Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

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

Professional Cards.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. THOMAS H. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. EDWARD A. SCOTT,

A graduate of the University of Maryland, and with a practice of twelve months in hospital attached thereto, having located in Galena, offers his professional services to the public. He will be found at his new office when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

INTERESTING CARD
—FROM—
Dr. PHELPS

People demand GOOD DENTISTRY at REASONABLE CHARGE without PAIN. I can meet the demand. Some think false teeth cannot be fitted over old roots. I do it with great satisfaction to my patients.

Thanks to an appreciative public for my increasing practice. I am trying to merit it.
j22-tapr30. W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.

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

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

COMMISSION CARDS.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.

CREW & LOANE,
GRAIN AND GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29-tf. BALTIMORE, MD.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
[SUCCESSORS TO WRIGHT & SPARKS.]
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers' and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette Streets.
Jan. 29, 1887.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock,
AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchant
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Prices Guaranteed. d18.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
(Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,)
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT

WM. H. RUTTER,
WITH
EMORY & NEAVITT,
General Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, SEEDS, HAY, FRUIT, LIVE STOCK.
Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE:—Citizens' National Bank.
je12-y. Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers,

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
—GENERAL—
Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.

Mr. Berry has an experience of fourteen years and Mr. Stewart four years as salesmen of different kinds of produce in the Baltimore market. Shippers contemplating changing their commission merchants this season will do well to give us a trial. We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday. Oftener if desired.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also, The People's Bank, of Balto.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.

G. W. C. SHUSTER
—WITH—
GROVES & WINPENNY
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Stock, Grain and all kinds of Fruits,
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.
114 Light Street, - - Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE BY PERMISSION:
Jno. W. Loud, J. F. Beck, Jno. Brice, J. C. Loud, J. A. Groves, E. B. Jones, James Shuster, G. H. Watts—all of Kent county. m27.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

WE ARE NOW
OFFERING SOME
Astonishing Bargains
In the following Line of Goods.
Call and examine them and you will see that we can
Save You Money

Black Cashmeres at 75 cts.	formerly	$1.00
" " 55 "	"	75c.
Black Silks at $1.00	"	1.25
" " 75 cts.	"	1.00
Silk Fringes at 60 "	"	1.00
" " 50 "	"	75c.
" " 35 "	"	50c.
Floor Oil Cloths at 32 "	"	40c.
" " 40 "	"	48c.
" " 30 "	"	50c.
" " 48 "	"	60c.

BOYS', MISSES and CHILDREN'S
SHOES!

Boys' English Ties $1.75, formerly $2.25.
Boys' Heavy English Ties 60c., formerly $1.00.
Boys' B. Calf Balmoral Shoes at $1.40, formerly $1.75.
Children's Buttoned Pebbled at 75c. formerly $1.00.
Kid Top Pebble Fox Heeled at $1.50, formerly $2.00.
Children's Kid Spring Heel Buttoned at 50 cents, formerly $1.00
Children's Lasting Kid Fox Boots at $1.00, formerly $1.25.
Misses' Lasting Kid Fox Buttoned Boots at $1.00, formerly $1.50.
Misses' Lasting Lace at 75 cents, formerly $1.50.
Misses' Pebbled Goat Buttoned at $1.40, formerly $1.60.
Misses' Pebbled Goat Buttoned at $1.75, formerly $2.25.
Misses' Lace Morocco at $1.00, formerly $1.50.
Children's Lace Morocco at 75 cts., formerly $1.50.
Ladies' Lasting Kid Fox at $2.00, formerly $2.75.

Hamburg Edging Very Cheap!
And a discount of 10 per cent. on all lots of Edging amounting to $1 and over.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Jan. 29, 1887.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HIRAM M. HUBBARD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of August, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1887.

JOHN W. HUBBARD,
Feb. 5, 1887—4t. Executor.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland, Feb. 1st, 1887.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Mrs. Johnanna Coleman, late of Kent County, deceased, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of April, next;—Provided, a copy of this order be printed in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 1st day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

W. S. WALKER,
W. A. HYLAND,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.
Feb. 1, 1887—4t.

Tax Notices.

SECOND DISTRICT TAX-PAYERS.

For the convenience of the tax-payers of the SECOND DISTRICT I will be at the following places on the days named until further notice:

At Chestertown - - on Tuesdays.
" Still Pond - - on Thursdays.
" Kennedyville - - on Saturdays.

Prompt settlements are earnestly requested.
j1-tf. JOHN P. HENDRICKSON, Coll.

TAX-PAYERS TAKE NOTICE.

I cannot wait any longer for taxes due. Those having levies are demanding their money and I must from necessity collect in order to meet those demands. Therefore all who fail to pay their taxes for the past year (1886) may expect shortly to see their property advertised.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday and at Stanley's every Saturday, until further notice.

M. M. RASIN,
ja29 tf. Collector Third District.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that all levies are due and payable on the first of January and they will see the necessity of making payment on or before that day.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 11 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,
Dec. 11-tf. Collector 4th District.

