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The Kent News:

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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

Vol. 47. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886. No. 4.

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
ODD PANTS - - from 25c. up
In Worsteds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Diagonals, &c.
Children's Shirt Waists, - - 25 cts. up.

KILT SUITS - from $2 up
NORFOLK SUITS - from $2.50 up
PLEATED SUITS - from $3 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.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

We Are Now Ready For You!

TO COME AND INSPECT OUR

New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods

IN ALL OF THE LATEST STYLES.

BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Shoes for Ladies, Children, Men and Boys of every description, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Large Stock of Buggy Whips, Complete Line of Drugs and Patent Medicine.

PAINTS! We can sell you Masury Ready Mixed Paints, or Masury Colored Lead, the Best Paint Made! PAINTS!

All those who anticipate painting will do well to come and see me or write before buying elsewhere. You can find me in the New Town Hall in Still Pond.

May 15. Resp'y, GEO. H. CLARK.

Patronize Home Trade!

WHY GO TO THE CITY

WHEN YOU CAN BUY

CLOTHING AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES!

—AT THE—

Still Pond CLOTHING HOUSE, New Town Hall Building.

Just Opened a Complete Line of Spring and Summer Clothing of all the Latest Styles.

Complete Line of Gent's FURNISHING GOODS, Paragon Pantaloon Overalls, Warranted not to Rip. FULL LINE OF STRAW HATS!

LOUIS LAMBORN, Clothier,

May 15. STILL POND TOWN HALL.

Everything in Season!

—AT THE—

HARDWARE STORE.

Eureka Field Mowers, one of the best in the market: Mitchell Two-Horse Farm Wagons, Iron Age Cultivator, cheaper than ever; Binder Twine, at lowest prices; Remington and Oliver Chilled Plows.

Window Screens, Door Screens, Whitewash Brushes, Cucumber Pumps, Barbed Wire, Lawn Mowers, Fence Cups, Rock Salt, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Grass and Brier Scythes, Grass Sickles, Grindstones, Sheep Shears, Hedge Knives, Chain Traces, Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Halters, Horse Yokes, Nails, Bolts, Screws, Hinges, Locks, Saws, Chisels, Hammers, Hatchets, Tacks, Axes, Braces, Bitts.

FARM BELLS, &c., COOK STOVES and RANGES, *COAL OIL STOVES, 2, 3 and 4 BURNERS.*

Call and examine my Stock and you will be convinced that prices are low to compete with hard times.

JOSEPH S. CLARK,

May 15. One of the Still Pond Town Hall Stores

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.

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

HARRY E. COOPER, Worton Station, Kent Co., Md.

my13-3m.

THE DAVIS SWING Cchurn for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

apr27-tf.

STRAW HATS! STRAW HATS! Full line of fine and common grades at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

Livery and Feed Stables!

I have rented the stables belonging to HALL'S HOTEL. These Stables have been recently enlarged and put in thorough repair. I intend keeping

A First-Class Livery,

and will take Horses on Board by the day, week or month at reasonable rates. My Stables on Cannon street will also be maintained in connection with the above.

apr17-tf. C. H. DAVIS.

MATTINGS.—Just received a large stock, which we offer at lowest prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

STANDARD MANILLA BINDER TWINE for sale. Taking orders now. W. A. WHEATLEY.

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.

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.

fe27. J. LLOYD McFEELY.

WANTED:

20,000 BUS. CORN,

—AND—

20,000 Bus. WHEAT

—FOR—

MAY DELIVERY.

E. T. COMEGYS,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Agent for The WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

BRANDYWINE MILLS,

ap24. Wilmington, Del.

Monuments, 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 Slabs, 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, UNDERTAKER.

Feb. 27, 1886.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Everything to be Sold for the CASH ONLY!

THEREFORE EVERYTHING TO BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE!

BORDLEY BROS.

Have purchased for their Spring Trade the Handsomest Line of CLOTHING ever offered to the public, and are selling it at such prices as to defy competition.

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

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

Our MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARMENT is complete in every particular. We have over One Thousand New Samples from which you can select a suit MADE TO ORDER and we GUARATEE TO FIT YOU OR NO SALE.

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

BORDLEY BROS.,

March 27, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CHAS. H. MOORE'S

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS!

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MARBLE, GRANITE, BLUE STONE,

Iron Railings, MARBLE Posts, GALVANIZED Tubing, &c.

