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Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less, . . . $1.00
Each subsequent insertion 25
Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

FROM

MABLEY & CAREW.

ABOUT the most seasonable subject we can discuss is the subject of warm, comfortable CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR and winter "FIXINGS," things that everybody must be provided with during cold weather. We know thousands upon thousands of our patrons are depending upon Mabley & Carew's mammoth store to supply them with Clothes, Furnishings, &c., and it's a pleasant privilege for us, during the holiday season, to send forth the tidings that Mabley & Carew are abundantly prepared to meet every demand.

MABLEY & CAREW.

To visit our mammoth store now is like visiting a great exposition. Every available space is fairly crowded with attractive goods, and our general preparations have been made for an enormous trade during the holiday season and are as perfect as money, experience and good judgment could accomplish. We know that this is buying time. Even folks who are most economical (either from choice or necessity) realize that when the season of Christmas and New Year approaches it is necessary to "fix up," and now, whilst we're discussing this subject, let us remind you that the outlay of cash required to make your necessary purchases at Mabley & Carew's is all of 30 per cent in favor of the buyer as compared with prices charged at other stores. Of course, we wouldn't be foolish enough to make such a statement if the practical evidence of this truth could not emphatically be established to the entire satisfaction of our patrons.

MABLEY & CAREW.

Of course we must say a few words concerning our OVERCOAT Department with its enormous and wonderful attractive stock of Overcoats of every style, material and quality. STORM COATS, those warm and comfortable "big collared garments are just the thing for farmers, teamsters and others who are obliged to be out doors during cold weather. In better qualities we have STORM COATS made from Shetlands, Fur Beavers, Scotch Homespuns, Elysians, &c. Some are astrachan trimmed, others fur trimmed, and lined with soft cassimere. We sell comfortable Ulsters, warranted for wear and service at $5 and $6.

OVERCOATS by the thousand for dress and everyday wear, made from all sort of materials, that can be recommended. $5 will buy a good, reliable garment, $8 or $10 is our price for a first rate Chinchilla or Melton, $12, $15 and $18 gives you choice among thousands more that you'll admit are the best values you never saw for the money.

In our CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT the array of Boys' and Children's Overcoats is marvelously grand. To satisfy yourselves about our LOW PRICES you must come to our store and see exactly what we offer for your money. We sell Children's Overcoats (all wool) for $3.50. and first-rate Overcoats, sizes 5 to 9 years, as low as $2.50. In finer grades we show the prettiest patterns in Cheviots, Fancy and Neat Worsteds, Astrachans; Beavers, with fur collars; Norfolk Styles, with silk-lined Capes or Hood, &c. Prices vary little by little from $4 to $12.

MABLEY & CAREW.

Everything is in first-class trim at Mabley & Carew's for the holiday season. Children's Department never was more attractive, and, aside from offering the finest assortment of Juvenile clothing, shirt waists, hats, caps, and Boy's furnishing goods, our display is larger than the combined stocks of any other three stores in the city. The same can be truthfully said of our Men's Suit Department and during the entire holiday season we shall make our low prices pleasantly interesting to buyers. If there's one thing more than another that Mabley & Carew have repeated again and again and which we shall continue to repeat for all time to come, it is plain, matter-of-fact, every-day truth that we shall not permit any house to name prices as low as those quoted by us. For things useful and ornamental, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR Gifts, just take a look at goods in our Furnishing Goods Department. Smoking Jackets, Dressing Gowns, Silk Suspenders, Fine Gloves, Toilet Cases, Silk Umbrellas, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Elegant Neckwear, etc., all at prices fully 25 per cent less than are charged at exclusive Furnishing Goods Stores. When you come to the city visit our store and just make up your mind that you're an invited and welcome guest. Step right up to our first floor bundle counter and have your parcels and baggage checked, subject to delivery on demand. These privileges cost you nothing, but will add greatly to your comfort and convenience.

We shall give a Christmas Present of an elegant GUN, SLEIGH or box of TEN PINS with every Suit or Overcoat sold in our Children's Department during the holiday season. In grateful appreciation of past patronage from our out-of-town patrons we wish you each and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

Send your name and address and we will mail you free our Fall and Winter Fashion Review, containing rules for self-measurement and description of all the latest fashions. Also Furnishing Goods price list and set of handsomely colored cards.

MABLEY & CAREW,
S. W. Corner Baltimore and Light Streets.

Dec. 17.

Fire--Lightning--Life!