The Nursery and Child's Hospital
Corner Franklin and Schroeder Sts.,

Is now open for the reception of patients, either medical or surgical. A number of first-class private rooms have been arranged for the accommodation of patients coming from a distance, who may be accompanied by an attendant. Contagious and incurable cases will not be received. Rooms and board from $5 to $15 per week. Apply at the institution. ja9-1m.

Can't Sleep Nights is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles, sold on a positive guarantee at 10c., 50c.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

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

PUBLIC SALE OF
Valuable Property
AT FAIRLEE.

BY VIRTUE of the powers contained in two separate mortgages from James Kendall and wife to the Chester Loan Association of Kent county, a body corporate, one dated February 15, 1881, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 1, Folio 610, &c., the other mortgage dated April 5, 1882, and recorded among the aforesaid Land Records in Liber S. B., No. 3, Folio 99, &c., the undersigned as Attorney for the said Association will offer at Public Sale at the Court House door in Chestertown,

On TUESDAY, Feb. 15th, 1887,

at three o'clock P. M.,

ALL that LOT of LAND

situate in the village of Fairlee.

Containi'g Three Acres

more or less, and comprising nearly the whole of the triangular piece of land in the centre of the said village.

THE IMPROVEMENTS CONSIST OF
TWO
Dwelling Houses,

one of them nearly new and commodious, the other in very good repair.

ALSO,

Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shops.

The property is well located and offers superior inducements to persons desiring to engage in the manufacturing business.

A plot of the land will be exhibited on the day or sale, showing the quantity of ground attached to each building.

TERMS OF SALE:

The terms of Sale are cash on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof at the option of the Attorney, with bond and approved security, the purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale.

MARION DEK. SMITH,
Attorney named in the Mortgage.

The above property is to be sold at my request and I hope it may bring its full value.

A. M. KENDALL,
Jan. 22, 1887—ts. FAIRLEE.

STOCK FOR SALE!

In order to reduce my Stock I will sell
5 GOOD HORSES,
3 good for farm purposes, 2 good drivers.
Also, TEN HEAD OF YOUNG CATTLE.
Terms made to suit purchasers.
j29-3t* I. R. LEAVERTON.

OUR MATCHLESS
Mark Down Sale
is now in full operation. Such an opportunity to get Strictly FIRST-CLASS
CLOTHING
For Men, Boys and Children
at such incredibly LOW FIGURES has not occurred in Fifteen Years. Everything MUST BE SOLD, cost what it may. Don't delay, as goods are being eagerly purchased by shrewd buyers. For the Greatest Bargains of our times visit or write to
ACME HALL,
New No. 17 E. Baltimore St. near Charles.

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE
HOG CHOLERA!
LIEBERMAN'S
Hog Cholera Remedy
WILL POSITIVELY *CURE* AND *PREVENT* HOG CHOLERA!

IT is not a new remedy, but has been tried and experimented with for two years and found that if used when the hogs are first attacked that it will cure the Diseased Hogs and prevent the contagion from spreading to the others in the same pen.

SYMPTOMS OF HOG CHOLERA:

It is essentially a malarial fever. The animal however fierce and obstinate formerly is found more gentle and tractable; it shows decided signs of fever, elevated temperature alternating with cold shivers; the ears are more or less loped; hindquarters weak and the hog shows a strong tendency to lie down on the least provocation and hide in the litter, rising only when wanting to drink; no appetite but great thirst. It often stands drawn together, with arched back and tucked-up abdomen. Its gait is staggering and its grunt weak. Its cough is weak and has a 'peculiar' hollow sound, not easy to describe. It breathes hard, with pumping flanks and soon loses flesh. The skin is harsh and scaly and soon becomes discolored with purplish patches around the snout, between the forelegs and inside the things.

PRICE 50 CENTS, BY MAIL 75 CENTS.
Correspondence solicited.
Telephone Call 86. N. LIEBERMAN,
Feb. 5, 1887. MELITOTA, MD.

FREIGHTING!

The subscriber has secured a FIRST-CLASS VESSEL and is prepared to do ALL KINDS of Freighting on the most reasonable terms. He will also give the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for good, dry grain. Also, grain received in granary and receipt given for same.

JAMES SHUSTER,
Nov. 20-tf. BUCK NECK.

FOR the best 5c. CIGAR in town buy the "Peachy Cigar," at J. L. McFEELY'S.

THE finest assortment of PIPES in town, from 1c. to $3, is at J. L. McFEELY'S.

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

By Helen Forest Graves.

"My first day at the store!" said Carry Wallingford, with a curious thrill through her, as if an ice cold stream were trickling down the line of her spinal column. "Oh, I wish I were a rich girl, and didn't have to work!"

"Work is honorable, my child," said old Uncle Wolsey, who with his spectacles on his nose was trying to spell through the illegible paragraphs of the daily paper, muttering to himself that "either they didn't print as good as they used to; or else his old eyesight was failing."

