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Kent News.

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The Kent News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Subscription: $2.00 per Annum.

JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Professional Cards.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,

Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. 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. js-tf.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,

ARCHITECT,

No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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, BALTIMORE, MD.

ja25-y.

J. E. 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 St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference — Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. jel2-y.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.

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

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

CREW & LOANE,

Grain and General Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,

ja29. 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 National Bank.

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.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO GROVES & WINPENNY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.

Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.

No. 324 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

PERCY T. McFEELY,

Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,

—WITH—

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 sts. [ja29.

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.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. C. CROW,

No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

WHOLESALE

COMMISSION MERCHANT

—IN—

ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.

Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

"Diamanta" Spectacles

EYE-GLASSES.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific pretples, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.

I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,

C. M. LUCAS,

mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

LAWN MOWERS! LAWN MOWERS!

The Philadelphia, Boston and other manufactures for sale at the lowest prices.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

IRON CULTIVATORS! IRON CULTIVATORS!

and Extra Cultivator Points Complete at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

THREE-FURROWED PEACH TREE PLOWS.

A Splendid Plow for Working Peach Orchards. For sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

WE are now taking orders for BINDER TWINE. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

HARDWARE!

Tinware, Woodenware,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

and everything usually kept in a first-class Hardware Store. Builders' Hardware we have Heavy Hooks and Hes, Strap and T Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Knob Locks, Pad Locks, Door and Shutter Bolts, Desk and Till Locks, Draw Pulls, Door Bells and Gongs, Ms, Log Screws, &c.

In Farm Hardware and Implements we have Shovels, Forks, Spades, Grub-Hoes, Garden and Field Hoes, Rakes, Spalding Forks, Primitiv Shares and Saws, Tar and Brush Hooks, Briar and Grass Scythes, Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Backbands, Plow and Wagon Harness.

Plow! Plows! Plows!

We are Agents for the Remington Clipper and South Bellows, both of which are first-class implements possess many points of superiority, viz: The Remington is lighter in weight and draft than any other on the market. The South Bend will stand more use than any other and has Reversible Shares and Points, with Jointer attached to standard. I refer you to a few persons who have used the South Bend, viz:

D. R. WOOLL, Jr. SAMUEL T. ROLPH.

WM. H. BRICKS, Jr., GEORGE BELL.

SEED POTATOES

NORTHERN GROWN.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING

a specialty all other Tin Work done at short notice. All work guaranteed. Give me a call.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,

m19. Adj. Chestertown National Bank.

SPRING, 1887

New Stock! Choice Selection

OUR INTENTION IS TO BID HIGH FOR THE TRADE ON

DRY GOODS

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND GROCERIES.

Carpetings, Cloths and Mattings.

Yes, we are ready on the above line, and more widewake than ever. We have tried to be in our selections of Fine Dress Ginghams, Crinkles, Prints, Gingham, Muslin, &c. Our stock is complete, our Prices must and shall commend.

To the independent CASH buyer, with invincible logic, we say we will meet all competition in

BOOTS AND SHOES

Andippers.

Do not forget we deal largely and can buy as close and sell as close as any House on this Shore. Our constant of the fact that our goods must be offered at as low as others, we enter the race. Asking a share of the patronage of the public.

Very respectfully,

J. F. PARKS.

April 9, 1887.

LOOK! READ!

An important fact 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 Smoking Pipes, &c.

Many other things too numerous to mention, pertaining to a first-class

Tobacco Store!

B. F. GRAY'S

Best Grade Chewing Tobacco is my leading brand. A call will convince any one of the above facts.

J. LLOYD TILLY'S

TOBACCO STORE.

Wholesale and retail. Specimens offered to merchants. Store opposite and two doors below Stam's New Hall. Jan. 8, 1887.

Death, Accident, Theft.

INSURE

HORSES AND MULES

—IN THE—

Maryland Live Stock Ins. Co.

Policies cover against Injury, Death and Theft. Losses paid without discount.

