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:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

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

Kent News.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious, or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

Job-Printing.

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILLHEADS, &c., &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Professional Cards.

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

G. B. KRUSEN, STILL POND, MD. Clocks, Watches and Sewing Machines Cleaned and Repaired. feb5-3m.

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

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

REMOVAL. DR. C. P. GILPIN, has taken the dwelling-house on High Street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Caball. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

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.

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 Smauley'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.

Special Tax Notice.

I HAVE PLACED MY TAX BOOKS in the hands of HARRISON W. VICKERS, my attorney, for a PROMPT AND SPEEDY SETTLEMENT.

Persons owing taxes for '84 and '85 will settle at once with my attorney, who is fully authorized to make all settlements, and who will FORCE payment of delinquent taxes by legal process if this notice is not heeded. GEORGE S. BIDDLE, Dec. 25, 1886—tf. Late Collector.

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 thighs.

PRICE 50 CENTS, BY MAIL 75 CENTS. Correspondence solicited. Telephone Call 36. N. LIEBERMAN, Feb. 5, 1887. MELITOTA, MD.

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.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by C. F. STAM, Druggist.

FOR THE BEST WHITEWASH LIME call at J. D. BACCHUS' Coal and Woodyard. mh5-tf.

—OUR—

ORCHARD COMPOUND!

PREPARED FROM *Raw and Dissolved Animal Bone, Potash and Magnesia.*

I have aimed in the preparation of this Fertilizer to follow the best Scientific light known on the subject of Peach Culture and confidently recommend it to PEACH GROWERS.

"Chester Compound," A COMPLETE MANURE FOR ALL CROPS. None better on the market.

"The Improved Home," SPECIALLY FOR CORN, WELL AND FAVORABLY KNOWN.

Black Residuum In crude or in fine sifted condition, by ton or car load.

FOR SALE BY T. W. ELIASON, JR. March 12, 1887—2m.

COMMISSION CARDS.

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.

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.

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, B. F. Beck, Jno. Brice, J. C. Loud, J. A. Groves, E. B. Jones, James Shuster, G. H. Watts—all of Kent county. m27.

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.

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

R. A. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON. **J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO., Produce Commission** IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK. 328 North FRONT Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. feb2-y

CIGARS from 1c. to 15c. apiece at J. L. McFEELY'S.

HAMBURG EDGINGS. A Large Stock for sale j15. by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

EDWARD A. HARTMAN. NATHAN DUNBRACCO. **HARTMAN & DUNBRACCO, FURNITURE!** 222 W. BALTIMORE ST., near Howard St., Baltimore, Md. A Full Line of FURNITURE Low for Cash. March 19.

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:
5 to 6 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 3 1-2 per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 52 per cent. Bone Phosphate.	*32 to 36 per cent. Bone Phosphate*

It is no longer a question for the farmer to determine whether Fertilizers pay him or not; it but remains for him to determine the kind and quality which pay him best. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We sell it separate or will manipulate and mix it to order according to any formula which may be required. Our brands of ammoniated Bone Superphosphates we guarantee to be made of the best and purest materials, and which have stood successfully the test and competition of 40 years, we respectfully commend to farmers who are not governed in their purchases by the low prices regardless of the more important considerations of quality.

We have also a Carefully Prepared Fertilizer for Peach Trees, Corn and Oat Fertilizer, BIRD GUANO AND POTASH.

Pure Dissolved South Carolina Bone Phosphate, Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Agricultural Salts, Ground Plaster, and all Chemicals used for FERTILIZING PURPOSES.

SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED.

LOW PRICES FOR CASH. FREE ON BOARD IN BALTIMORE. All orders promptly attended to by addressing **FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,** CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND. March 12—7m.

PEACH GROWERS!

Keep Up with the Times! Fertilize Your Orchards!

