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Kent News.

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

Vol. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886. No. 47.

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.

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.

Legal Notices.

ORDER OF DISTRIBUTION.

ESTATE OF JOS. H. CLINTON.

THE undersigned, Executor of JOS. H. CLINTON, late of Kent county, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will, *On TUESDAY, April 13th, 1886,* make a distribution of the net proceeds of sale of the Real Estate of his testator.

J. FRANK WILSON, Executor.

m20-3t.

ORDER OF DISTRIBUTION.

ESTATE OF SARAH E. LEE.

THE undersigned, administrator of SARAH E. LEE, late of Kent county, deceased, has passed his final account, and has in hand a balance of $146.49, and in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court for the said county, he will on Tuesday, April 6th, 1886, distribute and pay over the said balance to those legally entitled.

JAMES A. SHAW, Administrator.

True copy, Test:—
T. ROMIE STRONG, Register of Wills.

m13-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ABE ANDERSON,

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 Oct. 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 16th day of March, 1886.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Executor.

m20-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILSON REGISTER,

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 18th day of October, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 16th day of March, 1886.

CHARLES H. BAKER, Executor.

m20-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ROBERT NICHOLSON,

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 11th day of October, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 9th day of March, 1886.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
WM. T. NICHOLSON,
ROBT. G. NICHOLSON, Executors.

mar13-4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration d. b. n. c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

BENJAMIN CHAMBERS,

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 9th day of September, 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 2nd day of March, 1886.

STEDMAN T. WICKES,
Adm'r d b n c t a of Benjamin Chambers.

March 6, 1886—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

SUSAN M. GEMMILL,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 9th day of September, 1886, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 2d day of March, 1886.

JAMES A. PEARCE, Administrator.

mh6-4t.

Ratification Notice.

George Beck, et al.

versus

George Beck, adm'r of Wesley Nichols, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, March 2, 1886.

ORDERED, that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings made and reported by GEORGE BECK, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Second day of May, next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once a week for three successive weeks before the Second day of April, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $100.00

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND, } Judges.
WM. STEVENS,

True copy—Attest:
T. ROMIE STRONG, Register of Wills.

Mar. 6-4t.

Rambo Lime for Sale!

Persons desiring this LIME it will be to their interest to ascertain prices from my agent, H. E. COOPER. W. H. RAMBO.

All orders for this Lime will receive prompt attention. HARRY E. COOPER,
m13-3m. Worton Station, Kent Co., Md.

FOR SALE:

FIXTURES OF A COAL AND WOODYARD

AT CHESTER RIVER S. B. CO.'S WHARF.

This YARD can be rented or leased. This is a good Stand and with a capital of $2,000 a good business can be done. Apply to
mh7-tf. SMITH & SMITH.

THE COURT STREET

Harness Factory

—MANAGED BY—

JOHN F. HOWARD

is better prepared to furnish everything and anything in any quantity than ever before. There is no need of going to the city to buy Harness when you can buy them at $8 and up. We shall make a specialty of CHEAP HARNESS this season. We also keep up our stock of Hand-Made Harness. We can suit you in Price and in quality. Give us a call and don't forget that this is the place where you can buy every part of Harness that you may want, from a Hame Strap up.

COLLARS, BUGGY HARNESS, ROBES, BRIDLES, DOUBLE HARNESS, LAP DUSTERS, BLANKETS, HARNESS, HARNESS, WAGON HARNESS, BLANKETS, BITS, RIDING SADDLES, WHIPS, LADIES RIDING SADDLES, HORSE BOOTS, HARNESS OIL, COMBS, ROPE TRACES, TRACK HARNESS, BACK BANDS, PLOW LINES, BRUSHES, and many other things not mentioned at

JOHN F. HOWARD'S

mh20. New Harness Store on Court st.

PRICES REDUCED TO GRAIN BASIS

—ON—

FIRST-CLASS WORK!

GUARANTEED BY THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM,

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

We are manufacturing some of the finest work done in this State. We sell First-Class Work. If you want

A Good Carriage

it will be to your interest to buy of us, as we are now—after Twenty-Two years' experience—better able to suit you in every respect.

Light Phætons, Brewster Spring Buggies, Dayton and Jump-Seat Carriages.