NOTE:—Will Insure Mules and Horses.

Send for Circulars. For terms, &c., Apply to

WM. H. [illegible]

General Insurance Agent, [illegible], Md.

Use Williams, Clark & Co.'s Fly Paper.

April 9-3m.

New Store Up.

J. T. BLACK,

Has just opened a full line of

Groceries and Provisions,

which he offers to the Public at prices for CASH. We quote no prices, but ask you to come and see us and we will convince you will come again.

Country Produce Solicited.

We will thank you for a portion of your patronage. Yours resp'y,

J. T. BLACK.

Northeast corner High Street and Church Avenue, Chestertown.

FLY FANS! Fly Fans! Fly and Mosquito Wire, Wire Screen and Frames, Window Screen Frames and Screens, better and cheaper than before, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

CHESTERTOWN

FOUNDRY!

Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops!

HARRY H. HYLAND,

(SUCCESSOR TO WM. A. HYLAND,)

Is now in full operation at the Chestertown Foundry conducting the Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting business in all its branches. He is prepared to do all work in this line.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY!

FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c., kept on hand and made to order.

Also as agent for W. A. Hyland is prepared to sell the celebrated

Deering Binder and Mower

in our opinion the BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET. Also a full supply of BINDER TWINE kept on hand.

The Hyland Roller

TWO SIZES.

The Diamond State Wheel Cultivator!

The completest implement on the market for Corn or Vegetables. Manufactured by George W. Taylor & Co., Smyrna, Delaware. Please call and examine for yourself.

All work in my line first-class, and prices as low as the lowest. Give me a call.

ap30. HARRY H. HYLAND.

COOLEY CREAMER!

COOLEY CREAMER!!

THE COOLEY CREAMER and its products have been awarded more gold and silver medals than all other milk setting apparatus combined. It is made in four styles:

THE SENIOR, THE ELEVATOR,

JUNIOR, and CABINET STYLE.

It is the only Creamer made which is allowed to submerge its cans, or have them water sealed, which advantage is only to be tested to be proven. The Cooley Creamer has more labor-saving conveniences than any other. By permission we refer you to the following parties who have used them satisfactorily:

Mrs. W. W. Stephens, Hanesville, Md.
" W. H. Stewart, Chestertown, "
" B. N. S. Wilkins, " "
" M. A. Wilkins, " "
" Wilbur Eliason, " "
" Frank Wilkins, " "
" James H. Baker, Pomona, "
" Hiram Brown, " "
" W. T. Nicholson, Chestertown, Md.
" Charles C. Wood, Edesville, "
" S. J. Fowler, Still Pond, "
" George A. Jessop, Lankford, "
Miss Maggie Shallcross, Locust Grove, Md.
Mrs. James W. Hurtt, " " "
and others.

Call and examine them and get their points of excellence at the Hardware Store of

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,

April 30, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

To Farmers and Dealers in Kent and Adjoining Counties.

W. A. HYLAND,

GALENA, MD.,

Would respectfully call your attention to his celebrated

Peach Orchard Plows,

for one and two horses, which we believe the best implement on the market for that purpose. A thorough examination by any one convinces them of this fact. We also keep on hand

Landsides, Moldboards, Shares and Points

for all chilled Plows now in use on the shore, especially the following:

Oliver, Nos. 40, 20, 19, A and B; Advance, 13, 19, 32, 33 and 35; Ohio, 40; Imperial, 19, 25 and 10; South Bend, 3 and; Economist, 14 and 24; Acme, 83 and 84; Concave, 8, 9, 10 and 11½; Wiley and Minor & Horton, all sizes and patterns.

OUR NEW ROLLERS,

two sizes, cannot be excelled.