TRADE MARK

To Do This:—

WE OFFER YOU OUR FRUIT GROWER, a goods that can only be gotten of us and one that has been used by over one hundred of the largest and best Peach Growers on the peninsula, with unrivaled success, for five seasons. The basis of this goods is O. B., a NATURAL GUANO introduced here after our Senior's return from the West Indies in '82 and is an article that runs as high in AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE as DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE. Yet this is available by decomposition, not one pound of Sulphuric Acid used in its manufacture, hence its superiority as a PEACH MANURE. Farmers have often been induced to try Natural Guanos by being shown how high it runs in Bone Phosphate but they do not notice that it is insoluble instead of available, the former being of no advantage whatever, hence they should always see that it is Available Bone Phosphate. We defy anybody to produce a Natural Guano that will run as high in Available Bone Phosphate as our O. B. For want of space we are unable to publish a vast amount of testimonials, but upon application will gladly mail a circular giving the strongest endorsements of gentlemen who have used it year after year.

—READ WHAT SOME OF THEM SAY:—

SENATOR W. T. HEPBRON, near Kennedyville, Kent county, says he used our Fruit Grower two seasons in connection with two high grade fertilizers. One cost him $16.00 and the other $11.00 more per ton and that he and his tenants could see a marked difference in favor of Fruit Grower—in trees as well as fruit.

MR. JOHN A. GROVES says that the four years' use of our Peach tree fertilizer has been entirely satisfactory, as he has used it extensively and in connection with almost everything.

MR. WM. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton, says in his orchard there were two spots of a half-acre each where the leaves had all twisted up and turned yellow, and that an application of Fruit Grower caused new foliage to come and it put his whole orchard in a flourishing condition.

E. J. WATSON, near Chestertown, says that he has used our Fruit Grower largely on both his young and old orchards and that it is the best Peach manure he ever tried.

MR. T. J. VICKERS, near Lankford, says that he has used our Fruit Grower for two years and that he has no hesitancy in endorsing it as it certainly excelled another article and that he is going to use it again.

MR. W. HARRISON NEWNAM, near Church Hill, says that he had an orchard that had borne a heavy crop of peaches and the weight was such that the bark on the upper side of limbs was cracked and part of the limbs in a decaying condition. Hearing of our Fruit Grower he dressed his orchard with it and he had an excellent crop of peaches. The change wrought in the trees was wonderful, being healthy and vigorous.

Just Think of it, You Can Dress Your Orchard for About $2.00 per Acre.

We have a superior lot on hand. Sample can be seen at our office, and we will be pleased to furnish it to the trade either from factory at Chestertown or warehouse in Baltimore.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD FERTILIZERS, Feb. 26-6m. Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

Our Peach Tree Guano

IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE PEACH TREE AND CONTAINS NO WASTE MATTER.

We have made the claim for some years that a PEACH TREE FERTILIZER should contain no acid, either in Dissolved Bone or South Carolina Rock, and we are better satisfied from last year's success that a High Grade Natural Guano supplies Available Bone Phosphate in better form, without the acid, than anything else. The base of our PEACH TREE GUANO is Highest Grade Natural Guano, and is as high as Bone Meal in Bone Phosphate of Lime, but costs less. We offer it at a LOWER PRICE than others ask you for a goods of less quality. Therefore do not pay a high price for your Peach Tree Guanos. Do not buy guanos containing acids, as many trees have been injured with it, but inquire our price for these goods; compare quality and cost with others, and we will sell you. We only offer a few testimonials, have plenty more but space is too small. Ask the gentlemen mentioned here what they think of our PEACH TREE GUANO:

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12, 1887. MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.—Gentlemen:—In the Spring of 1885 and the Spring of '86 I used your "Special Tree Guano" with very satisfactory results. My crop was nice both years. The summer of 1886 my crop was large and fine and what was very peculiar my peaches did not rot on the trees, which I attribute to your fertilizer. HENRY H. McVAY.

WORTON STATION, March 4, 1887. MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.—Gentlemen:—I used one ton of your "Peach Tree Guano" last Spring on our peach orchard with the most surprising results. The orchard is sixteen years old and, as the trees had not borne any peaches up to last year for over seven years, I advised Mr. Porter to let me cut it down, but we did not do so I am glad to say. We had a nice crop last year; the peaches were nicely colored and of fine size. We made three pickings from the trees; we counted the peaches in one basket and it contained only fifty-two peaches. I measured one. It was 10½ inches in circumference. The KENT NEWS contained an account of the basket containing the fifty-two. For a large number of our peaches we got one dollar per basket, and the baskets returned at the station. Another strange thing was: that the orchard kept its foliage longer and greener than any orchard I saw last fall. I certainly cannot help recommending your Peach Tree Phosphate, and advise all growers to use it. P. H. GEARS.