We do not offer this work in competition with the shoddy work, but sell it on its merits, and our reputation.

All kinds of REPAIRING done neatly and with dispatch. Do you want your Carriage newly painted this Spring? If so, go to a carriage shop and have it done with English Varnish by a first-class painter, and you will get what you want.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

March 20, 1886.

E. T. COMEGYS,

AGENT FOR

The Wm. Lea & Sons Co. Brandywine Mills,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID

FOR BOTH

Wheat and Corn.

The above firm uses about Seven Thousand Bushels of Grain a Day, and we never have too much offered us. I am always prepared to pay more for Grain than it will net in Baltimore or other markets. Reference: The Solid Cash. Telephone call No. 64.

E. T. COMEGYS,
March 13, 1886. Chestertown, Md.

GALE'S WHARF,

—ON—

WORTON CREEK

is in complete order for travel and steamers and sail vessels can stop without difficulty.

We take this opportunity to return thanks to the community for the liberal patronage bestowed last year, and pledge renewed efforts to accommodate travelers and shippers the present season.

S. A. GALE,
m13-tf. JOHN GALE.

REID'S CREAMERY!

FOR SALE.

THEY give entire satisfaction and in many respects are superior to other makes.

W. A. WHEATLEY.

SHELL LIME!

THE subscriber has a nice lot of fresh SHELL LIME at his KILN at QUAKER NECK WHARF, which will be disposed of at the Kiln or delivered by vessel.

mh20-3t. R. S. EMORY.

DO you want PLOW CASTINGS this Spring? If you do, $1 will buy 10 Points or Shares No. 9, 10 or 11. We also have first-class Minor & Horton Castings for sale. Do you want Single-trees or Double-trees, made of good hickory and well-ironed, cheaper than you ever heard of? Go to

m20. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

DO you want a good FARM WAGON or DEARBORN, either Elliptic Springs or Platform? If you do call at CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S and be surprised at the reduction in price before buying. m20.

FRUIT AND CORN PHOSPHATE!

We offer to the Farmers and Fruit Growers of Kent county and the Peninsula our two STANDARD BRANDS of FERTILIZER:

OLD KENT

ANALYSIS:

Soluble and Available Phosphoric Acid	*6 to 8%*
Potash	*4 to 5%*

THE FRUIT GROWER

ANALYSIS:

Soluble and Available Phosphoric Acid	*8 to 10%*
Potash	*5 to 7%*

We offer our Goods on their MERITS, asking a share of your patronage.

Respectfully,

HINES & CACY,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

March 20-tf.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Fertilizers

—AND—

PURE CHEMICALS FOR ALL FORMULAS.

ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone 4½ to 5 per cent. Ammonia, 50 to 55 per ct. Bone Phos.	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone, 3 to 4 per cent. Ammonia, 28 to 32 per ct. Bone Phos.*

Stag Bone Superphosphate, Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate,

Dissolved S. Carolina Bone Phosphate, High Grade Imported Bird Guano,

Bird Guano and Potash, Corn and other Phosphates,

Superphosphate of Lime, Acid Phosphate,

Ground Sulphate of Soda, Sulphate of Magnesia,

Sulphate of Ammonia (25 per cent.). Sulphate of Potash, Kainit,

Muriate of Potash (80 to 84 per cent.), Nitrate of Potash,

Nitrate of Soda (96 to 98 per cent.), and Fertilizers for all Crops.

Special Formulas Compounded.

LOW PRICES FOR CASH, FREE ON BOARD AT BALTIMORE.

Orders promptly attended to by addressing

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

March 13, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

PEACH GROWERS!

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

Do you wish to buy a Pure, Unadulterated, Reliable

PEACH and VINE FERTILIZER?

Do you want to make a success of fruit culture? (The coming industry of the Peninsula.) Do you want to invigorate and feed your trees, to insure them against disease? Do you wish large size, rich coloring and fine flavor of your fruit? Do you believe that without proper food your trees will return large profits for your trouble? Can anything live without food? No, most positively, no! Then buy a

Reliable, Specially Prepared High Grade Fertilizer

MANUFACTURED IN YOUR COUNTY.