WHEAT HARVEST

will soon be upon us again, and we flatter ourselves that it has been our good fortune to represent the

Best Binder and Harvester

ever sold in this country. None have given such general satisfaction in Kent and adjoining counties as the

"DEERING"

and we take great pleasure in announcing to our farmers that the Deering all-steel Binder is superior to all others in Lightness of Draft, Mechanical Construction and Durability, having been thoroughly tested in other sections and having been the VICTOR in every field trial in this country.

There are 119 Deering Binders at work in Kent county and all of them are settled for, and have harvested 10,000 acres of wheat, while every purchaser is delighted with the machine.

Do not buy until you have examined the Deering all-Steel Binder, and I am sure you will have no other. Sample Machines can be seen at my shops as well as at H. H. Hyland's shops in Chestertown.

WM. A. HYLAND.

Feb. 12, 1887.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it.

C. F. STAM, Druggist.

NEXT WEEK

At L. K. STAM'S!

WHILST you are in town I respectfully ask that you call and examine my Stock and Prices, it will be of benefit to you.

I have a large line of

Paints, Varnishes, Oils,

GLASS, WALL PAPER, &c.

PAINT by the half-pint, pint, quart, half-gallon, gallon, in any quantity, from 75 cents per gallon to the highest-priced and best quality. STAIN to imitate Walnut, Oak, Cherry. VARNISH for Carriages, Furniture and hard wood of all kinds. OILS for Burning, Machinery and Painting. GLASS of all sizes and quality, Glass for Window Sash. Show Windows, Looking Glass Frames cut to fit any size.

Johnson's Dry Kalsomine and Fresco Paint

WALL PAPER!

Have a fine stock already on hand and will increase it very largely within the next ten days, with some very handsome and beautiful patterns.

FURNITURE and WINDOW SHADES:

I still continue to keep a supply of Furniture, and my Window Shades have a greater demand than ever. This is because they are made well, out of good stock, of latest designs and made to fit your windows. These goods will all be sold low and at cash prices. Store next to M. T. Gosline, the Shoe Man.

LOUIS K. STAM,

May 7, 1887. Chestertown, Md.

ROBERTSON'S

$2.50 and $3.00

SHOES

Beats Them All!

Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.

PRICE LIST:

MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots		5 00

May 14, 1887.

IMPORTANT!

For You to Know That

WROTH & ALDRIDGE

Have just opened a FINE STOCK of

Spring and Summer Goods

of ALL KINDS kept in a first-class store.

FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

GENT'S NECK WEAR

ON THE SHORE.

It gives us pleasure to show Goods and quote prices. Give us a call and be convinced that we stand up to our promises.

May 14, 1887.

Spring '87

finds us again first in the field with an immense Stock of Fashionable Clothing for Men, Boys' and Children, the result of six months hard work, extensive experience, amplest facilities and thorough research of the Markets of the World. We offer the

Very Best

obtainable in Quality, Style and Reliability, combined with proverbially lowest prices.

Our immense range begins at the very cheapest dependable Garments and includes the finest fabrics make at home or abroad. Custom Department stocked with best foreign & domestic Cloths, &c.

Samples and Instructions for measurement on application by return Mail.

Oehm & Son,

Pratt & Hanover Sts.,

Baltimore, Md.

April 9, 1887.

STRAW WANTED!

HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.

MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorised agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.

UNCLE PETE'S MAY BLOSSOM.

The bull-bat hab come frum de lan' furder souf,
Whar he went when de col' wid' blow'd;
An' de hen quail's er flyin' wid er worm in her mouf
Ter de fel' whar de wheat was sowed.

De woodpecker raskil is er sittin' on de tree,
Er 'tendin' like he ain't lookin' roun',
But if I had er ha'fer doller I would bet it mighty free
Dat his eye kivers ever' inch o' groun'.

De po' old dove wid de same low moan
Is er rakin' in de straw at de stack,
An' yander is de yaller-breast er gwine all erlone
To de barn fur to get hisse'f er snack.

