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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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

Professional Cards.

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

HOPE H. BARROLL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW - - CHESTERTOWN, Md.

Loans negotiated, Collections promptly attended to. Law office removed to Court street next door to drug store of Colin F. Stam. ja9.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Market Street, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Drs. T. H. & J. W. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,
DENTIST,
81 N. Charles Street. Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
Sept. 12—1885-y.

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.

Continental Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1885 $4,938,501.92

Will insure all kinds of Farm Property and Dwellings against any damage by Fire and Lightning, for any length of time from 10 days to 5 years on terms that can't be beat. Buildings insured while being built. New and valuable property insured close to actual value.

A postal from parties wishing insurance will receive prompt attention. The following well-known and valuable properties are insured in this company.

The residence of James A. Pearce, Esq., H. W. Vickers, Esq., and Mr. S. Vannort, also, the County Court House, the New Jail and the County Almshouse.

JOHN D. URIE, Agent,
aug1. Chestertown, Md.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This You can Do by Buying Goods of

THOMPSON----Up Town.

WE will sell you a barrel of Gambrill's, or Wm. Lea & Son, Co.'s Flour, a sack of Salt, a barrel of Lime, &c., for less for the cash than you can buy it in the city.

WE will sell you good brown Sugar at 6c., good Green and Roasted Coffee at 12½c. and 10 lbs. Granulated Sugar at 80c., cash.

WE will sell you a good, solid Plow Shoe at $1; $1.25 and the Best 1 low Shoe at $1.40 a pair, also a pair of Gent's Sewed Bals, (a good dress shoe,) for $1.35 such as is sold at $1.50. A Gent's Calf, Buttoned or Lace Shoe at $2.50, such as is sold for $3.00 and a pair of Ladies' Kid Front, Glove Kid Tip, Worked Button-hole, a splendid article and warranted sound for $1.75.

LIME, LIME, LIME.—Hair and W. W. Brushes, a large stock and for sale in quantities. We aim to keep a little of everything and by buying our goods close for the cash, and discounting all our bills we are enabled to sell very cheap.

Give us a call and we will prove to you that we mean business. Thankful for past favors we are

Yours obediently, &c.,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Sept. 19, 1885. UP TOWN.

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.

W. REGISTER'S
MARBLE WORKS!
[NEXT DOOR TO THE MARKET HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.]

I Challenge the United States to produce better marble or finer finished work than I have done at my Yard. I guarantee its durability. You can see for yourselves in all your Cemeteries or in my Yard. I work no Scraps that have been thrown away by the saw-yards. I work no Pennsylvania marble; it will not stand the weather. I keep no agent out to torment. Persons know when they want and they had better look at the stone before buying—go look through your Cemeteries and see the broken and defaced stone. If you want a good and lasting Tombstone or Cottage Monument or a Shaft Monument of any size, I have the Largest Finished Stock of Marble on this Shore, and I will not be outdone in Prices. Call and examine for yourself. Respectfully,
aug15-tf. W. REGISTER.

30,000 Peach Trees of all the leading market varieties, choicest selection of fruit, also all the desirable new varieties. Send for our descriptive list of Choice Mammoth Peaches. Early orders solicited. Fine, hearty, smooth stock. Call and examine it.
WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,
426-3m. Edesville, Md.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE W. T. PERKINS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,
WILLIAM M. SLAY,
jan23-4t. Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

CAROLINE C. PERKINS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of August, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 19th day of January, 1886.

GEORGE T. PERKINS,
WILLIAM M. SLAY,
jan23-4t. Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

LEO SMITH,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of July, 1886; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 5th day of January, 1886.

WALTER H. HADAWAY,
j9-4t. Admr. c. t. a.

Ratification Notice.

William D. Burchinal et. al.,
versus
J. Burton Burchinal and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of the late John H. Burchinal, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of March next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of February, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $10,500 00

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Jan. 16—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Visitors and Governors of Washington College,
versus
James C. Roseberry
And Edvina Roseberry, his wife,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1885.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, the named and constituted attorney for the Visitors and Governors of Washington College in their mortgage from James C. Roseberry and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Nineteenth day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Nineteenth day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,312.35, subject to a prior lien of $1,687.65.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Dec. 19, 1885—4t.

To Tax Payers.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

AS COLLECTOR of the Fourth Election District I have my tax books in hand, and bills made out against each individual tax-payer. I am prepared to receive taxes for the year.

To accommodate tax-payers I will be at the Register's office in Chestertown every SATURDAY and TUESDAY afternoon.

Prompt payments are requested, so that I may not be embarrassed and saved the unpleasant necessity of forcing collections.

GEORGE S. BIDDLE,
aug22-tf. Collector 4th District.

FIFTH DISTRICT, ATTENTION!

'Come, let us Reason Together!'

AS citizens we desire to have good roads—we wish to attract visitors and strangers; as good and charitable people we want to make the poor comfortable; to secure peace and order it is needful to have efficient officers. Your boys and girls must be educated. All these things need money—it is indispensable. The Tax Books are now ready, and to facilitate the payment of your taxes I will be at

ROCK HALL at 10 A. M., GREY'S INN 12 M., and EDESVILLE at 3 P. M.

First and Third Wednesdays in each month.

At LANKFORD and KILBURN the 2d and 4th Monday in each month

I shall be pleased to meet all my friends with their pockets full of current coin of the County, State and Nation as above appointed.

