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Kent News.

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

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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.

—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.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special Attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCE:—Merchants Nat'l Bank.

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.

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.

jel2-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.

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

CREW & LOANE,

GRAIN AND GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,

jan29-tf. BALTIMORE, MD.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. C. CROW,

No. 6 VINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHOLESALE

Commission Merchant

—IN—

ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.

Market Prices Guaranteed. d18.

S. A. BRICK. 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. fe12-y

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.

C. F. STAM, Druggist.

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.

FRUIT, CORN AND TRUCK PHOSPHATE!

We offer to the farmers and Fruit Growers of Kent county and the Peninsula our two STANDARD BRANDS of Fertilizer:

"The Fruit Grower" and "Old Kent."

These Goods have been tested against the leading brands of Fertilizers, and in every instance HAVE GIVEN PERFECT SATISFACTION.

WE HAVE ALSO ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF

Dissolved Bone, South Carolina Bone, Bone Black, Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Plaster, Black Residuum, &c., &c.,

Which we offer at LOWEST PRICES. We solicit a share of your patronage.

Respectfully,

HINES & CACY,

March 19, 1887. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

TO CORN PLANTERS!

HOLLOWAY'S

AND

Are the most concentrated, complete and durable FERTILIZERS ever offered to the public. It is the universal opinion of Farmers and Planters of Maryland and Virginia, after more than Twenty-eight years' experience in their use, that an application of 100 pounds is equal in its effects to 200 pounds of any other Fertilizer or Guano, therefore 50 per cent cheaper.

UNIFORM QUALITY IS GUARANTEED!

Farmers, to secure the *ONLY GENUINE EXCELSIOR and PHOSPHATE* should see that every Bag is branded as above, with the *Analysis and My Name in Red Letters.*

J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY,

Originator and Manufacturer, 107 McElderry's Wharf,

March 26-2m. BALTIMORE, Maryland.

WM. H. McFEELY,

AGENT FOR

WILLIAMS, CLARK & CO.'S

Animal Bone Fertilizers!

FOR CORN, OATS, VEGETABLES AND

FRUIT TREES!

The BONE PHOSPHATE OF LIME being derived from ANIMAL BONES; the Ammonia from BLOOD and MEAT, and the Potash from Muriate and High Grade Sul. of Potash, makes these goods especially valuable to the Farmer as a CROP PRODUCER and a PERMANENT IMPROVER of the Soil.

Peach Yellows Specific!

Composed of Dissolved Bones, Sul. and Muriate of Potash and Kieresite (Crude Magnesium Sulphate.)

Prevents Disease Colors the Fruit,

—AND—

Permanently Improves the Trees.

Dis. Slaughter House Bones, Bone Meal, Muriate of Potash, and all kinds of materials kept in Stock in CHESTERTOWN. Office opp. the Bank.

March 25—5t. WM. H. McFEELY.

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,

March 12—7m. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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.

A LARGE LOT

—OF—

Good Cypress Fencing,

just received per steamer direct from North Carolina.

PRICES LOW.

ALSO

Cypress Pickets,

Cypress Fence Railing,

Cypress Laths.

A Large Stock of the

Best No. 1, 2 and 3 Virginia Flooring

ever sold in this town.

Call and examine it.

No. 1 Heart Cypress Shingles,

No. 2 Heart Cypress Shingles,

No. 3 Heart Cypress Shingles,

No. 1 Sap Cypress Shingles,

Both Sawed and Shaved.

Do not allow ourselves to be undersold.

m26. T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WANTED:—Agents in Every Town and Village in Kent, Queen Anne's and Cecil Counties to Sell

The Brohard Sash Holder!

If your windows have no cords and weights to them send and get a holder and you will find that it answers the same purpose. You can raise the sash anywhere you want it as though it had weights. Let the sash down and you can arrange it so as no one can raise it from the outside. It prevents the window from rattling, &c. No Risk, and if not satisfactory the money will be refunded.

Samples by Mail 15 Cents.

Every Carpenter Should See Them.

Special Rates to Dealers.

CHAS. S. SMITH, Gen'l Ag't.,

P. O. Box 145. Chestertown, Md.

Sample to be seen at the Cigar, Tobacco and Confectionery Store next door to the Postoffice. Mar. 19-4t.

General Insurance Office

FIRE and LIFE.

Only the Best Companies Represented

SUCH AS

'Royal,' 'Phenix,' 'Pennsylvania' and 'The New York Life.'

