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The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Kent News.

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

CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886. No. 2.

Important Public Announcement!

Everything to be Sold for CASH ONLY!

THEREFORE EVERYTHING WILL BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

BORDLEY BROS.

We Keep NO MORE BOOKS — we no longer sell on time, but upon the contrary every suit sold will be sold for the cash, and thereby giving every customer the full benefit of his money.

We have bought our entire SPRING AND STOCK for the SPOT CASH. We can sell you Splendid Cassimere Suits, $6, $7 and $8. These suits formerly sold for 8, 10 and $12.

Our MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT is complete in every particular. We have over One Thousand New Samples from which you can select a suit MADE TO ORDER and we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU OR DEFY COMPETITION.

We have all the latest styles in STIFF and SOFT HATS and Gents Furnishing Goods just received direct from New York. we are now selling strictly for the SPOT CASH ONLY, and we are determined to sell you if EXTREMELY LOW PRICES will do it.

BORDLEY BROS.,
March 27, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CHAS. H. MOE'S
MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS!

CHESTERTOWN,

—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MARBLE, GRANE STONE,

Iron Railings, Marble Posts, Galv. Tubing, &c.

☞ ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. [April 10, 1886.]

B. F. FLEMING

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALE

Schuylkill Quick and Sla Lime!

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

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

FRUIT AND CORN PHOHATE!

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

OLD KENT	THE FRUGROWER
ANALYSIS:	ANALYSIS:
Solubleand Available Phosphoric Acid - - 6 to 8%	*Soluble and Available Phosphoric Acid - - 8 to 10%*
Potash - - - - - 4 to 5%	*Potash - - - 5 to 7%*

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

Respectfully,

HINES & CAEY,
March 20-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAD,

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Fertilizers

—AND—

PURE CHEMICALS FOR ALL FRMULAS.

ANALYSES:

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

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.

WE OFFER

—OUR—

CLIMAX
Superphosphate

FOR CORN AND TRUCK

carefully prepared, containing no waste matter, no South Carolina Rock, but is a PURE BONE FERTILIZER. Its equal cannot be found at the price. Last year's customer's are buying again and say it PAYS to use our Corn Fertilizer, if corn is only worth 40 cents a bushel. Increase your Crops largely at a small cost by using these goods.

Mr. Jos. Hossinger says: The Climax Superphosphate, purchased from you last Spring, gave great satisfaction. My only regret is that I did not take more. You have my order for this Spring.

Mr. J. C. Wheatley says: I used your Climax Superphosphate last Spring on the "Giebe" farm with very satisfactory results. Shall buy my Spring goods from you.

Mr. W. H. Lambert, Jr.: I used your Fertilizer last Spring on Truck; think it an excellent article for all kinds of vegetables.

Many others can testify, but our space is limited.

Black Residuum!
Black Residuum!

We have made arrangements to handle this most excellent insecticide. It destroys insects, prevents Corn from Frenching, and assists the growth of the Peach Tree, acting as a tonic, etc.

We deliver it in bulk at Buck Neck, Tolchester and the river landings to Chestertown lower than anyone else, viz:

$7 Per Ton in Bulk!

Give us your order early.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
ap10. Office under Voshell House.

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.

Monumnts, Headstones,

STATUARY, &c.

HAVING been appointed agent for a large and extensive establishment I desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that I can furnish

Marble and Polished Granite Monuments,

HEADSTONES, Statuary, Tombs, and all kinds of Enclosures for Cemetery Lots in all the Latest and most artistic styles at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

☞ Drawings and Designs furnished free on application. Also, Furniture tlabs, Table Tops, Marble and Slate Mantels, Imported and American Marble Encaustic Tiles and Marble work of every description. Your orders respectfully solicited.

JOHN N. DODD,
Feb. 27, 1886. UNDERTAKER.

BUILDERS and Farmers' Hardware for sale by
m27-tf. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

LARGE stock of Dry Goods just opened at J. H. SIMPERS'.

SPRING AND SUMMER
1886.—SEASON—1886.

WHEN YOU VISIT BALTIMORE

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to all readers of this journal to make our store your headquarters. Have your packages checked and left in our care. Visit the several departments of our mammoth building. All will be treated courteously whether desiring to purchase or only to examine our splendid stock of

Spring & Summer Clothing, Furnishing Goods, &c,

We carry the Best Assorted Stock in the State from which to make selections and our Low Prices will convince everybody that our inducements are genuine.

