msa_sc2901_scm1625-0240 © Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 45. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1884. No. 34.

The Kent News:

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

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

Terms of Subscription:
TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

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.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR. WALTER S. HILL.
HUTCHISON & HILL,
Wholesale Commission Merchants.
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, Fruits, Berries, etc.
324 N. Delaware Ave., PHILADELPHIA.
d20-3m.

GALE & HUTCHISON,
Fruit and General Produce Dealers,
254 N. Water Street, Phila., Pa.
Consignments solicited. 413.

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.

R. J. FOARD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN and PEACHES,
GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, &c.
No. 95 South Charles Street, corner Camden,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 17, 1884.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. M. T. G. EARLE.
C. C. TILGHMAN.
WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,
(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)
General Commission Merchants,
No. 18 BOWLY'S WHARF,
jel4—6m. BALTIMORE.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS.
R. NELSON STEVENS.
—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 ct. per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 7 per cent., and no charge for collecting empties.

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. feb.

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. v

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. jy6

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homœopathist,
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.
aug6-y.

GUNS!—Muzzle & Breech loaders. Shot, Powder, Wads, Shells, &c., for sale by W. A. WHEATLEY, n15. adjoining the Bank.

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

HATS. New fall & winter styles just received at J. H. SIMPERS'.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT!
New Goods!
—AT—
Bottomley & Johnson's,
MILLINGTON.

Everything desirable, kept in a first-class store, now in stock. Extra inducements offered this season. The Ladies are especially invited. We have the largest stock of

CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
and RUBBER GOODS,
in town. We have a full line of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
WOOD and WILLOWWARE,
GLASSWARE &c.,
which we will sell very low. Give us a call and be convinced that we can sell goods low. We have a full line of

CHRISTMAS GOODS,
Fancy and Ornamental, suitable for presents.

Thanking our friends for their liberal patronage in the past, we hope by low prices and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year we are your friends,
BOTTOMLEY & JOHNSON,
dec6-1m. Millington, Md.

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, Davey 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.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
s29. 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 grey 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., aug 30-y. Maryland.

Books for Children.
Choicest selections from English and American Authors. The low price will astonish you at STAM'S,
d13. DRUG STORE.

WEDDING PRESENTS!
Gold and Silver
WATCHES,
SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS' BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE,
CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,
and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found
at C. M. LUCAS',
opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
Locust Grove, Md.
Agents for the WM. LEA & SONS CO.
BRANDYWINE MILLS.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Paid for GRAIN on RAILROAD.
d13.

NOTICE!
SALTPETRE,
SAGE, PEPPER.
Large Stock! Low Prices!
—AT—
STAM'S Drug Store.
Nov. 29, 1884.

IN YOUR SEARCH
—FOR—
Christmas Goods
DO NOT FAIL TO CALL ON ME.
I HAVE MANY BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR BOTH OLD AND YOUNG.
MY LINE OF
Children's Chairs
WAGONS, &c.,
I call especial attention to.
All these articles which I have, will be sold at LOWEST possible prices.
Get your prices elsewhere then call on me.
L. K. STAM
VERY LARGE LOT OF
LAMPS!
AND LAMP GOODS.
Very beautiful Lamps, will give as much light as any made.
Moustache and Ladies' Tea Cups and Saucers, bought from New York Importers at rock bottom prices.
LOUIS K. STAM.

FULL LINE OF
FURNITURE!
AT VERY LOW CASH PRICES
LOUIS K. STAM.

Christmas Goods!
A GREAT VARIETY!!
—AT—
d13. STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Largest Carriage Factory in the World!
EMERSON & FISHER.
Carriages of every style. Phaetons, Buggies, Family Carriages, Light Wagons, &c., to suit every one. For style, painting, durability, &c., unequalled. Descriptive circulars free; terms easy. We know of no vehicle made for the price, worthy of comparison.
WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
y19-tf. Edesville, Kent county, Md.

Christmas Goods!
FINE ART GOODS.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT EVER SEEN IN THIS MARKET.
These will make elegant presents for your sweetheart, yourself, your sister, or your wife.
WE WANT YOU TO EXAMINE THESE GOODS.
THEY ARE REALLY FINE AND LOW IN PRICE.
COLIN F. STAM,
d20. DRUGGIST.