De jaybird's er fussin' in er bush by de branch
Wid de martin dat's come down to drink;
And de ole bell-cow's makin' music fur de ranch
Wid her tink, tum, er tink, tank, tink.

De ole gray goose wid her eye on de sun,
Is er waddlin' off down to de spring—
So long's she don't kill her wid a double-bar'l gun,
Ah, Lawd, she's er mighty 'ceitful thing.

De air's so wa'm dat I don't wanter stir,
But rather loll here in the shade,
An' er feelin' comes on me like de scratchin' o' er burr
When I thinks o' de hoe and de spade.

It's mighty hard to work when it goes engin de grain,
But a po' nigger's allus in de lurch,
It's gittin' sorter cloody, an' I b'lebe its gwine ter rain,
B'lebe I'll start er vival at de church.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

One of the Incidents at the Burning of the Richmond Hotel in Buffalo.

A Bostonian, who failed by a fortunate mischance to get a room in the burned hotel in Buffalo on the night of the fire, returns to this city with shaken nerves. Amid all the horrors of the ghastly glare one scene stands out above all others, fixing the eyes and stopping the breath for a moment of the lookers-on. When the flames wrapped the building a man was seen crawling out through a window of the fifth story. For an instant he stood on the outer ledge of the window, dimly seen from below through the smoke and looking around for help. None was at hand for the instant and fire behind him surged over his head, scorching the fingers which clasped the window frame.

A gasp of pity and horror arose from the street below. Death by fire or by the stone in the street seemed the only choice left him. The Bostonian closed his eyes. He could not bear to see the end. A murmur beside him made him open them nervously. No; through the shooting flames and bursts of smoke the man began to move sideways on the narrow ledge, scarce five inches wide, facing the crowd. Every instant it seemed that he must sway over, totter and fall. There was no hold for his hands or nails on the smooth wall. Still he glided along, with body flattened against the wall and hands extended fly-like, as if trying to suck the surface. Though the fire and smoke rose scorching about him he must move unfaltering, slow, rigid, or he would be dashed to pieces.

The feat seemed incredible, impossible. The crowd strained their eyes upward, drawn irresistibly by the frightful fascination of the sight. Every instant they feared to hear a despairing shriek and see the convulsed body with vainly clutching hands hurled through the air against the street stones. Near the end of the building was a jointed line of fire ladders. If the man could reach it he could save himself. Slowly he draws nearer and nearer. Now his hands has almost clutched the top rope. The instant of suspense was awful.

But just as his fingers almost touched the top some firemen below, running up quickly and ignorant of the desperate venture above their heads, grasped the ladder from the ground and were about to drag it to another part of the building. The top swayed away from within the very hands of the escaping man. A low, groaning cry came from the open mouths of the watchers below. Then they saw the man spring through the air and grasp the moving ladder with a sorth of fury born of despair. The ladder top shook with the shock of the springing body, which clung to its dizzy perch like a sea-bird resting on the trunk of a pitching mast. But it did not snap, and the man who had gone through the very jaws of death soon slid and ran backward down the rounds to the street. But he who saw the sight cannot forget it, and wakes at night in a cold sweat, seeing again in dreams the fire and the figure tottering to its fall.—*Boston Record.*

In a Hole With Root-Diggers.

While dashing furiously along I suddenly felt myself sink into the earth up to my arms. At the same instant I heard down in the ground the shrieks of human beings—women and children. I felt hands clutch at my legs and naked human bodies pressing against them. I held my breath and shrank within myself. Every instant I expected to feel a knife or a spear thrust into my body. My feet were on the ground and without knowing what I was doing I gave a strong push with my breast. Finding that something was giving way, I plunged forward and up a steep slope of two or three feet, when I found myself bounding like a deer across the level meadow with a great contrivance of basket work suspended from my hips and extending about a yard or more on all sides. I looked for all the world as if I had donned a huge hoop-skirt. While making a momentary halt in order to disengage myself from the singular machine hanging upon me, I cast my eyes backwards and saw three or four naked children scrambling out of the hole from which I had just made my escape. Yelling at the top of their voices, they dashed away as fast as their legs would carry them, making for the nearest hills. By the time I had pushed my basket shirt down to my heels and stepped out of it, saw a dozen or more black heads emerging from the earth in my immediate neighborhood. Seeing the shaggy heads popping all about me, I clarted away at a pace that must have truly astonished the natives. I think I must have left the village five miles behind before I haulted. I then threw myself on the ground too much exhaused to even load my gun.