No agents. No commissions for you to pay. No freight charges. No secret mixture. No unnecessary material, but a successful Peach and Vine Fertilizers at a low price within the reach of every Peach or Fruit Grower, costing you but 1½ to 2 cents a tree. We were the first manufacturers on the Peninsula to make a special Peach Tree Guano, and we are the lowest priced. This is no boast but the truth. We can and will prove it.

NATURAL GUANO of the HIGHEST GRADE LOWER than you can buy it anywhere!

Read our circular on the Peach. Our advertisement of Corn Fertilizer will appear later.

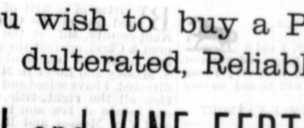
C. W. KENNARD & Co.,

OFFICE UNDER VOSHELL HOUSE.

March 6, 1886.

$20 IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

FOR CORN, WHEAT, GRASS.



FOR COTTON, TOBACCO VEGETABLES.

CARIB GUANO

A RICH

NATURAL GUANO

Recently Discovered in a Tropical Island.

CHEAP. PROMPT. DURABLE.

GUARANTEED to Analyse BONE PHOSPHATE LIME from 45 per cent. up.

HIGH IN VALUE! { GOOD AGENTS WANTED. } LOW IN PRICE!

DRILLS WELL and HELPS the LAND at ONCE. Order Early. Send for Circulars. IMPORTED BY

L. N. & J. S. HOPKINS, ROOM 9, 25 S. CAY STREET, BALTIMORE.

m20.

Chester Compound!

Chester Compound!

FERTILIZE YOUR PEACH ORCHARDS!

DON'T USE mistaken economy by the application of low grade cheap goods, but buy the

BEST ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZER TO BE FOUND.

Its value as a permanent feeder, improver and restorer of orchards will

ABUNDANTLY REPAY

the additional cost over low priced articles.

The Chester Compound

IS WELL KNOWN and STANDS IN THE FRONT RANK of

High Grade Animal Bone Fertilizers.

Always uniform and always reliable. Its steady growth in popularity in the localities where it has been used for the past nine years attest the appreciation of those who have been using it. Try it.

Orders solicited.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 6—8t.

The Season is Now Here

When the farmer should begin to turn "Mother Earth." The saving of labor of both man and beast is necessary to compete with the low price of agricultural products. To do this we would recommend first, the

Economist Chilled Plow

as the "friend of the farmer," as the points and shares can be turned three or four times, thereby saving the expense of buying new ones. Next to the above is

The 'Ohio' Chilled Plow

which excels all for lightness of draft. Persons purchasing the above not only save labor but expense of shares & points.

We keep constantly on hand all repairs for above Plows, and also for the Oliver, Advance, Syracuse, Roland, Concave, Minor & Horton and Wiley Plows at my shops at Galena and Chestertown.

We make the best **ROLLER** on the market and sell it at a price to suit all.

After long and careful study we have found the secret of how to make a good FARM BELL which we think superior to other makes.

We are agents for the

Deering Binder & Mower!

the Lightest and Best, as any farmer who has used one will testify, and can be bought this season as low and on the same terms as any other machine.

We are taking orders now for

BINDER TWINE

which we guarantee to be the best and as cheap as will be offered by anyone. It will be lower in price than last season.

WM. A. HYLAND,
m20. Galena & Chestertown.

FERTILIZERS for CORN

And TRUCK

FOR THE SPRING of 1886

CHESTER COMPOUND,

NO. 1 AMMO. SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME AND POTASH,

THE HOME—prepared especially for application on Corn in the hill.

ACID PHOSPHATE, KAINIT,

DISSOLVED BONES, PLASTER, &c.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 6—8t.

THE GREAT TOBACCO EMPORIUM!

OF CHESTERTOWN.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. LLOYD McFEELY

has opened a

Tobacco Store!

His stock comprising Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Snuff, Smoking Tobaccoes, Cigarettes, Cigar Smokers, Cigarette Smokers, &c., and other things pertaining to a Tobacco Store.

Also, B. F. GRAVELY'S Leading Brand.

Special inducements to merchants. I will furnish dealers with all grades of Tobacco or Cigars at the cost of same in the city, thus saving expense of freight, &c. Give me a trial.