OUR MEN'S SUIT DEPARTMENT.

Including Fine Dress Suits, prices ranging from $10 to $20. Business Suits, all Styles and Patterns, $4.50 to $12. Dress Pants from $2.50 to $5. Working Men's Pants 60c. to $1.25. And a complete assortment of Garments of every grade, style and pattern, at lowest quotations. We also keep in stock a special Line of Goods for Clergymen.

Boys and Children's Department.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BOYS AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

LONG-PANTS SUITS -	from $3 up	KILT SUITS - -	from $2 up
ODD PANTS - -	from 25c. up	NORFOLK SUITS -	from $2.50 up
In Worsteds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Diagonals, &c.		PLEATED SUITS -	from $3 up
Children's Shirt Waists, - -	25 cts. up.	In Plain and Fancy Goods, Plaids, Checks, &c.	

LATEST STYLES in CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS.

SHIRTS, COLLARS CUFFS, Neckwear. | FURNISHING GOODS Retailed at Importers Prices. | Underwear, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, &c.

Everything New, Bright and Fresh.

Our Prices are fully 15 Per Cent. LOWER than the Lowest Quotations of Other Dealers.

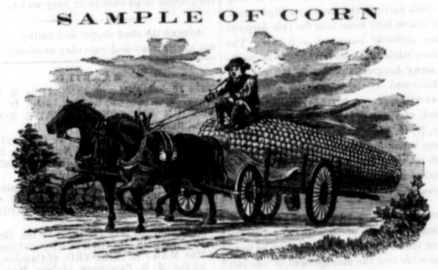
MABLEY & CAREW,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.

NOTE.—Our Fashion Folder, containing rules for self-measurement, will be sent to any address free upon application. April 3, 1886.

HIGH GRADE BONE FERTILIZERS!

SAMPLE OF CORN



RAISED BY USING

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO.'S
ROYAL BONE PHOSPHATE!

GUARANTEED ANALYSIS:

AMMONIA	1 to 2 per cent.
SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID	6 to 7 " "
REVERTED " "	1 to 2 " "
INSOLUBLE " "	8 to 10 " "
TOTAL " "	2 to 3 " "
POTASH	4 to 6 " "
EQUIVALENT TO SULPHATE OF POTASH	3 to 4 " "
SULPHATE OF MAGNESIA	

A Complete Manure for Corn.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE

Bone Fertilizer!

AMMONIATED

Bone Superphosphate!

ANALYSIS:

Ammonia	3 to 4 per cent
Soluble Phosphoric Acid	7 to 8 " "
Reverted " "	3 to 4 " "
Total " "	11 to 13 " "
Potash (Actual K. 2 O)	2 to 3 " "
Equiv. to Sulphate Potash	4 to 6 " "
Sulphate of Magnesia	3 to 4 " "

Connecticut Experiment Station Valuation

—OF—

Americus Superphosphate.

Analysis of 10 Samples 1885 gave $86.09
Pure Bone Meal, 4 Samples, gave... 35.05

Valuation in Massachusetts, 2 Samples
Americus Superphosphate, gave 1885 ..... $35.84
..... 36.79

NO FERTILIZER SELLING AT SAME PRICE SHOW AS HIGH VALUATIONS.

I have used your Americus Phosphate on my Corn and am safe in saying I raised the largest crop ever raised in Connecticut. The yield was 179 bushels and 23 quarts shelled corn to the acre.

T. B. WAKEMAN.
Greens Farms, Conn.

The above field of Corn was visited by Hon. T. S. Gold, Secretary Board of Agriculture of Connecticut, and Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yale College, and both pronounced it the best field of corn they ever saw.

No Kainit or Low Grade Potash Salts Used in the manufacture of these goods—the High Grade Double Sulphate of Potash and Magnesia alone being employed.

We refer to the following, a few of the parties in Kent who have used our Goods: J. W. Lambert, J. W. Chapman, Isaac Parsons, Wm. T. Nicholson, Dr. S. Beck, R. G. Nicholson, W. K. Judefind, Hiram Brown, J. W. Judefind, G. W. Snitcher, Wm. B. Usilton, Thos. B. Hynson, Purnell Jefferson, T. J. Willis, Geo. Bell.

HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND IN CHESTERTOWN A FULL STOCK OF

Pure Dissolved Animal Bone, South Carolina, Pure Bone Meal, Ground Bone Tankage, Muriate Potash, Kainit, Dried Blood.

