Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intellige[nce] and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.
Samuel M. Lawder. R. Frank Lawder.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
Successors to Barkman & Lawder,
General Commission Merchants,
Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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 promptly and cheerfully answered. y

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. mar 17-y.

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No. 95 South Charles Street, corner Camden,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 17, 1884.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. M. T. G. EARLE.
C. C. TILGHMAN.
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(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)
General Commission Merchants,
No. 18 Bowly's Wharf,
je14—6m. BALTIMORE.

Frank Wright. Jno. N. Sparks.
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—WITH—
WRIGHT & SPARKS,
Commission Merchants,
No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,
For the Sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL PRODUCE.
jan6-y.

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.

PRODUCE.
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."

David B. Stewart. Geo. W. Berry.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
And Wholesale Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic FRUITS,
Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.
Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.
150 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.,
Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,
Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.
Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.

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.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

HOPE H. BARROLL. H. 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.

BRICKING GRAVES.
My charge for BRICKING GRAVES hereafter will be for grown people $8.00; children $4.00, and if the estate is unable to pay, then I will do the work for nothing. Persons desiring work of this kind are requested to notify me IN PERSON.
aug16-6m JAMES U. COLEMAN.

Cook Stoves! Cook Stoves!

The largest assortment on hand we ever had, and selling lower than ever sold in Kent county.

THE EXCELSIOR
is one of the Best Cook Stoves ever made, and hundreds are now in use in Kent county—not a single complaint. Price and sizes to suit every one.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Heating Stoves! Heating Stoves!
15 to 20 Different Kinds!
All Sizes and Prices!
Would like all to inspect our large assortment of Heaters, and be convinced that we are up with the times in *quality, beauty and low prices.*
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

THE NEW GOLDEN SUN AND GOLDEN SUN HEATERS
cheaper this year than ever before. Put up to heat one, two or three rooms. Call and examine and get prices.
J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN!
Five different kinds and the cheapest in the county, at
J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

Guns! Guns! Guns!
PISTOLS! PISTOLS! PISTOLS!
Sporting Apparatus and Ammunition, Breech Loading Shot Guns—Single and Double Barrel. Double and Single Muzzle-Loading Guns. Call and examine our stock of Guns and Prices.
oc26. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Cook Stoves! Heaters!

DOUBLE HEATERS, FIRE PLACE HEATERS AND RANGES.

OUR line of Cook Stoves is complete, and embraces the following, viz: The Brunswick, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Emerald, Virginia, Farmer Boy, Orion, Leon and New Charm.
We guarantee our "Brunswick" to be heavier and larger in oven than any Cook Stove on this market. It has reversible cross pieces and lids.
Our Ranges are as follows: The Victor, Maryland, Reliance, Ardmore, Duval, Clifton, Daisy and Cozy.
Heating Stoves, such as The Argand, Alliance, Derby, Clifton, Astor, New Royal, Edison, Starling and others.
Truly Yours, Derby and Crown Double Heaters, also the "Splendid" Fire Place Heater, which has given such universal satisfaction. Every stove guaranteed. Call and examine our stock and get prices.
s29. WM. A. WHEATLEY, adj. Kent Nat'l Bank.

CARPETS!

OIL CLOTHS, &c.
The new and enterprising firm of
CRANE BROS.,
67 West Baltimore St.,
A few doors above Gay St., BALTIMORE,
Have made extra preparations for the FALL and WINTER TRADE.
They have in store one of the largest and best selections of CARPETS ever exhibited, which they desire the readers of this paper to inspect.
Their patterns are choice and cover a wide range, while their prices are low.—They of course keep their usual stock of Matting, Oil Cloth, Hassocks, Rugs, &c.
oc18-2m.

Great Bargains IN SILKS!!

I WILL sell the best value in Colored SILKS at $1 per yard ever offered on this market. Also have VELVET to match the shades at reduced prices. Come and see these goods at R. F. PARKS'.

WILL offer to the trade at unprecedented low prices 100 pairs white and gray BLANKETS. These goods are from the recent large auction sales in New York. That these goods are of merit, I simply ask an examination. Yours, R. F. PARKS.

THE FARMERS' ATTENTION is called to our large stock of FODDER YARN, at closest prices. R. F. PARKS.

BEST GRANULATED SUGAR. 13 pounds for $1, cash. Oct. 4. at R. F. PARKS'.

Snow Hill Nurseries.

300,000 No. 1. PEACH TREES!
Over 50 varieties, among which can be found kinds suited to all sections including the New and Old Standard Varieties, largely of the Yellow for canning and drying purposes. Also 100,000 APPLE TREES, 40,000 of them are Extra Long Keeping varieties, adapted to southern planting or wherever long keeping varieties are desirable. We also offer a full line of NURSERY STOCK, Small Fruit a specialty; can fill orders in large or small quantities, at reasonable prices; write for descriptive circular, which we mail free to all applicants. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address:
WM. M. PETERS & SONS,
Wesley Station, Worcester co., Maryland.
aug 30-y.