Store opposite the Bank.

fe27. J. LLOYD McFEELY.

Use Black Residuum

—FOR—

PEACH TREES!

IT PREVENTS WORMS.

IT WILL KEEP YOUR TREES IN A HEALTHY CONDITION.

It gives new life to diseased trees.

It is one of the most valuable and at the same time most economical applications known to peach growers.

For further information apply to

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 6—6t.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING!

As well as all other kinds of TINWORK done CHEAP and at short notice.

W. A. WHEATLEY.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

CLEVER RUSE OF A NOTED ACTOR TO CONVICT THE MURDERER OF HIS FRIEND.

One morning, Garrick, the actor, who was on a visit to Paris, being on the point of leaving for London, called at the lodgings of Sir George Lewis to take leave of him, and with horror learned that he had been found in the Forest of Bondy, dead, and covered with blood and wounds. Garrick then went to the police, and made particular inquiries about the horrid affair and ascertained that all the money on the person of the deceased had been taken by the assassin, but that his watch, pistols and jewels had been left untouched.

"This proves conclusively to my mind," said Garrick, "that Sir George was not killed by an ordinary robber, but by some acquaintance—perhaps by one he believed to be his friend—and this man feared to take any article which might subsequently be recognized. Let us therefore look for the murderer among the party assembled at the chateau where he was staying."

The officers of justice invited the actor to accompany them to the suburban residence of a certain nobleman, and assist them in unravelling the mystery. Garrick was an adept in the art of physiognomy, having been all his life in the habit of studying the human face; and on reaching the place and taking a keen survey of the different parties there assembled, he pointed out Chevalier Gaetano, a noted gambler, to the officers, and secretly told them he believed him to be the man.

Gaetano was at once arrested and boldly accused of the murder. He turned deadly pale at first and seemed about to faint, but presently recovered his nerve and demanded proof of the heinous charge—declaring, with a well-feigned burst of grief, that Sir George Lewis was his best friend. He was told that, if innocent, it was only necessary for him to prove where he was during the interval between the departure of the baronet from the chateau and the finding of his body; but this he could not do, he said, because he had gone out alone that afternoon and had not returned till a late hour.

"Where were you during your absence from the chateau?" was one of the questions asked him.

"I do not choose to tell," he replied. "But that is neither here nor there," he pursued; "you have made the charge and it is your business to prove it true or release me."

"We will endeavor to do that in the city," was rejoined.

And in spite of the protestations of the accused and his friends he was taken back to Paris a close prisoner.

On the way Garrick told the officers that he more than ever believed Gaetano to be the murderer, and that if they would give him till to-morrow to arrange a plan he had in view, and then follow his directions, he doubted not he would be able to entrap the prisoner into a full confession of the fact. His scheme was to personate his dead friend—to make up his own facile countenance into the exact likeness of the baronet, put on his dress, assume his voice, and appear before Gaetano in the apartments of Sir George.

This plan was carried out as no one but the remarkable actor could do it. Assisted by a very fine painting of Sir George, Garrick succeeded in so perfectly counterfeiting the deceased baronet, that almost any one might have been deceived; and at the appointed time the chevalier was conveyed to the residence of the Englishman, and informed on the way that the latter was not dead, but had recovered sufficiently to appear and accuse him of an attempt at murder.

The Italian trembled as he crossed the threshold of the mansion; and when he beheld, as he believed, the veritable baronet himself, his knees fairly smote together.

"Wretch! villain! murderer!" thundered the voice of the supposed Sir George Lewis; "dare you deny your crime before me? Down and beg for mercy, as you hope for life and forgiveness!"

The wretched man instantly fell upon his knees and confessed all, even stating where he had concealed the money, which he offered to restore at once, and add all his other ill-gotten gains to it. His horror on finding he had been deceived can be better imagined than described. His subsequent confessions revealed the whole plot. An adventuress, who acted under his instructions, had sent a message to Sir George to see her in a certain mansion, and it was whilst on his road there that Gaetano murdered him. The woman effected her escape, but the Chevalier Gaetano remained to be tried, sentenced and executed. Garrick returned to England, satisfied with the part he had played in bringing the murderer of his friend to justice.