☞ SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO LARGE BUYERS. ☜

W. H. McFEELY, Chestertown, Md.

General Agent for Kent County.

OFFICE—In J. L. MCFEELY'S Tobacco Store, opposite Bank. ap24.

Rambo Lime for Sale!

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

All orders for this Lime will receive prompt attention. Delivered by water or rail.

HARRY E. COOPER,
m13-3m. Worton Station, Kent Co., 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.

THE DAVIS SWING CHURN.
Call and see it at
a3. W. A. WHEATLEY'S.

STORING MILLIONS.

Guarding the Treasure—Nearly One Hundred Millions in the Mint and Sub-Treasury.

Philadelphia Times.

A rickety old furniture wagon pulled up in front of the postoffice on Ninth street yesterday afternoon. The horse panted and rested his off hind leg. The driver and six men hopped out of the wagon and looked around them mysteriously. Six other men, who acted just as mysteriously, stood inside the postoffice with a platform truck. The dozen men then began to carry white canvas bags from the wagon to the truck. Each bag contained one thousand standard silver dollars and weighed sixty-six pounds. Every time a dozen bags were taken from the old wagon the creaking springs eased up with squeaks of relief. The bags were all put on the big truck and wheeled to the elevator. Then they were put in the elevator and hoisted to the second story, where they were put on another truck and wheeled into the vaults that were originally intended to be used for the sub-treasury.

The special officer in the postoffice with a little black moustache who wears his cap on one ear was greatly agitated. He had been told to keep people away from the elevator and he used his cane to do it. The elevator has been used for several days to carry the silver upstairs and people who have business in the building have to climb the stairs. The money is brought from the mint at the rate of $200,000 a day. So far $11,000,000 have been stored in the vaults on the second floor of the postoffice in the past two weeks. The weight of this silver is 7,260,000 pounds, or 324 tons.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH IN THE MINT.

Recently the secretary of the treasury told Superintendent Fox, of the Mint, that the rooms on the second floor front of the postoffice building were at his disposal. These rooms and the vaults were fitted up for the sub-treasury at an expense of nearly $100,000 and then the bank presidents went to Washington and opposed the removal of the sub-treasury from the rear of the custom house. They gained their point and this costly suite of rooms and the big vaults in the postoffice were thrown on the government's hands. The Treasury Department suggested that Superintendent Fox use the rooms as his executive offices, but he decided that his place was at the mint. The vaults used for storing treasure in the mint were found to be too small, so Superintendent Fox decided to store twenty million silver dollars in the postoffice vaults, the combined weight of which will be 1,320,000 pounds, or 589 tons. Nine million more dollars are to be stored there as fast as the work of carting them from the mint can be done.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS.

There is nearly $100,000,000 in coin and bullion in charge of Superintendent Fox, at the mint, and Assistant Treasurer Eyster. At the subtreasury yesterday there was stored $10,276,430 in standard silver dollars and $3,391,130 in smaller coins, making a total of $13,667,560. Assistant Treasurer Eyster said that there was no room left in the city where government money could be safely stored and that it was a great nuisance to have such enormous quantities on hand. The $11,000,000 now stored at the postoffice bring the figures up to $24,667,560, and in the mint in bullion and coin there is nearly $75,000,000 more. In one vault in the mint there is stored $40,000,000 in $5, $10 and $20 gold pieces.

Superintendent Fox, although admitting that there was an enormous amount of money in his custody, declined to give the exact figures. He said:

"I don't think it would be wise or safe for me to give out any official statement of the wealth stored here, especially at the present time when there is so much agitation going on. I'm not afraid of anarchists exactly but still it would be impolitic to let the public know of all the money stored here."

GUARDING THE TREASURE.

It is only a few days ago that a Gatling gun arrived at the mint to help guard the great treasure within. Besides there are two big racks full of loaded carbines and a dozen men, well-armed, stalk up and down through the building all night long, and on the exterior watchmen pace up and down in the side yards. Down at the sub-treasury half a dozen watchmen guard the millions that are stored there, and at the postoffice Superintendent Fox has stationed six men. Three of them are on duty at night, and they go about in gum shoes armed to the teeth. The other three men guard the treasure in the day time. Superintendent Fox has had the room in the postoffice in which the vaults are located walled up with heavy timbers, which have been painted white, and he says it would be a hard job for anyone to get at the silver stored there.

