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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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.

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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.

STILL POND TOWN HALL STORES!

STILL POND GENERAL STORE!

GEO. H. CLARK.

Full line of DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,
Unsurpassed in Variety, Quality and Price.
Also, Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Complete line of SHOES. In this line we make a specialty of Ladies', Gents' and Children's HAND-MADE SHOES, which we GUARANTEE.

Full line of GROCERIES and SPICES, kept on hand at all times AT BOTTOM PRICES!

Mattings and Oil Cloths of Latest Styles!

HARNESS.—Large stock of Bridles, Collars and Traces, which we think we can save the farmer money in by buying from us.

Drug Department } COMPLETE IN EVERY PARTICULAR, Including ALL KINDS of PATENT MEDICINES.

We also handle MASURY'S LIQUID PAINTS, the best in the World!

CALL and GET PRICES.

GEO. H. CLARK, Town Hall, Still Pond.

STILL POND CLOTHING HOUSE!

NEW TOWN HALL BUILDING!

LOUIS LAMBORN.

Full line of MEN'S, YOUTH'S and BOYS' CLOTHING of all the Latest Styles,
POSITIVELY AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Complete Line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

HATS and CAPS of all Styles!

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

My exclusive attention is given to the CLOTHING BUSINESS, whereby I am able to attend to the wants of my customers to their entire satisfaction.

LOUIS LAMBORN, - - Still Pond Town Hall.

STILL POND HARDWARE STORE!

JOS. S. CLARK.

Hardware! A Full Line both Shelf and Builders' Supplies.
CUTLERY, FARMING IMPLEMENTS AND UTENSILS, BARB WIRE, &c.
I am also Headquarters for CUCUMBER PUMPS.

STOVES a Specialty!

I keep constantly on hand a full line of COOK STOVES, Single, Double and Fire Place HEATERS; Coal Oil Stoves, 2, 3 and 4 Burner; all of which I guarantee cannot be excelled in Price or Quality.

CASTINGS for any make of Stoves. SLATE MANTELS of Every Description.

A FULL LINE OF TINWARE.

I also carry a CHOICE LINE OF HANGING LAMPS.

All my Goods I am Selling at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

JOSEPH S. CLARK,
Post Office in same Department. UNDER TOWN HALL.

YOUNG SMUGGLER!

Stallion Season for 1886!

YOUNG SMUGGLER, 1205, Record 2.29½; Trial, 2.30¾.

SMUGGLER 2.15¼ — BLANCO, a thoroughbred — IRON'S CADMUS. DAM, by BRUNSWICK.
Sired Revenue, 2.22½
Smuggler's Daughter 2.24¼
Smuggler Lass, trial 2.30
Huguenot, ½-mile trial 1.08 — DAM — HEROD'S TUCKAHOE. DAM, by IMPORTED TOM.
PAREPA ROSA 2.32¼, ½-mile track — ANDREW JACKSON / NELLIE STEVENS — Washburne's Duroc; Dam, by Stubtail; Sire of Lady Fulton; Dam of Wizz, 2.37¼; Buzz 2.28¼, Rupees 2.29.

YOUNG SMUGGLER will make a season of three months commencing March 1st and ending June 1st at $25 for the season, to be settled by cash or note at Six Months from April 1st, payable at Chestertown National Bank.

March 6, 1886. J. W. HINES.

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.

Flowering PLANTS, For 1886, Grown by WILLIAM KIRBY, Chestertown.

MY collection of FLOWERS is larger and in finer and healthier condition than heretofore. They are the best suited for bedding purposes and house culture. Having abandoned the trucking I can give my Flower Department better and closer attention. PRICES LOW.

I grow VEGETABLE PLANTS in large quantities. Prices given on application.

Twelve Assorted Ever-Blooming Roses for $1. A fine lot of Flower Seed, 5 cents per paper. Send for price list of flowers.

WM. KIRBY,
m20-6t Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

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.

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.

PURCHASE YOUR SEED POTATOES at the Hardware Store of
m27-tf. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

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.

FENCING —AND— Barbed Wire.

Fencing { WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK, CYPRESS

2x4 WHITE PINE, 2x4 VA. PINE, 2x3 GA. PINE, } Railing

Barbed Wire { Direct from Manufacturer at lowest prices, cash.