SOMETHING ABOUT INCUBATORS.

Why It Is Improbable that They Will Be Much Used in America.

At the recent poultry exhibition in New York any number of enthusiastic incubator patentees or owners competed for the prize offered to the artificial hen that hatched the greatest number of chickens in a given time, and rich city farmers and young men with fortunes to invest were invited to become rich suddenly by purchasing an incubator, hatching spring chickens, and selling them at the market price of $2 per pound. The bait was a tempting one.

It is said that notwithstanding repeated failures in every direction to realize the gold mine promised, $1,000,000 each year is invested in incubators. A well-known type-caster of New York, after attending the first poultry show held in that city, two years ago, sold out a comfortable living, removed to a farm within a few miles of Paterson, N. J., purchased an incubator, two barrels of kerosene oil and fifty dozen of fresh eggs at fifty cents per dozen, and hoped to get rich. He was soon a bankrupt. His family left him in disgust. To add to his misery, the person from whom he bought the patent ben would only offer him $5 for what he paid $250.

Not twenty miles from Albany lives a man who sank two fortunes in attempting to raise chickens artificially. Mr. Halsey Knapp, poultry dealer at No. 216 Washington street, says that chickens can be hatched by an incubator, but the trouble is to get them to live, and if they do live and are brought to market the flesh is so insipid that it is very poor eating. His testimony is—and he is an authority—that one old hen, setting on two dozen eggs, will beat the best-planned incubator ever invented. In fact, the incubator is not wanted in this country; chickens are as plentiful at all times as the measles in a country school. In Paris, where fowl do not appear upon the bill of fare in the hotels, and where a single chicken is cut up in parts in the market and sold by the bird and forequarters, the incubators may be of use and make money for their owners, but in America, says Mr. Knapp, they are a delusion and a snare.

A Monster Floating Palace.

The Gascogne, one of the four new steamships of the French Line, will leave Havre for New York on her first trip July 31. The Gascogne measures 6,800 tons. Her dimensions are: Length, 509 feet; breadth of beam, 52 feet, and depth of hold, 38 feet. The hull is entirely of steel, and is divided into several water-tight compartments. There will be accommodations for 225 first-class, 72 second-class and 900 third-class passengers. The Gascogne has four decks, on the upper one of which she will be able to carry, if required seven 6-inch guns. The masts, four in number, are of steel. There will be 22 lifeboats, all supplied with automatic fastening, and with a total capacity for 3,000 persons. These boats will all be capable of crossing the Atlantic alone. The vessel will be lighted throughout by electricity and heated by steam. In addition to the fresh-water reservoirs, which have a capacity for 30,000 gallons, there is a distilling apparatus, which can provide 1,500 gallons a day. The coal bunkers will have 6,000 cubic feet of space. The Gascogne when completely fitted out will cost about $1,500,000.

The Nutritious Banana.

A pound of bananas, it is said, contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or as many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return as much food material as thirty-three of wheat or over one hundred acres of potatoes. It is not generally understood that bananas fried, baked or roasted are very appetizing, and that sliced and placed in a dish, with alternate slices of orange, they make a most delicious dessert.

"BILL SIMPSON'S DARTER."

No matter how hard and ugly the truth is, it is more pleasing than the affectation of what is not real. Exposure is certain to follow people who try to go through life behind a mask of false pretenses. We have little sympathy for people like "Bill Simpson's Darter." A gentleman traveling from Buffalo to New York city tells the story:

At Albany two ladies, dressed in the extreme fashion, entered the car. Their manners indicated great affectation and consequent shallowness.

The only unoccupied seat in the car was directly behind a quiet-looking lady, evidently from the country. Her dress was of calico, her bonnet of plain straw, and her gloves were cotton. She could not, however, have looked neater, and she had a good honest face.

As the fashionable ladies adjusted their draperies in the unoccupied seat, one of them said to the other:

"Don't you think it too bad that there are such poor accommodations on railway trains now?"

"How—in what way?" asked her companion.

"Why, here we are crowded up with all classes of people, some of them so common. Look at that person in front of us."

"Horrid, isn't she?"

"Perfectly dreadful."

"Looks like a common laborer."

"How annoying to have to come in contact with such people!"