Pocket-Money for Wives.

Marian Harland says: "If I were asked, 'What is the most prolific and general source of heart-burnings, contention, harsh judgment, and secret unhappiness among respectable married people who keep up the show even to themselves of reciprocal affections?' my answer would not halt for an instant. It has been ready for thirty years. It is the crying need of a right mutual understanding with respect to the ownership of the family income." If cases like the following, told in the *Evening Record*, are of frequent occurrence, Marion Harland is probably right:

The New York Woman's Club Sorosis has been discussing the question, whether or not a wife ought to receive regular pay for her services as housekeeper. Women who have to implore their husbands regularly for money for current house expenses will be interested in the outcome of debate. A country lady tells the following story, which seems to prove that the meanest man has been found at last:

"One day I was shopping in our village store. A nervous, hesitant little woman who was buying a few things, with her husband at her elbow ready to pay for them, so that she might not even touch 'his' money, turned shyly to her liege lord and said:

"'There's one thing I must have that I didn't put down on the list. I forgot it.'

"'Forgot it. Umph!' growled the old man; 'what is it?'

"'A paper of pins.'

"'Another paper of pins! Well, I swan! Where's the paper I bought for you last summer?'"

This story is absolutely true.

Let the Boys Help.

Why is it that boys are allowed to sit around a house doing nothing, while their overworked mother is struggling against nature and fate to do about half the work waiting for her hands? Only the other day we saw three large, able-bodied boys lounging about the house, not knowing what to do with themselves, while their mother, tired and pale, was trying to do all the work for a large family and company alone. Not a boy's work to help about the house? Why not? Is there anything about washing dishes that will injure him, or which he cannot learn to do well?—or about making beds, or sweeping, or setting the table, or washing, or ironing, or cooking a plain meal of victuals? On the contrary, there is much to benefit him in such work, the most important of which is the idea that it isn't manly to let the "weaker vessel" carry all the burdens when it is possible for strong young hands to help. Most boys would gladly help in the house if they were asked to do so and were taught how to do the work properly. Many a smart boy wants to help his tired mother, but doesn't know how beyond bringing in the wood and shoveling a path through the snow. That done, she tells him to go and play while she plods wearily along. Not a boy's work! For shame! It is a positive harm to a boy's moral character to allow him to think it right to be idle while his mother is staggering under her burdens. Let the boys help, and those who can't get help "for love or money," as they often write us, will see their troubles disappear.

THE daughter of a fisherman down the coast had a tiff with her lover because she would not allow him to name his new boat for her. "Why do you stand out agin it?" asked her father. "Well," queried the girl, "do you think it such a great compliment to hear every few weeks that Matildy Slocum's in the dock to be scraped, Matildy Slocum's up for repairs, or Matildy Slocum's this and that? If you do, I don't, and that's got to settle it!"

THE bath that a young man does not object to have laid on him — eyelash of a pretty woman.

A TOUCHING DEATH SCENE.

The Impression of a Dying Mother's Last Words.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately: Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside the death bed, the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church.

"I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirits and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done.

"She succeeded: she sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to consciousness, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"'You have been a good mother to us!'

"Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said that before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone."

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment of all that has been given them. Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay him the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.—*Youth's Companion.*

How to Make Love.

First catch your lover. Hold him when you have him. Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along. Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life. Unless you intend to support him find out whether he earns enough to support you. Don't make up your mind that he is an angel. Don't palm yourself off on him as one either. Don't let him spend his money on buying presents, let him keep his money till after marriage; he will need it. If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may get rid of her to oblige you, or get rid of you to oblige her, as he thinks best. If you object to secret societies and tobacco, it is better to come out with your objections now than to reserve them for curtain lectures hereafter. Be very sure it is the man you are in love with and not the clothes he wears. Fortune and fashion are both so fickle it is foolish to take a stylish suit of clothes for the better or the worse. If you have a love letter to write don't copy it out of a "Letter Writer." If your young man ever happened to consult the same book he would know your sentiments were borrowed. Don't marry a man to oblige any third person in existence. It is your right to suit yourself in the matter. But remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice from one whose advice is worth having may insure you a lifetime of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that when the right man comes along you may see him. When you do see him you will recognize him, and the recognition will be mutual. If you have no fault to find with him personally, financially, conscientiously, socially, morally, politically, religiously or any other way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to—Believe him; Hope in him; Love him; Marry him!