BOOTS and SHOES. Just received, a large new stock all grades, at lowest prices. An inspection invited.
oc4. J. H. SIMPERS.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

THE undersigned, under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, in Equity, will offer at Public Sale in front of the store-room of B. B. Adkinson, Esq., at Edesville, in Kent county, Maryland,
On SATURDAY, Nov. 22d, 1884,
at Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
the Real Estate of which James H. Edes, late of Kent county, owned at the time of his death, consisting of a FARM and a number of LOTS, &c.

THE FARM
lies at or near said village of Edesville, in the Fifth Election District in said county, on the east side of the public road leading from said village into Piney Neck, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Sarah E. Page and others, and contains
145 ACRES OF LAND,
More or Less.
The Farm is conveniently divided into fields, and under fair fencing. The soil is of good quality, well adapted to the growth of cereals, fruits, &c., and in good heart, convenient to churches, schools, postoffice, &c., and very desirable as a residence.
THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE A NEW
Two-Story Frame Dwelling
and all necessary out-buildings in fair repair.

LOT No. 1
contains about ½ an Acre of Land in said village, improved by a TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING and Store Room, also, Granary, Carriage House and Stable. This is the best location in the village for a Store, and desirable as a residence.

LOT No. 2,
10x16 feet, adjoining lot No. 1, and is improved by a SMALL ONE-STORY BUILDING, well suited for a Shoe shop or Barber Shop.

LOT No. 3,
adjoining lot No. 2, contains about ½ an Acre of Land, and is improved by a TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING and Kitchen in good order; also, a Stable, Hay Loft, Carriage House and Meat House, in fair repair.

LOT No. 4
is situate near said village on the road leading from the Rock Hall road to the Piney Neck road, adjoining the property of William Wagner and others, containing about ½ an Acre of Land, and is improved by a TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING and Kitchen, all in good order.

LOT No. 5
adjoins Lot No. 4, contains about ½ of an Acre of Land, improved by a FRAME DWELLING of one and a-half story and a Shed Kitchen.

There is also a WOOD LOT lying at or near said village, and on the opposite side of the said public road leading into said neck, from the farm above described. This lot will be divided into lots suitable for building lots, and will be so offered at the sale.
This estate will be offered in parcels and as a whole and sold as the trustees may deem most advantageous to all the parties concerned. A survey of the farm and lots will be made, and plats exhibited on the day of sale.

The Terms of Sale
as prescribed by the decree are, one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the trustees; one-fourth in twelve months, one-fourth in two years and one-fourth in three years from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and payment thereof to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security to be approved by the trustees.
R. HYNSON,
JAS. A. PEARCE,
C. H. BAKER,
Nov. 1 1884—tds. Trustees.

CHESTERTOWN Marble Works!

OWING to my health I am compelled to SELL OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF MARBLE regardless of cost.
My stock is very large, comprising all the latest designs that can be found in the city yards, with a full line of Marble Posts of all sizes; galvanized Railing for fencing. All of my work is finely finished and set up by myself.
Persons wanting anything in my line of business will find it to their advantage to call and examine my stock.
Thankful for past patronage, I remain yours, respectfully,
je21-tf. W. REGISTER.

WHITMAN'S Improved Fountain Pump.

PORTABLE PUMP & SPRINKLER.
THIS convenient and easily managed apparatus serves equally well for watering Shrubbery, Plants and Flowers; for washing Windows and Carriages; for extinguishing Fires; for Sprinkling Sidewalks and roads. Fires taken in season can generally be extinguished by a very small amount of water, and such an apparatus as Whitman's Fountain Pump ought to be in every establishment where there is any danger from a conflagration. Call and see them. For sale by
m17. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