JAMES THOS. LAMB, Coll'r.
aug8-tf. 5th District.

Oysters! Oysters!

—AT—

MRS. CUMMINS', ON MAIN Street.

I am prepared to cook and serve OYSTERS in the very best style at short notice at my saloon nearly opposite the Bank, in Chestertown.

Families supplied by the gallon or in smaller quantities. My oysters are fresh and the best to be had.

s26-tf. MRS. CUMMINS.

Times Hard! Money Scarce!
Quick Sales! Small Profits!

FOR BARGAINS GO TO

GREEN POINT!

—ON HAND—

LUMBER. FLOUR. GUM BOOTS.
COAL. SALT. GUM COATS.
LIME. BACON. OIL SUITS.
HARDWARE. GROCERIES. TIMOTHY SEED.
ROCK SALT. COAL OIL. SALT FISH.
ROPE YARN, &c., &c., &c.

If we have not on hand what you want we can get it for you.

oc24. WM. B. TURNER.

Special Caution!

Against any person from driving or riding through the winter months with thin wrappings.

JOHN F. HOWARD

has just opened a large lot of Heavy Wrappings, such as:

FANCY LAP ROBES,
GOAT ROBES, WOLF ROBES,
Extra Fine Kersey Horse Blankets

of many styles. We invite you to call and examine before buying. As we told you before we are selling them at Wheat and Corn prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD.

P. S.—We also have on hand a full line of HARNESS, Double and Single, Hand Made and Machine Made, and make to order anything in our line.

JOHN F. HOWARD,
Nov. 7—tf. Saddle & Harness Works.

LUMBER!
A SPECIALTY!

We have JUST LANDED and are selling on CLOSE MARGINS for CASH only—

1 car load 21,000 ft. ½x6½ Wh. Pine Siding,
4 " " 60,000 " 1x12 do. Barn Boards;
1 " " 15,000 " 1 Edge Fin'g Lumber,
1 " " 18,000 " double Dressed Picks and Selects.
1 " " White Hemlock Studding;
1 vessel load Cypress Fencing & Shingles,
1 " " 60,000 ft. 1x12 16 ft. N. Carolina.

En route and due here in a week another lot of 4x6, 5x5, 6x6 and 6x8 Georgia Timber up to 40 feet in length. Odd sizes resawed.

The above added to our large assortment of VIRGINIA PINE BILL STUFF, Joists, Scantling, etc., offers to purchasers of Lumber for Houses or other Buildings, opportunity unsurpassed in the State.

Our stock of FLOORING and SIDING is worked out of Seasoned Boards and kept seasoning for months after working before delivering to our customers.

Having spared no expense on my

YARD, MACHINERY and VESSELS
To COMPETE for the LUMBER TRADE,

in this and Queen Anne's counties, we think we are entitled to a call from you before deciding your place of purchase.

We can now make it your interest, convenience and pleasure to enter your orders with

JOSEPH TURNER.
SCOTT'S POINT, Nov. 14, 1885.

AT BETTERTON!

Can be found a full assortment

—OF—

LUMBER.

for building purposes.

Also, Lime & Cement,
BRICKS and HAIR,
FINE SALT, G. A. SALT,
ROCK SALT, FODDER YARN,
HARD & SOFT COAL,
GAMBRILL'S FLOUR,

GRAIN bought or sold. Give us a call.

TURNER BROS.,
Oct. 15, 1885. BETTERTON.

HEADQUARTERS
—AT—
The Old Stand
OPP. COURT HOUSE.

PLUSH GOODS! PLUSH GOODS!

We have Dressing Cases, Photo. and Autograph Albums, Work-Boxes, Perfume Stands and Ladies' Satchels, Bronze and Brass Novelties, pretty and cheap.

PLATED WARE! PLATED WARE!

Not as large a stock as you may find but our prices shall be to your interest to give us a call.

LAMPS! LAMPS! LAMPS!

Beautiful Lamps. Nothing will be more acceptable to your wife than a nice Lamp.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

The sun may be fast or slow, but our Clocks never, and way down in prices.

PICTURES AND FRAMES;
BRACKETS AND WALL-POCKETS!

Dolls, Dolls, Toys, Toys, Wagons, Carriages and Sleds, Magic Lanterns, Stereopticans and Cheap Toys in greatest variety.

TOILET SETS! TOILET SETS!

Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, at your own price as we intend to clear our store of all these things to make room for another line of goods.

CANDIES! CANDIES!

Not by the Ton but enough to supply you with all you may need.

NUTS of all kinds. RAISINS by the lb. or box.

FRUITS! JELLIES! SAUCES!

Figs, Prunes, Chowchow, Gelatine and lots of everything good. Be sure and look well before buying and you will be convinced that this is the place.

H. A. SPARKS,
Dec. 5, 1885. opposite Court House.

FOR SALE,
100,000 ft. of LUMBER
For Wheelwright material.

100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK, Popar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness.

WM. PERKINS,
apr26. "Rising Sun" Chestertown.

WINTER BOOTS.—Men's Boots at $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50. Boys Boots all sizes and prices. Those intending to purchase will do well to examine our stock. J. H. SIMPERS.

Paste This in Your Hat.