Looking for Green.

A traveler for a wholesale Detroit house was waiting in the depot at Pontiac the other day when a stranger approached him and asked:

"Isn't your name Green, of Grand Rapids?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! beg your pardon. I never saw him, but expected him here to meet me. Green is going to travel with a circus this year, and was to give me $25 to post him on some new catches."

"So you've got something new?" queried the Detroiter.

"Yes, a few things. There is one little trick I gave to a drummer a few weeks ago, and he's made $75 on it already."

"Maybe you'd be kind enough to give it away to me? I'm one of the boys, you know!"

"Certainly. The trick is to tell the date of any coin a man may have in his pocket without your looking at it."

"But you can't do that."

"Oh, yes, I can. Have you got any coins in your pockets?"

"Yes; twenty of them."

"Well, I can write down the date of each and every one of them."

"Say, I'll bet you $10 you can't!" exclaimed the drummer.

"Done!" said the other, as he pulled out a bill.

A very respectable looking man was standing by, and the money was placed in his hands.

"Now," said the sharper, "you turn your face to the wall and fold your arms. I will write down the date and, we will compare them."

At the end of three minutes he had twenty dates and they put the coins on the seat to make a comparison. The man had bit only two dates out of the lot.

"I'll take that tenner," said the Detroiter, as he rose up and looked around.

But he never did. The stakeholder had slid out, and the man with the trick was a bigger chap than he cared to tackle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Congressional Musicians.

Among the members of congress, Senator Hawley is the best known singer. He has a fine baritone, which he uses to excellent advantage. The senator's repertoire is quite extensive, but his favorites are some quaint old drinking songs, and in their rendition he is well nigh inimitable. Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, is a basso, and a good singer he is too. His favorite is "Old Kentucky Home." Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is another singer of congressional renown. His voice is baritone, and he sings a number of selections very nicely. Not a great while ago he sang his favorite, "A Hundred Years ago," in his committee room, to a company of friends, and they do say it was a magnificent performance. Brown, of Pennsylvania, has the best tenor in congress, and it has been thoroughly cultivated. It is a high, fine and sweet voice. Mr. Brown is quite fond of the higher order of music, although he sings some plaintive ballads in a manner that would do credit to a professional. Hanback, of Kansas, is another tenor. His voice is not as finely cultivated as Brown's, but it is powerful and sonorous. He would make a good chorus singer in a comic opera were it not for his bald head. Hanback likes the serio-comic songs of the day. He belongs to the Elks and is a regular attendant upon their meetings. He can give a grand reception as well as sing a song. Sometimes his selections are of the patriotic order and sometimes they partake of the comic, but he seldom sings anything sentimental. There are quite a number of singers in congress, enough in fact to furnish choruses for seven opera companies, but the gentlemen mentioned are those who have achieved reputations on account of their musical gifts and attainments.—*Boston Traveller.*

He Forgot to Pull His Moon In.

The literalness of children has to plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, six years old, who noticed, one winter morning after sunrise, the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother with:

"Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on our Father who art in heaven!"

"Why, Tom, what do you mean?" said the mother, in a rebuking tone, greatly shocked.

"He forgot to pull his moon in," cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.—*Christian Ob.*

They Always Bite.

A good-looking, well-behaved stranger had been stopping at a country town in this State for three or four days, when one day, as a dozen men were hanging around the hotel doors, a humble youth with white eyebrows and lowered head passed along, leading a calf. Both traveled as if it were an every day thing, but no one thought of this until afterwards.

"Boy!" called the stranger from the hotel steps, "what do you ask for that calf?"

"Won't sell him."

"How much does he weigh?"

"Nigh upon 160 pounds."

"It can't be. Gentlemen, I'd like to wager that I can come nearer that calf's weight than any of you."

A dozen citizens got up and walked around the calf and squinted their eyes and mentally estimated. Then a sort of pool was formed to scoop the stranger, and $25 was contributed. There were eleven guesses to his one, and they ranged from 147 to 158 pounds. He guessed 158½, and when the animal was placed on the scales the stranger was only two ounces short. As he raked in the pot and the boy and the calf passed on, a man drove up in a buggy and called out:

"This 'ere game has been played all over the county, and it's time to move on somebody! Where's the villain?"

"Here I am," answered the stranger.

"I arrest you! Get into the buggy."