"Yes, I know," fluttered Carry, "but — but I'm very willing that someone else should have the honor this time."

Uncle Wolsey turned his glasses with mild reproach upon his niece's pink-and-white balsam of a face.

"I wish I could be as brave as you, Uncle Wolsey!" said Carry, as she tied the crimson strings of her little capote under her chin.

Old Wolsey Wallingford has sheltered his little pet lamb by his heart-fold all her lifetime until now. He was a jeweler by trade, and he had kept his unpretending store open as long as possible. But the tide of fashion went by and left him stranded on the unfrequented side street, where the sign of the tarnished silver watch attracted no further attention.

And one day, when he had set all day in the window with his magnifying glass, working at some impossible old timepiece whose owner had died and never called for it, the twilight crept darkly over his eyesight and his heart. He laid down his tools.

"All day long," said he, "and never a customer! Well-a-day it is time for the old man to shut up his store at last."

He went out and put up the wooden shutters with a heart that was heavier than they, and from that time thenceforward the wooden imitation of the silver watch swung no longer over the door.

Uncle Wolsey had been conquered in life's battle, and had laid down his arms, and now it was that Carry reluctantly threw herself into the breach.

How could she let the dear old man starve? And Mr. Pickrell's fancy and dry goods store on Sixth avenue was really a creditable establishment, and Mrs. Pickrell herself had promised, from the severe heights of the cashier's desk, to "keep an eye" upon old Mr. Wallingford's niece and if her services proved desirable there was no sort of doubt that her salary would be increased in time.

So Carry buttoned up her sack, drew on her neat lisle-thread gloves and took the little basket in which, wrapped in a napkin, was packed her lunch of apple-pie and cheese, and went forth to meet her new career, little reckoning how brief it was to be.

At first it was not very pleasant. The store was small and stuffy, with gorgeous piles of cretonne and chintz at the door, and festoons of laces, silk handkerchiefs and colored jerseys flapping against the heads of the girls behind the counter, of whom there were three besides Carry — bold, high-voiced damsels, who wore their hair down over the bridge of their noses and giggled incessantly.

Customers came and went, change was made and paper parcels expeditiously wrapped up.

Mr. Pickrell walked the floor with his hands in his pockets, ordered away small girls whose noses were flattened too persistently against the windows outside, and smiled beamingly on old ladies who stopped to examine the quality of the chintzes and flannel suitings.

Mrs. Pickrell reprimanded the young women with the bandaged hair for giggling too loud when there were customers in the store, and called to Carry to "mind what she was about" when a box of ribbons fell off the counter upon the floor.

Carry grew weary, her head began to ache, and she wondered how long it would be before "shutting-up time."

At last a tall, brown-faced young man came in, wearing a foreign-looking coat trimmed with fur, and somewhat bearing in his aspect the indescribable stamp of belonging to some other country.

One of the bandaged-haired nymphs was eating her lunch; the second had rushed up the street to get change for a ten-dollar bill and the third was engaged in matching an impossible shade of ribbon for a young lady who was determined not to be pleased with anything.

"Carry!" shrilly signalled Mrs. Pickrell.

And our heroine advanced gallantly to the rescue.

"What can I show you?" she asked, timidly, of the new customer.

"Silk, please," said the young man.

And when Carry perceived that he was considerably more embarrassed than herself, she took courage.

"What color?" said she.

"I don't know," answered the customer—"that is I haven't quite made up my mind. Perhaps you could suggest—"

"What is it for?" Carry asked, with mild toleration of his evident bewilderment, and at the same time she could not but perceive that he was very handsome, with wavy black hair and liquid eyes, long lashes, and very pleasant to look upon.

"For a dress."

"A dress? But is it for a young lady or an old one?"

"I don't know," acknowledged the gentleman—"young—that is, not old. She can't be over forty. To tell you the truth" and he smiled in spite of himself, "I've never seen the lady. She is a cousin of mine and I want to make her a present."

"Yes, I understand," said Carry. "Is it to be black or colored?"

"What would you advise?" said the stranger, blindly clutching at Carry's feminine counsel, as a shipwrecked mariner may be expected to cling to a floating spar.

"Black would perhaps be more suitable, seeing that you don't know the lady's age or complexion," remarked Carry.

"But blue and pink are such pretty colors!" pleaded the dark-haired young man, looking longingly at the piles of lustrous fabric on the shelves.

"Yes," said Carry, growing interested; "but they are only suitable for a very few occasions, while black is always appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wore black silk?"

"Young ladies do, also," very calmly asserted Carry.

"If you were selecting a dress," said the stranger, in desperation, "which color would you choose?"

"I would choose seal-brown," said Carry, after a second or two of deliberation.

"Eh! should you? Show me seal-brown then, please," said the customer. "It's a little grave perhaps" — surveying the shining folds, "but it's pretty, yes, it's very pretty! How many yards does it take now for a dress?"

"I should think," said Carry, after a second interval of reflection, "that fifteen yards might answer if it was economically cut."

"I don't know anything about economy," said the young man; "I want good allowance."