Don't let the door stand open, but shut it with much care,
Without a bang, without a whang—yes, shut it fair and square;
Without a slam, without a jam, without a slam —or jerk.
For if you've left it open, go shut it, and don't shirk.
No Christian man or woman, no well-trained chick or child,
Will let a door swing idly, to make weak nerves run wild,
When chilly winds are blowing, and some one taking cold—
While the open door is creaking and muttering like a scold.
Haste makes but waste, remember, so take plenty of time;
Don't leave the door half open—a fault almost a crime—
And if you've ever done this, don't do so any more;
Whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the door.
—*Good Housekeeper.*

DUSTERS.

"Dusters" have gone out of fashion, my dear; look into any Pullman palace car and you will see that for yourself. I took one this summer, but found it not the thing at all; first-class travelers now are in stylish suits, and I'm sure they look much better. A few years ago the women in any waiting-room were like a brigade ready to be ordered off on duty, all in uniform —the regulation gray duster, with only a blue or brown vail to distinguish one from another.

I am not surprised that dainty aristocrats have discarded the homely but conventional garment, for all must admit that dusters were eminently democratic; that they were great levelers; that they were no respectors of persons. They covered the shabby alpaca quite as successfully as the glossy silk; I do not doubt in the least that their democratic proclivities banished them from good society.

But I have a dear old duster laid away; you will laugh, I am sure, to hear that I entertain for it the most romantic attachment. Ah! you can't think what a trick it served me—dear old thing.

I first came South this very month three years ago to teach, you know, though I do not think now I was well qualified for the work—only an untutored girl myself.

This was the first time I had ever strayed far from home; the trip was a long one; I grew very tired, and as the engine steamed into the city a terrible feeling of homesickness took possession of me.

I expected Professor Raynor, the principal, to meet me; and when the train stopped, took my little sachel and stood waiting, while all the passengers hurried out, I began to feel faint and dizzy with the fear that he might not come, but followed along after the others, my heart in my throat, my eyes gazing forward eagerly and scanning every face in sight.

Suddenly I saw a gentleman making his way anxiously toward me, smiling and expectant; this was surely Mr. Raynor, but how young he was for the principal of a school, and how handsome. It was evidently he, for his hand was extended before we quite met and in a second more he had clasped mine warmly, and ardently kissed me! Yes, kissed me! fair and square on the lips.

Did I scream? No, not exactly, but I shivered and was cold to my finger-tips, then flushed until the angry blood burnt into my cheeks, before he exclaimed:

"Why, little Christine, how you have grown! Can it be really my little Christine?" a sudden fear flashing into his face.

I tried to speak, I gasped, turned cold again and almost fell, but managed to say:

"I am Miss Stretton. I am to teach at Jackson Academy and expected Mr. Raynor to meet me. You are not he?"

Of course it was very foolish. I knew it at the time, but knowing it did not help matters. Great tears welled up to my eyes as I gazed into his, and a compassionate look came into his pale, handsome face.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Stretton. I came to meet some one," he continued. "No, I am not Mr. Raynor; but allow me to accompany you to the waiting-room. Probably he is on the platform."

I made no reply but went with him, and just as he turned to help me down the steps of the coach, a tall, portly gentleman, with suave, self-conscious manner, came forward somewhat slowly, saying:

"Ah, Miss Stretton!—I am Professor Raynor. I began to fear you were not on the train."

I could not tell you exactly why, but a strange shyness came over me; I did not even look toward the gentleman who had given me such an affectionate welcome, only mumbled something to Mr. Raynor, and followed him quickly to the omnibus.

That night, after shutting and bolting the door of my room, looking around upon its bare and cheerless walls and trying to think the place homelike and pleasant, I threw myself, in a fit of hysterical sobbing, upon the narrow bed, and between smiling and weeping, managed to spend an hour. What foolish creatures girls are!

"Why did I cry?" Because, to be sure, I was homesick, and — and — because a strange man had kissed me, and—and—and—perhaps a few tears were shed because he was a stranger. I wished in my heart of hearts that he had not been; that he was some dear brother, cousin or friend, who had come to greet me so warmly.

What was his name? Who was the "little Christine?" And would I ever meet him again?

These were the thoughts that occupied the hour, but at last I fell asleep. "My eyes always did make pictures when they were shut;" great pity I never could put the pictures on canvas. My dreams that night would have been a fortune either painted or written. Oh, such glorious sights and scenes — and always that stranger somewhere near.

Well, a week passed, and I am ashamed to say how frequently I thought of him; of course, as I told myself then, it was due to loneliness, to my entire isolation, and to the fact that it was my first prolonged absence from home.

One afternoon, a chilly, drizzling autumn day, a servant came to my room with a card. "A gentleman to see you, Miss Stretton."

I took the card wonderingly, thinking, "Perhaps it is the minister." Then I gave a hasty look into the mirror, smoothed back the curling bangs, gave a touch of powder to my forehead and a pinch to my cheeks — I was beginning to look a little pale—and went immediately to the parlor.

The light was rather dim, and I walked the length of the room before discovering my guest. He was looking from the window and evidently did not hear my steps, but turned suddenly.

Honestly, I will be ashamed as long as I live of what I almost did. It reminds me of the little boy who said, "Pints have saved lots of lives by not being swallowed." I think a kiss saved mine that time by not being given. I was so astonished and to tell the truth so glad that I very nearly returned his first enthusiastic salutation: and if I had —well, there is no telling what I would have done; jumped into the river, I suppose; I always was a thoughtless, impulsive creature.