BETTERTON, MD., Jan. 12th, 1887. MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.,—Gentlemen:—We have used your "Special Peach Tree Guano" with wonderful success on old peach trees, and in our nursery, the most remarkable result was on our June budded trees; we gave them an application when we budded in June, and where we made the heaviest application our trees were over five feet high in the following October. Where we only used a small quantity the trees were about two and a-half feet high, an increase in size of one hundred per cent. We truly believe your "Peach Tree Guano" the best article made for peach trees, and the lowest priced; shall need more next spring. We will be pleased to answer any questions regarding its worth, and advise all nurserymen and peach growers to use it. Very respectfully, H. H. McVAY. J. T. VANDEGRIFT, Nurserymen.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW NAMES OF OTHER PURCHASERS:

SAMUEL VANNORT, ...Chestertown.	PORTER & GEARS, ...Worton.
THOMAS A. HULME, ...Fairlee.	JOSEPH PORTER, ... "
WM. T. BAKER, ...Edesville.	GUSTAVUS PORTER, ...Church Hill.
BENJAMIN F. BECK, ...Lankford.	and many others.
E. J. KENNARD, ...Lynch's.	

Last spring we offered **BLACK RESIDUUM** at the very low price of seven dollars per ton. Considering the prices asked by others, we think we desrve a share of your patronage this Spring. We ask the same price still. It will prevent corn from frenching, when applied in the hill, and will kill the worm and insect life around the peach tree.

C. W. KENNARD & CO., March 12, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

W. N. E. WICKES, —AGENT FOR— **Lister Brothers,** OFFER THEIR **Standard Phosphates:** AMMO. BONE PHOSPHATE, SUCCESS PHOSPHATE, U. S. PHOSPHATE, HARVEST QUEEN PHOSPHATE, GROUND RAW BONE, and various grades of Fertilizers prepared by the "Listers" for **Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Asparagus, &c.,** as well as mixtures for **PEACH AND OTHER FRUIT TREES.**

The quality of Listers' Goods have stood the test of many years, and will be sold as LOW and on as reasonable terms as is possible for goods of equal quality to be furnished.

Circulars descriptive of the various kinds of Phosphate at the store of WICKES & BRO., where orders left in my absence will receive prompt attention. March 19, 1887.

Now is the Time TO ENTER YOUR ORDERS —FOR— **Cypress Fencing** *WHITE PINE FENCING,* HEMLOCK FENCING.

To keep our establishment alive, we are bound to sell LUMBER, whether we make or not, and we **ALLOW NO ONE TO UNDERSELL US** in the same line of goods.

ESTIMATES gratuitously furnished. **JOSEPH TURNER,** Mar. 12, 1887. Scott's Point Lumber-Yard.

LOOK! READ!

An important fact that all Tobacco Chewers and Smokers should know: I HAVE THE
Largest Stock of TOBACCO in Town.
Largest Stock of CIGARS in Town.
Largest Stock of PIPES in Town.
Largest Stock of SMOKING TOBACCO.
Finest Line of MEERSCHAUM PIPES.
Meerschaum Smokers, Turkish Pipes, &c.

Many other things too numerous to mention, pertaining to a First-Class *Tobacco Store!* B. F. GRAVELEY'S Best Grade Chewing Tobacco is my leading brand. A call will convince any one of the above facts.

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S TOBACCO STORE. Wholesale and Retail. Special inducements offered to Merchants. Store opposite Bank and two doors below Stam's New Hall. Jan. 8, 1887.

Garden Seed! ANY THING YOU WANT IN THE SEED LINE. We will sell you one paper or a bushel of seed, and all Fresh and the Most Reliable kinds. **COLIN F. STAM,** Mar. 5, 1887. DRUGGIST.