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

BARKMAN'S

Never Failing Liniment,

FOR MAN AND BEAST,

FOR THE RELIEF OF

Rheumatism, Vomiting, Mumps, Bruises, Cramps, Sore Throat, Frosted Feet, Burns, Cuts, Sprains, Colic, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. Toothache, Sea Sickness, Swellings, Dysentery, Headache, Insect Stings, Old Sores, Cholera.

IT NEVER FAILS IF USED AS DIRECTED

It is perfectly innocent, and can be used externally and internally by the oldest person or youngest child.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

DEPOT: No. 380 East Fayette Street, Baltimore, Maryland

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BARKMAN'S BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS! For Purifying the Blood and restoring a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. Eradicating all Pimples and Blotches from the Face and Skin in general, consequently giving a clear healthy and smooth appearance to the complexion. The judicious use will prove a sure cure for Indigestion, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Pains in the Back and Limbs, and all other kindred disorders arising from the Stomach and Liver. After taking a few doses of the Pills the Liver, Skin and Kidneys are enabled to perform their functions in a vigorous and healthy manner, and the above symptoms will disappear, as they are caused by diseases of the Liver. je20-y.

W. P. PATTERSON

RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF

Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns

RIFLES, REVOLVERS,

AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.

168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

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	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,*
4 to 5 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 4 per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 55 per ct. Bone Phos.	*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 (95 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.

A Fragment.

What if, while I sit here alone,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low, sweet tone
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from memory's sway,
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went tripping down the stair.

Or, if, upon some summer day,
Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And, starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain I shall not see the glow
Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
That you are near me all the while.
For I so loved you in that range
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and count it strange
To think God held us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly o'er the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And waking, be in heaven with you.

—JEAN INGELOW.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

By an Ex-Confederate Soldier.

A few days before the battle of Stone River, I was ordered by General Bragg, then at Murfreesboro, to proceed to Nashville and secure information in regard to Rosecrans' intentions. This information was supposed to be in the hands of certain people in the city friendly to the Confederate cause, and I had but to call on them and receive it.

About half a mile from the Union pickets lived a farmer who supplied a milk route in the city. He was thoroughly rebel, and after an hour's conversation I fixed it with him that I was to drive his rig into the city, using his pass, deliver milk to regular customers, and then send the outfit back by a person he named. I paid him $20 in gold for this exchange, and left his home an hour before daylight. He loaned me the coat and hat he usually wore, and I had no fear of being halted by the pickets. When I reached the outpost I was challenged for my pass. I handed it over, but it was hardly looked at, the officer saying:

"Oh, it's you, eh! Well, I shan't object if you fill my canteen."

He handed it up and I filled it. I saw him looking over me with sharp eyes, and noted especially that he fastened his eye on a finger-ring of peculiar make which I had stupidly forgotten to remove. However, nothing further was said and I drove on. I was stopped twice before entering the city, but the pass took me through, and I entered upon the work of delivering milk soon after daylight.

I was not only perfectly at home in the city, but the milkman had carefully located each customer for me. Some of the servants looked curiously at me as they came out, but others gave no heed, and I got through with the work in a couple of hours without any feelings of uneasiness. I left the horse at the place agreed upon, notified the party who was to return it, and then set off, satchel in hand, to hunt up a certain person I had been recommended to stop with.

The people whom I came to see could not be approached until after dark, and although the city was a beehive of hustle and excitement I did not want to take any chances by exposing myself. While making for the haven mentioned I stopped for a moment to make a small purchase at a store. I was waiting for my change when I heard a soldier say to a citizen at the door:

"Have you seen a man wearing a black slouch hat, a brown coat, and having a satchel in his hand, pass here?"

"Seems as I did. Who wants him?"

"I do."

"Oh! you belong to the provost guard."

"Yes; we suspect the fellow is a spy."

"Well, I think he passed here not five minutes ago, going towards the market house."

The young man behind the counter was looking me square in the eyes. He knew I was the man wanted. Presently he said, speaking in low tones:

"My friend, you had better go out by the back door! You will surely be shot if they catch you!"

I bowed my thanks and bolted for the alley. I got safely out on the street, and had traveled three blocks when I heard a yell behind me and saw three cavalrymen coming. Right at hand was a house with a basement and the basement-door was open. I dashed into the place, shut and locked the door, and boldly struck out for up stairs. There was no one in sight on the first floor, and I ascended to the second. There was now a great noise in the street, and men were pounding on the doors. As I reached the upper hall a woman came out of a bedroom.