We shook hands, though, and then laughed, both of us, before he asked pardon for calling, saying he had purposed doing so each day since our first meeting, but feared I would consider it presumptuous. At last he had decided that he must offer an apology and explanation for conduct which doubtless appeared scarcely that of a sane man.

"I was expecting my sister," he said; "my sister whom I have not seen for ten years."

Would you believe it—I promised to tell you all the truth, or you should not hear this — my heart almost flew out from my lips when he said that? So "Christine" was his sister, only his sister. I had not told myself before what manner of bird, beast, or fowl she was; now I felt an unacknowledged satisfaction in discovering.

"The mistake was due entirely to the duster," he continued; "she distinctly wrote that her costume would consist of a gray duster and blue veil, but since I have thought of it, it seems to me all the ladies wore dusters. What masking stuff is here! I will tell her to be more explicit next time; I might make another blunder and it might be a worse one."

I scarcely knew what this meant, but it sounded pleasantly in my ears anyway.

He left after awhile, asking to be allowed to call "now and then," and I flew back upstairs, and went up to the looking-glass, thinking, "I wish I had worn my blue cashmere today, instead of this sombre brown." What giddy creatures girls are, to be sure!

Well, he did call now and then, and I must admit he was always welcome.

One day, just about the beginning of the Christmas holidays, we had an engagement for a walk, and after returning (the evening was dark and cool) he came in, only for a moment, he said. The room was warm, with a red fire slumbering under a great bank of black coal. I opened it a little and leaned forward, holding my fingers to the blaze. Directly something influenced me to look up. He had remained standing, and was very near me gazing down upon my face with such an intense, searching look, that involuntarily I clasped my hands before my face. I cannot say why, exactly. I fear it was to conceal what he might see there, but I shrank from his glance, intuitively.

"Don't," he said, very gently, and stooping over me he drew my hands away and held them in his own.

I have always contended there was an unfair advantage, for I never could conceal my feelings. He held my hands in a tight clasp, and I turned away, but directly he drew me nearer and lifted up my face until he could look straight down into my eyes.

Then a quick indignation, a sudden anger took possession of me, and I wrenched myself away, and asked proudly, "How dare you! by what right!"

"Because I dare to love you!" he interrupted; "dare to love you with all the intensity of my whole being!"

Then those foolish tears of mine came again, and he threw his arms about me, and gazed down into my eyes, exclaiming: "Now you look as in the first moment I loved you!"

Then he kissed my lips for the second time, and we were betrothed.

It was a queer courtship altogether — one in which the climax, the acme, was reached in the very first moment, for I believe I loved him then as truly as I have ever loved him since. "In the dark hour fortunes meet us;" that home-leaving would have been quite different if I had guessed toward what I was journeying.

And you see, the duster was really responsible for the whole thing. Upon what threads our destinies do hang!

So it will make no difference how entirely dusters may be tabooed by aristocrats, I will be a democrat to the extent of feeling a great weakness for mine, at least. I almost feel like wearing it to the altar next week, instead of the regulation white satin and lace. An odd-looking bride I would make, to be sure; but I'm happy —oh, so happy! He's just the dearest fellow in the world!

Now, I've kept my promise and told you the whole story.—*Annah R. Watson.*

A GEORGIA CAMP-MEETING.

Brother Cole Says the Primitive Baptists Turned Him Out Because He Would Not Wash Brother Quaddlebum's Feet.

The house was crammed full, men folks all settin' on one side, and women folks on t'other. The arbor was full too, and part of the people was walkin' about under the trees, talkin' and eatin' ginger cakes and apples, and drinkin' water. You see a string of folks from the arbor to the spring all day, women totin' babies in their arms, and jerkin' the two-year-old along by the hand, and it a squawlin' loud enough to skeer the screech owls. A passel of bad boys was thar from town to get their dinner, and make fun of the crowd. They sot on the bench afore us, with them tore down Owl Hollow boys, and they whispered, and snickered, and laughed, and chawed and spit terbacker, and whittled on the benches, and writ in the hime books, and never hearn a word the preacher said. Brother Cole riz to the stand, a tall, high cheek boned, lean, lank, hungry lookin' man, and his clothes fit him about like a sheet fits a bush when its flung over it to dry. He don't take no text, nor say no scripture; he jist relates tuchin' little sarcumstances that sets the women folks to shoutin' and the babies all to yellin' and that's what makes pap call it a "distracted" meetin'.