WHITE PINE, No. 1, HEMLOCK, No. 1, } Pickets

Write for our prices.

TURNER BROS.
Mar. 20, 1886.

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.
f27. J. LLOYD McFEELY.

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.

REID'S CREAMERY!

FOR SALE.

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

W. A. WHEATLEY.

THE DAVIS SWING CHURN for sale by
m27-tf. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

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:
Solubleand 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,
March 20-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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.

B. F. FLEMING
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN—
Schuylkill Quick and Slaked Lime!

This LIME has been used extensively for the past ten years by the Farmers of Maryland and Delaware and has given good results and satisfaction. Orders promptly filled by Railroad—have Boats to fill orders not accessible by Rail. Prices lower and terms easy. Get my prices before purchasing elsewhere. Thanking the public for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am respectfully yours,

BENJ. F. FLEMING,
March 20-tf. CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

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.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING!

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

W. A. WHEATLEY.

RATHER SMALL FOR HIM.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he surveyed himself in the glass, with a preternaturally solemn countenance. "My dear, how do you think these clothes fit me?"

"Splendidly!" emphasized Mrs. Spoopendyke, walking around him so as to take in all the glories of his new garments. "If I hadn't seen you dressed for a funeral I should say you ought always to wear black!"

"Think the crape on the hat is the right height for a pall-bearer?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, shaking his hat on his head and regarding his wife with a steadfast eye, as though he expected to catch her in a lie about the hat.

"Just exactly right," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "And here are your black gloves."

"Don't want any gloves," growled Mr. Spoopendyke, turning again to the glass. "How am I going to catch hold of those handles with a pair of tight gloves on?"

"But you must wear gloves!" protested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "All pall-bearers wear gloves, and I want you to look as nice as the others. This is a real nice pair, and I bought them for you myself. Put them on, that's a love!"

Mr. Spoopendyke yielded more to the argument than to the entreaty, and held out his hand for the gloves.

"Are these mates?" he asked, as he turned them over and scrutinized them closely. "These things both go on the same hand. Where's the thumb off of this glove?"

"They are all right," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, smoothing them out. "Now they are already, and all you have got to do is to put them on."

Mr. Spoopendyke jobbed his right fist into the gloves and commenced to tug. "Where's the steam derrick that goes with this?" he demanded, stopping to eye his progress with some misgivings as to his ultimate success. "When you get your hand in, you want to take it by the fingers and push on it," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather inclined to think she might have made a mistake and bought a size too small. "They'll slip on easy enough if you'll only have patience. Now try."

"Then it wants a pile-driver," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "I had an idea that a derrick was the proper thing. That the way you mean?" and Mr. Spoopendyke caught his four fingers in an iron grip and bent them double, "Is that one on, from your standpoint? Are those ends sticking out there intended to represent anything particularly connected with a funeral? What's all this bare place down here for? Is that the way the rest of those pall-bearers are going to look?" and Mr. Spoopendyke looked disdainfully at the fluttering fingers and his naked palm. "Perhaps the rest will paste the other glove over this bare spot! Is that the way it works?"

"No, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, not exactly seeing her way clear, and wishing she had said nothing about the gloves. "I would give them a gentle pull, now. Just see if they won't go on that way."

Mr. Spoopendyke caught a grip, and hauled until he was red in the face, but the glove hung fire. Then he braced his foot against the side of the bureau and gave a tremendous wrench.

"It is a good strong glove, anyway," commented Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had been watching the experiment with an anxious interest.

"What d'ye think I'm going to do?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, temporarily letting up on his performance. "What do you think this is, a funeral or a gymnasium? Got any kind of notion that I'm going to buy a circus? Why didn't you get some gloves more renowned for their going on a man's hand, and less for their durability? Strong, eh?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, going back to his avocation with renewed appetite. "Think they are pretty strong do you? Just you keep an eye on these ironclads, and you will get some new notions about strength!" and Mr. Spoopendyke bent all his energies on the glove, and ripped it from the thumb knuckle to the wrist joint. "That the way you mean it to go?" he yelled, considerably dissatisfied with his success. "Think this style adds anything funereal to my appearance? Is this the latest thing in pall-bearing?"