"Was it one of their houses you had jumped into uncle?" here asked a small boy who had been listening with all his ears.

"Yes, boy; the roof of one of their huts. You see these miserable frog-eating, root-digging devils live in holes dug in the ground, just like so many woodchucks. They make a kind of basket-work dome of willow, which they place over the hole and cover with grass and earth by way of roof, and in hot weather they sometimes strew this roof with green leaves as an additional protection from the heat of the sun. The one into which I plunged was so covered, and the framework being old and rotten I popped through it easily enough."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Wanted It for Their Crazy Quilts.

Gov. Gray was one of the most astonished persons ever seen for a few moments one day recently. Among the sightseers at the new State capitol building were two nicely dressed ladies, who, after meeting the Governor and being shown through with a great deal of courtesy, stopped before one of the beautiful lambrequins, which cost something over $3000, and both modestly requested that they be permitted to cut "just a small, little piece," as they were both making "such lovely crazy quilts," and they wanted so much to have some of that lovely material in them. After the ladies had somewhat hastily departed he said in conversation that it was remarkable what some people would ask for. Only recently he was asked to mail some of the ground of the State House yard to a man in Illinois, who stated in his letter that he had a little dirt from the grounds of every State House in the Union except Indiana. He got the dirt.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

SHE COULD GO.—Yes, daughter you should go somewhere this summer. You cannot stay at home during the warm weather and live. To be sure, your mother who hasn't been out of town since she was married, can stand it, but then she is old-fashioned, and doesn't know any better, and, besides, she has fun enough doing the washing and ironing. By all means go. Get a linen duster and a basket and go at once.

If you want to see a wildcat, simply hold up the domestic article by the tail.

THE PEACH FUTURE.

Mr. J. P. R. Polk's Bureau of Information Scheme and Plan for Distribution.

ADOPTED AT THE DOVER MEETING.

We give below an abstract of the plan submitted by Mr. J. P. R. Polk to the peach growers' meeting at Dover. It will no doubt be read by peach growers throughout the peninsula with great interest:

This plan involves an executive committee of seven persons, to be elected annually and to have full power to organize the scheme in all its details; the committee is to appoint a "distributor of ability" and a secretary and treasurer who are to be adequately paid for their services and who are to give bonds; this distributor may be an officer of the Pennsylvania railroad, with his headquarters at Clayton or at any point where the Delaware division railroad shall have its headquarters. The powers of the distributor are set forth in the following clauses, numbered in their order:

9th. The distributor shall keep a map and list of all towns or cities (within forty-eight hours communication by railroad with Clayton) that can daily consume, at profitable prices, one or more car-loads of peaches.

10th. The distributor shall establish the quota of each of said towns and cities:

11th. When 300 baskets of fruit are loaded in a car (and not before) and the bureau's local agent has on the day of shipment endorsed O. K. on a telegram or message to that effect, any member or members of the bureau, or his or their agent shall forward said telegram or message to the distributor, mentioning therein the number of the car, the owner's name, the consignee, and the destination whither he or they desire said car to be consigned.

12th. The distributor on receipt of such communication, if the quota of the town or point thus selected be not already filled, shall telegraph or reply to said member or agent, "Your car No. —— is consigned to ——" (the point named by said member or agent). If the quota of the town so selected had that day been previously filled, the distributor shall so state, the owner or agent may then in a similar manner select some other town whose quota is not filled.