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
Christmas Goods
Knowing that such goods as
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
CITRON, FIGS,
CANDIES of all kinds,
DATES, PRUNES,
NUTS of all varieties,
ORANGES, LEMONS, APPLES,
MINCE MEATS, &c.,
for the holidays, would be in demand, and to meet this demand we have laid in an unusually large stock for cash which we intend to run out at low figures. Call and see us before buying.
Thankful for past patronage I hope to merit a continuance of the same.
I remain yours, resp'y,
D. ARTHUR BACCHUS.
dec6-5t. Chestertown.

CARPETINGS!
ALL GRADES! LATEST DESIGNS!
Lowest Prices for Reliable Goods.
We can show you many NOVELTIES in CHOICE PATTERNS not to be found in the ordinary Carpet Stores.
OIL CLOTHS,
RUGS & MATS.
No trouble to show goods.
Wm. D. Primrose & Co.,
135 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE. oct1y.

1885. THE SUN. 1885.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers, Baltimore.
The meeting of Congress, the Inauguration of President Cleveland, and the events likely to follow a change of Administration at Washington, will be attended by many circumstances of more than ordinary interest, while in foreign politics the immediate future promises to be prolific of many striking occurrences. The industrial progress of the country will be marked by many incidents of interest, principal among which will be the Centennial Exhibition at New Orleans. Special correspondents of THE SUN in every part of this country and in Europe will keep its readers fully advised of what is going on in the world, and there could not therefore be a better time to subscribe for it than now, as THE SUN is a complete newspaper, impartial and independent, containing FRESH and RELIABLE news from every quarter—Industrial, Political, Commercial, Financial, Shipping and Special Market Reports; Editorials based upon sound principles and treating upon every subject of current interest.
Terms of subscription by mail—Invariably Cash in Advance—Postage free:
One year..... $6 00 | One Month.....50 cts.
Six months..... 3 00 | Two Weeks.....25 cts.
Three Months.... 1 50 | One Week.....13 cts.
Single copies by mail, 3c.; Foreign Countries 76 cents per month.

BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN,
THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
Trustworthy in all things. An Epitome of the World's news. The Choicest Gems of Literature. The Latest and Fullest Reliable Market Reports.
ONE DOLLAR A COPY for Twelve Months.
Terms—Invariably cash in advance. Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.
Liberal premiums to getters up of Clubs for the "Baltimore Weekly Sun."
The safest method of transmitting money by mail is by check, draft or postoffice money order. Address
A. S. ABELL & CO., Publishers,
Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, Md.

Florentine Statuary!
All the way from Milwaukee. These Goods are very fine and will bear comparison with the celebrated Rogers' goods. You can have them at half price.
COLIN F. STAM,
d13. DRUGGIST.

CHILDREN'S
Christmas Goods
Just the thing to make the little ones happy around the home fireside. All the way in price from 1 cent to $2. Call and examine.
COLIN F. STAM,
d13. DRUGGIST.

JENNIE.

When John Claghorn and Annie Sylvester were married, the hundred and one friends who attended the magnificent wedding, and showered upon the young couple their congratulations and their presents, did so in just appreciation of their fitness each for the other. That they were suited in every way to be life-companions, there could be no doubt. Both were rich and neither had eccentric tastes that would clash with the matter-of-fact, conventional habits of the other.

They had never distinguished themselves in any way worthy of mention, and were, on the whole, two average people, well-educated, and with a sufficient stock of ordinary accomplishments to enable them to comport themselves with credit in any society.

No one who was present at the wedding ever dreamed that the young couple would, in forty-eight hours after the ceremony was performed, be on the point of separation.

After the wedding-breakfast, they proceeded to Guildford, and were comfortably domiciled in the groom's snug cottage.

They were too well-bred to show their affection, each for the other, in public; but when alone, their near and tender relation was the inspiration for endearing caresses, that would not interest the reader if described, and the bestowal of loving epithets would be the veriest nonsense in print.