"Never mind, dear," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I can take a few stitches in it, and it will do for today."

"What's the matter with it now?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, giving it another jerk that carried the tear around to the whole back of the hand. "What it wants is a few stitches taken out of it, and the proprietor is going right into the business of getting them out. How does that strike you?" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having pulled the disintegrated part over the wrist, stuck out the fingers for his wife's contemplation with the air of a man who was setting the fashions.

"I'll tell you what you can do;" said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You can wear the other and carry this in your hand. No one will notice the tear, and I think the other one will go on easier."

Mr. Spoopendyke made a grab for the other glove, and jammed his hand into it. Half way on it stuck, just as the first had.

"Yes!" he panted. "This is easier! See it crawls up my hand! Stop it, will you? Hold the dod-gasted thing before it climbs into my ear! Check it somewhere, can't you? Tie a string around it and hold it!" and Mr. Spoopendyke pulled with all his might, and worked his fingers and mouth simultaneously. "Now, I'm ready?" he bowled. "Bring forth the catafalque and place this fashionably gloved hand on the silver handles thereof. My wife has fixed me for the ordeal, and it's too cold to keep the corpse waiting. This style of funeral adornment for a dollar!" and Mr. Spoopendyke held up his hand and waved it in the air. "Come on," he yelled, going at it again. "You are the one that goes on easy, and the other is the one I'm going to carry? Don't make any mistake in your functions on so solemn an occasion as this. Come on and be saved," and he jerked it over his thumb and then tore the thumb out. "Got any more gloves?" he demanded of his shrinking wife. "Think I am going to bury a brother mason with one thumb and a split hand? Got any kind of notion that this is a tramp's funeral, and I am to go pall-bearing around in rags?"

"Never mind, dear, maybe the rest won't wear gloves, and if they do, you can say you forgot yours," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Want me to stand over the measly coffin and lie about it don't you? he squealed, as he saw that even his wife had given up the last hope of ever gloving him appropriately. Want me to stand over the man's grave, and assure him that I'll bring along a pair of gloves when I die, perhaps!"

"Can't you stop and buy a pair as you go along?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, as the easiest solution she could think of.

"That's it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, to whom this idea had just occurred, and who was righteously indignant that his wife had thought of it too. "I can lean out of the window and yell for the hearse to stop, while I go to market and fit myself out for the ceremony! It took you to capture the only means out of this difficulty, and as a reward of merit I am going to fit you out with an ice-box and a brass band, and start an undertaker's establishment with you as soon as I get back from this pall-bearing. You hear! With your ideas of a funeral, all you want it '*in pace*' on your back, and a row with the other denominations to be a first-class cemetery!" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on his hat hind-side before, and started for the funeral, to find that while he was making up his mind as to what improvement his wife needed, the cavalcade had left.

"MAMMA," said a little Fifth ward boy ingubriously the other day as he laid down a volume of biographical sketches of the presidents, "I don't believe I'll ever be a president. I ain't got the chance. I wasn't brung up right." "Why, child, you have the same chance that other little boys have." "No, I ain't. I wasn't born in a log cabin, nor I ain't drove a team on the canal, nor had to read the spellin'-book by the light of a pine knot, nor had to split rails, nor nothin' like the rest of the boys who got there. I tell you, mother, I'm handicapped on this presidential business."

IT was stated in a Raleigh dispatch that since the first of the year not less than 7,000 and probably 10,000 laborers have left North Carolina for the States south and for Arkansas, and there is now demand for farm hands that cannot be supplied. The cause for this exodus, it is said, is to be found in the lien laws, the system of farming, and the bad crops of the past three years.

WHAT this country needs is a scientist who will invent a placid smile to be worn by women when they enter a street car and can't find a seat.

WILLIAM WAS HEADSTRONG.

A father of Sedalia, Mo., discovered a few days ago, that his only daughter was in love with a New York drummer, and that the wedding-day had been set. He had scarcely seen the man, and his consent had neither been asked nor given. He at once put his foot down and demanded:

"What do you know about this man anyhow?"

"Why, father, he gets a salary of $100 per month and can beat the firm in expense account so as to bring it up to $125. He is just as nice as can be."