13th. Whenever any member or agent shall wilfully or by mistake consign a car to any town or point whose quota is already full, the distributor shall have absolute authority to change the destination of said car to some point whose quota is not complete.

14th. The bureau shall be accountable to the owner for the sale of any car of fruit whose destination is changed by the distributor without said owner's or his agent's approval.

15th. The proceeds of sale from all cars of fruit thus arbitrarily transferred by the distributor, shall be returned by draft to him and he shall immediately endorse the same to the treasurer who shall forthwith forward said returns, minus the regular commission, to the owner or owners of said fruit.

The utmost efforts are to be made for the prompt dissemination of information concerning the markets; blackboards shall herald the information at every railroad station where the members of the bureau may be located; members are to pay annual fees in proportion to the size of their orchards, and to pay certain commission for the distribution of their fruit. The last clause of the plan proposes to organize the bureau as "a part of the Delaware Fruit Exchange, but the bureau's accounts and funds shall be kept separate from the general exchange fund."

The first executive committee of the bureau are J. P. R. Polk, D. J. Cummins, E. L. Martin, Dr. I. L. Adkins, E. R. Cochran, J. G. Brown and Norris Barnard.

The resolutions adopted in connection with the above report were published in last week's NEWS.

A PUT-UP JOB.

A Story of the Lower River Told by M. Quad.

We left Memphis by steamer at 8 o'clock in the evening, and among the deck passengers I noticed a couple, man and wife, who gazed around as if they'd never seen a steamboat before. They had an old sack with some clothing in it, but no other baggage. They moved about in a timid way, and both seemed much afraid of the water.

The boat had not gone five miles down the river, and the large number of passengers had not settled down, when there was an uncanny shriek, followed by the cry of "man overboard!" The boat was stopped and her wheels backed, and after two or three minutes it was learned that one of the couple I have mentioned—the husband—had fallen overboard. The woman "took on" in the wildest manner, crying and moaning and wringing her hands, and when asked how it had happened, she replied:

"He jest dun fell overboard — fell overboard—fell overboard!"

By this time it was useless to think of lowering a boat. There was a swift current running and as the man had not cried out there could be no doubt of his being drowned. Everybody pitied the woman of course and when somebody took off his hat and dropped a five-dollar bill into it, it was a "go" all around. A hundred dollars was raised in fifteen minutes, and she went ashore at the first landing made by the boat, lugging the bag of clothes with her. I went down as far as Hernando, Miss., and stopped off there for two days, taking a second steamer down on the third night from the above occurrence. When I went down to the levee I saw a couple with an old sack between 'em who reminded me of the pair on the boat, and I saw them come aboard. The resemblance was astonished me, but it had to go for a coincidence.

The steamer pulled out about ten o'clock and had not been underway half an hour when there was a loud shriek followed by the cry of "man overboard!" It was a repetition of what I have related before, except that some of the passengers had gone to bed, and the shake purse didn't count up over $40. The hat was passed to me, but I declined to chip. The "recent and grief-stricken widow" left the boat at the first landing, and I went to bed with the feeling that curious coincidences were mighty thick on the Mississippi river. I left the boat at Helena, made a three days' stay, and was ready to take another boat on the down trip when I ran across the self-same couple on the levee, waiting for the same boat. After some minutes spent in solemn reflection I walked up to them and said to the man:

"Come, now, this is a square deal, and I give nothing away. I've seen you drowned twice, and I've seen this 'widow' go ashore with a breaking heart the same number of times. Tell me how you play it and I will give you a V."

"Let's see the money."

I handed it over, he stowed it away in his pocket and then replied:

"I've got on a rubber life-preserver under my clothes, as you see, and I generally make shore within a couple of miles. Say, stranger, don't give it away. We are poor but honest people."

I solemnly agreed that I wouldn't, but I think they rather mistrusted me, for they waited over to catch a boat next night.

Gen. Lee's Demijohn.

