigeons; Thomas Bowers, 1st do white polish bantams; Jesse Morris, Jr., 1st do best collection of pigeons; E E Marsh, Warwick, Md., 1st do on partridge cochins; 2d do buff do; 2d do white do; 2d do dark brahmas; 2d do houdans; 2d do white leghorns; 2d do brown do; 1st do brown leghorns; 1st do silver hamburgs; 1st do golden do; 1st do Plymouth Rocks; 1st do ginger red game; 1st do B B game; 1st do pekin ducks; 1st do Rowen ducks; 1st do Wyandott chickens; 1st do W. C. B. Polish; 2d lankshans; E E Marsh 1st do on best collection of poultry; H. M. Thomas 2d do 2d best collection of poultry.

(Concluded on Third Page.)

Your Own Sister and Some One Else's.

Many young men are always very ready to accept invitations to other people's home circles. They are very much more attentive to other people's sisters than their own! A young man should be found in his home, and spend sufficient time there for his influence to tell upon the family and for him to cultivate manly dispositions that will be a blessing to him in years to come.

Many young men are like crows; they come back to their nest to roost, and at the dawn of day they haste to other fields. Young men, don't waste your strength and your brains in anybody's company when you ought to be in your family circle, in the house of your father and mother. I think it is a duty and obligation that you should be attentive to the requirements and needs of your sisters. Why, not sometimes bring home presents and give them to her? Why not sometimes take her to a concert? Why, when you come home, should you be sullen, and silent, and morose, as though somebody had been treading on yours corns all day? Why not come home and tell those who have been shut up all day some of the incidents that have happened during the day, and be bright, and merry, and cheerful, and so contribute your share to the family joy, and you will have it all back again in a sister's love.

A GENTLEMAN and his wife, the latter with a six months' old infant in her arms, were about to enter the Austin Opera House to see the performance one night when the doorkeeper suddenly said: "Beg pardon, ma'am, but you can't take infants inside." "Very well," said the lady, "so much the better for me. You just take care of the little fellow till the play is over—and, by the way, here's the milk bottle in case he should cry."

A PEACH ORCHARD of twelve acres in Little Creek Neck, Talbot county, raised 6,000 baskets of peaches this season.

GEN. GRANT will get $50,000 for his forthcoming magazine article on the war.