Insure your Horses and Mules against Disease, Accident and Theft in the

Maryland Live Stock Insurance Co.

LOW RATE AND PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

WM. H. McFEELY, Ag't.

Office below Stam's, opp. Bank. m19-tf.

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.

NORTHERN GROWN SEED POTATOES, by the bushel or barrel, for sale by

m12. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

EXTRA Northern Seed Potatoes by the Sack or Bushel. Prices Low. at W. H. LAMBERT'S.

GRINDSTONES! GRINDSTONES! Mounted and unmounted, m26. at W. A. WHEATLEY'S.

Great Model Clothing House,

Acme Hall! which was established a very few years ago, is now by far the largest Clothing house in Baltimore. Its rapidly increasing business has recently compelled the proprietors to remove to the immense premises recently occupied by the Wholesale dry goods house of Hurst, Purnell & Co.

To-Order Department.

All the leading makes and novelties in Woolens from this side as well as the other side of the ocean shown here. These we sell by the yard, or make to your measure by skilled artists who will please your taste and fit your body. It is a rare treat to see the artistic character of the work produced here.

The Men's Department

shows the grandest assortment of Suits, Overcoats, and single garments ever produced under one roof. Nothing you can possibly want is omitted and everything is warranted lower than any other house south of New York.

The Boys' Department

has always been a most interesting one but now is made complete by adding Hats, Caps, and Furnishings; all the newest, latest, most choice here already, and novelties added daily.

Prices, here as elsewhere, as usual the very bottom.

The Gents' Furnishing Dep't

is a new one with us, but will be marked with the same vim and care which has made the other Departments so successful. All the best makes and many manufactured expressly for us will be sold at the lowest possible profit.

ACME HALL,

OEHM & CO., Proprietors,

5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,

ONE DOOR WEST OF CHARLES ST.

N. B.—Waiting room for ladies. Baggage checked without cost to all visitors, buying or not.

Mail orders receive punctual attention.

April 9, 1887.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Property

On High Street, Chestertown,

AS the duly constituted Trustee for Mary H. Heinickens, Mary E. Startt and Lewin Startt, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at the Court House door in Chestertown, Maryland,

On SATURDAY, 9th day of April, 1887,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

ALL THAT

Parcel or Tract of Land,

lying and being in Chestertown aforesaid, on the southwest side of High street, fronting on said street a distance of 20 feet 3 inches, with a depth of 146 feet, and having a width of 12 feet 2 inches, at the rear end, and lying between the lands of Charles H. Davis on the southeast and Lewin S. Fowler on the northwest.

The Lot is Improved by a

GOOD TWO-STORY

Frame Dwelling

with the usual Out-Buildings, all in good repair. This property is very eligibly located for either public business or private residence.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third purchase money cash on day of sale, or within 60 days thereafter, as the undersigned may elect; the residue in two equal installments of 6 and 12 months each from day of sale, wherefrom all unpaid purchase money will bear interest, to be paid with each installment of principal. Possession given January 1st, 1888.

JOHN D. URIE,

March 19, 1887—ts. TRUSTEE.

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.

OLD LINE CALICOES.

FIFTY PER CENT HEAVIER.

than the Regular goods. Something worth making up. On hand and for sale at the same prices as the light weight goods; by T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Feb. 19, 1887.

"PINK BOOTS."

A Story Which Illustrates a Common Phase of Every-Day Life.

A drunken man came staggering along the village street. As he reached a corner he saw a group of boys watching something across the way. He had not entirely lost his senses, so he wondered what they found so interesting.

"Wha-a-at-yer yer lookin' a-at?"

"Well, old fellow," answered Billy Dorr, "we're looking for a beauty to come out o' that store over there."

"A b-e-a-u-t-i-e?"

"Yes, a beauty; but go on, there's no use o' your lingering to see Pink Boots; your old red eyes can't see half across the street."

But the rude boy was mistaken; the "red eyes" were not quite so bloodshot as usual, and they were looking with as much interest as the younger eyes at Pink Boots, who just then opened the door of the store opposite them and came out. Pink Boots, who was a beautiful girl of ten years, had her hands full of flowers—roses, lilies and carnations. She walked a half-dozen or more steps down the walk, and was just stepping into a handsome carriage when another little girl came in sight. For a brief moment the two children stood in strong contrast—Florence Burr with glowing, happy face, and Celia Hunt with her pale, distressed one. Florence was dressed in an elaborately, embroidered pink cashmere, and her feet were encased in beautiful pink kid, buttoned boots; for Florence was going to a tea-party. She wore also a broad-brimmed hat with nodding pink plumes. As for Celia, she wore an old dress, so short that it revealed her bruised ankles, which were bare like her feet. An old veil tied about her face did duty as head protector, but no wrap covered her shoulders, although one was much needed this chilly day.