A short time after the battle of Fredericksburg the soldiers observed a servant carrying a big demijohn into Gen. Lee's tent. Visions of toddy flitted before the eyes of the general's staff.

At 12 o'clock Gen. Lee walked out and with a twinkle in his eyes remarked:

"Perhaps you gentlemen would like a glass of something?"

The verdict was unanimous.

Everything was arranged; the gentlemen drew near; the cork was withdrawn and the steward pored out—buttermilk.

SAM JONES says: "I don't know where hell is. I don't want to know, for I ain't headin' that way. I'm going to let them fellers as are goin' thar find out."

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE.

An Old Californian Gives a Glimpse of the First Success of the Famous Humorist.

When Mr. Clemens returned to San Francisco from Honolulu he was no better off than when he left, except in prestige, and quite in the dark as to his future course. His friends advised that he prepare a lecture and he did so. Some, however, did not favor the idea of his appearing on the platform. The writer recollects the evening distinctly when he came to the San Francisco *Call* editorial room to advise with the people there on the subject. It was raining heavily. Mr. Clements entered in a sort of uncertain way, clad in a thin, black frock coat, his only protection from the storm. Buttoned up to his chin, and soaked, he looked, and no doubt felt, as if he had just been fished out of the Dismal swamp. Taking a mass of manuscript from the breast-pocket of his sodden garment, where it had only been imperfectly protected from the rain, he threw it on the desk before one of the editors and said:

"I wish you'd read that and give me your opinion about it. I think it might do for a lecture."

"A lecture?"

"Yes; it's about the islands. I've been to Bowman, and I've been to Harte and Stoddart, and the rest of the fellows, and they say, "Don't do it, Mark; it will hurt your literary reputation.'"

The editor had glanced over some of the pages in the meantime and found a well-constructed piece of work. Mr. Clemens stood with his back to the fire that was burning in the grate, half concealed in the vapory haze arising from his drying clothes but waiting anxiously for the verdict.

"Mark," asked the editor, after awhile, looking up from his manuscript, "which do you need most at present, money or literary reputation?"

"Money, by——!" We are sorry that it is necessary to blank his full reply. Mr. Clemens could be profane, in those days, on occasion.

"Then go to Maguire, hire the Academy of Music on Pine steeet, and there deliver this lecture. With the prestige of your recent letters from the Hawaiian Islands you will crowd the theatre."

He followed the advice, and also of two or three other newspaper men, who were of the same opinion, delivered the lecture—his first appearance before the public as a speaker — and realized, if memory serves, some twelve hundred or fourteen hundred dollars, a small fortune to him then. Mr. Clemens had stage fright when he faced the large audience; but luckily caught them, even in his confusion, by a few impromptu remarks at the opening.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is the first time I have attempted to speak in public, and if I know myself as well when the lecture is over as I do now, it will be the last."

That lecture and its profits proved an epoch in Mr. Clemens' life. He repeated it at Platt's Hall, but not with the same success as at the Academy. Afterward he lectured in the interior and Nevada, taking a newspaper friend with him as agent and business man. When he returned he was asked what luck he had. He answered, smiling significantly at the same time:

"Oh, pretty good. We would have done much better only D—— (mentioning his friend's name) made a slight mistake."

"How was that?"

"He mistook our trip for a spree."

Ten years after this occurrence the writer happened to be in Honolulu, and dropped into Whitney's bookstore. Whitney was also a newspaper proprietor.

"Do you know Sam Clemens — or Mark Twain as he signs himself?" Whitney then asked.

"Perfectly."

"Then, when you return to San Francisco I wish you'd ask him to send back that Methodist missionary book on the islands, I lent him one day. I see he helped himself liberally to the poor old preacher's labors in his lecture. The graphic description of Mauna Loa in eruption belongs to the missionary entirely. Clemens had no opportunity to see it."

Mr. Evarts Got a Reply.