"Who are you?" she demanded, not seeming to be in the least alarmed.

"A rebel spy! I am just from Gen. Bragg."

"And the men below are after you?"

"Yes."

"Go in there. You will find clothing. Change as speedily as possibly. You are my brother George from Illinois."

While she went down stairs I pushed into the bedroom. There was a closet full of male attire, and I wasn't over three minutes in making an exchange. In place of a coat I put on a morning gown, clapped a smoking-cap on my head, and when I had thrust my feet into a pair of slippers I disposed of my old clothes by thrusting them up the fire-place chimney. There was a loaded pipe on the mantel. I lighted and marched down into the hall, just as the woman came up stairs at the head of a half-dozen Federals.

"What is it, Lucy?" I asked in a voice not too anxious.

"These men are after some one and they say he came in here."

"We were at his heels when he entered the basement and locked the door on us," said the sergeant in command.

"What a bold fellow; and you think he is in the house?"

"I know it."

"Well, let us make thorough search. Sister Lucy, where is the cook?"

"Gone to market."

"Ah! The man may have secreted himself in the lower part of the house. Come on."

I headed the soldiers in their search and, as may be imagined, it was a useless one. We looked into every place where a man might have concealed himself, and the sergeant finally became discouraged and observed:

"It is possible he went out by the back door."

"I thought so from the first," I replied, "but I wanted to be satisfied."

Opening the back basement door, and showing him a yard with the alley-gate open, I continued:

"The man doubtless passed out that way, and is now two miles away."

"I ought to be a kicked for a fool," he growled. "Well, I am very much obliged to you, and hope you will excuse this interruption."

"Who is the man you are after?"

"A spy from Bragg's headquarters, or we so suspect. He came in with a milk wagon."

The soldiers presently departed and the woman said to me:

"You can select a suit from the closet and make yourself at home for the day. When night comes you will know where to go."

That night I got the information that had been sent for. It came from people who expressed the confidence in their knowledge derived unconsciously from members of Rosecrans' staff, and settled the date of his movement toward Stone River. Three days later I was back at Murfreesboro, and the news I brought made almost a complete change in the position of Bragg's line.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Crooked Tree.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy object of some kind direction and culture! The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate and train in a right direction.

There is some appropriateness in speaking of a lady's bonnet as "just killing," in these days. It is chiefly made up of dead birds.

The Drummer Talked Too Much.

An ambitious young commercial tourist living in one of the cities on the middle Hudson became acquainted with a young lady attending a well-known seminary, whose father is an influential citizen of one of the Washington county towns, and is reputed to have a solid bank account. Having progressed in his acquaintance with the young lady so far as to seek and receive an invitation to visit her at her home during her school vacation, he essayed to risk the danger that might attend his reception at the paternal domicile. Having enjoyed the fastest trotters and the nattiest turnout of the village liveryman our tourist set out.

The ride was about six miles, and after he had journeyed about half that distance he overtook a pedestrian and inquired if he was on the right road to Mr. Smith's farmhouse? Receiving an affirmative reply, the drummer asked the farmer to ride. The latter got in the buggy, and as soon as he was seated the young man pulled out his flask and asked his new-made friend to imbibe. It was declined, and the proffered cigar elicited the response that he neither drank liquor nor smoked nor chewed tobacco. To this the sharp young man avowed his belief that there wasn't a man but what was addicted to some vices. Meeting with no contradiction on this topic, he inquired of the stranger if he knew Mr. Smith and his standing in the community.

"Yes," replied he, "I know him very well, and I think he is quite fair with his townsmen."

"He's well hooked up, ain't he?"

"Well, he owns one of the best farms in the county and prides himself on his stock."

"He has a daughter?"

"Yes, three of them."

"Well, I mean the one that is at school in —? I have met her and am invited by her to call and spend the evening."

"Ah, is that so? She is an excellent girl."

"Well, she is clear mashed on me and I intend to do my level best to marry her and get a share of the old man's money to set me up in business. Don't you think that a bright business idea?"

"Well, as I said, she is a good girl, and one that loves her father dearly. You could not obtain her hand without the father's consent."

"I'll see about that. I'd give more to obtain the daughter's than the old man's consent," replied the impetuous but undiscerning fellow.