Dinner was served at six o'clock; and when the groom entered the library, while his wife retired to dress for the meal, a servant handed him a letter, which had been forwarded from his town address.

"From Gerald!" he cried, breaking the seal; and stepping to the window, where the light was better, he read as follows:

SCARBOROUGH, June 5.

DEAR OLD JOHN:—The invitation cards reached me by this morning's post. I was not surprised, for I was confident you would like each other, and the outcome would be a wedding. My business is such that I shall have to forego the pleasure of attending the nuptial festivities, but my congratulations are yours and hers. My offering I sent by express. Long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Claghorn!

Jubilantly yours, GERALD AINSWORTH.

P. S.—I saw Miss Montgomery yesterday. You know her father is interested in some big contract, and he is here attending to his interests. Edna and her two sisters accompany him. She hopes to meet you and Mrs. Claghorn in town next season. While visiting her I talked a few minutes to Jenny. She is certainly benefited by the long trip, but she misses you sadly, and Edna says that for days after the parting her grief was violent, and she did nothing but cry, "Dear, John! why did you leave me?" There is no doubt that a sight of your dear old face would brighten her up wonderfully, and I hope that for her sake Mrs. Claghorn will so overcome her dislike as to receive her. G. A.

He had barely finished reading this letter, when the door opened and his wife entered. He thrust the missive in his inner pocket with a guilty start.

Dinner was announced, and they were soon seated *tete-a-tete*. It was John Claghorn's intention to read the letter and make explanation to his wife during the meal, but a trifling circumstance occurred to prevent it.

They were chatting in that tender confidential way, which young couples so much indulge in during the honeymoon, when Mrs. Claghorn, as though suddenly recollecting something, turned to the waiter and said, "Any letters, James?"

"Only one, madam — for Mr. Claghorn."

"Confound the fellow's stupidity!" growled John, inwardly.

And then, as his wife glanced at him inquiringly, he said, aloud: "It is from Gerald Ainsworth. You know he is at Scarborough, and could not be present at the wedding. He sends his congratulations, and has forwarded his present, which I fancy will be something unique, by express."

"May I read his letter?"

"Presently. I'll read it to you," was the answer.

But he abruptly changed the subject, and not referring to the letter again, she had forgotten it, when they arose from the table. A friend of theirs rode up, and Mrs. Claghorn ran out to greet her.

John retired to his dressing-room to change his coat; but somehow, when he shifted the contents of his pockets, Gerald Ainsworth's letter fluttered to the floor, and escaped his observation.

There was a concert that night, and they were to be present. While dressing, Mrs. Claghorn had occasion to enter her husband's room, and spying the letter, picked it up.

"Gerald's letter," she said, glancing at the postmark. "I like him because he is so fond of John. I wonder what sort of people those Montgomerys are? John often speaks of them, and Gerald is engaged to the eldest daughter, Edna. I hope she's a good woman, for he deserves the best of wives." She indulged in this little soliloquy, holding the letter in her hand. "I wonder what he says?" she ventured at last. "There is certainly no harm in my reading the letter, for John said I should."

Thus fortifying herself, she drew out the note-sheet and read. As her eyes followed the lines of the postscript, her face grew pale, and her lip trembled.

"Merciful heaven!" she managed to gasp at last.

And she repeated over the mysterious postscript aloud. Then tears of grief, shame and jealous rage, gushed from her eyes, and she stamped her feet until the mantel ornaments rattled.

"How could he deceive me so cruelly?" she cried. "Oh, John, I loved and trusted you, but I little dreamed you were such a heartless, unprincipled scoundrel! Oh, oh, oh!" And she wrung her hands, and would have torn her hair had not her husband suddenly entered the room. She concealed the letter, and faced him.

"What's the matter, dear?" he demanded, halting on the threshold.

"Oh, you villain!" she hissed.

"Annie—Mrs. Claghorn!" he gasped, and took a step towards her.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, starting back with a gesture of scorn. "I thought you an honest man when I married you. A thousand times you have protested to me that I was the only woman you ever loved. But you lied to me, and now, when I have proof of your base perfidy, I despise and scorn you!"