"But he may have a wife already. Have you ever asked the question?"

"I never thought of it."

"Well, I've heard he had one at St. Joseph, and I'm a going to see. No man can play bigamy on my family if this court knows herself."

In due time he reached St. Joseph, and began his inquiries, and in a few hours was directed to a woman who acknowledged that she was Mrs. Blank.

"Married for sure, and got a certificate!" he asked.

"O yes. We've been married most a year."

"And do you know that he is engaged to my daughter and wants to marry her next month?"

"No, I did not," was the reply. "I never seek to pry into his affairs."

"Well, I'm telling you facts. The infernal scoundrel wants to marry my daughter! Just think of his cheek!"

"Yes, William was always singular," she remarked.

"Singular! Why, how can you take his conduct so coolly? I expected to see you faint dead away. You don't seem to care much about it."

"Well, to be frank with you," she replied, "William had a wife in Kansas City and another in Chicago when he married me, and I have no right to complain. I think he means well, but is rather headstrong."

"And you won't do anything to prevent this new marriage?"

"I can't under the circumstances, as I have concluded to marry a Philadelphia drummer and go East with him. I will write to William and advise him not to marry your daughter, but he is very headstrong."

"Great heavens!" gasped the father.

"Please don't. I have a headache, and you might upset my nerves. As I was saying, I will write to him, but I presume you will go home to find that she has already eloped with and married him. William prefers elopements to all other styles, and I presume that was what he wanted of the last $25 I sent him."

The old man rushed to the telegraph office and wired home the inquiry: "Is Mary home?" In about half an hour, as he walked up and down with the sweat glueing his undershirt to his spine, the answer came back:

"Slid with the drummer two hours ago!"

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wong Chee, the recently deceased laundryman, could have had no larger outpouring of people to attend his funeral yesterday if he had been a mandarin of China or a President of the United States. Baltimore street, from No. 170, in the vicinity of Eden street, where Wong Chee carried on business, to Gay street, was literally lined with people. Inside the cemetery it is estimated that no less than five thousand American citizens stood around on the damp gravel, the muddy sidewalks, and other points of observation, to see the procession pass. The passage of the cortege along the streets resembled less a funeral than it did the triumphal entry of an ancient hero fresh from conquests. The body was dressed in blue pants, heavy bronze colored blouse, black felt slouch hat, heavy satin stockings with blue soles, and shoes of blue and black velvet with white leather soles. In the opened mouth of the corpse were two nickels. Mud was ankle deep in the vicinity of the grave. Women took the boards with which the gravediggers had intended to cover the coffin, placed them in the mud and stood on them, so as to command a good view of the services. The grave-diggers protested, but the women kept the boards.

The deceased being about to enter into a more beautiful world, where he had no further use for earthly possessions, it was incumbent on his friends, as a proof of his faith in a more beautiful outfit in the hereafter, to destroy all that he had left behind him. His effects were then taken from the wagon and piled up in a heap near the grave. The effects consisted of several suits of clothes, cups, saucers, a new basket, a new bucket and a wooden box, and to them was added oranges, apples, grapes and other fruits. A Chinaman drew a match, struck it and set the pile afire. Two large demijohns of whisky were brought and the contents poured on to the pile to feed the flames. While this cremation was in progress the mourners lit cigars and cigarettes. Finally the tombstone, a marble piece about three feet high, rounded at the top and inscribed in Chinese characters, was placed at the head of the grave, the Chinamen re-entered their carriages, and the procession moved back to the cemetery gate. At the gate stood a Chinaman, who handed to each participant in the funeral a piece of candy and a pink package. The packages were found to contain each a nickel five-cent piece.

A STRANGE CONTROVERSY.

The most singular controversy ever recorded has broken out in St. Luke's Chapel in Brooklyn between the congregation and its twenty-seven-year-old rector. The latter, it appears, has fallen in love with an estimable lady sixteen years his senior, and he proposes to marry her. The congregation resents his choice, and threatens to drive him from the pulpit if he fulfills his engagement. It is difficult to account for so singular an attitude, and the only easy explanation is that there has been secretly formed in Brooklyn a young woman's protective association which is determined to use the powerful modern weapon, the boycott, against any young man who attempts to pass by the maidens of marriageable age and link his destinies with those of an old maid.