He tuck his red cotton handkercher out of his hat and wiped the sweat off'n his face, unfastened his shirt collar, and flung off his coat like he was gwine to maul and split rails, cleared his throat and lowed: "Brethering and sistering, you ken see by the way old Blaze out thar is pantin' that I've rid a long ways to discourse to you today—ar; and as I am belated, I will pitch right in without proceedin'. I thank my stars my head ain't upsot with no sort of book larnin'—ar. I don't have to go to the dictionary to get my text—ar. I ain't none of your high-larnt, stuck-up sort-ar. I ain't never been to the city of Maine nor the State of New Orleans —ar, and I don't waste any time runnin' atter none of your big rich folks—ar. Why, my beloved brethering, ef Jay Gould hisself was in a mild of here, I wouldn't git on my critter and go and see him—ar. If he wanted to see me, he'd have to come to me—ar. Brethering, you may not believe it, but I wouldn't turn on my heel to see the President hisself—ar. I thank my stars I ain't none of your high-larnt heretics—ar. Brethering, thar ain't but one kind of ticks I know anything about—ar, and that is seed ticks—ar, and ef you don't look out, brethering, you'll get more of them right here in these woods—ar, than you ken scratch off in a week —ar. I thank my stars I don't belong to any denomination—ar. I jined the Primitive Baptists, but they turned me out bekase I refused to wash Brother Quaddlebum's feet; and I'll leave it to any man in the congregation that knows Brother Quaddlebum ef I ain't justifiable—ar; and the man that thinks I ain't I am plum willin' to turn the job over to him—ar." He spit on the floor and rubbed his foot over it, and preached on louder than ever. Old Miss Cass sot in to shoutin', and that started t'others, and the louder he preached the louder they shouted, and the louder the babies yelled, and the dogs barked. It skeered the ridin' critters, and some of 'em got loose, and when meetin' broke for dinner I was cryin' turrible, and didn't know it 'tel Saleny 'lows, "Betsy, what ails you?"—*Betsy Hamilton in Atlanta Constitution.*

Knew There Would be a Wedding.

"You will hear of a wedding soon," said a rather prudish looking dame to a lady friend in V—— street car the other morning.

"Will I?" replied the lady, "who is to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony?"

"Why, that couple opposite us."

"Where did you get your information; you are not acquainted with them?"

"No; yet I am sure of it," replied the spinster. "Didn't you see her wet the end of her handkerchief with her tongue and wipe a little dirt off the gentleman's cheek?"

"The gentleman may be her husband," said the lady.

"Then she would have brushed it off with her muff."—*National Weekly.*

Bought a Mine.

An Eastern young man returned home a few days ago from a trip to Colorado for his health, and in narrating his adventures he told his father about buying a silver mine for $3,000.

"I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were ass enough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes; but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7,000."

"Y—you did!" gasped the old man, as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man, as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.—*Alta California.*

AT a school, the schoolmaster, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

"HOBBY HORSES."

A DISQUISITION BY UNCLE BEN.

How to Ride Them—Farming as a Business—No Pay In It—Two Strings to Her Bow—The Rules that Brought Him Out—Train Him Up in the Way He Should Go.

EDITORS KENT NEWS:—Every boy and every man should have at least one of the above named animals. There is nothing really wrong in a man's having more than one; but it don't pay to ride them all at one time. Two boys may ride one hobby horse; but I never knew any one boy who could ride two hobby horses at once. There are some that are able to carry several men at a time, brains and all, and they seem to thrive under the burden; but I maintain that the man who attempt to ride several hobby horses at once will reap only the results of his divided and subdivided energies. Two men are stronger than one. One man ought to be stronger than half a man. When one man puts half of himself in a business and the other half in another, he should expect only half-way success in either or both. As illustrative of this fact, I may remark that the young lady who persists in having two strings to her bow is most likely to be left over, or compelled to take the one she did not want. So, the farmer who puts himself and his best horse on the road to sell fertilizers or sewing machines is another illustration of the truthfulness of my proposition. The same is true of the merchant who leaves his business to his boy clerk while he "runs for office;" or the circuit preacher who rides around as agent for cyclopedias; or the physician who runs several farms and his practice by the same head. Indeed, this dividing business is so risky that it does not become a cornet band to burden itself with the study and practice of music while running a skating rink in connection therewith.