The carriage drove away with Florence, and Celia stood gazing after it. The drunken man saw the poor child, so did the boys. The latter laughed, and Billy Dorr said, "I tell you it pays better to sell liquor than it does to drink it. What's your opinion Daddy Hunt?"

"Daddy Hunt" did not answer; he stood stupidly gazing at his bare-footed, weary-faced child.

"I say, old fellow, did you buy Celia's fall outfit at the same store that Pink Boots' father bought hers?"

"Shut up now, will you? If you don't I'll knock the breath out of you."

The drunkard spoke savagely and raised his hand to execute his threat, when suddenly a little arm touched his, and a voice said coaxingly, "Come, father."

The man suffered himself to be led away.

It was a long walk to the drunkard's home. Before he reached it he was sober.

"Celia," he said, "would you like some pink boots?"

"Like Florence Burr's, the publican's daughter's?" she asked.

"Yes, like her's."

"No, father, I would not want them."

"Why not?"

"They wouldn't correspond with my rags," the child said bitterly; "and I wouldn't wear Florence Burr's pink boots if I had silk dresses to wear with them," she added, savagely.

Again her father asked the question, "Why not?"

"Because they were bought with money that ought to have bought bread and meat for poor little starving children and their suffering, crying mothers."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody told me; I found out for myself."

"You're a strange child, Celia."

"Yes, perhaps I am, but I love you, father," And Celia put her cold hand in her father's.

"I don't see how you can," he said, chokingly.

"I guess it's because you're my father," was the innocent answer.

As father and daughter entered the house the mother arose, put the sleeping babe in its wretched cradle, and said, "Come to supper."

Such a supper for a family of six!—only a part of a stale loaf of bread and some weak tea. The patient, weary wife would not have been surprised if her husband had thrown the bread across the room at the wall and had hurled the teapot after it cursing her at the same time, as he had often done before, but she was surprised when he rose from the table—just after seating himself—and said huskily, "Eat this miserable stuff if you can, poor things, I am going out."

He started for the door, weak and faint, but determined. His wife followed him beseechingly: "Oh! don't go out again to-night, Fred, don't; the baby is sick, and—"

"I'm not going out to drink, Mary. Don't be worried; I'll be in by nine o'clock, and if the child should get worse, Celia will find me at Sergeant Wright's."

"What do you suppose it all means, mother?" asked Celia as soon as the father was gone.

"I don't know child; but perhaps it means there is a blessing coming to us all. Pray to God that it may be so."

At nine o'clock a face peered through the little curtainless window of the kitchen. The eyes saw a desolate picture. It was this: A bare cold-looking room; a haggard woman bending over a sick babe; a little sad-faced girl fallen asleep on the hard floor while bravely "waiting for father," and two pale-faced boys asleep on a low bed against the wall. Upon the boys' faces were traces of tears, for they were only little fellows of four and six, and had cried themselves to sleep because they were hungry.

The face moved from the window, and the man to whom it belonged opened the door and walked in.

"Wife," he said, bending down to kiss his wife's worn face for the first time in years, "I've been an idiot and a brute, and I'll not ask you to forgive me to-night, I'll wait until you find out that I am a changed man—thank God that I am! Ah! Celia, you're waking, child. Florence Burr will never buy any more pink boots with the money that belongs to my little ones. I've been over to Sergeant Wright's working hard at blacking stoves for four hours, and while I blackened the stoves he whitened my heart a little, God bless him! He paid me, too, a good price, and to-morrow I'm to begin work in his tin-shop. Wake up the boys, Celia. Their father, and not a brute, has come home, and has bought such a supper that they will shout for joy."

A Paralyzed Darkey.

A few days since a well-known negro man, who was the fortunate possessor of a fine lot on one of the leading resident streets of Chattanooga, sold his property for $10,000 cash. He was given a check for that amount, which was carried in due time to one of the banks. The paying teller asked the negro how much of the money he wanted in cash.

"I wanted all that 'ar paper calls fur," replied the negro.

"What! You don't want $10,000 in cash?"

"Jesso, sah."