COUGH SYRUP! —USE— **Pison's Consumption Cure.**

Blood Disease. USE CUTICURA m5. at **TOULSON'S.**

ONION SETS! May be planted now. We have a choice lot of SILVER SKINS which we are selling cheap. **STAM'S DRUG STORE.** Mar. 5, 1887.

Horse-Shoeing and Jobbing. The undersigned has taken the SHOP in Chestertown formerly occupied by Mr. Joshua Davis and will do Horse-Shoeing in the BEST MANNER and at short notice. Also, JOBBING of all kinds. Custom solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. j15-tf. A. J. HOPKINS.

TWO MEN IN A BAD FIX.

A GOOD PREACHER AND A JOVIAL BROKER GAIN NOTORIETY.

It is rarely that a new minister settling in even a small town makes such a decided sensation in the first month of his pastorate as did the reverend gentlemen who was recently called to take charge of the leading church in Southfield, New Jersey. Southfield is one of those towns on a good railroad, within a few miles of New York, where all the male inhabitants are in business in the city, and where all the wives and daughters are careful to explain to their friends that it is not an ordinary country town, you know, but a sort of suburb of New York, inhabited entirely by city people. When the pulpit of the leading church became vacant several months ago, it was thought that there would be no difficulty about finding a new minister to enjoy the $1,800 salary and the neatly-furnished parsonage. But, though there were many applicants, none of them suited, and at length a committee of the deacons were sent over into Pennsylvania to hear a clergyman who had been very highly recommended. Their report was so favorable that, after a little preliminary skirmishing, the Pennsylvanian became the new pastor in Southfield. This is the gentleman who has made such a sensation in the first month of his pastorate. He is a man of middle height and middle age, square of shoulder and clear and fair of complexion, with brown side-whiskers and wavy black hair, and wears invariably the regulation clerical costume of standing collar and white tie and black frock coat. His full name, not being necessary in the relation of this narrative, may be omitted to spare his feelings; but his first name is George. Among the lay residents of Southfield is a gentleman who is in business in Wall street. He is not exactly a broker, but he is engaged in a mysterious something that takes him down to the street every morning about 9 o'clock and keeps him there all day. His first name is also George and he has lived in Southfield for a number of years and become very popular there. He is not a regular attendant of the church in question, or indeed of any church, but distributes his presence around impartially, much as he does his good cigars. His sideboard is always stocked with good things, both solid and liquid, and none of the Southfield temperance societies have been able to induce him to sign the pledge. He is said, on the contrary, to be rather fond of a little gentle stimulant, and his favorite way of inviting a friend to join him is by crooking his elbow in a suggestive way and bringing his right hand up temptingly to his mouth. This financial gentleman is a man of middle height and middle age, square of shoulder and clear and fair of complexion, with brown side-whiskers and wavy black hair, and wears invariably the regulation clerical costume of standing collar and white tie and black frock coat. It may be observed that there are several points of similarity in the appearance of the two men.

The church organ is played by a man who is in business in New York, and who, though not much of a churchman, is a great lover of music and plays the organ for nothing, because he enjoys it. On his first Saturday evening in Southfield the new minister had some occasion to consult with the organist and went to his house and rang the bell. The organist, who was sitting before the grate in gown and slippers, went to the door himself and saw, as he supposed, his friend the broker waiting to come in.

"Hello, old man," he cried, seizing his visitor by the arm and dragging him forcibly into the hall without trouble; "you're just the right man in the right place. Mary's gone out and I've a new case of beer in the pantry, and we'll have a nice quiet time of it. I was wishing you'd drop in."

"Excuse me," said the minister, liberating his arm with some difficulty and drawing back with great dignity. "I am the new pastor of the church and I came to speak to the organist. Are you the organist?"

It was the most natural thing in the world that the organist should think the broker was trying to guy him.

"Organist!" he replied, "organist be hanged, I'm the Mahwab of Bengalee, just as much as you're a preacher. But you do have rather a clerical look, you pious old fraud, with that choker and white tie. Slip off that last year's coat and come in and warm yourself."