But, Messrs. Editors, the most split up men in our State and county are the farmers. You ask me why it is so. I reply, because it is quite a job to get the whole man together. A part behind the counter, another part is administering the important duties of some county office, and still another part is pulling political wires, while the last and what remains of him must do farming. Such a case reminds us of the tenant who, while tilling land for half, engaged to give his merchant half of his crop of potatoes as compensation for seed potatoes furnished. Later on he was of course surprised to find that a crop of them had only two halves. There are more men than occupations in this world, and a man has no business with two or three of them, because plurality of occupations is as ruinous to one's business as plurality of wives is to perfect domestic peace and happiness. Why not raise and educate lawyers for the bench and bar; statesmen for our legislative and congressional halls and the administration of the political affairs of the nation; merchants for the counter and the conduct of the commerce of merchandise; artificers and mechanics for the demands of architecture; last but in no sense least of all, farmers for the farm? Put a man in the place for which he is adapted by natural gifts, and add thereto education and training, and keep him there. Keep the *whole man* there if you would get the best results! You can't have a *good* dray horse, buggy horse and saddle horse all in one animal. When a man becomes an enthusiast, a hobbyist, if you please, in a word, he is just suited to the work from the fact he never reaches this point until he gets his whole self into it. A farmer should make farming a hobby; this hobby has a broad back insuring a secure seat to the rider, but rendering it impossible for the longest legged farmer to do more than reach the stirrups. He is also a comprehensive hobby, and ability to ride him successfully involves some acquaintance with several minor hobbies, which are sometimes demonstrated specialties. This is the age of specialties, and they have taken hold of the farm. One has gone off with the horse and become a stock breeder, another has seized the milch cow and is running a creamery, a third has monopolized the vegetables and become a truck gardener, while a fourth is making a fortune as a seed grower. There are many other specialties or hobbies, and so many ribs, as it were, have been taken out of the side of our great hobby — farming. That deep sleep or stupor which had fallen upon farming a few years past, and from which it is not fully aroused, presented the opportunity for these specialty creators to carve out from his monster sides these most valuable ribs, and bear them off with delight and profit. But like old Adam farming must endeavor to see in each of these specialties an helpmeet. It is both useless and unwise to frown upon or to quarrel with them. Make friends of them at once, and above all things let the farmer hobbiest remember for his encouragement that while each of these specialties have only a rib to ride to the farmer is left the body and blood, backbone and muscles, these specialties can ride to success on one rib ought not the farmer to do as well on the backbone? I argue that farming has not been hurt by the creation of these specialties. After the creation of that dear and indispensable specialty, Eve, Adam was still himself! Robbed it is true of a rib, but shorn of nothing that made for manliness, nobler indeed, and prouder and happier and more capable than ever before. So farming today is farming still, notwithstanding the existence of these specialties. Farming as a business can look around upon these and say with complacency, these are "bone of my bone" and "flesh of my flesh." He is gainer and not loser. He has all the ribs he ever had. He can breed his own stock, grow his own garden, churn his own butter and raise his own cabbage and turnip seed, just as his great grandsire did; or, if he prefers can profit by the knowledge and industry of the specialist as necessity may require. Just here there are two dangers met by the farmer: One, the disposition to run after specialties. A hay or stock farm succeeds, and all the young farmers must have one or the other of them. These new departures attract attention by their novelty. They are much talked of and written about. There is quite an array of figures and showing of profits and the farmer who has never kept account of products or profits of his farm for a single year of his life, dazed by the newspaper man's glowing account of his neighbor's success. The other danger is that of becoming dependent upon specialties. He can purchase a draught horse, a roadster, a pony, or a Jersey milker at the Stock Breeders' annual or semi-annual sale therefore makes no effort to raise stock himself. He didn't improve *his* stock; leaves all that to the stock breeder. He may have half a dozen or more cows, but for some months in the year buys butter from his neighbor, or creamery possibly a hundred miles away. He scorns to descend from the tilling of his hundred-acre wheat or corn fields to the cultivation of an old-fashioned luxuriant, starvation defying garden or truck patch; leaves that to the supervision of an already overtaxed wife, and to the ill-judged and odd-times efforts of the cook. Now, what is the result? He is forced to patronize a specialty in canned goods and vegetables of all kinds from a one-horse huckster wagon on its uncertain rounds. To be a farmer means to breed and improve your own stock; to raise your own vegetables and seeds; to bud and graft your own fruit or to know how to do it. To milk your own cows, churn your own butter, kill your own pork, pickle your own beef, raise your own winter apples, make your own vinegar, raise and carve and eat your own turkey and pig, and of course can and dry and preserve your own fruits, vegetables and roots. These are the "little things" of farming which must not be despised. The farmer who knows how and will produce these himself will not have to draw on the landlord or bank account in order to meet deficiencies in corn at 40 cents and wheat at 90 cents. He must know how to produce them. He must sit at the feet of age and wisdom; read and experiment, and repeat his experiments; be able to give a reason for what he does. And the farmer's son as a preparation for his high and honorable calling should have practical instruction through an apprenticeship, such as will embrace more than the duties of a cow boy or such like; but involving an intimate acquaintance with the minutest details as well as the more important matters of farming. Because one is a farmer his son will not *therefore* know how to farm any more than some other boy will know how to build a ship because his father is a shipbuilder. The farmer in the matter of living should be the most independent. If perchance we get a look at his account with the commission merchant or store bill we find that he is fast becoming dependent, the trouble is not in the farm, it is with the farmer, and the remedy is likewise with himself. The remedy for "No Money" in farming is in the farmer; and when he shall have learned to buy close for cash and sell close for the cash and attend *strictly to business*, success will abound, his wife made happy, his children joyous, &c.

In contributing these thoughts, Messrs. Editors, and asking a place in your excellent paper I do not of course desire to supplant your correspondents, "Observer," "Scrutator," and others, to whose articles your readers are indebted for reports of the things and doings in the "fifth," but, with your permission, may take up again and follow this important and far-reaching subject.

Respectfully, UNCLE BEN.
Edesville, Md.

WAYBACK CIDER.

What Came of Drinking From a Bottle That Had "Cider" Printed Onto It.

An old farmer from wayback district, who was brought before the Squire for breaking the peace in our prohibition town, told the following pathetic story:

"You see, Jedge, the whole trouble came of my drinkin' some of that new-fangled temperance cider that I ain't used to, and which I don't believe I'd ever get used to afore the horn toots for the general jedgment.

"I war born an' bred on a farm, Jedge, an' I've knowed apple-juice sence I war knee-high to a grasshopper. I've tampered with cider when it war sweet, an' I've tampered with it when hard; I've drunk it jess from the press, an' I've drunk it when it carried a good, stiff head; I've laid across a barrel under the wagon-shed and sucked it through a rye straw from the bung-hole when it war jest gilt-edge, and I've swigged it when it war es hard es an iron wedge an' sour 'nough to make a man cross-eyed fur life; but, Jedge, upon my sacred word, I never had no cider to unnerve me like that they sell in this here town. Jedge, it can't be the cider of long ago; it can't be the cider of me boyhood's happy days.

"You see, Jedge, I druv inter town with a load of pertaters, and after I'd sold out I jest thought es they don't sell anything stronger'n cider in this here temp'rance town I'd try a little of the good old drink of my youth. An', Jedge, I tried it!