"All right," answered the man who shuffled the bank bills, and in five minutes he began piling the money on the counter. As he laid the $500 packages on the counter the negro's eyes began to grow larger and finally when twenty packages were placed before him his eyes looked as large as new moons. The negro looked intently at the stack of money for a moment and then, with a broad grin on his face, said:

"Ise jist paralyzed boss; gimme $1.50 and you kin keep de rest of that till I call agin."

The Style in Boston.

This is the way they fall in love up in Boston. A handsome young clergyman was in a barber's chair when he saw a young woman pass the window. He had never seen her before, but he said to the barber: "Please hurry up, I wish to speak to that young lady." Then he seized his white cravat, and throwing it about his neck, sprang from the chair and grabbing his hat, rushed out of the door. The young lady had halted a moment to look at a window when she was accosted by the young minister. His prepossessing appearance evidently interested her, although both parties were total strangers, and they walked slowly down the street, conversing like old acquaintances. He received permission to call, went around to where she lived, and, after, several visits, mustered up enough courage to propose and was accepted. They are keeping house now and are much interested in the problem of how two financial ends that are fairly wide apart can be made to meet with ease.

Old women are sillier than young ones because they have been so longer. Orphan children have not so much need of guardians as stupid men.

A Great Game of Bluff Between a Miner and a Gambler.

Jeff Hankins, of Chicago, one of the most prominent gamblers in the Western country and well-known to all the sporting men in Lafayette, thus describes a game of poker to which he was an eye witness:

"It was in Park City, Utah, in 1875, when the mining boom in the Mormon Territory was at its height. One night I dropped into Howard's place to see a friend, and while standing at the bar my attention was call to a remote corner of the room by a crowd of men who seemed to be very much interested in something there. The bartender told me that 'Digger' Mike and Frank Payton, a miner and gambler, were playing poker, and knowing both men well, I concluded that I'd watch them a few minutes.

"So I walked over to the corner and took up a position where I could watch the players. 'Digger' had five or six stacks of checks and a big pile of bags containing gold dust, in all about $6,000 in front of him, while Payton had about $7,000. Both men played cautiously for a while until there was a jack-pot, which 'Digger' opened with a bag of gold-dust, Payton stayed and raised him $250, which the 'Digger' saw, and went $500 (in gold-dust) better. Payton just called this, and then skinned his hand and called for one card. 'Digger' dealt it to him, and then threw $500 worth of the dust into the pot, remarking: 'I don't want any.'

"Payton skinned his hand again, and, after going through the usual motions of looking at his antagonist for a few minutes, he saw the $250 and went it $500 harder. 'Digger' was more prompt in raising this four bags of dust, and Payton even more promptly saw the raise and went it $2,000 better. Neither man was the least bit nervous, according to all outward signs, though each had all of his earthly possessions in front of him and in the pot. They continued to raise each other as they made bet after bet, until the 'Digger' shouted for a show-down, saying he couldn't call another cent.

"Both hands went down on the board at the same moment, and then Payton reached over and began to scoop in the gold-dust and checks. He had a pair of fours, while the 'Digger' had been bluffing on a kelter. 'I didn't think you had nerve enough to follow me, Frank,' was all he said as he got up from the table to leave the place to go to the diggings to toil for more gold-dust. The sequel of the game is interesting. Payton left the saloon, too, disposing of his winnings to his satisfaction, and that was the last time he was seen, until his body was picked up a week or two later in a ravine about a mile from Howard's. His skull was crushed and his money all gone, showing that he had fallen a victim to somebody's cupidity. His murderer was never discovered."—*Lafayette Ind. Times.*

The Longest Tunnel in the World.

An engineering work that has taken over a century to construct can hardly fail to offer some points of interest in its history, and illustrate the march of events during the years of its progress. An instance of this kind is to be found in a tunnel not long since completed, but which was commenced over a hundred years ago. This tunnel, or adit, as it should be more strictly termed, is at Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construction was agreed upon in 1782, the object being to carry off the water from the Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of the Gran Valley. The work is now complete, and according to the *Bauzeiting fur Ungarn* it forms the longest tunnel in the world, being 10.27 miles long, or about 1 mile longer than St. Gothard, and 2½ miles longer than Mont Cenis. The height is 9 ft. 10 in. and the breadth 5 ft. 3 in.