The clergyman was backing toward the door, but the organist seized him by the collar and dragged him into the parlor, where, under the brighter light, the mistake was discovered, and the tunes were arranged for next day's services. Whatever opinion of Southfield people the clergyman may have formed from this incident, it probably was not softened by another little thing that happened before he reached home. He was walking down the street on his way to the parsonage, and was in the brightest part of it, nearly in front of a dazzling saloon with theatrical pictures hanging in the windows, when his arm was seized again, this time by a man who had come in the opposite direction.

"Hello, George!" said this new man, "You're just in time;" and pointing toward the saloon and smiling convivially, he crooked his elbow and brought his right hand suggestively close to his mouth.

"Excuse me," said the minister, trying to get away; "Excuse me; I am not the man you take me for. I am a clergyman."

"A clergyman!" the other shouted, pulling him toward the saloon door; "a devil of a clergyman you are. Come in and let's take a little ball."

Fortunately for the minister he is a powerful man and he succeeded in pulling himself loose and making his escape, while his tormentor went in alone and drank his toddy in solitude. The following evening being Sunday evening, and the broker being left at home alone, he determined to go over to the Methodist church. He did not know, of course, that the new preacher in the other church had been introduced to the Methodist preacher, any more than he knew that the new clergyman was his exact physical counterpart. Being a stranger in the Methodist sanctuary, he modestly took a back seat near the door and prepared to be spiritually edified. When the Methodist preacher arose to read the opening hymn, and his quick eye spread itself over the house to see how many of the faithful were gathered together, it rested, as he thought, upon the new pastor of the other church. He instantly determined to show his respect and friendship by inviting him to a seat in the pulpit—a neighborly practice much in vogue among clergymen, particularly in the country. Accordingly, while the people were singing, the preacher descended the pulpit steps and walked down the aisle to where the broker sat, followed, of course, by every eye in the church.

"Good evening brother," he whispered, extending the clerical hand; I am very glad to see you with us. Come up and take a seat in the pulpit."

The brother, it happened, had shortly before contributed liberally toward putting a new coat of paint on the church, and it occurred to him in his surprise that this remarkable friendliness must be meant as a mark of gratitude. But he replied, in confusion:

"Thank you; I guess you had better excuse me this evening."

"By no means, brother, the Methodist persisted earnestly; "come and mingle your voice with ours in our evening worship. Come and make the prayer before the sermon."

The astonished broker by this time was blushing as a Wall-street man is seldom seen to blush He would have addressed a mass-meeting without a tremor, but a pulpit was full of terrors for him and he muttered something about not being prepared.

"You do not need any preparation," the hospitable Wesleyan urged; "perhaps you would prefer to make an address or read the Scriptures. Come up to the pulpit, at any rate, and let us show you that we are glad to have you here."

Surprise by this time was giving way to anger. The clergyman had his right hand behind the broker's left shoulder, and was exerting a gentle pressure to get him into the aisle. The broker pulled angrily away, and replied before he had time to think of what he was saying:

"No, I'm banged if I do."

The friendly clergyman suddenly withdrew his hand and straightened himself up with dignity in the aisle. Looking at the broker for a moment in a dazed sort of way, he made his way back to the pulpit. Only a few days after this the new clergyman had occasion to go down to New York to make some purchases, and on his way home late in the afternoon he entered the smoking-car of the train, being fond of a quiet smoke. There he found the usual assortment of gentlemen settling themselves down for a comfortable ride, some of them dividing into quartettes for whist. Looking about for a vacant seat, the new pastor was violently seized by the after part of his coat, while a strange voice shouted:

"Here, George, sit right down here; you will just make up our party!"

The clergyman, seeing at a glance that the party referred to was a whist party, and deeming it his duty to discountenance the use of cards, replied severely:

"I do not play cards, sir!"

Three or four gentlemen in the neighborhood, hearing, as they thought, the gay and festive broker make such an astonishing statement, set up a laugh; and some one behind him in the aisle gave him a violent shove, asking, derisively, "when did you reform old man?"