"Then I should recommend eighteen yards," advised Carry.

"Cut me off eighteen yards," said the gentleman, promptly; "and put in the linings and trimmings and all that sort of thing, please—you'll know what I need, better than I do myself. And I say—"

"Sir?" said Carry, as he hesitated.

"Have you anything that would make a nice present for an old gentleman, do you think?"

"A silk neck muffler?" suggested Carry, her eyes running across the shelves of the store, "or a pair of fur-lined gloves."

"Capital!" said the customer. "Put both in the parcel."

"Thank you, sir," said Carry. "Where shall we send them?"

"Nowhere," answered the customer. "I'll take them along myself, and then I shall be sure there's no mistake; I'm a thousand times obliged to you, miss."

"Not in the least," said Carry, with dignity.

So the dark-eyed stranger with the fur-trimmed coat departed, and Mrs. Pickrell praised the young shop-girl for the good sale she had just made.

"You'll be a valuable hand in time," said she. "It isn't often we get to see a patron like that. Folks mostly go on Broadway for their expensive dresses," she added with a sigh.

Carry was very tired when she came home in the frosty October dusk. The store did not close until ten, but the girls took turns, two by two, to stay after sunset, and Carry's turn fortunately did not come until the next night.

When she reached home Uncle Wolsey had the lamp lighted and the kettle boiling for tea, and was slicing off some canned corned-beef, and "minding" the toast before the fire at the same time.

It looked cheery and pleasant. Carry drew a long sigh of relief.

"How nice it is to be at home, Uncle Wolsey!" she cried. "Do let me make that toast! It hasn't been such a bad day, after all. And Mrs. Pickrell says I've made the best sale she has had for a week. Such a handsome young man, Uncle Wolsey! and he treated me as if I were a princess instead of a working girl, and—"

"Stop, stop!" said Uncle Wolsey, pausing with the knife still in his hand. I've had a good-looking young man here too, Carry.—Needn't think you've got a monopoly of the article. What do you think of your poor mother's cousin from the seal fur fisheries in Alaska? And what do you think of his bringing these things here as a present for you and me—eh?"

Uncle Wolsey laid down the knife, and carefully dusting his hands on the roller-towel, drew forth from the bureau-drawer a seal-brown silk dress pattern and a pair of fur-lined gloves, wrapped around with a spotted-silk neck muffler.

"Why, Uncle Wolsey—" almost shrieked Carry.

"What's the matter?" said the old man.—Ain't they pretty? "Oughtn't I to have taken them?"

"It's the very man," said Carry, "I sold them to him this afternoon."

"Hey?" said Uncle Wolsey.

"At the store," said Carrie. "Oh Uncle Wolsey! And is he really my cousin? I am so glad."

"Glad of what?" retorted a strong, cheery voice, and in came the mysterious stranger himself. "Why, I declare," he cried, "if there isn't the same little girl who sold me the things to-day."

"Glad that you are my cousin," said Carry, with a mischievous smile and a low courtesy. "Because— because I thought you were very pleasant and kind—"

"And I thought—," said the stranger. "But no, I won't tell you what I thought. How do you do cousin!"

"I am so glad you chose the seal-brown silk," demurely observed Carry. "What should I have done with a blue or a pink silk?"

"It would have looked very well on you," he said, meditatively, eying her; "blue would have matched your eyes, pink your cheeks."

"Just my sentiments," chuckled Uncle Wolsey. "Come young folks—come; tea is ready and the toast is getting cold."

Not until the visitor had taken his leave did Uncle Wolsey, smoking his pipe before the fire, impart to Carry an additional piece of news.

"What d'ye suppose Mr. Lennox told me he came down to the States for, Carry?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Carry, very innocently.

"To get him a wife!" said Uncle Wolsey.

"Oh!" said Carry, shading her face from the fire. "I am sure I hope he will be successful!"

The three banged-hair young maidens at Pickrell's Emporium subscribed to buy a Bohemian glass cologne set for Carry Wallingford's wedding present; but they murmured much among themselves because this golden stratum of luck had not come to them.

"We're just as pretty as she," said they; "and much pretter some folks would say. And why couldn't the customer have fallen to our lot?"

There are some questions which Cupid alone can answer. And he, winged rogue, is obstinately silent.

Good Advice to a Son.

The Nashville *Union* publishes the fac-simile of the following letter, written by the venerable father of Tennessee's new governor, Hon. Robt. L. Taylor, and received by him on the day of his inauguration. It is worthy of reproduction, and is as follows:

HAPPY VALLEY, January 17, 1887.—Hon. R. L. Taylor.—My Dear Son: As you enter today on your official career as governor of Tennessee, I want to say a few things by way of encouragement and warning.

As a public officer your rules to a success or failure, just in proportion to your observance or non-observance of certain simple rules.

1. Learn all your duties.

2. Then promptly and fearlessly discharge them.

3. In every transaction be governed by the (1) requirements of the law, (2) by the demands of an enlightened conscience, (3) sanctioned by the exactions of the supreme divine code.