"Why, gracious me! What have I done?" he cried, much astonished. "Base perfidy! Lies! What do you mean?"

"Ask yourself, Mr. Claghorn," she retorted, with cutting irony. "I am glad I learned the truth in time. Henceforth, sir, we are two! I shall telegraph to mamma instantly, and you will be at liberty to return to your first love!"

She swept from the room, although he sprang forward to detain her.

He could not imagine the cause of her changed demeanor, but the ridiculousness of her tragic utterances amused him, and he could not repress a smile.

"I wonder what can be the matter?" he mused. "The woman is crazy, or has listened and believed the stories of some false friend. I'll demand an instant explanation."

He was thoroughly in earnest now, and proceeded to the door of the boudoir. It was locked, and he could hear stifled sobbing inside.

"Annie!" he said, knocking on the panel. No answer; but the sobbing ceased, and all was quiet.

"Little wife!" he continued. Still silence.

"Mrs. Claghorn!" This in a stern, determined tone.

"Sir!" was the defiant response.

"Open the door!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"I will break it down!"

"If you dare to, sir, I will scream for assistance, and denounce you to the world!"

"Don't be a fool, Annie, and explain this masquerading. What is the matter? What have I done? I demand to know, that I may justify myself."

"Your tone of injured innocence does not deceive me, sir, for I have the proof of your infamy."

"Proof!" he repeated. I fail to understand you."

"Indeed! Perhaps you will when I remind you that a letter which you carelessly dropped, and which I read—for you promised me I should do so—opened my eyes to your true character."

"A letter—of mine?" cried the husband.

And he pulled out the contents of his pocket, and run over the papers which it contained. Gerald's letter was missing.

"It was Gerald Ainsworth's letter," he said. "It contained no secret. There is not a line in it that I cannot explain."

"How about Jenny?" she retorted, "who misses you sadly, and who would brighten up wonderfully at sight of your dear old face? Inconsolable maiden! It is a great pity that her 'dear John' ever left her to deceive me and wreck my life!"

At this John Claghorn laughed loud and long; and so boisterous was his mirth that his wife, irritated beyond endurance threw open the door and confronted him. An angry retort was trembling on her lips, but he caught her in his arms, and, despite her struggles, kissed her repeatedly.

"You dear, foolish, little wife!" he cried. "You have no cause to be jealous of Jenny, and I know the poor bird misses me sadly, for she is very much attached to me."

"The poor bird?" repeated Mr. Claghorn.

"Yes. Jenny is a very intelligent Brazilian parrot. When I first formed your acquaintance, if you recollect, we went to the Zoo. You spoke so contemptuously of the parrots and macaws, and vowed so vehemently that you could never bear to have one about you, that I was afraid to mention poor Jenny, and you never formed her acquaintance. I was much attached to her, but your good will was my paramount thought. I hated to sell her, and therefore gave her to Miss Edna Montgomery, who is fond of feathered pets. I was so concerned about the matter that I hated to read Gerald's letter to you, and therefore put you off with an excuse."

"Forgive me, John!" she managed to articulate through her sobs.

And when he kissed away the tears, she said: "You must send for Jenny at once. I shall never feel that I've made sufficient atonement until she's again in your possession. And, dear heart, I never again will be jealous!"

The Right Man for the Right Place.

A big, red-faced Nothing was strolling along the street when a Deputy Sheriff slapped it on the shoulder.

"You're just the chap I'm looking for."

"What do you want of me? I've done no evil."

"Never mind; come right along."

"But I never stole anything."

"I know that."

"I never broke a law."

"Of course not."

"Then what on earth can a Sheriff want with me?"

"You're a Nothing, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't know anything?"

"Not a thing."

"Don't want to know anything?"

"Not a cussed thing."

"I thought so."

"Well?"

"Well, we want you for a juror."

A DUTCH FISH AUCTION.—A fish auction in Holland is one of the oddest things in the world. As soon as a boatman reaches port with a load of fish the fact is announced by the sounding of a gong. Those desiring to make purchases repair to the beach, where the fish are piled up in little heaps. The owner then proceeds to auction them off. Instead of letting the purchasers do the bidding, as is done in this country, he does it himself. He sings out a price at which he will sell the lot. If no one takes it he comes down by easy stages till within what the purchasers are willing to pay.