"Belongs to some ordinary family. If one could only exclude one's self from such persons when traveling even short distances! I suppose it's horrid in me to say it, but I have all my life had a repugnance to common laboring people."

The lady in the calico dress must have heard a part of this conversation, but her face was perfectly composed.

At this moment an elderly man in the home-spun and home-made garments of a farmer came down the aisle. He stopped before the ladies of fashion, closely scrutinized the features of the one having "such a repugnance to common people," and just as the train stopped at the station, cried out loud enough to be heard by every person in the car:

"Lookee yar, hain't you old Bill Simpson's darter? But I know you air 'thout askin'. How de do, anyhow. You don't change a speck. Got the same nose you had when you wor a little gal o' twelve or fifteen years, trottin' b'afoot round my old farm in Podunk county.

"Yer mind how I youst to give yer two bits a day an' your dinner fer helpin' my young uns dig taters? Ho! ho! ho!"

The young lady had dropped her beaded veil and was nervously biting at her fan, but the old farmer went on heedlessly:

"They's ben mighty changes sence then. Your pap went out to Colorady and made a big fortin' thar, an' I hear you live in great style. But Bill Simpson aint the man to forgit old frens, eud you tell him that you've saw old Jack Billings, what youst to give him a-meuny a day's work when he was so pore his family had ter wait till the ben laid 'fore they could hev any breakfast. You kin remember that yerself, I reckon. An' there wa'n't nobody gladder nor me when yer pap did get so rich so suddint, for he was a mighty hard-workin' blacksmith, an' always pore 'cause of bad luck.

"My wife sez she lost an awful good washer-woman when yer ma moved, an'—I git off here. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

The meekest, most subdued person on that train during the rest of the trip was "Bill Simpson's darter."

FUNNY CAUSE OF A PANIC.

In some stories of John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, printed by the Philadelphia *Times*, occurs the following: One of the most terrible scenes I ever witnessed throughout my forty years' career as a public speaker, and yet one with a very ludicrous side to it, occurred in Dr. Herron's church, the first Presbyterian, Pittsburg, 1851. I was speaking to a densely crowded house, when all of a sudden there was a terrible crash in the gallery. A frightful panic ensued. The people thought the gallery was falling, and made a stampede to escape from the building. Some threw themselves from the gallery to the floor below. Others jumped from the windows. In the midst of the confusion the stove was upset. Fortunately the fire in it was very low, and no conflagration followed, but the occurrence terrified the already frantic people. Above the din I could hear the stentorian tones of three or four powerful men in the front of the gallery, who seemed to be trying to quell the panic by shouting at the top of their voice, while they gesticulated with their hands and arms. "The fiddle! it was the fiddle, the fiddle," but what on earth the fiddle could have to do with it was more than I could make out. At length some good brother near the pulpit struck up "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Others joined in the familiar hymn and quiet was at length restored. The meeting did not last long, though, after that. When the audience had dispersed the floor was strewn with false hair, hairpins, hats, bonnets, overshoes, gloves, skirts, canes, capes and wraps of all kinds, overcoats and every conceivable article of wearing apparel. A large cart-load of these things were taken to the mayor's office the next morning to await the claims of their owners. After the trouble was all over I learned that the crash which created the panic was caused by some man stepping upon the big bass fiddle, which was at that time used in the choir and which, when not in requisition, was allowed to repose on the gallery floor. This was what the men in the gallery whom I heard shouting about the fiddle were trying to explain to the fright-crazed people below.

HOW BRISTOR WAS BOUNCED.