4. Let no temptation, however fascinating and attractive, however plausible, induce you to ignore the requirements of your self-respect, or to forget that the eye of God is always upon you, and that the recording angel unerringly journalizes our lives, and that the record will meet us on judgment and determine our eternal fate.

5. Let your promises be few and strictly performed.

6. Don't forget that the eyes of jealous rivals, false friends and open enemies—and their ears—are open to all you say and do—therefore think much and often and let your words be few and well-chosen.

7. In all questionable cases choose to say and do those things that are clearly right and never doubtful.

8. Remember and forget not that all the material treasures of this world cannot restore a bankrupt character or replace a ruined reputation.

9. Do right under all circumstances, even at the sacrifice of place, power and the prospect of wealth, and if it keep you poor to the end of life.

10. Place your hand in the hand of Jesus and beg his guidance and protection in every condition and contingency, and may the love and peace of God be with you always.

Affectionately your father,
N. G. TAYLOR.

Name Your Farm.

In discussing ways and means for inducing a greater love for their home on the part of farmers' children, naming the farm has been overlooked. There is this much in a name, that it is something tangible and our affections are apt to take a strong hold upon it. Famous students have written warmly of the power there is in names. It is a significant fact that the masses never grow enthusiastic about an abstract idea until it is personified, and personification includes a name.

There is another reason for naming the farm, more material and yet not less substantial and important. It makes the farm better known. It is easier to refer to it. It gives the farm honor. Many men find that the names of their farms have gone before their own names; and the farm with a name is always considered more important, somewhat better, than the farm without a name.

But it is not enough to name the farm simply. The name must be suggestive and appropriate, and withal pleasing to the ear. Nor should the name be high-sounding, or one taken from old classics, or from the turf or play. Let it be suggestive of the best or most pleasant feature of the home. Let the grove that gives so much pleasure, or the springs or streams near by, or the hill that affords such fine views, or the valley along which the land lies and in which the home nestles, be commemorated in the name. Then the name will surely be appropriate and suggestive; and it will bring to mind, quick as thought, that about the home which is best and most pleasant, around which all the other features are clustered.

THE new pension building in Washington will seat 11,307 men. What a ball for a national convention!

Rose Leaves.

Under the feet of the years,
Hidden from life and light,
With its burden of grief and tears,
The past has gone from my sight,
Leaving only a dream,
And a lonely grave by the sea,
And a song with love for a theme,
Set to a minor key.

Like one who gathers the leaves
Of a fragrant rose that is dead,
And sighs as he sadly grieves
At the life and beauty fled;
So I, from the buried past,
Call back in its bloom a rose,
And wonder if dreams that last
Are the best that man ever knows.

I have only a dream in my heart,
And a face that is now in my eyes!
Can a new love's smile impart
The love that never dies?
Can rose leaves withered and dried
Be stronger than flesh to hold
The love a new love would buy
With its coin of beauty's gold?

In my heart lives only a dream,
And the ghost of a past that is dead,
In mine eyes the living eyes gleam,
By fleeting desire fed,
But the withered leaves in my hand
Are sweet with the rose's breath,
And a voice from the shadow land
Is stronger than life or death.

[*William Douglass in Boston Transcript.*]

THE SMART GIRL.

There was once a tailor who had a beautiful daughter; all the young men from far and near came to visit her because of her beauty. Two rivals sought her one day and said:

"It is on your account that we have come hither."

"What do you want of me?" she replied, smiling.

"We love you," returned the two young men, "and each of us wishes to marry you."

The maiden being well brought up, called her father, who listened to the two lovers, and then said:

"It is late, go home now, but come again tomorrow; and you shall then know which of you may have my daughter."

At daybreak the next morning, the two young men returned. "Here we are!" they cried to the tailor; "remember what you promised yesterday."

"Wait a little," he replied; "I am going to town to buy a piece of cloth; when I return home with it, you shall learn what I shall expect from it."

When the tailor returned from town, he called his daughter, and on her appearance, he said to the young men:

"My children, there are two of you, and I have but one daughter. To whom shall I give her? Whom must I refuse? Behold this piece of cloth; I will cut from it two suits of clothes exactly alike; each one of you must sew one of them; he who finishes his task first shall have my daughter."

Each of the rivals took his task, and prepared to set about it; the father called his daughter and said to her:

"Here is the thread make it ready for the two workers."

The maiden obeyed her father, and taking the bundle of thread, seated herself near the young men.

But she was as clever as she was beautiful; though her father did not know which of the two she loved, nor the young men themselves, she knew well enough. The tailor went away, the maiden prepared the thread, the young men took their needles and began to sew. To the one she loved the beauty gave short needlefuls, but to the other she did not love she gave long needlefuls. They sewed and sewed, in eager haste; at 11 o'clock the work was not half done, but at 3 o'clock the young man who had short needlefuls had completed his task, while the other had much to do.

When the tailor returned the conquerer brought to him the completed suit, while his rival still sat sewing.