HEREDITY IN EYES.—When both parents have eyes of the same color 88 per cent. of the children follow their parents in this feature, and of the 12 per cent. born with eyes other than the parental color a part must be attributed to intermittent heredity. More females than males have black or brown eyes, in the proportion of 49 to 45. With different colored eyes in the two parents, 53 per cent. of the children follow the fathers in being dark-eyed, and 60 per cent. follow their mothers in being dark-eyed.

MR. CRANE WALKS OUT.

O no—no—Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means, 'tain't a minnit too soon for you to begin talking about gittin' married agin. I am amazed you should be aferd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane ben dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why I've know'd a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widder 't I was talkin' about just now—she 't was Louisy Perce—her husband hadn't been dead but *three* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry—but for a *man* it's a different thing — circumstances alters cases, you know. And then sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a terrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic cousarns and tend to the children—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You do need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grevious! Why Squire Titus didn't wait but *six* weeks arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther wa'nt no particker need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! 't was very suitable—but every man to his tast—I hain't no dispersition to meddle with nobody's consarns.—There's old farmer Dawson, tew—his pardner hadn't ben dead but ten months. To be sure he ain't married yet—but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich as a Jew—but—lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there is Mr. Smith—Jubiter Smith—you know him, Mr. Crane—his wife (she 't was Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's been squinting around among the wimmin ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it'l dew him as far as I'm consarned—tho' Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young and hain't no family—very well off tew, and quite intellectible—but I tell ye what—I'm purty partickler. O, Mr. Crane! it's ten year come Jenniwary since I witnessed the expiration o' my beloved companion!—an oncommon long time to wait, to be sure—but 'tain't easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think you're the most likely husband of ary individdiwal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! ourus you should be afeard I'd think 'twas tew soon—why I've know'd—"

Mr. Crane.—"Well, widder — I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you—"

Widow—"O, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion—it's so unexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle o' camfire off the mantlery shelf—I'm ruther faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obliged tew ye—now I'm ruther more composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane."

Mr. C.—"Well, widder, I was agoing to ask you whether—whether—"

Widow.—Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I know it's turrible embarrissin'. I remember when my dezeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's generally the case, at least it has been generally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're ginerally oncertain about what kind of an anser they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individdiwal has reason to s'pose his attachment 's recipe-rated, I don't see what need there is o' o' his bein' flustrated—tho' I must say it is quite embarrassin' to me—pray continner."

Mr. C.—"Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?"

Widow.—"The dragon."

Mr. C.—"I hain't said anything to her about it yet—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny we was engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time and speak to the old woman first—"

Widow.—"*Old Woman*, hey! that's a purty name to call me! 'amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess I did not think you was quiet so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to think shee'd even look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth years. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what this world is a comin' tew; 't is astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make of themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"

Mr. C.—"Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

Widow—"Shet yer head, Tim Crane—nen o' yer sass to me. There's yer hat on that air table, and here's the door—and the sooner you put on one and march out o' 't other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see if yer wife's cold—and arter ye're satisfied on that pint jest put a little lamp-black on yer hair—'t would add to your appearance undoubtedly and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when you've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back—' wouldn't hurt yer looks a mite—you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a leetle grain straighter."

Mr. C.—"Well, I never!"

Widow—"Hold your tongue, you consarned old coot you—I tell ye there's yer hat and there's the door—be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick."

Mr. C.—Gimmeni!"

Widow, rising — "Git out, I say — I sin't agwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so—git—along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the wuss for you—that's all."

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

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

Mr. C.—"Tremenjous! What a buster!"

Widow.—"Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (stops her ears). I won't, I won't, I won't." [Exit Mr. Crane.

(Enter Melissa accompanied by Captain Canoot.)