"There war a crowd of old friends about the tavern, an' I asked 'em up to the apple juice, en' then somebody sed: 'Come up again;' an' then another sed: 'Fill 'em up at my expense,' an' still another sed: 'Have one with me afore you go;' an' that's jest the way it happened.

"Somehow, Jedge, it didn't taste like the cider I war brought up on, but the bottle had 'cider' printed onto it in gold letters, an' they sed it war cider, an' es long es the flavor of it war agreeable, I war'nt cur'ous about it. I only took five drinks, Jedge, only five common tumblers full, an' then I began to feel sort of queer, Jedge.

"I never had no cider to make me feel that way before. I war fust es week es a new-born calf, an' then I war es strong es old Sampson afore his head war shaved. I though I could lift the tavern, an' I think I tried to. My mind's not clear, Jedge, but they say I made a sort of a hubbub. They say I throwed a man over the bar an' broke a big lookin'-glass with him, an' scattered the whole congregation, an' when a howlin' down the main street, askin' fur a man of my own strength, an' at last walked plum through a show-winder that they sed cost $180. Then I war taken away to the prison cell. I disremember all the little particulars, Jedge, but I suspect that all they say about me is too true. I think I war drunk, Jedge—I am almost certain sur I war drunk, an' the new-fangled cider they sell in this here town is to blame fur it all.

"I kin drink a'most anything with impunerty, an' a little sugar, Jedge, an' stand up under it es straight es the steeple of a meeting house. I kin drink peach brandy an' applejack an' plain, humble old corn-juice half a day with the usual intermissions, an' still be a peaceable, law-abiding citizen; but this here temp'rance cider is too much for me, Jedge; its too much fur the old man. Make it easy on me, fur I'm done with temperance drinks jest as long es I live, Jedge."

And the Judge, who is very well acquainted with the ways of town cider in wayback district, made it very easy on the old man.

The Greatest Revivalist.

The most sensational preacher of the day is undoubtedly the Rev. "Sam Jones," as he signs himself, and herein lies his popularity. He draws larger crowds, holds them longer, and appears to benefit them more than any other man now abroad. Wherever he goes thousands crowd upon his ministry at any hour of the day, suffer any ordinary discomfort, sit or stand for hours with intense attention, and go away to talk and think and act upon the lines of life discussed by him as no other man can move them. All over the southern States his name is talismanic, and no church can seat his audiences. Hundreds and thousands of the oldest and hardest sinners have been converted by his preaching.

His father was a lawyer, and he was a lawyer until he was 25 years of age. His early manhood was noted for excesses of whisky drinking, profanity and their kindred vices. He was converted at his father's deathbed. He began at once to preach the gospel and was received at once into the North Georgia Conference Methodist Episcopal Church South in Atlanta, Ga., in 1872. No man is more surprised at his success than himself.

The Pole Horse Run Into.

"Chancellor" Crawford is one of the best known men on the turf. He is a standard authority on all track matters, and is never nonplussed no matter when or where he is asked the question. On one occasion in a race the trotter which had the pole was clearly getting the best of the others when the next driver yelled to Crawford, who was driving on the outside: "He's getting away with me, Crawford."

"Run into him," answered Crawford.

"They'll expel me, won't they?" asked the first.

Crawford took the lines in his left hand, and, without taking his eyes off his own or the other horses, reached under the seat with his right hand and fished out a copy of the trotting laws and rapidly thumbed it over on his knee. Suddenly glancing like lightning at it, he raised his head and shouted back:

"Article 16, chapter 6, only $25 fine! Run into him!"

The pole horse was run into, and the winner paid his fine without a murmur.—*Chicago News.*

Her Big Sister's Beau.

You are my sister's new beau, are you,
The one she caught at the ball?
I heard her telling mamma so,
Just as I came through the hall.

She says you are awfully stupid,
And you cannot dance at all;
It's just because you're rich, I guess,
Made you the "catch" at the ball.

And she says that when you are married
She'll teach you a thing or two;
I don't think I'd be taught by a girl
If I were a man like you.

What! Not going already, are you?
Jack never hurried off so;
Sister will be down in a minute,
And be real angry, I know.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

FANNIE is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to her neighbor's. "Well, Fannie," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?" "Oh," she answered, turning up her nose, "I don't have nothing to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."

A LITTLE GIRL, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening, "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my little dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE—Sleighing girls.

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 BILLHEADS, &c., &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

GIRLS IN TRAINING.

How Society Belles Get Ready for the Winter's Round of Gayety.

"We are most of us in training for the winter campaign," said a well-known belle the other day. "No one has any idea of the strain upon one's constitution when so much dancing, late hours and afternoon receptions and teas make up one's life for five or six months," she continued. "Generally I rise about ten o'clock and breakfast while my maid brushes my hair. Then at one o'clock I am off to a luncheon and only leave to attend three or four receptions. Home again at half-past five to dress for a dinner party, and then to the opera and frequently to a ball after the opera. At two or three in the morning I am ready to go to bed, and this is the life I have led for the past two seasons.

"What do I mean by training? Well, you would call it training, I think, and every society girl has to go through the same regime if she wants to keep her complexion and health. Now, all the girls I know are preparing for their first ball. They go to bed early, say at nine or ten o'clock, and sleep until seven. Then they are given a bowl of beef tea before arising, and after they are dressed they must take a walk, a ride or drive in the open air. Coarse oatmeal forms their chief dish for breakfast, and after that meal they can go to the dress-makers, shopping or calling, but must lunch at exactly the same hour every day, and wear a veil to protect their complexion from contact with the cold air.