"My children," said the father, "I did not wish to favor one more than the other, that was why I divided the cloth into two equal parts, and told you: 'He who finished his task first shall have my daughter.' Did you understand me?"

"Father," replied the two young men, "we understood you, and accepted the test; what must be, must."

The tailor had reasoned thus: "He who finishes first will be the most skillful workman, and consequently better able to support a wife," but he never imagined that his daughter would give long needlefuls to the man she did not wish to marry. Cleverness carried the day, and the maiden really chose her own husband.—*Springfield Republican.*

From the New Dictionary.

Hens' Eggs.—A production of nature with which to compare the size of Western hailstones.

Billiard Balls.—Implements as similes used for the hairless heads of the men who occupy the front seats when a decollete ballet is on the stage.

A Successful Man.—One who by hard work and close economy, accumulates a million dollars, and dies, and leaves his money to a couple of spendthrift sons who "see more fun" in twelve months than the "old man" did in fifty years.

An American Beauty.—A woman whose alleged charms are unnoticed at home, and who doesn't achieve fame as a beauty until she goes abroad and secures an introduction to the Prince of Wales.

American Humor.—Any facetious remarks made about the mule, the mother-in-law, and the goat.

A Dead-Head.—The rural editor who gives ten dollars' worth of puffs for a fifty-cent circus ticket.

College Education.—A proficiency in boating, base-ball, and sometimes in other branches of learning.

A Society Man.—A youth who devotes more time to arranging his necktie than to cultivating his mind.

Charity Ball.—A scheme to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred thousand dollars for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few hundred dollars for the poor.

The Burglar Lost His Boots.

We wish to return our sincere thanks to the enterprising but misguided burglar who broke into our residence night before last, under the impression he was cracking the crib of the druggist who lives next door. He entered at the window and carefully removed his boots, setting them down on the floor. To this circumstance, and to the fact that we saw him come in, we are indebted for the first good pair of boots we have had in ten years. While he was ransacking the house we quietly slipped out of bed and exchanged our old boots for his, and then went back to bed and fell asleep. How long he was in the house we do not know, but the presumption is that when he went away he took the old boots. They have been missing ever since and there was nothing else to take.—*Idaho Paper.*

A Plague of Flies.

They are being eaten up by the flies in Lincolnshire just now, and a gentleman has found out where the fault is. In their short-sighted greed for honey these unprincipled traders have organized and carried out a vigorous campaign against the wasps who kill their bees. But the wasps also kill flies, and bee-keepers, by destroying them, are directly responsible for the Lincolnshire plague. As everybody is not fond of honey, and everybody objects to being indiscriminately crowed over, it is to be hoped that the bee-masters will reconsider their position. If they don't, the public will have to take the law an their own hands, and start an anti-bee league for the extermination of queen bees in the spring.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A YOUNG MAN escorted a young lady from the hall the other evening. As they were coming out he remarked by way of opening a conversation: "Do you like the weather so cold and raw?" She must have misunderstood him. "Yes," she said, "I like 'em raw, but," she continued, looking sweetly into his eyes, "don't you think they are a great deal nicer fried?" They took 'em fried.

A MAN never knows what genuine poverty is until he has to shave with soft soap.

STOLEN BY CUBAN BANDITS.

Sons of Rich Parents Held for a Ransom—Fear of a "Venganza."

A young Cuban was lately "secuestrado" by banditti, and afterward restored to his parents for 92 tentenes—nearly $500. It is quite common in the country in Cuba for young men and boys—usually the sons of rich parents—to be "secuestrado," which is being captured and held in concealment by banditti until such sums as they choose to demand of the parents be paid them. The sum exacted is more or less large, according to the reputed wealth of the parents. The "secustre" is sometimes done in the boldest, most positive but most polite manner, thus: The banditti find out—often through secret information furnished them by some person or persons living in the neighborhood of the coveted captive—what the movements of the family are and when to make the attack. The latter point settled, they ride up to the house, dismount, enter, salute the family in the most polite manner, and demand a certain sum of money or the son as hostage till the required sum be paid. Fault of money, which is generally the case, the son is carried off. The parents dare not refuse to let him go, for, unlike Sheridan "they are afraid," as on the least show of resistance politeness takes wings and disappears, and daggers and pistols without coffee appear on the scene.

When the prize is not captured in the highly-refined and civilized (?) manner, but is caught wandering by himself in some lonely spot, the parents are notified of the capture by receiving a note from the banditti—no doubt a B. L. M.—demanding money. This, in return, is sent at once; the son is returned to the happy bosom of his delighted family and no questions are asked.

The parents, considering themselves only too lucky in getting their child safely restored to them, dare not pursue the highway kidnappers or bring them to justice, even if they know their exact whereabouts, as they fear a "vengenza." This—a revenge—is, indeed, quite often serious. In some cases whole plantations, crops, houses and all perish by fire to gratify a venganza. In fact "venganzas" seemed to be feared to such an extent that many offences which would not be tolerated elsewhere are often unresented by individuals here.—*Cuba Corr. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

Tennessee's New Senator.