The following from Nyack, N. Y., gives some details of the ejectment of Parson Bristor from his former parsonage: Another exciting and by far the most sensational event in the celebrated Bristor case took place Wednesday evening when Dr. Bristor and a number of his friends were ejected from the Methodist parsonage at Spring Valley. The parsonage was rented and paid for by the Methodist church, and has been occupied by the Bristors ever since he went to Spring Valley. Several weeks ago when Bristor's connection with the church ceased he was requested to move out of the house. This he has steadfastly refused to do, and on Monday evening a notice was served on him, giving him forty-eight hours to vacate. The time passed and he still remained in possession, together with a number of his friends who had gone to the parsonage to see what would be done. Soon after 6 P. M. Constable Fisher and two aids, followed by over 100 other persons, entered the house and commanded the occupants to leave at once. They declined to go, but were advised by Dr. Bristor not to offer any resistance if force was used. The constable stepped up to John C. Wood, one of Mr. Bristor's strongest friends, and told him to get out. Wood refused and dared the officer to put him out. "All right," said the constable, "then out you go," and seizing Wood by the neck he threw him out of the door clear into the middle of the road. A half dozen others were treated in the same manner, upon their refusal to vacate. Then came the ladies' turn. Although it required some force to get them out they were not treated so rudely as the men. Dr. Bristor waited on the outside till all had been put out, and then, getting between two of the women, he marched up the street to Wood's house, where he spent the night. No one in Spring Valley will rent him a house, and he is dependent on the kindness of friends for shelter.

The New Nail.

The new nail, to be made of old steel rails by the Coyne patent, is made on a self-feeder, and will, it is claimed, revolutionize the nail manufacture. By this method semi-wire nails for boat, barge, track and railroad spikes, as well as the common cut nails, can be made without changing the manner of the operation. This improved nail will be of the same pattern and appearance as those now made, except that the inclined sides will be smooth, and the parallel sides will be the cut or rough surfaces, thus increasing the adhesive power of the nails. Semi-wire nails will be with four parallel sides and a chisel point. The output will be at least three times that of the regular wire nail. The boat, barge, track and railroad spikes will have the same appearance as those now made from rods. The heads will not come off in driving, by vibration or extraction, and any shape of head can be produced. It is estimated that it will save $4 per ton on the labor in manufacturing nails. The only change involved will be a modification in the process of rolling the plates.

The average plug hat only weighs a few ounces, and yet the effect it has on some men is to make them feel as though they weighed a ton.

CHASED BY DOGS.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

While at Oldtown I saw a race between a convict and hound. A gaunt convict, long of leg and flank, was selected for the run. He was told to put off quickly, circle in the woods, take a swift run over fields, roads and through every squad of convicts he could find in his way. This he did. The hounds were loafing about the stockade yard, as listless a set of dogs as ever were seen. "I'm tempted," said Mr. Williams, "to let the convict ride a horse for a mile or two after he has run awhile. I have had dogs trail a convict on horseback four miles, and then take the track where he jumped from the horse." By this time the flying convict was a small speck on the broad fields and in a moment more had melted into the horizon and was gone, as if, indeed, he had found that liberty for which his soul panted, and had gone as the strong-winged birds go when they vanish in the blue ether.

In an hour we mounted our horses. The hounds were still loafing about in the sunshine. Suddenly Mr. Williams, squaring himself in his saddle, blew three quick, short blasts on the cow's horn that hung at its side. As if by magic, the hounds awoke and charged at his saddle—eager, baying, frantic. "Nigger!" he said sententiously. Like the wind they were off, nose to the ground, tails up, circling like beagles. Larger the circles grow, the hounds silent as specters, eyes and nose eating the earth for its secret. "They will pass over the tracks of convict squads, but will open on the first single track they find. If it is the wrong track, we will simply sit still. They will run it a hundred yards or so, and, noting our silence, will throw it off again. When they get the right track, we will halloo and start after the hound that has it. The others will join him and the race is opened."

At last a red hound, careering like mad across the field, halts suddenly, tumbles over himself, faces about, noses the ground eagerly, lifts his head, "Aaoooww," and is off like an arrow from a bowstring. "That's the track," shouts Williams, and after the howling, hound we go. The other hounds join in pell-mell at first, then each hound true to the track, in full cry and at a rattling gait. Away off to the left Captain James calls attention to a moving speck against the sky. "That is the convict circling back to camp," he said. On the dogs went, keen as the wind, inexorable as fate, following the track of the convict as true as his own shadow. Across the tracks of hundreds of others, along high roads, over fields, through herds of cattle, by other convicts, that smiled grimly as they passed, the hounds went, holding the track of the flying convict where it had been laid as light as thistle on the firm earth, but where it left the tell-tale scent all the same. Nothing could shake them off—nothing check their furious rush. Over other tracks made by convicts wearing shoes from the same last and same box they went without hindrance, led by some intangible miracle of the air, straight on a single trail.