MANSION HOUSE,

N. E. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
I. ALBERTSON, ... PROPRIETOR.
ROOMS FIRST CLASS
With GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD
At $1.50 PER DAY.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
Valuable REAL ESTATE
In Queen Anne's County.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne's county, passed in a cause whereof J. Hersey Hall is plaintiff and the administrators of Jas. Francis Hall and others are defendants, the undersigned as Trustees will sell at public sale, in front of the Court House in Centreville, on
TUESDAY, the 9th of December, 1884, between 2 and 4 o'clock P. M., all those
Valuable Tracts of Land
of which J. Francis Hall died seized and possessed, situate near Union Church in the Second Election District of Queen Anne's county.
The property consist of the
FARM
whereon said James F. Hall resided during his lifetime, and a
TRACT OF WOODLAND
detached from the farm. The FARM is situate on the public road leading from Church Hill to Round Top, and on road from Chestertown to Crumpton, adjoining the lands of Dr. S. E. Ford, about three miles from Chestertown and five miles from Church Hill, and contains
150 ACRES OF LAND
MORE OR LESS.
THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a
Two-story Frame Dwelling
in good condition; BARN, STABLE, Carriage House and other Outbuildings in fair condition.
The soil is of excellent quality and susceptible of a very high state of improvement.
The WOODLAND contains 25 ACRES
more or less, and is detached from the farm, being about half a mile from the main tract.
The tracts will first be offered separately and then as a whole, and sold in the way the most money is realized.
Full particulars made known on the day of sale.
TERMS OF SALE.—The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are:—$1000 in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in three equal instalments in one, two and three years from the day of sale, with interest from the 1st of January, 1885, secured by bond or note of purchaser, with security approved by the trustee. Possession given on the first of January, 1885, subject to the tenancy for 1885; purchaser to have landlord's interest in the crops, and to pay landlord's proportion of fertilizer and seed wheat.
A. R. WEEDON,
THOS. J. KEATING,
J. H. Costin, Auct. Trustees.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
All persons having claims against said James F. Hall, deceased, are hereby notified to file such claims with the vouchers thereof in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne's county in equity, within four months from the day of sale.
A. R. WEEDON,
THOS. J. KEATING,
Nov. 15—ts. Trustees.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY!

WE speak the truth when we assert that the
CASPERSON LAMP
Is the Best Light Ever Produced from Coal Oil; Stronger than Gaslight and Perfectly Safe.
READ THE FOLLOWING:
Dear Sir:—Having purchased of you one of the Casperson Lamps we can fully recommend it to all who are in want of a good, strong light, we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. It is by far the best light we have ever used.
JOS. PETERSON,
H. H. BARROLL,
M. T. GOSLEE,
WILBUR ELIASON,
E. W. EMORY,
W. B. USILTON.
We also sell all kinds of Lamps at lowest prices, such as Library and Hall Lamps, Hand, Parlor and Stand Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Night Lamps, Lanterns, Carriage Lanterns.
Chimneys and Shades of all kinds and sizes. Burners of every description and everything else in the lamp line. Liberal reductions made to churches.
H. A. SPARK'S,
no8, 1884. oppo. the Court House.

Wanted!

100,000 BUSHELS
—OF—
WHEAT!
For the Wm. Lea & Sons' Co., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.
E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove,
July 12-tf. Kent Co., Md.

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

CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS. Ingrain Carpets as low as 25 cts. per yard. J. H. SIMPERS.

NELLY BAILEY'S CAREER.

She is a Newark Girl—The Tragedy for Which She is Tried—A Romance of the Wild Western Border.

A short time ago there was commenced at Wichita, Kansas, the trial of a Newark, (N. J.) girl, little Nellie Bailey, who since she left the boarding-school of Miss Ellis, at Newark, has had a most remarkable career, although she is now only about 25 years of age. She calls herself "Miss," although she has been married two or three times. She is of slight figure, with a clear complexion, abundant dark brown hair, which she frequently wears over her shoulders, and possesses a pair of lustrous brown eyes. The chivalry of Wichita were at first indignant at the incarceration of such a witching little sprite, and universal sympathy was excited in her behalf; but as her career became better known all talk about bail ceased, although the cow-boys are still regarding her with undisguised admiration, and paying her the tribute of a persecuted heroine.

Nellie Bailey has been waiting patiently for court to sit for nearly eight months, but now that the time for her trial is at hand she exhibits considerable nervousness. Her friends, who are still numerous, are full of sympathy for her, and she will have many of them to comfort and support her during her trial. She shows the effects of her imprisonment in her pale face, but beyond that she maintains a marvellous composure.