His satchel was ready and he got in, and it was a whole day before the villagers found out that the man with the buggy was a confederate employed to do that very thing.—*Free Press.*

Bachelor and Marrying Presidents.

James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland were the only two bachelor presidents, and if the latter marries Miss Folsom this year it will leave the Pennsylvania president alone in the celibate list of chief magistrates. Four presidents were widowers at their inauguration—Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren and Arthur. Sixteen were married when they went into the White House. One alone, President John Tyler, married while holding the executive title.

President Tyler's first wife was Letitia Christian, daughter of Robert Christian, of New Kent county Virginia. Miss Christian was a noted eastern Virginia belle, and when her husband became president assumed the White House duties. Her health was feeble at the time, and she died there in September, 1842.

President Tyler remained a widower but a short time, paying the Johnsonian compliment, to his first spouse by soon selecting another, Miss Juliet Gardiner of New York. She was the daughter of the wealthy gentleman who owned Gardiner's Island, familiar to many naval people as near the roadstead in east Long Island where the naval practice squadron, with the Annapolis cadets, spends much of its summer cruising and exercising. Although Mr. Tyler was the first president—and so far the only one—to marry in the high office, the ceremony was not performed in the White House, but at the Church of the Ascension in New York, June, 1844. After the wedding a grand reception was given in the Executive Mansion.

Mistakes of Life.

Somebody, says an exchange, has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: "It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to mould all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything."

He Fired Up.

He had been courting a West End girl for a long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me."

"Speak, darling; what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

The sequel is stated in the preface.

The Small Boy and the Chief Justice.

Among other traditions of the Government printing office at Washington is a story told about a boy sent with some proof slips of an important decision to Chief Justice Taney. He appeared at the office of the chief justice and asked him:

"Is Taney in?"

"I presume," was the dignified reply, "you wish to see the Chief Justice of the United States."

"I don't care a cuss about him; I've got some proofs for Taney."

"I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"You're Taney, aren't you?"

"I am not, fellow; I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"Then the proofs are not for you." And the unceremonious messenger would have gone off with them if the judge had not admitted himself to be Taney simply.

Before Marriage.

"How much is that sealskin sacque?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that all? Haven't you anything finer? I want to make a present to a young lady."

"Nothing."

"All right. I'll take it."

AFTER MARRIAGE.

"How much is that a yard?"

"Three dollars."

"Nothing cheaper?"

"Yes; here is something for seventy-five cents."

"Well, I only want it for my wife. You may give me five yards of that seventy-five-cent cloth."

"DID he pop the question last night!" eagerly asked the mother, as the daughter came down late for breakfast. "No, not quite." "What did he say?" "Why, he squeezed my hand twice and said that I'd make some man an excellent wife if the fellow had sense enough to take me so far that you couldn't visit me more than once in twenty years."

A COUNTRY MINISTER who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," he said to the groom, who was nervous and excited, as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye on that crack in the wall, and try and look more pleasant."

"MADAM," said a young lady to her preceptress at boarding-school, "Mr. Bellfair has come to take me out to drive. May I go, madam?" "You know, miss, that our rules do not allow it, unless you are engaged. Are you engaged to Bellfair?" "N—no; not exactly; but if you let me go, I shall be by the time we get back."

"YES, sir," yelled the socialistic agitator, "I am the workingman's friend." "Oh, go 'long, you haven't done an honest day's work in two years," said a real workingman. "Of course I haven't. That's just where I show my friendship for the workingman. I keep my hands off so he can have the job."

IF the wives and mothers who labor from early morn until midnight, with little time in the twenty-four hours they can call their own, were to strike for eight hours a day, what would become of their lords and masters?

IN a ball room: Mrs. Brazen—"Ah, Dr. Pillsbury, I see you are looking at my new dress. It is very low-necked, I know; but really what do you think of it?" "Pneumonia, madam, pneumonia!"

"DOCTOR," said a despairing patient to his physician. "I am in a dreadful position! I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you would better roost," was the reply.

THE geese don't go north during the warm weather; some go down to the seaside and live in a 7x9 dry-goods box and pay the keeper thereof three dollars per day for the privilege.

NOTHING recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE longest tunnel in the world is being constructed between New York and Croton Lake. Its length will be thirty-one miles, and it is estimated to cost $60,000,000.

A LADY who lost a pet canary bird by death was inconsolable until somebody suggested that she have it stuffed and put on her bonnet. She is now as happy as ever.