"Now we'll see them wind his scent fifty yards away," said Williams, as he neared a patch of forest. Close to this was a squad of convicts. These we had sent through the woods an hour before. We had made "trustees," walking singly, touch every bush and tree. Then the convict we were trailing was run through, making a half circle, with at least fifty yards radius. The hounds entered the forest at a hustling pace, a small red dog leading. Suddenly the leader faltered for an instant, with nose in air, then burst with fierce cry to the left, ran obliquely for fully fifty yards, with head up, when he took again the track of the convict, and lowered his head to the ground. He had simply made a short cut across the semicircle, having caught scent of the convict on the bushes more than 100 feet away. I am aware that this is incredible to those who have never seen it. I cannot explain what it is that the flying man, clad and shod as a hundred others, fed on the same food, chained daily to the same chain, and sleeping in the same bunks at night, imparts to a yielding twig touched by his clothes so that it attracts a a hound fifty yards away. But it certainly does just that.

The last test was now coming. We were moving toward a squad of convicts at work in a cotton field. We had sent the fugitive convict through this squad. We had then made them walk in a double circle around him. They then crossed and recrossed his tracks, many of them wearing exactly such shoes as he wore. One hour later the hounds struck this point. There was not an instant's pause. There was no deviating, no let up in the pace. Through the labyrinth of tracks the hounds went, as swallows through the air, hurrying inexorably on the track they had chosen.

The end was now near. The convict, having run his race, was seen leaning against a tree and watching the hounds plunging toward him. "Won't he climb the tree?" I asked. "No, the hounds are trained to simply bay the convicts when they come up with them. Otherwise the convicts would kill them. By this time the hounds had sighted him. They halted about twenty yards away from the tree against which he stood and bayed him furiously. Pretty music they made, and not deeper than I have heard often and again under a 'possum tree. Mr. Williams called them off and the convict came forward. "Dem puppies is doin' mighty well, Cap'n," he said, grinning, as he lazily swung by on his way to the stockade.

These dogs are not bloodhounds. I doubt if there is a bloodhound in Georgia, though two are reported near Cartersville, descended from a pair owned by Col. Jeff Johnson in the days of slavery. The Oldtown dogs are foxhounds of the Redbone breed, trained for several generations to hunt men. They are never tempted with other game. They are neither fierce nor powerful, and are relied on solely to trail the convict and lead his pursuers to his lair.

A Literary Difficulty Overcome.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I want to ask your advice about a novel I am writing," she confidently remarked to a Woodward avenue bookseller yesterday.

"I shall be happy to give it."

"The hero of my story is wounded by Indians and comes home with his arm in a sling."

"That's good."

"My heroine meets him with joy and he clasps her in his arms."

"Perfectly proper; I'd do it myself."

"Yes, but don't you see that one of his arms is in a sling? How could he clasp?"

"That's so. And yet he must come home wounded?"

"He must."

"And she must be clasped?"

"She ought to be."

"Yes, that's so; but you must look out for the critics. How would it do to have her clasp him?"

"Wouldn't it look immodest?"

"Not under the circumstances; and you can add a foot-note that the joy of seeing him carried her off her balance for a moment. Yes, let her clasp and take the consequences. If you get the right kind of covers on a book you needn't care much about what is inside."

"Very well; my heroine shall clasp. I thank you. Good day."

LAST Christmas eve Mr. Jones went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place with a slip of paper attached, upon which was written the following suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

"Good heavens, Washington, how does your master live in such a mosquito-ey hole as this?" "Well, sah, the fact am, at night Mars George am so intoxified he don't give a cuss for the skeeters, and in de morning de skeeters am so intoxified they don't give a cuss for Mars George."

THE latest Hot Springs news: A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

"NEVER look at your boy when he is speaking," writes a father. It embarrasses him when he is explaining how he happened to be in school and out playing ball at the same time.

WHEN a countryman was asked what was the waist of a dress, he reckoned it was the part that dragged on the pavement.

THE town of Glenelg, Md., is remarkable for the fact that its name spells the same backward and forward. That's what's the matter with Hannah.—*Washington Critic.*

SOMETHING highly prized, yet always given away—a bride.