This tunnel, which has taken so long in making, has cost very nearly a million sterling, but the money appears to have been well spent; at least the present generation has no reason to grumble, for the saving from being able to do away with water-raising appliances amounts to £15,000 a year. There is one further point, however, worth notice, for if we have the advantage of our great-grandfathers in the matter of mechanical appliances, they certainly were better off in the price of labor. The original contract for the tunnel, made in 1782, was that it should be completed in thirty years, and should cost £7 per yard run. For eleven years the work was done at this price, but the French revolution enhanced the cost of labor and materials to such an extent that for thirty years little progress was made. For ten years following much progress was made, and then the work dropped for twenty years more, until the water threatened to drown the mines out altogether. Finally, the tunnel was completed in 1878, the remaining part costing £22 a yard, or more than three times as much as the original contract rate.

Proving the Soundness of an Eye.

In a large factory in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding a hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room, and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal an injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. Under the law, the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind; and although he believed the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained by the defense examined the alleged injured member, and gave his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer, and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim. And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He prepared a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—*Pottery Gazette.*

Studying the Eye.

Did you ever make a study of eyes? asks a writer in *Mind and Nature* for January. Not girls' eyes only—all eyes. Within that little radius of a quarter of an inch are problems to last a lifetime. Emerson has well spoken of the eye that threatens like a leveled rifle—how often it is seen! You need not visit camps to find it; the counting room and the office contain it quite as often, and sometimes it is seen even under crimps. But the threatening eye is not to be confounded with the commanding eye or the wild beast eye. The last mentioned, the most savage and inhuman of all, is seen chiefly under the brows flushed or pale from debauchery, and, according to circumstances, it has a restless or fixed glare. Then there is the cruel and treacherous eye. This is peculiar and rather less common. It is a cold gray—different from the "intellectual gray"—with a dark edge to the eye-lid. There is none more thoroughly repellant. Sometimes a yellowish, cat-like eye looks at you, saying, "I'll deceive you at every opportunity." Other kinds are the secretive eye, set so far back that you cannot see its expression, the foxy, the critical, the loving, the sensual, &c. The list is long, but of all the most common is the non-committal eye. So frequent is it that the eye is very often greatly overrated as a general index of character; we really form our judgment from the rest of the features. When you have well-mastered the different kinds of eyes, then try to account for their differences on anatomical principles. The components of an eye's expression are certainly not numerous. There are the color, degree of openness, movement steady or vacillating, &c. Can these material elements alone account for the wonderful transparency you sometimes meet? There are eyes which seem actually open windows in which the invisible spirit sits and becomes visible to the early sense of sight.

Northern people go to California for change and rest, but don't get them. A wit says the waiters get the change, and the landlords the rest.

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 object 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.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

Vicissitudes of Life as Illustrated in the Government Departments.

Wash. Corr. of the Balto. Sun.

That department life in Washington is kaleidoscopic is evinced by the following incidents gathered from toilers in Uncle Samuel's vineyard. A few years ago in one of the departments, seated side by side, were two very attractive ladies, one from Pennsylvania, strong in her republican sentiments, and the granddaughter of a former Secretary of the Treasury. Her companion, the daughter of a surgeon in the Confederate army, was a fearless enunciator of her Southern democratic views, which, to her sorrow, finally resulted in her dismissal. Shortly before this occurred her republican friend and deskmate made what was supposed to be a brilliant alliance, having wedded an official quite prominent in the administration of the government. The little maiden from the South soon afterwards also married, but she contented herself with a fellow-clerk. With the shifting of executive authority from republican to democratic hands the prominent official was removed to make place for a democrat. His wife was obliged to give up her beautiful carriage, her social entertainments and other luxuries and open a boarding-house, the resort of so many poor women in reduced circumstances. In the meanwhile the daughter of the Confederate surgeon who lost her office on account of her democratic expression, had converted her husband to her way of thinking on the subject of national politics, so that he not only voted for Cleveland, but did good work for the democratic party in his district. He was soon afterward rewarded by promotion, and his pretty little wife is naturally very proud of her campaigning.

The Treasury Department seems to contain more illustrations of the vicissitudes of life than any of the other departments. There are in that department ladies whose brothers or other male relatives have filled some of the highest positions under our government, many of them having been born, reared and educated in the most affluent circumstances. Yet the whirligig of time has wrought many changes in their lives, and from being petted daughters and wives they have become "breadwinners." There is a lady in government employ who is a relative of Napoleon I. Although now a grandmother, she retains many personal charms for which her family has ever been famous, and if Dame Rumor speaks correctly, this sprightly, good-looking grandmamma may be a bride again.