"A low-neck dress is worn for a while every evening," continued the belle with a sigh, "to accustom the arms and neck to it, because you know a person wearing a decollete bodice for the first time in a ball-room is apt to catch her death of cold, and then her arms generally get so pink, instead of white.

"Our greatest trials come after a dinner of bouillon, bread and butter and roast beef. Our maids spend two hours or so polishing our arms and necks with glycerine and rose water, and another hour brushing our hair.

"And when we really commence our balls and parties all our enjoyment is admiration. It's perfectly delightful, anyway, with all its drawbacks," she said. "The flowers, the music, the dancing, the lovely dresses and the compliments are perfectly delightful. But I never could understand how the young men kept up so well. Why, do you know, after a ball at three o'clock in the morning most of them go off to the club for an hour or two, and some of them don't go to bed at all."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

SINGULAR SLEIGHING ACCIDENT.

One Man Killed and Five Others Make Providential Escapes.

A correspondent of the Cumberland *Daily Times* gives the following account of an accident near Somerset, Pa.: "A party, consisting of Harrison Lohr, Jacob Koontz, with parts of their families, whilst returning from church in a sled, and in attempting to cross the railroad at a water station called Rowan, some fifteen miles north of Somerset, were struck by a helper engine, which was behind time and running at a rapid speed. The sled was struck about the center, breaking it into kindling wood, and throwing the occupants on either side of the road. Mr. Lohr was badly hurt in several places, and died the following day. He was not conscious from the time he was struck. What seems like a miracle, none of the balance of the party received any injuries of any account. Whilst the harness was torn to pieces the horses were unhurt. Mr. Kootz sat on the front seat with Mr. Lohr. He had his arm around a little son. They did not see or hear the engine until on the track, when Mr. Koontz hollowed to jump. He did so, throwing his son out and both escaped. Two ladies on the back seat were thrown on the other side of the road, neither being hurt.

"A young man named Bayer found himself on the cow-catcher, with blankets, etc., wrapped around him. He didn't know how he got there, but, with the exception of slight bruises, was none the worse for his experience. Mr. Lohr was a soldier in the late war, and much respected. He has been very unfortunate. Two years ago he lost six children by diphtheria in less than a week. He leaves a wife and five children in moderate circumstances."

QUEER PEOPLE.

The barber's shop was next door to the baker's shop, and the baker had just gotten a ton of coal. The coal had been dumped on the sidewalk, and, after the fashion of coal men, much nearer to the barber's door than to the baker, to whom it belonged. The barber had just gotten the lather on a customer, when one of the genius tramp came in.

"Put in yer coal, mister?"

"No," said the barber, pleasantly; "no, my friend, that's not my coal, you know."

The tramp had hardly disappeared round the corner, when another opened the door.

"Put yer coal in fur ye, mister?"

"No," said the barber a little sharply, "the coal's not mine, I say."

They kept coming, and seven of them appeared in twenty minutes, and to the eighth man the barber is alleged to have said: "Git! The blamed coal ain't mine."

"Now, see here," said the shavee, "there isn't any use getting mad over it. Just put up a sign saying, 'This coal is not mine.'"

"Say, you've got a great head," said the barber, and in a few moments he had the sign stuck on the top of the heap of coal. "Reckon that'll fix it," he remarked.

The door opened and a tall man with a shovel looked in.

"Say, mister, did you put that sign up, or did the other feller?"

Then the barber closed his shop and went out and got drunk—with malice aforethought.

He had only one remark to make when Justice Meech fined him $5. "Mister judge," he said, "can't I make that baker pay my fine?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

CRAZED BY LOSS OF FORTUNE.

Seven Saving Brothers of Missouri Now Raving Maniacs.

A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., dated Jan. 24, says that seven brothers, all raving maniacs, en route for the Jacksonville, Ill., asylum, passed through this city yesterday. The commissioner in charge of the lunatics states that prior to the war a wealthy farmer by the name of Anson Arnold settled in Hickory county, Mo., with a large family. The acquirement of money seemed to be their highest aim in life, and the whole family of seven sons and five daughters deprived themselves of the necessities of life in order to gain it. About three years ago a stranger visited their home, and, after convincing them that they could in a short time largely increase their wealth, induced them to invest their all in what proved to be a mythical silver mine in Nevada. After months of anxiety they learned that they had been imposed upon, and all seven of the brothers, upon receipt of the news, immediately became afflicted with a violent form of insanity, which is the cause of their present trip to Jacksonville.

Not Warned Enough.

An old and innocent-looking man was waiting at the Third-street depot the other day for a train, and as he was walking in and out a good deal the police officer on that beat cautioned him to look out for confidence men.

"Oh, I know all about confidence men," was the reply, and that ended the conversation for the time.

In about an hour the old man came rushing up in an excited state of mind and cried out: "Some infernal skunk has picked my pocket of $22!"

"Well, I cautioned you."

"You're a liar! You told me to look out for confidence men, and never said a word about pickpockets! While I was a-telling one chap that I was no greenhorn, and that nobody could confidence me, his partner got into my pocket! You're a nice old police force, you are!"

A BARREL OF CIDER where the boys can have access to it, is more dangerous than gunpowder.—*Farm Economist.*

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