Looking at the controversy from what one may call the utilitarian attitude as regards marriage, we think the young women are right, but, nevertheless, we must be permitted to doubt if united action is practicable in a matter so largely dependent on individual taste as marriage. We predict that the pastor will win the suit and we see in it the possibility that his present discomfiture in the matter of a congregation may result in the opening of a chapel that will be crowded by old maids, who will look to him as the champion and defender of their class. They are numerous, and many of them wealthy, and they have the reputation of being ready to give to a favorite pastor most enthusiastic and liberal support.

More Rumors of the President's Marriage.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is rumored that the report of the President's coming marriage is founded upon fact. The bride-elect is Miss Folsom, the pretty ward of his Excellency, whose downy rosiness and youthful sweetness attracted so much attention when she visited the White House shortly after the inauguration and before she was out of school—sweet little maid from school! She visited the White House early in October with her mother, Mrs. Folsom, of Buffalo, before Miss Cleveland returned to the capital and while Mrs. Hoyt, another sister of the President, was looking after his comforts. The President and Miss Folsom drove out frequently in the glorious autumn afternoons and the mother and daughter stayed over a fortnight. Miss Folsom is a tall, handsome girl, with dark eyes, black hair and brilliant coloring. The President received a cable message when they arrived on the other side of the Atlantic and now he receives a letter from her each week. It is further known that she writes beautifully and sends a highly interesting letter. She is now in Italy, where all of her trousseau is being elaborately embroidered. It will take until January to complete the bridal arrangements, but the President declares he would have been married this year but for the numerous deaths in Cabinet and high official circles.

"MAMMA," said a Philadelphia girl, "I'm not going to sing in our choir any more." "Have you had any trouble with any of the girls?" "No, ma; but the other three girls have beaux that sing in the choir, and when they are courting during the sermon it makes me feel lonesome. I'll resign if they don't allow Charlie to sit with me."

IF mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves we should have perfection.

WHY HE DISAPPEARED.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

When the war broke out Jim Dutton was the postmaster at Blue Rock. He held the position for a number of years, and no man in the settlement stood higher. Jim's strong point was his honesty. He had very little book learning, and was ignorant of the ways of the world. Sill, with the assistance of his wife, a charming little women, he succeeded in managing the business of the postoffice in such a manner as to give general satisfaction.

While the new Confederate Government was getting its affairs in order, the old machinery organized under the United States authorities continued to run on. This was not a public necessity, as the postmasters could not all be changed in an instant, or be recommissioned. As a clever Georgian, though not a strong Confederate, Jim Dutton held on under the new regime and did his duty. But it was only for a couple of weeks. One morning the villagers found the postoffice closed, and investigation disclosed the fact that Dutton and his wife had mysteriously disappeared. The money and accounts of the office turned out to be all right, and nobody could understand why Jim and his wife should have slipped off at night without leaving a clue. It was ascertained that a day or two before their departure the postmaster mortgaged his cottage and furniture for almost their full value as security for a loan which he had obtained. So the couple did not go away unprovided with money.

No event ever in the history of Blue Rock created such intense excitement. It was a tantalizing mystery, and it was impossible to unravel it. The rapid progress of the war, however, soon absorbed public attention, and the Dutton episode ceased to be talked about.

Some time ago, in a little town in Western Texas, I accidentally ran against Jim Dutton. There was no mistaking the man. Time had dealt gently with him, and he looked prosperous. I slapped him on the back with a hearty

"Hello, Jim Dutton!"

Jim turned and fell all to pieces, so to speak. He recognized me and shook hands. After a long and pleasant conversation, Jim said:

"Colonel, I reckon you would like to know why my wife and I left Blue Rock?"

"Well, you may explain if you feel like it," I replied.

Later in my room at the hotel before a blazing fire, and with a good cigar to stimulate him Dutton unbosomed himself to me.

"Colonel, said he, "it makes me blush now to think what a greenhorn, what a miserable ignoramous I was at the beginning of the war."

"Oh, no," I suggested deprecatingly.