A lady now high in the court circles of a European nation was once a copyist in the Treasury Department. A foreign representative to the United States seeing her at her desk was impressed by her beauty. Mutual friends arranged a meeting, and, as a consequence, an American lady, who had through necessity been compelled to labor for her daily bread, is now a leading social light in Europe. The wife of a cabinet officer under the last administration was selected from a desk in the department where her father had been secretary. The widow of a gallant young naval officer, who lost his life by a torpedo experiment several years ago, is a clerk in the Navy Department, taking care of herself and little ones. She has, in fact, but resumed her clerical duties, for she was so employed before she married.

One of the handsomest women now in the government service once dispensed with gracious dignity the hospitalities of a gubernatorial mansion is one of the Western States. The granddaughter of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was employed in the mint bureau for many years. Ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, better known as "Uncle Joe," won his beautiful and accomplished wife from a desk in the Treasury Department.

There are many similar instances of ladies who have left off toiling as government serfs to become the presiding geniuses of lovely homes, and, on the other hand, many who have slipped from high social positions to desks in the departments. A story is told of a young lady, the orphan daughter of an army officer, who, to assist in supporting her mother and sister, applied for an appointment in the Treasury Department. John Sherman was then secretary. The courageous little girl called upon the secretary and stated her case. She said she was willing to do almost anything that would enable her to provide for her mother. The secretary said he had nothing for her to do, but assured her that he would cheerfully assist her whenever an opportunity presented itself. The little girl insisted that there was plenty of work around the department which ought to be done, and she expressed herself willing to turn her hand to any grade of employment. She became so persistent that the secretary was at a loss for a pretext to get rid of her. She surveyed him from head to foot, and observing that his boots were not well shined, remarked with much earnestness: "Mr. Sherman, I think there is something I can do for you, if you will permit me, and that is to give your boots a first-class shine. My case is more desperate than you imagine, and I will accept a position as departmental bootblack." The secretary was so astonished that it was several seconds before he recovered sufficiently to direct his clerk to have the young lady appointed to a $900 clerkship. She has since married and is doing well.

Every Danger Removed.

A good story is told of a French advocate who had made it a rule never to take up a case in which he did not thoroughly believe. One day he chanced to be entertaining a distinguished company at dinner when he was informed that a client urgently requested a few minutes' interview. It turned out to be a man whose acquittal on the charge of stealing a watch he had that morning procured. Appearances had been strongly against the prisoner, who, it was thought, had been not a little assisted by the character of his counsel. Doubtless the poor fellow was impatient to express his gratitude, and an audience was not unwillingly accorded. He looked somewhat abashed at the presence of the guests; but, reassured by the kindly tone of the host, began:

"Monsieur, it is about that watch?"

"Yes, my friend, I congratulate you on the triumphant vindication of your innocence."

"Then the trial is quite over?"

"Why, of course!"

"And I can't be tried again?"

"Certainly not!"

"They can do nothing more to me?"

"How could they?"

"Then I may wear the watch!"—*Boston Beacon.*

A Wicked Commission Man.

A Tuckahoe Neck farmer essayed to raise superior potatoes. So he barreled up his stock on hand and sent them to his commission merchant in Baltimore, receiving a satisfactory price for the shipment. While packing the potatoes the farmer missed his spectacles and diligent search failed to reveal their whereabouts. Shortly after he received returns for his potatoes he wrote to his commission merchant to buy him a certain number of barrels of fine seed potatoes as he wanted to change the seed. The potatoes came and our hero was busy cutting them for planting when he came across his long lost spectacles, in the barrel of Northern (?) seed. This story is vouched for by reliable gentlemen.—*Greensboro' Free Press.*

A "LIFTING MACHINE" is used in Sing Sing for the punishment of prisoners. It is merely an apparatus to hoist a prisoner up by the handcuffs on his wrists until his toes clear the floor or just touch it. The grand jury met outside of the prison. Dr. Samuel Swift, of Yonkers, who had allowed himself to be hung up for seven seconds with his toes just touching the floor, testified, as well as other physicians who had seen him undergo the ordeal. The doctor afterward said he had no idea such intense suffering could be produced in so short a time in all parts of the system.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split a hair, chop logic, dovetail an argument, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, empanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, chisel a client and other like things.

THE Omaha *Herald* perpetrates this libel: "A red-headed beauty show is in progress in Cincinnati, and the signal service says that a warm wave is hovering over the smoky city."

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he rarely becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect sufficiently to throw mud on a circus poster.