The Hon. W. B. Bate, who has been elected United States senator from Tennessee for six years, beginning on the fourth of March next, has had a remarkable career, and there is much of encouragement in it to the youth of the country. Born and reared in Sumner county, in that State, he was left an orphan at fourteen years of age, penniless, with nothing to rely on but his own strong arm and brave, intrepid spirit. When sixteen years of age he was employed on a Mississippi river steamboat in a very humble capacity. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he enlisted in a Louisiana regiment, and when his term of enlistment expired he joined Capt. Hatton's company of the Third Tennessee. He was soon made adjutant of the regiment. He served throughout the war, and the last flag captured in Mexico is now in his native State, a token of his youthful valor. Returning to his home in Gallatin, Tenn., he edited the county paper and studied law, and afterwards practiced his profession, and before the late civil war, by dint of hard struggle, he accumulated a handsome property. To accommodate friends ten times as wealthy as he was, he signed as security for thousands of dollars. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, and attained the rank of major-general. While in the field his property was confiscated, and, having been shot through three times and had four horses shot from under him, was again left, physically and financially, to his own resources, and went to Nashville penniless. There he had by 1862 made and paid over $30,000 of security money, his friends begging him in vain to take advantage of the bankrupt law. He was nominated by the democrats for governor in 1882 and elected, and was renominated and elected in 1884. It had been Mr. Bate's ambition for many years to hold a seat in the Senate. He came within one vote of defeating Andrew Johnson at his last election, which was as near to the Senate as, Johnson said, Bate would ever get. He was again one of the leading candidates in the protracted struggle of 1881, which terminated in Judge Jackson's election. Mr. Bate is an able lawyer and an eloquent speaker, and has in him the material for an excellent senator.

They Weren't Sandwiches.

Among the score of us who rushed into a railroad eating-house in Mississippi at the call of "twenty minutes for dinner," was a chap who had his mind up to say something unpleasant when he came to pay for his meal. He was growling when he went in, and he jawed all the time he was eating, and when he slouched up to the desk to pay his seventy-five cents, he broke out with:

"Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog."

"What sandwiches?"

"Why, them on the table."

"But we have no sandwiches on the table, sir," protested the landlord.

"You haven't! Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brick-bats on that blue platter."

"You didn't try to eat one of those?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then, my friend, you had better go for a doctor at once. Those are table ornaments, made of terra-cotta, and were placed there to fill up space. Land o' cats! but you must have lived in a cane-brake all your life!"

The traveler rushed into the car and began to suck at a brandy-flask, and he didn't get over looking pale for three hours.

Use of Dogs in Warfare.

The use of dogs in warfare is no new thing. As long ago as 1476 the battle of Grandison was fought and won largely by fighting dogs. The Spaniards employed them extensively in their brutal work in South America. Vasco Nunez took a regiment of dogs with him and in one combat alone they are reported to have strangled more than 2,000 Indians. Pizarro, assuredly one of the most ruthless warriors who ever led a Spanish army of the grim old tpye, naturally did not neglect such potent aid, and his dogs did much to win the battle of Caxamalca. So valiantly, indeed, did they comport themselves, that it was ordered from Madrid that henceforward the regiment of dogs should receive regular pay on the same footing as the human soldiers. History does not say who pocketed the money. Even our own "chivalrous" Henry III joined a contingent of 400 fighting dogs to the army he sent to aid Charles V in his wars with Francis I. The nations of antiquity of course set us the example in this as in a great many other things.

A Long Talk.

On a recent trip to Baltimore, Col. Peters, the purser of the Tred Avon, being pressed for staterooms, suggested to Mr. Hardican, of Oxford, that Daniel Harper, Esq., of Williamsburg, would room with him, and assured both that each was a gentlemen of high standing in his respective locality; the former of Talbot and the latter of Dorchester. To this proposition Mr. Hardican assented, and they proceeded to the stateroom, when Mr. Harper said: "The oldest man takes the lowest berth." To their surprise both were 74 years old, born in the same year, same month, same day, about the same hour of the day, and each is a ship carpenter by trade. After they had decided on the "birth" question and retired they talked all night and were still talking in the morning.

Beware of Draughts.

This is the time of year for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism, pneumonia, and kindred complaints. A little draught may produce either. A Spanish proverb runs as follows:

If cold winds reach you through a hole,
Go make your will and mind your soul.

THE recuperative qualities of the New South are again proven in the announcement that a Georgia man is "living pleasantly with his eighth wife."

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.

Riddleberger a Moral Wreck.

From a Washington Letter.