At this moment they were approaching a stately farmhouse, and as they reached its front the farmer said: "I live here, and will get out, if you please."

The commercial man gently halted the trotters and, as the old gentleman reached the ground, he said to him: "Now, how much further is it to Mr. Smith's?"

"I am Mr. Smith, sir," replied the farmer, sternly, "and you can drive on, for I will not permit you to stop on my premises."

Something About Breathing.

"Mouth-breathing," said a distinguished physician, "is a curious affliction. It is more common than is supposed; occurs in infancy, at manhood, and at middle age, and causes a good deal of suffering; yet it is a strange thing that the people in general do not seem to pay any attention to this affliction when occurring in their own families, in spite of the manner in which it distorts the face, until some actual disease sets in and medical aid is necessary. Even the physicians do not seem to reflect that this trouble may cause any one of a large number of diseases affecting the system in general. Why, you can tell one of these mouth-breathers anywhere the moment you see him. From disease of the nose, his lips are retracted, his mouth is continually open, his gums recede, and his teeth protrude, particulary those in the upper jaw, the flesh that forms the lower part of the nostrils is shrunken, the openings of the nostrils are diminished in size, there are wrinkles at the outer edge of the eyes, and deep lines run from the nostrils to the angles of the mouth. These all give the person either an expression of idiocy, silliness or suffering. But the principal thing is the necessity of parents and nurses watching children when they fall asleep, and preventing them from breathing with their mouths open. In grown persons, diseases of the nose and throat may lead to mouth-breathing and the resulting distortions of the features; but it is the other way with children. They should be taught to use the mouth for eating and speaking only; and, if they fall asleep with their mouths open the lips should be gently pressed together. Thus, many constitutional diseases, such as spinal trouble, pigeon breast, and perhaps even rickets, may be avoided, not to speak of affections of the throat and nose."

It seems that medical men are not the only ones who have studied more or less carefully the habit of mouth-breathing. George Catlin, the portrayer of American Indian life and customs, claimed in one of his works that it was a known fact that a man can inhale mephitic air through the nose for a certain time in the bottom of a well without harm; but, if he opens his mouth to answer a question or call for help, his lungs are closed, and he expires. Catlin says:

"I have seen a poor Indian woman in the wilderness lowering her baby from her breast and pressing its lips together as it falls to sleep."

Among two million people, he found that deafness, dumbness, spinal curvature, and deaths from teething and diseases of the respiratory passages were almost unknown. He attributes this exemption from these ailments, so very common in civilized life, solely to the habit of breathing through the nose.

Daring Deed of an Oil-Well Shooter.

Dell Bankson, an oil-well shooter, went to the new Kane oil field, near Olean, N. Y., one day recently, to torpedo the Craig & Cappen well, which had just reached the sand. He had lowered a shell containing twenty quarts of nitro-glycerine to the depth of 100 feet in the well, when he discovered that the well was about to make a flow. He knew that the force of the oil would carry the torpedo out at the top, and if it were thrown upward with the flow it would fall back to the ground and explode. In either case Bankson knew that certain destruction awaited him and the property of his employers unless the torpedo could be secured. With remarkable presence of mind, he placed himself at the mouth of the well, and as the shell shot up on the flow of oil, he threw his arms about it and held it.

Even then undue haste and lack of judgment might have proved fatal, but Bankson held the torpedo until the spurt of oil had ceased before he removed it from the well, although he knew that only a few seconds would elapse before the oil would be followed by a volume of gas and a mass of rocks from the depths. The instant the oil ceased he lifted the shell from the well and walked carefully and steadily away, carrying the torpedo in his arms. He had scarcely turned his back when the gas and rocks came out of the well with a roar and a rush. When all was over Bankson replaced the torpedo in the well, lowered it to the bottom and finished his work. When the owners of the well heard of the wonderful nerve and judgment displayed by Bankson, they at once presented him with a check for $100. Bankson's conduct is said by old well shooters to be the most courageous in the history of nitro-glycerine operations in the oil regions—work that necessitates the exercise of constant vigilance, cool judgment, and steady nerves on the part of the operator.

Not in the Commandments.

The other noon as a Michigan avenue grocer was carefully sorting over a lot of apples to hide the soft spots from the public, a man with a pencil in one hand and a piece of paper in the other hurriedly entered and said:

"Say! you know that old saying about a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush?"

"Yes."