"Gentlemen," the clergyman expostulated, "you have evidently mistaken me for——"

"No we haven't, old tapes and ticker, we know you very well," somebody replied. And at the same moment another friend of the supposed broker slipped up behind him and gave him a friendly tap on the crown of his silk hat that drove it well down over his eyes. Despairing of making his fellow-passengers believe that he really was a clergyman and not the companion they took him for, and fearing further indignities, the minister made a hurried escape from the car, threw his cigar away and found a seat in another part of the train.

Perhaps the most embarrassing mistake for the clergyman that has yet grown out of the remarkable similarity of appearance, was when he was sauntering slowly down Southfield's principal business street just at dusk one evening, and a lady coming out of one of the dry goods stores went up to him and took his arm, saying:

"I guess I'll walk home with you, George, if you don't mind."

His first apprehension that he had been approached by a woman with whom it would not do for him to be seen in the street, was relieved when he saw that she was of undoubtedly respectable appearance. But he replied stiffly:

"I think you have made a mistake, madam!"

"Oh, no, I haven't, Georgie dear!" the lady replied, reaching up and giving his whiskers a playful little pull. "Don't be trying any of your practical jokes on me. Come right along home with me now, like a good little boy!"

The shocked minister tried to release himself from the lady's grasp, but she held on to his arm till they reached the next sidewalk, when she saw her mistake and confusedly explained that she had taken the clergyman, for her husband, the broker. This unfortunate incident led to fresh complications, for the lady as soon as she reached home insisted that her husband should change his clerical costume for one better suited to his profession, to avoid such awkward mistakes in the future, and in a few days he appeared in a dark brown coat, turnover collar and black tie. The clergyman's wife meanwhile had heard of her husband being approached in the street by a strange lady, and at a family council it was determined that the minister should slightly alter his style of dress, to distinguish him from the man who looked so startlingly like him. The interference of the wives of course made matters worse than ever. The clergyman came out in a dark brown coat, turnover collar and black tie, and when they appeared in their new suits even their wives could hardly have told the men apart. When one of the deacons on Monday invited the broker to bring his family over and take tea with him that evening, believing that he was talking to the new minister, the broker declared that he was one of the most miserable men in New Jersey. But the clergyman said the same thing when one of the Southfield sports, in a confidential whisper, wanted him to "drop in" that night and take a hand in a little poker game. Efforts are making by mutual friends to induce the two gentlemen to adopt modes of dress so widely different that no future accidents can happen; but meanwhile the two wives are in constant fear that their respective husbands may meet and become mixed up, in which case they have little hope of being able to sort them out.

The Largest Farm in the World.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and — miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm in Dakota into the shade completely.

"The 1,500,000 acres of our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States government. At that time it was vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of $50,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. We take a tract, say half a mile wide for instance, and place an engine on each side. The engines are portable and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement we are able to plow thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men.

"Our harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in a like manner; in fact, there is not a single draughthorse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of the cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estates, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an icehouse, a bank, a shipyard and a rice mill."—*St. Louis Republican.*

What Our Statesmen Drink.

The President and his official advisers are not a unit upon the drink question. Mr. Cleveland likes a glass of plebeian beer, but since his increasing stoutness has used it in very moderate quantities. He has no love for the stronger drinks; and confines himself almost exclusively to malt liquors. Mrs. Cleveland is a strict temperance woman, and does not drink even the light wines. Secretary Bayard likes red wines, and a glass of good old Burgundy is his delight. Secretary Manning, like the President, is fond of malt liquors, with an occasional glass of light wine. Secretary Whitney's wine is champagne. He sips all the regular drinks on the table, but invariably saves himself for the champagne. Whitney has grown remarkably stout within the last few months. Certainly no man in the cabinet has been so high a liver as he. Secretary Endicott treats his aristocratic stomach with a choice selection of old and rare wines. He is a connoisseur, and his judgment is probably second only to that of Justice Gray, of the Supreme Court, and Senator Hale, both of whom are experts. Both of these gentlemen, however, paled before President Arthur, of whom a celebrated wine merchant said: "He is the finest judge of Madeiras in the country, and his opinion upon other wines is almost as good." Secretary Lamar hasn't any particular liquor. He does not linger over the wine cup, neither does Postmaster-General Vilas, but neither will shy a glass of rare vintage. Attorney-General Garland is fond of neither wine nor malt liquors. He drinks plain whisky with a very little water in it.—*Boston Traveller.*

He Paid $300 For a Wife.