A correspondent who has been reading the anecdotes about Senators in our last number was an eye-witness of the following occurrence:

At New York city, in the fall of 186-, a case was tried before Judge Sutherland, in which the law firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate appeared for the defense. Mr. Evarts made the concluding argument, and the fame of the great counselor secured for him a considerable audience of lawyers from neighboring courts, in addition to many persons who had more or less interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Evarts had been speaking for some hours and was evidently nearing the end of his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and again asked a similar question. Then a third time he restated his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones, wound up with:

"What is their answer?"

He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court-room opened, and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather-duster into the opening and cried out:

"Brooms!"

In a moment the room was ringing with uncontrollable laughter, in which everybody joined—even the judge on the bench and the orator himself. Mr. Evarts, however, kept on his feet, and was the first to recover composure. With his hand raised as to command attention, as the roar subsided, he said, solemnly:

"*That* was not, indeed, the reply which I expected. But you may rest assured that when you do get their answer you will find it equally frivolous and inconsequent."—*American Magazine.*

Mary Ann Took Her Innings.

A young lady told me once of attending a little Catholic church in the country near where she was passing the summer. Being a regular attendant at a large city church of that faith, she was painfully conscious of the florid and pretentious character of the music attempted by the ambitious little choir and of their absolute hopeless inability to perform it. The relation between the pastor and the congregation was evidently of the simplest and most ineffective nature. In the "Gloria" there occurred a long and showy soprano solo, in cheap imitation of the cheap Italian style. The young woman who attempted it sang gaily on till the clergyman evidently thought that she had enjoyed her fair share of attention and glory. Accordingly he raised his hand as a signal and the music ceased.

"Let that young girl with the red feather have done singin', and let Mary Ann Quilty sing the rest." There was a little hesitation in the choir, and he resumed:

"The service will not go on till Mary Ann has a show."

Accordingly Mary Ann took her innings and the young girl with the red feather was left nowhere.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A GUARANTEE.—Nervous patient, in dentist's chair—"Will it hurt much, doctor?"

Dentist (reassuringly)—"I'll guarantee it won't hurt a bit."

Nervous patient (not convinced)—"But what if it should, doctor? What would your guarantee amount to?"

Dentist (evidently sure of himself)—"If I hurt you, my dear sir, I'll pull every tooth in your head and it won't cost you a cent."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOTH SORRY.—Collector—"Mr. Jones, I am sorry to have to ask you to pay this little bill."

Jones—"Are you, my boy? Well, I can sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry you have to ask me."

"WHERE is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar splitting kindling, most likely.

MONEY DOESN'T BUY EVERYTHING.

A Bonanza Monarch Mourns Away His Life Over the Death of His Loved Wife.

There is probably no man in Montana as sad as Tommy Cruise, according to a Montana special to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* With all his money he is unable to erase from his memory the event of a month ago. For a year previous his life was a dream of love—pure and simple and as lasting as the rock of ages. And the once happy smile is changed to a look so sad and full of mourning that the happiness of even his friends seems to be clouded. Only a short year ago he led a bride to the altar, and she has now passed away, leaving him alone and childless—a lonely man as he was before the hymeneal bond linked him to the happiest year of his life.

The career of this three times over millionaire is full of interest.

Not many years ago he could be found at the bottom of his claim with pick and shovel, working for the treasure he never lost hope of finding. He had passed the middle age, but was healthy and robust, and up to a week before he made his big discovery he was as poor as when he first lifted a shovel as a miner.

While engaged in this manner he met a young lady, who was kind and respectful to him. The young lady was Miss Carter, of distinguished birth, though poor. She was amiable, retiring, and her modest disposition captured the heart of the poor miner. He was many years her senior, but his noble bearing and unselfish ways impressed her, and a mutual like ripened into love. During the years which succeeded their meeting he worked with the one ambition and aim. To secure the means to marry and live comfortably was a thought which kept him struggling for fortune. When it came he was only less happy than on the day of his wed