"Well, whereabouts in the scriptures is it? A feller down here wants to bet me it is Genesis, and I'm dead certain it's in Luke. Say! help me out and I'll whack up with you."

"Well, now," slowly answered the grocer, "I've read it a hundred times, but just where it is I can't say."

"Try and think."

He puckered his mouth, drew down his left eye and carefully passed an apple from one hand to the other, but he couldn't get there.

"I know it isn't in the ten commandments," he mused, "but I'll be hanged if I can locate it."

Sassafras bushes put in the chicken house will free it from chicken lice, and green elder bushes will destroy cockroaches. Try these simple remedies, and they will be found very effective.

A Guardsman in Petticoats.

"It was a cold day towards the end of the autumn of 1879," said a Russian officer one day in conversation, "that I, Alexis Pietneff, sub-lieutenant of the regiment of the Chevaliers Gardes de l'Imperatrice, placed myself in the hands of the well-known St. Petersburg coiffeur Deleuri and dolefully ordered him to shave off my mustache, the cherished object of so much care and attention. Alas! there was no help for it. I had been unfortunate enough to lose a wager to my pretty but mischievous little cousin, Vera O——, who had taken the very mean advantage thereof to extort from me the promise to have my photograph taken in female costume.

"In the space of two minutes my mustache, which had taken so many long, weary years to grow, was gone, and Deleuri was arranging my hair in a most elaborate coiffure, which he finally finished off by pinning on my head an enormous Rubens hat trimmed with a yellow bird with its beak wide open. I had on a most elaborate black silk carriage dress with a velvet mantle, and had it not been for my tall stature and ungainly movements I could have passed myself off as a by no means ill-looking young lady. Deleuri and my servant then helped me down stairs and across the pavement to my carriage, in which I was driven rapidly off to the court photographer, Levitsky, sitting as far back in the vehicle as possible so as not to be seen.

"In far too short a time I had arrived at my destination, the chasseur had handed me out of the carriage, and, my deep blushes hidden by the veil, I began slowly to ascend the staircase leading to the photographic atelier on the second story. Suddenly, when about one-quarter of the way up, I heard a door open on the first floor landing, and looking up to my horror beheld the Czar coming down stairs buttoning his long military cloak over his uniform. Being only 19 years of age at the time, I did what many older men would have done in my place; that is I completely lost my presence of mind. Instead of remaining where I was and courteseying as he passed, I drew myself up as erect as if on parade, with my right hand brought up to the side of my hat in true military salute. The Emperor, considerably surprised at this behavior on the part of such a well dressed young lady, came down the stairs, stopped short in front of me, stared at me for about half a minute from head to foot, and finally exclaimed: 'What does this mean? Who are you?' 'Alexis Pietneff, sub-lieutenant of the Chevaliers Gards de l'Imperatrice, sir,' I replied in fear and trembling. 'And what may be the meaning of this masquerade?' he inquired severely. 'May it please your Majesty, I have lost a wager to my cousin, Vera O——, and have been called upon to pay the forfeit by having myself photographed in ladies' dress.' Before I finished, the frown on the Czar's face had given way to that ever memorable and winning smile which those who have seen can never forget. 'Well, go and have yourself photographed in accordance with your promise, and afterwards go to the general commanding your regiment dressed as you are, and tell him I ordered you to report yourself to him.' With that he went down stairs, leaving me convinced that my military career was ruined forever.

"I hardly knew how I got through the sitting for my portrait, which, however, Levitsky pronounced very successful; but an hour later I rang the bell at the door of Gen. Baron P——'s house. The orderly who answered the door inquired politely: 'What name shall I announce, miss?' and was consideratly staggered when I angrily exclaimed: 'Why, you fool, don't you know me? Announce Lieutenant Alexis Pietneff.' The man stared at me a minute, and then, stuffing his handkerchief in his ugly mouth to prevent his screaming with laughter, went into the general's library and announced me.

"I heard the general reply: 'Tell M. Pietneff to come right along in.' As I entered the room the general, without looking up, bade me take a seat until he had finished a letter he was writing. I sat for about five minutes; at length he threw down his pen and raised his eyes. Starting up he exclaimed: 'I beg ten thousand pardons, madam, for keeping you waiting, but I had understood one of my servants to say that one of my officers was here to see me.' There was no help for it, so standing up again erect as on the staircase at the photographer's an hour previously, I brought my right hand up to the side of my hat in military salute and said: 'Excellency, I am Sub-Lieutenant Alexis Pietneff of your regiment. For the sake of a wager I had to go and be photographed in this costume, and on my way I met his majesty, who ordered me to come and report to you dressed as I was.' O, ——!' shouted the dear old general, who was very fat and apoplectic. 'What! the Emperor saw you? The Emperor! Why, the boy is lost!' and almost choking he fell back in his arm chair, gasping: 'Water! water!'