A few months ago, John Autcliffe, of Jackson, Mich., wanted a wife, but was too bashful to do his own courting. He confided his troubles to Randolph June, a neighbor, and the latter offered to conduct the preliminary negotiations for $300. He did so and was so successful that about a month ago Autcliffe was married to a woman he never saw till introduced to her by June. Hardly was the honeymoon over before June began to clamor for his $300. Autcliffe denied the claim and June brought suit. The case came up for trial, but Autcliffe had in the meantime come to a realization of the blessing June had secured for him and paid the claim in full, with costs.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MRS. GOODWEATHER—"It must be dreadful to be buried prematurely." Mr. Goodweather—"Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't worry, my dear. It won't happen to you." Mrs. Goodweather—"Well, I hope not." Mr. Goodweather—"No, love. You'll never be buried too soon."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A GIRL may have plenty of bustle and still be very lazy.

QUEER MISER SCHENCK.

His Long Hermit Life in a Grim Castle-Like Old House.

A special dispatch from Matawan, N. J., of date March 12, says: It is not often that a miser suddenly becomes a spendthrift, yet that is the case with John V. Schenck, of Bradavelt, in this county. After living for sixty-five years in the most miserly manner, he has suddenly become a prodigal. For years no one dared approach his house. His own brothers were kept off at the point of a bayonet. The Schenck homestead is situated on a pretty hillside overlooking a ravine of great beauty, through which flows a brook. The old man would sit for hours on a moss-covered rock and watch the squirrels gambol among the trees and the rabbits scamper over the grass. It was a sudden illness about six months ago that changed Schenck's sordid nature. Neighbors found him insensible on his bed. Every sign of poverty was apparent. A physician and clergyman were summoned. The doctor said the old man could not live long, and to the minister Schenck promised to reform and do better if he recovered. While the man was apparently at the point of death, ex-Judge William Spader and Lafayette Conover, two prominent Monmouth county citizens, made an examination of the queer mansion. In different parts of the old house $30,000 were found hidden in all sorts of spots. In a musket that leaned against the chimney corner were found $500 in gold and silver coin. A silk stocking was found in an old closet filled to the top with rolls of greenbacks. Up in the dirty garret was an old bureau, and in one of the drawers was found $1,600 in gold and silver mixed up with old iron and copper. On a rickety, old-fashioned washstand, covered with dust and cobwebs, there was discovered a pile of banknotes fastened with a piece of tarred rope. Schenck had forgotten all about this pile and, when it was shown to him later on, his face gleamed with delight.

Firearms and ammunition in large quantities were also discovered. There were hundreds of bullets that the old miser himself had made at his leisure. Schenck constantly expected a constable along to attack his property, and he said he wanted to be ready to defend it. He had the utmost contempt for officers of the law, and said he would take great pleasure in blowing them to pieces. Burglars were also objects of fear to the old man, and hence he converted his house into a veritable fortress. Loaded guns were fastened to all the windows, with the barrels projecting outside. The windows were a foot thick, and arranged so that an outsider riding along readily had the impression that the place was filled with armed men. The house is nearly a century old and was built by the miser's father, himself very eccentric. It is constructed of old-fashioned shingles. Iron spikes were used instead of nails, and they were clinched on the inside. The shingles are all lined with three-inch planking. The windows are so narrow and short that it is impossible to crawl through them. The doors are seven inches thick, containing three cross planks bolted together. The locks are great cross bolts. The foundation is of solid stone, that is now overgrown with moss. The stairway inside is hewn from a solid oak log, placed at an angle, and the upper part is screwed fast to the second-story beams and the lower part is buried in the ground under the floor. The closets are cut from solid logs. The fence around the yard is made of solid oak, and is so erected that it cannot be broken or blown down.

DIDN'T CARE FOR DELICACIES.