Senator Riddleberger has been on one protracted drunk ever since the assembling of Congress. He only puts in an appearance in the Senate chamber once or twice a week now, but when he appears the newspaper correspondents immediately flock into the gallery, saying, "Riddle's on it again, and will pitch into somebody." He entered the chamber yesterday and staggered to his seat. After a few moments he slowly raised his head, which had dropped upon his chest, and looked around for a victim. Call was then replying to some question put by George in the course of the debate on the Beck bill. Riddleberger rose to his feet in a shaky way, and then, steadying himself, began a torrent of drunken oratory leveled at Call. The presiding officer pounded with the gavel and Call elevated his voice to the highest pitch, but Riddleberger was bound to be heard. He finally got the floor and said to Call:

"I want (hic) ter ask you (hic) about States' rights (with a hic and a yell.) Tell me what you think about that?"

Call pleasantly replied that as soon as he answered George he would. But this did not suit Riddleberger. He did not intend, he said, that Call should escape from the dilemma in which he (Riddleberger) had placed him. He next wanted to hear from George on States' rights, and would, no doubt, have created a disturbance had not several Senators, by diplomatic means, got him out of the chamber.

Riddleberger is avoided and ignored by everybody save a few toadies who hang around him for drinks. In the Senate, except when it is necessary to keep him from bringing reproach upon that body by his misconduct, none of his associates notice him. He walks the streets alone. He has no associates or companions from the walks of life in which his official position would entitle him to be recognized. He is a social and political outcast, a moral wreck, and unless he changes his habits he will soon be a mental and physical wreck; for no human being can long drink whiskey as he does and survive. In the senate restaurant last week he took three drinks of straight whiskey in succession, not two minutes between drinks.

A City Court.

From the Spectator.

The proper place for courting,
By the story-book's reporting,
Is some lane or meadow-pathway out of sight of town,
With the sweetness blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover,
And the skylark dropping nestward as the sun goes down.

But I've met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's Alley,
And we've walked along together tow'rds the Dome of Paul's,
'Mid the jostling crowd that passes
'Neath the flaring lamps and gases,
And the shouting of the drivers, and the news-boys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally
Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower girl sells;
She has never seen one growing,
As it's easy to be showing,
For its birthplace is the Dreamland that's beyond the Bow-Bells.

Oh, it pains me in our walking—
All the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the glances bold!
But though evil things may touch her,
They can never hurt or smutch her,
For she turns the dirt to sweetness as a flower the mould.

Nay, it's not in country places,
'Mid the fields and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows;
It is here in London city,
In the sin and shame and pity;
For the pure heart draws its pureness from the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me,
I was like the men around me;
I was coarse and low and selfish as the beast that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.

Frederick Langbridge.

Damages from Barbed-Wire Fences.

Justice Magie, of the supreme court of New Jersey, has rendered a decision on the subject of barbed-wire fences which will be of general interest. The decision declares that, "No owner of a field has a right to erect any fence without taking into consideration the natural habits of the animals that are likely to be kept in the adjoining field, their habits in their playfulness, their dispositon to stray, even their disposition to break through, and that any fence which is likely, from the habits of the animals, to produce injury to them, is illegal, and the person erecting it is liable for the damage it does."—(Polak vs. Hudson.)

This decision has stirred up the barbed-wire manufacturers, and they will endeavor to have it set aside by a higher court.

Where the Good Citizens Come From.

The country boy or girl is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm; he is taught from youth up the need of economy; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon or ballroom and he is not so much of a lady's man before he has occasion to use a razor on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude; he may not feel easy in company, but in the long, closely contested race of life it is the chap trudges to school barefooted in summer and in stogas in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, who leads the chap that goes to the city school with the starched shirt front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with a lawn mower at the barber shop.

A Fight to the Death.

An Alderney bull and a Norman stallion were boxed in a car at Depauw, Ind., a few days ago for shipment to Louisville, Ky. There was a strong partition between the animals. While the train was running near New Albany a brakeman heard a furious bellowing. He looked into the car where the bull and the stallion were and saw a strange sight. The angered animals had broken down the partition and were in the thick of a fight. No quarter was given. The bull's horns ripped the stallion's flanks; the stallion's iron-shod hoofs were giving sledge-hammer strokes. The bull fell dead from a kick between the eyes, and four hours later the horse died.

The Fair Sex in Turkey.

Girls arrive at the legal majority at 9 years of age, and are frequently married at 10. Children of 12 and 13 are often seen with babies of their own. They are old at 25. The old Turkish women have a hard lot of it. Beyond a respect for age which they contrive to inspire by tooth and nail among other wives younger than they, their lives are not happy. Still, they are provided for, and as long as a man lives he feeds his family, one and all alike.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

WHEN about half through dinner, Bobby said to Mr. Featherly: "Ma likes to have you here to dinner, Mr. Featherly." Featherly looked very much pleased, and was about to say something appropriate to the occasion, when Bobby continued: "Yes," he said; "she likes to have you here to dinner, because she says it does her good to see you eat."

SHE was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked: "Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir, his room is an octave higher—in the next flat," she replied, in a pianissimo andante tone of voice.

"Do you believe in female physicians?" "Yes, for ladies. When I called in Mrs. Dr. Pillsbury to see my wife she talked scandal about the neighbors till Clara was perfectly cured and in the best of spirits."