"Seeing the old man in danger of a fit I yelled for assistance, tore down the bell-rope and attempted to unbutton the collar of his uniform. Among the persons who rushed into the room in answer to my calls for help was the general's wife, who, seeing her husband half insensible in the arms of another woman, as she thought, was seized with a violent fit of jealousy. Catching hold of me in no gentle manner and apostrophizing me as 'a shameless minx,' and with other equally polite epithets, she attempted to pull me away. 'Why I am not a she, baroness; I am a he,' exclaimed I almost crying with vexation. At these words the baroness stared at me for a minute, recognized me, and then, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation, fell into an utterly uncontrollable fit of laughter. The general recovered after a few minutes, and having ordered me to remain under arrest in his dining room until his return, he buckled on his sword and went off to the winter palace.

"Meanwhile, thanks to the indiscretion of the orderly, the story of my adventure had spread like wild-fire through the barracks, and within a quarter of an hour, every one of my brother officers was in the dining room convulsed with laughter, in which I could not help joining. At last, after about two hours, during which time I had been made to waltz or polka with each of them in turn, the general returned and informed me in his usual kind manner that the Emperor had taken the whole matter good naturedly. His Majesty had ordered that I was to remain under arrest for two days for appearing in public without my sword, and that as soon as the photographer was ready I was to go to the palace and present a copy to the Emperor in person. When a few days later I reported myself to his Majesty, he chaffed me in the kindest manner about my appearance in petticoats, and was pleased to express his high approval of the portrait, which he made a point of keeping."

Aversion to Manual Labor.

The practice of educating boys for the professions, which are already overstocked, or for the mercantile business, in which statistics show ninety-nine in a hundred fail of success, is fearfully on the increase in this country. Americans are annually becoming more and more averse to manual labor, and to get a living by one's wits even at the cost of independence and self-respect, and a fearful wear and tear of conscience, is the ambition of our young men. The result is that the mechanical professions are becoming a monopoly of foreigners, and the ownership of the finest farms, even in New England, is passing from Americans to Germans or Irishmen. Fifty years ago a father was not ashamed to put his children to the plow, or to a mechanical trade; but now they are "too feeble" for bodily labor. It seems never to occur to their foolish parents that moderate manual labor, in the pure and bracing air of the country, is just what these lads need, and that to send them to the crowded and unhealthy city is to send them to their graves. Let them follow the plow, or swing the sledge, or shove the foreplane, and their nerves will be invigorated with their muscles, and when they have cast off their jackets, instead of being thin, pale, vapid cucumbs, they shall have spread out to the size and configuration of men. A lawyer's office, a counting-room, or a grocery, is about the last place to which a sickly youth should ever be sent.

Rare Old Birds.

When the first discoverers of the Mascarene Islands investigated that locality they found among other strange animals a number of huge birds without wings, that, however, were remarkable for their power of running. One was a rail that stood a foot higher than the tallest man, being over seven feet in height.

Many centuries ago when man lived in caves, there lived a gigantic bird called Gastornis, of a great goose-like form, that towered aloft thirteen or fourteen feet.

A huge goose called by naturalists Cremiornis has left its remains in caves and various deposits.

Among the other curious birds of Mauritius was the giant of the pigeons, a bird as large as a swan, an immense pigeon with fluffy, curly feathers, but incapable of flight. When Mauritius was discovered in the sixteenth century this bird was common.

The Moas were huge impressive creatures, the largest being over thirteen feet in height, with rudimentary or no wings; its legs appeared more like great columns of support than organs for locomotion, and the bones themselves were much larger than those of an ox.

About the locality where the city of Rheims now stands, the remains of this great wader and swimmer have been found in the caves mixed in among the bones of the animals, as the great mammoth and cave bear.

A queer dinner is one given to a girl who is to come out the next winter. The table is decorated with smilax and green leaves; all the names are inscribed on green ribbons, which extend from the centre of the table, radiating to each guest, with the name of the person to whom it is addressed written in gold on the ribbon.