"Little Nellie Bailey" is described by her teacher in Newark as being a rompish little elf when at school bubbling over with mischief, and wonderfully precocious for her years. Full of pranks, and a pertness which in one so petite became amusing roguishness that would not have been tolerated or pardonable in any ordinary person, her endless tricks and frolics secured immunity from punishment, which had a demoralizing effect upon the rest of the scholars, and finally she had to be dismissed from the school. Her people found her wayward and uncontrollable, but her archness was so wedded to an attractive face and winning manners that atrocities seemed only roguish vivacity in the little elf, and so her downward career took on the form of simple meretricious sportiveness. She was, and is still, a great admirer of lurid literature, and it is said that she declares her intention when she gets out of jail to turn novelist and playwright. She proposes to call her first work "The Drover's Revenge; or, The Secret of the Sunset Trail." She added to the Sheriff at Wichita: "It won't take me long to get through with this trouble when court once takes up my case, and then I shall go to Newark or New York and begin operations. Her inclinations in her girlhood days took her to the variety stage, and for some time she enacted minor parts in Waldman's Theatre in Newark. Her native conceits and playful antics, however, elicited such applause that she sought a more extensive field, and she obtained an engagement at Harry Minor's Theatre in New York, where an infatuation with one of the actors, who was about starting on a provincial tour, led to the beginning of a most adventurous career. Drifting hither and thither, she broke off her liason with the actor, and in the year 1880 she appeared in Kansas. She soon infatuated a banker of that State named Shannon Bailey, to whom she was married. With him she made frequent visits to the Black Hills and other mining districts. Finding that his wealth had melted away, she came further east, visited some relatives in Rockford, Ills., and Waukesha, Wis., and, indifferent as to Bailey's existence, married a man named Riese, whom she believed to be very rich. In this impression she was again doomed to be disappointed, and then, remembering that she had been introduced to an elderly Englishman named Bothamley while in Wichita with Bailey, she wrote to him—an artfully artless letter—depicting her misery and asking him to meet her in St. Louis.

The two met in the city according to agreement and entered into some sort of a contract. Bothamley was rich beyond question, and was about to move to Texas to establish a great sheep ranch. Before leaving St. Louis she persuaded him to deed to her lands in Kansas valued at $20,000, and to make her several valuable presents of jewelry and diamonds. They then went to Wichita in July, 1883, and made preparations for a journey overland to their new home. They were to travel together as brother and sister, occupying the same wagon, handsomely fitted up within, and drawn by eight oxen. Disregarding expense, everything was provided for comfort, and an enjoyable trip was anticipated. They took 2,200 head of sheep with them, and employed two young men to herd them. One of these boys was named Dodson. The prosecution will attempt to show that Miss Bailey entered into this scheme deliberately for the purpose of robbing and murdering her companion. They left Wichita about the middle of July, and proceeded in a south westerly direction. The boys were frequently a mile or two ahead of the wagon with the sheep, and it often happened that they would camp at places a mile apart. One night, when about seventy miles south of Caldwell, Dakota, Dodson, who had been asleep, heard Miss Bailey call at a distance, and running to her assistance, found that Bothamley was dead in the wagon. The girl said he had committed suicide, and a revolver lay beside his body. She appeared to be in great distress, and the other boy, who had come up by this time, suggested that they should get assistance from an emigrant wagon which they had passed a few miles up the trail. This he did, returning in a few hours with two men of the other party, who were bound for Wichita. The men remained in the vicinity until morning. Then they examined the body of Bothamley closely; asked Miss Bailey many questions; advised them to turn about and go to Caldwell, and then left them. After they had gone Miss Bailey told the boys that she was not going back; she had got started for Texas, and she was going through. She told them she was not Bothamley's sister, but his wife, and that all he had was hers. One of the lads ventured to inquire what was to be done with the dead body of Bothamley.

"Bury it!" said she quietly. "Bring it right here! Get your shovels now, quick, and dig the grave beside the trail! The boys made an excavation as directed, and the Englishman was duly buried near a place now called the "Skeleton Ranch." Then they resumed their journey toward Texas, but they had not gone far before they were overhauled by a party of deputy marshals, who had heard from the emigrants the story of the tragedy, and who believed that foul play had been committed. When overtaken, Miss Bailey had possessed herself of all of the dead man's money, diamonds and jewelry, valued at $7,000, and had told the boys in heroic parlance that if they would stand by her she would do the right thing by them. The marshals placed them all under arrest and turned the sheep back to Wichita. At the preliminary examination the prosecution sought to show that a conspiracy existed between young Dodson and Nellie Bailey, but when the boy was taken before the Grand Jury they came to the conclusion that he was too unsophisticated and ingenious, and he and the other lad were discharged, the girl only being held on the charge of murder. She has been in the roughest mining camps and all through the cattle country time and again; and yet has retained an air of respectability and innocent playfulness, and of good breeding which tells strongly in her favor. Some of her cowboy devotees threatened to rescue her a few months ago, but she heroically frowned down any attempt of the kind. Meanwhile their goddess languished in prison, but soon they will revel in her smiles as she pleads to the terrible crime of which she stands charged. It is not believed the evidence is strong enough to secure her conviction.

For Cooking Beefsteak.

This rhyming receipt for cooking beefsteak, says an exchange, is contributed:

Put your beefsteak in the boiler,
Put your butter on the dish;
When the beef begins to sizzle,
Then just plump that into this
Sprinkle both with salt and pepper;
Broil your beefsteak nice and brown;
Lay it both sides on the butter;
Let its juice that butter drown,
Don't serve till at the table
All the folks are sitting down
Then you surely will be able
To claim a cook's renown.

A RIDE AFTER A WHITE WOLF.