The elder Schenck's habits were unique. He never purchased anything to eat except bread. That he got at a little grocery in Marlboro, and he would argue for hours over the price. Once in a while he killed a pig and salted it down. It lasted him six months. His chief food was the potato. He raised potatoes by the bushel in his garden, but he never sold them; what he did not eat, he allowed to rot. Chickens were favorites of his, but he never ate them and he never had anything but black hens. All other chickens were killed as soon as they were hatched. The fowls ran wild around an enclosure, and the miser's son amused himself afternoons by shooting them from all of the windows of his house. He never gave the dead fowls away, but buried them in a "hen graveyard," as he called it. Sometimes he fed dead hens to the rabbits in the ravine. The old man prided himself on his apple orchard, also. He made as high as $10,000 in a season from it. He never picked any of the fruit for market, but sold the crop as it stood on the trees. He always reserved enough to make cider from. He made the beverage himself and was very fond of it, especially when it was hard. He would drink hard cider by the quart. Another freak of the eccentric Schenck is a corn crib in the rear of his house. It is a hugh affair. The crib is bound together with great iron bars and protected by a heavy roof. This is filled with corn entirely for the use of the squirrels down in the ravine. It is filled regularly every August and then locked for a year.

Schenck has four stables and their history furnishes another sample of his eccentricity. Originally he had but one, built low to the ground. It was struck by lightning and destroyed some years ago and four horses inside were killed. Schenck was very mad. He got out in the middle of a field and cursed the Almighty. He remarked that he would fix the Lord next time. So he put up two stables, one at each end of a field. The next summer lightning destroyed both the barns and also the corn crib. Then the miser was furious. He said he would get even yet with the Almighty. So he put up four stone barns. He built them close to the ground. In the two used for stabling horses he built mangers of iron. He said he did that for two reasons, first, so that the lightning could not destroy them and second, so that the horses could not chew up the woodwork, as they did in the old stable. The barns were placed at the four corners of a ten-acre lot and are chained down, because a big gale blew the roof from one. The old man has been perfectly delighted since, because nothing has happened to the building. He said he guessed he was too much for the Lord this time. While the barns were being erected, Schenck paid the carpenter and masons each day. He went to the house and brought out the wages from one of his hiding places. The men were supplied with silver fifty years old and with the shinplasters of war time.

The change in the old man's nature since his sickness consists in mingling with his fellow-men. He keeps up his fortress yet, but enjoys having neighbors come in and take a smoke and a drink of cider with him. He bought several suits of clothes, something he had not done for over a score of years, and carries a silver-headed cane. He has taken to going to the village church of late and puts an old coin or antiquated greenback on the plate. On the advice of ex-Judge Spader he deposited considerable money in a bank and he said yesterday he thought he had made pretty much of a fool of himself for forty years. He says he was not a fool, however, in keeping away from the girls. He still clings to his rabbits and squirrels and shoots his black hens on pleasant afternoons.

A Remarkable Man.

Jacob Groninger, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, passed the 91st milestone of his existence Sunday, apparently in good health and active in mind. He owns and always resided on the farm where he was born, and is the father of the following descendants: Children, sixteen living and one dead; grandchildren, eighty-six living and twenty-two dead; great-grandchildren, sixty living and five dead; great-great-grandchildren, two dead, thereby being the progenitor of one hundred and ninety-two children, one hundred and sixty-two of whom are living, many residing in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Illinois, Indiana and Kansas. He was born in the time of George Washington, (1797,) and when the second President, John Adams, was in office, and voted at all the presidential elections from the second election of Monroe to the present time, always voting the whig ticket, except once, when he supported Andrew Jackson. He is now an ardent republican, as are also his eleven sons.

A HORSE 51 YEARS OLD.—Forty-nine years ago the father of Harrison Gilbert, of Chili, Ill., bought a two-year-old pony from the Indians. When the war of the rebellion began the pony was 25 years old, but Mr. Gilbert rode him all through the war, and neither was hurt. The old fellow still lives, tenderly cared for. He hasn't a tooth in his head, lives on corn-bread and bran mash, and is probably the oldest horse in America, if not in the world.—*Chicago Herald.*

WHEN Mrs. Cleveland caught her first fish, she exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Oh, put him back and give him another term."

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