Good evenin', Cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? why didn't you stay till mornin'? putty bizness keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you—when I'm eny most tired to death ironin' and workin' like a slave all day — ought to been abed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always dispised the critter—always thot he wuz a turrible fool—and now I am convinced on't. I'm completely dizgusted with him—and I let him know it tonight. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll remember fur a spell. I rather think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, Cappen, did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for him—*Tim Crane*—to durst to expire to my hand—the widder o' deacon Bedott! jest as if I'd condescend to look at *him*—the old numskull! He don't know B from broomstick; but if he'd a stayed much longer I'd a teacht him the difference I guess. He's got his walkin' ticket now—I hope he'll lemme alone in futur. And where's Kier? Gone home with the Crane's hey? well, I guess it's for the last time. And now, Melissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them gals—d'ye hear? you ain't to sociate with 'em at all arter this—'t would only be incurridgin th' old man to come a pesterin me agin—and I won't have him round—d'ye hear? Don't be in a hurry, Cappen—and don't be alarmed at my gittin' in such a passion about Old Crane's presumption. Mebby you think 't was onfeelin' in me to use him so—and I don't sa but what it was ruther, but then he's so awful disagreeable tew me, you know—'tain't everybody I'd treat in such a way. Well, if you must go, good evenin'! Give my love to Hanner when you write again—dew call frequently, Cap'n Canoot, dew.

—From *The Widow Bedott Papers.*

A CASE OF SQUELCH.

A Chicago drummer balanced his chin on the edge of the seat in front of him, and tickled a sandy-haired passenger's ear with the remark:

"You've been in Chicago, of course?"

"Where?"

"Chicago."

An uncertain look came into the sandy-haired man's eyes.

"Let me see," he mused retrospectively; "'pears to me I must have passed through there. I've traveled a good deal. I know I've heard the name before. What line of road is it on?"

"Forty lines of road. It's the biggest railroad centre on earth."

"Not bigger'n Crestaline, O., is it?" asked the passenger with an amazed expression. I've seen four trains to once at Crestaline waiting to start off. Talk about noise and confusion!"

The Chicago man's teeth began to chatter.

"Is Chicago a place where the train stops for dinner?"

"Naw," said the disgusted drummer; "Chicago is a place where the passengers stop for dinner!"

"Of course, that's what I meant," exclaimed the red-haired man, gently. "Fact is," he went on with confidential frankness; "I've traveled so much, and been in so many different places in my lifetime, that I don't purtend to remember more'n a quarter of 'em. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

"There ain't any," said the drummer gloomily.

Then he walked forward to the filter, filled his mouth full of water, gargled his throat, whoosed the liquid on the floor, and hung his leg over the corner of the box.

"Who is that evil-eyed, pink-haired, lumpy-legged, prairie-cared microbe at the other end of the car?" he asked of the conductor who was passing through the train.

"Do you mean that gentleman looking out of the window?"

"Ya-as."

"He's a fish merchant from St. Louis."

—*Detroit Post.*

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Arabs believe that washing the face is simply an indirect form of suicide.

Since 1823 cholera has visited European Russia three times, attacked four million and killed 1,600,000.

In Japan, India, Turkey and Egypt the natives wear European costumes when they can afford it; in China, never.

The entire length of the capitol building at Washington is 751 feet and four inches, and the greatest depth is 324 feet.

Up to the present war the Chinese troops have never had any uniform other than a small badge worn on the soldier's breast.

A colony of 3,000 Jews live near Jerusalem who have dwelt there ever since the year one. They speak Hebrew and Arabic.

An analysis of railroad accidents compared with the amount of travel, tends to show that if a person were to travel ten hours a day, at a speed of thirty miles an hour, during every day in the year, he would probably be killed at the end of 1,836 years.

There were five Algonquin nations, namely: Mohawks, Oneids, Onandagas, Cayugas and Senecas, which originally formed the Iroquois Confederacy. The five nations were joined by the Tuscaroras, from North Carolina, in 1713, and then the confederacy was called the Six Nations.

In 1556-7, Oliver Cromwell prohibited all persons called fiddlers or minstrels, from playing, fiddling or making music in any inn, alehouse or tavern, etc. If they proffered themselves, or offered to make music, they were adjudged to be rogues and vagabonds, and were to be proceeded against as such.

A HOUSEKEEPER asks: "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on the top?" Shut a small boy up in the pantry for a few minutes.