"But I was," continued Jim. "I verily believe I was the biggest fool in Georgia, and yet I thought I was the smartest man in the State. You see, being postmaster had puffed me up so that I felt as big as the governor himself. Well, after the Confederacy organized I went ahead under my old Federal commission, attending to the postal business of the Confederate States. One night my wife, who was a great reader, hinted to me that maybe I had laid myself liable for high treason. At first I laughed at the idea, and then I rummaged through some old histories and found that in every civilized country where there was a rebellion and a government officer sided with the rebels he was held guilty of treason. Now, it struck me that our secession was in fact a rebellion, and if we were whipped, as I feared we would be, I would be in a bad box. I told my wife about it, and she reminded me I had a copy of Blackstone, and advised me to read up on the punishment of treason."

Dutton paused a moment, and then said:

"You see I was so badly scared that I was afraid to consult anybody, and beside there was no lawyer at Blue Rock. I had heard a heap about Blackstone and supposed everything in it was the law of the land. So that night I got the book and my wife and I looked through it. I give you my word that what we read made our hair stand on end. Why, sir, we learned from that book that I was liable to be convicted of treason, drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, hanged, divided into four quarters, beside forfeiting my property and having my blood corrupted. My wife burst into a fit of tears and threw her arms around my neck. I blubbered a little, too.

"'Just to think,' said my wife, 'that my Jimmie must be cut into four quarters like beef, and be hanged, and all sorts of horrid things.'

"'It is bad,' I said, 'and then I see my blood is to be corrupted.'

"'How can that hurt you?' asked my wife, 'after you are dead?'

"'Dunno,' I said, 'but I don't like the idea.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, we decided to skip. I made my arrangements about the property as you know, and we slid out one Saturday night. We never stopped till we got away out here. It was on the frontier then, and bless your soul, the war never bothered us. We never saw a soldier."

"But," said I, "didn't you find out very soon that your fears were without foundation?"

"No, sir; it was years and years before I felt safe. In fact it was some time after the war was ended. I had begun to accumulate property. My ranch was turning out well, and I had leisure to read books and newspapers. You bet I looked up that treason business, and found what a monumental fool I had made of myself."

I leaned back and laughed heartily.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Dutton, "but my folly and ignorance were the making of me."

"You would have done well if you had remained in Georgia," I replied.

"No, I wouldn't. I'd stuck to Blue Rock, and perhaps been postmaster there yet on a salary of $74 a year. Now I have a ranch worth $150,000. I have knocked about in the world. I go every year to St. Louis and New Orleans, and I am beginning to enjoy life. Come home with me and see. I live only twenty miles from here."

I had to decline the invatation, as I was going to leave the next day.

"You can tell the boys, if you like," said Jim, at parting. "Some of those Blue Rock fellows are as green as I used to be, and I don't care what they think about it. And, Colonel, tell them that me and the old woman are getting along just splendid, and that my two sons and two daughters are the finest lads and lasses in Texas."

As I rode off I turned when I came to the first hill top, and a half mile below in the village street I could see the ex-postmaster of Blue Rock waving his sombrero after me.—*Atlanta Georgia Constitution.*

A SLAB-SIDED, mud-covered granger entered a Main-street clock store about dusk Saturday evening, and, with a bewildered look, asked: "Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?" "Yes, sir," said the clerk? "Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker!" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf. "That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful timepiece. It is worth $200, and will run three years without winding." "Great Scott!" gasped the granger, "three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the blame thing run if she was wound up?"

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was telling the children how the devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and after the lesson was through she said that those who wished could ask questions. At once a little boy spoke up and asked how fast the devil could run. "Hush, Johnny," said the teacher; "such questions are very profane." "Well, I don't care," said Johnny; "he can't outrun my pa, anyhow, 'cause I heard pa tell a man down the street the other day that he caught the devil the night he came home from the lodge."

THE women who complain that bachelors are the worst enemies of mankind maintain a dignified silence when the man with two wives comes along.

"IF de wedder grows much worse and de work harder all de time," said an Alabama colored man, "dis nigger will have a call to preach."

IT is said there are more lies told in the sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English language.

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

THE Australian *Chemist and Druggist* says that essence of peppermint painted on a burn causes the pain to cease at once.