Exciting Sport with Horse and Hounds Among the Mountains of Idaho.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes as follows from Snake River, Idaho:

With seven hounds and four hunters we left camp at dawn for a day's run after wolves. When an hour out of camp the baying of the hounds in a coppice to the right of us told that something was started, and the next moment a lanky gray wolf, with six cubs streaming after her, dashed out into the happy ground and ran past us so close that we might have killed her with a revolver, but something like pity stayed every man's hand and let her go by us without a shot. The cubs were evidently four or five months old, and kept well up with the mother, who moved over the prairie like a gray streak. When the dogs finally broke cover she had disappeared around the face of the hillock, to the top of which we spurred our horses in order to see the remainder of the chase. In the course of a few minutes it was plain to see that the cubs were losing their wind, one of them falling behind so rapidly that he was almost in the jaws of the foremost hound, and the others, while keeping ahead, gave every evidence of distress. The mother wolf was not moving at her best by any means, and if she would abandon her cubs to the dogs might easily escape, but instead of doing that she suddenly wheeled around, while the cubs kept on forward, and doubling square on her tracks closed with the hound who was in the lead and not more than ten paces from the exhausted young one. Before the dog could recover from his surprise she had him by the throat, her long, white teeth cutting through skin and muscles, then closing and tearing out windpipe, jugular vein and gullet. It was only a single bite, but the spread and strength of her jaws as well as the sharpness of her teeth made it fatal. Then she humped up her back and in ten bounds had regained the lost ground, and was again in full retreat in the centre of her family. In the nature of things, however, the cubs could not stand the killing pace; they fell behind in ones and twos and the result was a foregone conclusion—at least it was so until the mother adopted a new set of tactics. She started off at right angle with the line pursued by the cubs, swerving in her course so as to bring herself very near to the hounds, apparently with the intention of attracting the chase to herself. Three of the dogs accepted the invitation and presently were out of sight in the rough country to which she led them, while the remaining two busied themselves with the cubs now left to their own devices.

At a rattling pace we set off across the country in the direction taken by the old wolf, and presently from an elevation discovered the chase not far ahead. The dogs were rapidly gaining on the prey, and we spurred on in order to be in at the death. In its essentials this method of hunting wolves is similar to the English-sport of fox-hunting, largely depending for its pleasure upon good horses, fleet, sharp-nosed hounds, and the spice of danger always attending a break-neck ride over a rough country. But our sport was not marred by any sentimental pity for the victim, as the killing of wolves is a utilitarian service, appreciated as well by hunters as ranchmen. They not only kill and maim enormous quantities of wild game, but do not scruple at entering a ranchero's barnyard and carrying away young hogs, sheep and even young calves. The Eastern method of getting rid of troublesome domestic animals is in vogue against wild beasts here to a great extent, and thousands of wolves are yearly killed through devouring poisoned meat prepared for them by the farmers.

The run was but a short one, and before we drew near enough for the effective use of our shot-guns the dogs had dragged the tired animal to the ground and were tearing at her throat. Wolf skins in the frontier market bring from $1.50 to $3 each, and as every pelt we captured during the hunt was to fall to the share of Jim, our cook, he was probably the most eager member of the chase. He rode into the thick of the fight, and kicking the dogs to the right and left had the skin stripped from the animal before the blood had done flowing from its throat.

In the course of the morning we ran down three other gray wolves, and succeeded in shooting a coyote as well as an antelope for dinner.

HOW A MAN GOT WORK TO DO.

Causeur has a friend, a journalist of distinction, now holding a very prominent and responsible position on one of the best known papers in the country, who had a peculiar experience once in getting a position on the staff of a New York daily. He applied to the editor-in-chief, who knew him well, and was aware of his ability and experience.

"I've nothing to offer you," he said; "but perhaps you'd better see the managing editor."

To the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went.

"There's nothing I can give you; why don't you see the editor-in-chief?" he said, pleasantly.

The next day he applied to both again, and the next, each time receiving the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day, he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for any one who might want to use it. He called the office boy, told him to clear off the desk and bring up writing materials. Having "moved in," he sought the city editor's assignment-book, picked out a job he thought he could do, did it, laid the result on the city editor's desk, and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and the next. On the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk.

"So you've got to work?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," answered the self-appointed reporter.

A day or two later, the managing editor came in.

"Got at it at last, eh?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," answered this latest addition to the staff, going on with his work.

Things went on in this way for two weeks, when one morning the chief came in.

"How do you like your position?" he asked.

"First rate," he replied; "there's only one trouble—I haven't had any money yet."

"No money? How's that? Perhaps the managing editor forgot to put your name on the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?"

"He didn't say, sir," said the reporter, speaking the truth very literally.

The chief fixed the pay then and there, dated it back two weeks, and the "hanger-on" became a full-fledged member of the staff on the spot. And the best of the joke was that it was not until two years afterward that either the editor-in-chief or the managing editor knew how it came about, each suspecting the other had done it. Two heads certainly were better than one at that time—for the applicant.—*Exchange.*

Pretty Women's Franks.

Women with pretty eyes look you straight in the face.

Women with pretty hands like to shake hands with their friends.

Women with a musical laugh fill the air with silver sprayed tones.

Women of modest mien boldly display their rich crimson blushes.

Women with pretty arms naturally stand with the elbows akimbo.

Women with pretty teeth open wide their mouths when they laugh.

Women with full rounded forms are advertisements for their dressmaker.

Women with pretty eyebrows and lashes like to look languidly on the floor.

"Pursuit is better than possession." Yet you can't get one fellow in a hundred to keep on pursuing his girl through life instead of marrying her.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

MAJOR BILKINS.

The Confidence Game that was Worked on an Unsuspecting Stranger.

It was a sunny day in July. I was lately home from a lengthened sojourn in Bombay, and had been to the India office to see one of the officials about my furlough. I had two or three hours to spare before my train—I lived at Seven Oaks—and I didn't know how to employ the time.

Irresolute I stood at the corner of the hay-market, not having made up my mind which way to go. I hadn't stopped there a second when I felt a hand laid upon my arm and saw at my side a very good-looking, well-dressed man.

"My dear fellow," he said, "how are you?"

I didn't know but what I knew the man, for one meets so many people of his kidney; and, for aught I could tell, I might have been hospitably entertained by him somewhere or other up the country, so that I didn't like to confess my ignorance of his name and quality. And we walked cordially together toward St. Martin's church.

"When was the last time we met?" said my new friend. "Surely at the governor-general's call at Calcutta."

"Never was at Calcutta in my life," said he; "mine's the Bombay presidency."

"And I've been talking to you all the time for Col. Scoop. Is it possible that I am deceived."

With a slight degree of acerbity I replied that I was no colonel at all, but a mere civil servant.

"Most wonderful!" cried my friend. "Never was such an extraordinary resemblance. Pardon the unconscious liberty I've taken."

Well, we were very polite to each other. Major Bilkins, it appeared, was the man's name. He was an agreeable fellow, and we walked on together in a very amiable way. Bilkins hoped I'd come and look up at his little place in Surrey, and I gave him my card and said I'd be glad to see him at Seven Oaks.

"And what are you going to do now?" said the major. "Come and lunch with me. What do you say to going into the city and having a bit of fish together? I know a capital place—Chuffin's, close to Billingsgate, and handy for our trains. Take the penny boat from Hungerford, eh?"

I willingly agreed. The tide was well up, and we had a pleasant sail down river. There is no more charming vista than that from Hungerford bridge.

We landed close to London bridge, and the major introduced me to Chuffin's. We had no end of fish of the very best. But the major seduced me into extravagance. A pint of champagne with our fish, some brown sherry, and, to wind up, some capital iced punch, an iniquitous sort of proceeding for a man who had a family dinner awaiting him at seven; but I got into the spirit of the thing, somehow, and the major's conversation was really quite interesting.

"I must leave now," said the major, calling the waiter and picking out a ninepenny cigar. He took a handful of change out of his pocket. "You'll allow me to settle for this little affair?"

"Couldn't think of it," I said, warmly, "not on any account."

"Oh, nonsense! Well, I won't press it," he said, seeing I was determined. "Let's see, two-and-six, five, seven-and-six and six for the waiter, 8 shillings a piece; shall I settle?"

"Do, if you please," I said handing my friend half a sovereign.

The major gave me a 2-shilling piece and lounged away to the little desk where they took the money, made his financial arrangements, and vanished with a parting wave of the hand.

For myself I confess that I felt a little muddled with the good things of which I had partaken. I ordered a brandy-and-soda and a screw of tobacco, and indulged in a long clay pipe.

Presently, as the time for my train approached, I knocked the ashes out of my pipe and made my way to the door.

"I have to pay for a brandy-and-soda and tobacco," said I.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, who hovered about to check off the payers, "and two dinners, champagne, sherry, punch—18 shillings, if you please, sir."

"But," I remonstrated, "my friend paid for all that."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young woman at the desk; "he left word, sir; that you would settle for everything."

Well, they wouldn't let me go without paying, and I went home rather crestfallen. I wrote to Major Bilkins, at Blickley Park, Surrey, but my letter came back in due course marked in red and other colored inks all over it; "Not known; try ——" ever so many places.

Oh, Major Bilkins, I didn't mind so much paying for your feed and giving you a little pocket money, but it was rather too bad to hand me for change out of my half sovereign a florin that proved to be a "duffer."

A BOY'S AMBITIONS.

Nearly everybody who is now a man, says the *Through Mail*, was once a boy. All these grown-up boys remember how they felt the first time they ever saw a brass band. They felt that the President of the United States was not to be compared to the editor of the base drum, and that the drum-major was at least six inches above George Washington in the temple of fame. Oh! how they did yearn to belong to a brass band, until a circus came along, and then, how they longed to be the fearless equestrian or the man in the lion's cage. Congress had no charm for most of its present members when they were boys. To be a bareback rider or drum-major was infinitely greater than to be a member of Congress to their youthful eyes.

Then came a time when their hearts were set on becoming a brakeman on a railway train, and when the vision of promotion to the conductorship of a train floated across their dreamy optics they were in the fifth heaven of delight. Time wore on, only to rub the glitter of the railway service off, and supply its place with grand aspirations for the position of umpire of a base-ball game, which was rapidly succeeded by an inordinate ambition to be the victor of a prize-ring. After being knocked out in one round by nearly every boy in the community, ambition again underwent a metamorphosis, and the one thing of all things desired was to be the reigning monarch of a barber-shop, or the untrammeled commander of a volunteer fire-brigade.

In due time all the tinsel of these high callings was but dross to them, and to die on the battle-field, breathing some patriotic sentiment as the sands of life ran away, was the one high aim of existence. After one encampment with the home militia, with beans and hardtack for menu, and hardtack and beans for desert, and a finger accidentally shot off for fun, no further anxiety to spill blood by the gallon for their country was manifested, and they longed for more agreeable pursuits incident to the tranquil surroundings of peace.

At about this point their desires took a different turn. Their hearts glowed with a nobler impulse, and was a trifle more of a determination to do in their composition. One determined to teach school and did so. To be sure, he was surprised that life was not one continual round of uninterrupted joy in his new calling, but he worries along, and the next spring enters a law office and becomes a disciple of Blackstone. The next autumn he reverts to school-teaching, and school-teaching is sandwiched into his life in various ways and at numerous periods afterward, until he becomes an editor, and the prize-ring experiences of his youth are repeated again. Some years later he is elected to Congress, and then the old ambitions are forgotten and give place to designs upon the Senate. Only a few of them ever get there, and they at once feel the humming of the presidential bee in their bonnets, and eventually become candidates before the national conventions of the great parties, and all but two get—left; and when the election is over one of those two is left.

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a cheerful fire, another, to remember all pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-place and a kettle simmering on the hob.—*Sydney Smith.*

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-hal 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.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

Messrs. Editors:—Sabbath morning in Minnesota; and here in my room as I sit pondering, I think of my partial promise to you of writing something for the "News" during my absence, so instead of being at church, I am talking to the many who may choose to read in the far-off home in Maryland. As to this city, it certainly deserves mention. Lying as it does beside the beautiful Mississippi, almost surrounded by tiny lakes and lovely falls, her houses all built upon spacious grounds relieved by sloping lawns, her streets shaded on either side by swinging, bending trees, now clothed in autumnal robe of red and gold, and her one hundred trains daily, would be worthy the pen of one more able to describe than myself. Of course it will take time to visit all the places of interest so thickly interspersed throughout this portion of Minnesota, but I have been charmed with all I have seen. In company with a friend we went to see lake Como, and found it to be a lively little sheet of water, hidden away among the forest trees. When we looked upon it and noticed how gentle and calm it seemed, we wondered if it could ever be lashed into such fury as old lake Erie shows when the northeast wind quarrels with her. I have also visited the "Bridal Veil;" it does look like a large, filmy piece of lace, fit to adorn the head of any bride—and yet it would appear a little damp. I gazed upon it and wondered if it would never tire, and like a weary person sit down to rest.

I have also looked upon Minnehaha Falls, the laughing, rollicking Minnehaha. The legend, I think, relates that an Indian maiden and her lover leaped over its sides, hand and hand, because *they dared not marry.* A very wild sort of a runaway, methinks, and yet a very romantic one. The falls looked their loveliest when I had the pleasure of viewing them, owing to the recent rains, which made them very heavy. I did not look at them, but gazed with open eyes and mouth. The surrounding scenery is too grand for me to attempt to describe; only an artist with easel and brush could do it justice. I don't know why, but somehow when the waters went leaping and rushing down into the depths below, I thought what a pity it was that Macbeth had not been there when he looked at his hands after the midnight assassination and exclaimed:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
Rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

This rush of waters would have washed away the stain, and his hands would have indeed been clean. I have also been to view the falls of St. Anthony, which is said to be the greatest water power in the world. Quite a number of mills surround these falls, among them the mammoth Pillsbury mill, said to be the largest in the world. They have a capacity for 7,000 barrels of flour daily.

I have been through the State University and through the Museum belonging to it, and have glanced in upon the large Indian Cave, and found it an immense underground tunnel, full of deep, dark chambers, fearful to behold; we could almost imagine we saw a savage Indian scowling down upon us as we looked into its dismal recesses. I have also seen the beauties of lake Calhoun, in all its grandeur and surrounded by scenery grand in the extreme. Some of the churches are as good as the hand of man can make them, which is right. God is deserving of all the beauty we can give him. Brown stone outside and velvet inside is all right, yet sometimes it seems to me that the people worship the church, instead of God, who gave them all these things. The music seems to emanate from the head, with the heart at a discount. After visiting all these, it did me good to peep into a more humbler one and help swell the chorus of "One more day's work for Jesus." I have had the pleasure since coming here of listening to and shaking hands with the renowned temperance orator, Francis Murphy. I had almost forgotten to mention the wonderful profusion of cats, flies and lightning in this city. Cats run wild and are free to all who apply. The flies, I think would walk in and take possession of the house if they did not use the screen door and window. If one or two do happen to effect an entrance they will torment one more than three dozen Maryland flies. And then the lightning; in cold or warm weather, it will flash, and glimmer, and sparkle and the flashes seem to be the brightest I ever saw. Minnesota is noted for its beautiful sky and it is certainly deserving of the honor, as coming from the great artist who paints all nature in its varied tints, and who can excel the master hand who paints and beautifies all? Nothing in all the universe is so grand and glorious as nature.

But I have been talking of all I have seen. There are two things that I have *not* seen—a hand-organ and a peanut stand. They are not allowed in the city. But there is no use in trying to enumerate all that I have seen and heard here. I could not do it if I tried. Suffice it to say, that Minnesota is a great State, Minneapolis a wonderful city and the people social, intelligent and industrious, and yet with all, I have a warm spot in my heart for good old Maryland. Even Chestertown looms up before me as a grand, good place, and the people are like unto Kings and Queens. Osborne.

Oct. 17, 1884.

A NOVEL MODE OF DRAINING.

Recent experiments of Colonel John P. Fort, in southwest Georgia, in pond draining, promise a revolution in the malarial section of the South, which embraces the richest part of the country, and cover millions of acres. The great drawback of Florida, Louisiana, the rice sections of South Carolina and Georgia, has been the fact that white men could not live there on account of brackish drinking water, and malaria, inseparable from floods and swamps. Several years since, Colonel Fort, who owns much property of this description, conceived the idea of sinking artesian wells, holding that when a certain stratum was reached pure water could be obtained in abundance. His efforts were crowned with such success that every town in southern Georgia is sinking artesian wells. The water is perfectly clear, sweet, and pure as the best to be found in the highlands. The success led Colonel Fort to try the experiment of draining stagnant ponds by running them off through subterranean passages that are known to exist at a distance from seventy to a hundred feet below the surface. Colonel Fort's experiment was made on his hickory level plantation, in Dougherty county, and the pond upon which he experimented is situated about two hundred yards from his pioneer artesian well. The pond covered an area of about two acres, with a depth of ten feet in the center. To drain it thoroughly an outlet must be made in the deepest part. To accomplish this Colonel Fort bound four substantial pieces of timber together, floated them over the center of the pond, and upon this foundation built his raft or pen, which sank as it was added to. When the raft had been built, the foundation resting on the bottom of the pond, the platform was across the top, and on this platform a derrick was set up. To this derrick boring apparatus was attached. At first a pile-driver was used, but when the pipe had been driven down through the bottom of the pond to a depth of thirty feet it rested on solid rock, and then the work of drilling and boring was begun. At a depth of fifty feet below the bottom of the pond the drill struck an opening, and at once the water commenced to sink with a roar through the big pipe, the top of which is only a few inches under water. The drill-pipe was drawn out, and the pond commenced to empty itself as fast as the orifice that the drill had made through the rocks would permit the water to flow. When the water in the pond was level with the top of the pipe a reamer was attached to the drill-pipe, and sent down to open the way for the big pipe to be sunk deeper. In this way a joint of two sections were almost level with the bottom of the pond, and there it was unjointed. Colonel Fort will have a square pit dug around the pipe and then be driven down to a level with the bottom of the pit. The top of the pipe will be covered with wire to keep trash out, and the pit will be filled with rocks, and thus the drain will be kept open. This strange scene of emptying the pond into subterranean channels has been witnessed by hundreds of people, who see in it the reclamation of the millions of acres of swamp lands in the South. Thus within 200 feet of each were two pipes, that of the artesian well throwing up the purest drinking-water, and that in the middle of the pond sucking stagnant water into the bowels of the earth, and carrying it away. The experiment cost only $75, while there were gained from it over two thousand tons of compost soil.—*Boston Transcript.*