IN this day when the dread cry of Fire, Fire, Fire is sounded, which tells us of another's loss, the first question we ask is, **Was He INSURED?** *and if*

NO, be the answer, all will extend their sympathy, but will unite in declaring him a **Foolish Man** *not to have availed himself of the Protection offered by* **Insurance** *and how truly he will regret his imprudent neglect.*

SEE TO IT, reader, that **You** *profit by the experience of others and* **"Lock the Stable Door Before the Horse is Stolen,"** *be prudent and act PROMPTLY lest your neglect of to-day may be repented to-morrow, and*

UNLESS you have already done so, go immediately to the Agent of some Reliable Insurance Company and secure at a Trifling Cost that Protection, Security and Safety which can be had only through Reliable Insurance, but, in selecting a Company

REMEMBER that the company that gives the Greatest Protection, the Greatest Security, pays its Losses Promptly and Fully, pays for damage by Lightning, whether fire ensues or not, pays for Stock killed by lightning **anywhere**, *is the*

AGRICULTURAL, of Watertown, N. Y., which paid Mr. HENRY BRAMBLE, Fairlee, $1590, **in 3 days after Fire,** *Mr. THOS. L. ROEDER, $540, within a week, and has paid losses also to Mr. B. N. S. Wilkins, Mr. Garrett Foxwell, and others in Kent county.*

NOW a word about **LIFE INSURANCE,** *which is no less important than Fire Insurance, and is the only way ever devised to make* **NOW** *a Liberal provision for the* **Future** *with a Small Amount of money.*

CONSIDER the advantages of the **MUTUAL LIFE** *of New York, and Insure accordingly. Its policy is the Most Liberal being Non-Forfeitable and Incontestable it provides a certain Legacy and not a possible Lawsuit.*

ENDOWMENT, Life and Limited-Payment Policies issued. It is the Oldest, Largest, Strongest, Safest, Cheapest and Best Company in the World. Its assets amount to over **$114,181,963.00.** *For Circulars, Statements, &c., and any information appertaining to Insurance call on or address*

L. B. RUSSELL,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Representing the above and other companies. OFFICE: Three doors above Express Office. oc29.

Lea's	*Highly*	Farina.
Lea's	*Nutricious*	Farina.
Lea's	*and*	Farina.
Lea's	*Palatable.*	Farina.
Lea's	*Try it.*	Farina.

To Cash Buyers!

Do you not know that by buying of **US** *one dollar's* **($1.00)** *worth of* **SUGAR** *you save from twelve* **(12)** *to fourteen* **(14)** *cents,* **AND** *do you not know that by buying of* **US** *one dollar's* **($1.00)** *worth of* **ENTERPRISE, LEVERING'S** *or* **ARBUCKLE'S** *Roasted Coffee, in pound packs, you* **SAVE** *from twelve* **(12)** *to twenty* **(20)** *cents? If you do not know it I hereby inform you* **THAT SUCH IS THE FACT.** *Give us a* **TRIAL** *and we will* **CONVINCE YOU.**

J. B. BURCHINAL.

Sept. 24, 1887.—tf.

Clifton	*Highest*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Grade*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Patent*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Flour*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Made.*	F. F. F.

CHESTERTOWN MARBLE, GRANITE

—AND—

STONE WORKS

A Full Line of

Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing

ALWAYS IN STOCK AT

Lower Prices than can be Found in the City

Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Show Room and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.

CHAS. H. MOORE,
Proprietor.

May 21, 1887.

Use	*For*	Kirkwood.
Use	*a*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Fine*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Family*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Flour*	Kirkwood.

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 authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.

1887 Christmas 1887!

READ! READ! READ!

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
3-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " "	9c. "

Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair.

Ladies' Solid Colored Hose	8c. a pair
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose	10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose	25c. "
Ladies Corsets, good 25c. extra good Corsets 45c.	"
Ladies Vests, extra good	45c.
Gloves	5c. to 25c.
Gents Undershirts	25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.

Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms ..... 65c.
Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 50c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	30c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons	$1.00
'Red C.' Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c. a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for	$1.00
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.

Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!

WM. H. McFEELY'S AGENCY.

INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS

Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in Insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.

INSURE YOUR LIVESTOCK

Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made, if killed on premises or anywhere else.

INSURE YOUR GRAIN

In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand.

WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md
Office opposite Bank. jy9-tf.

LUMBER!

VIRGINIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
GEORGIA PINE,
BILL TIMBER, CYPRESS,
FLOORING, EILING,
VIRGINIA PINE SIDING,
WHITE PINE SIDING,
YPRESS WEATHERBOARDING,
WHITE PINE WEATHERBOARDING,
SHINGLES, Sawed and Shaved,
PICKETS, LATHS,
DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,
FRAMES, &c., &c.

ALL INQUIRIES ANSWERED PROMPTLY.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Dec. 3, 1887.

YOU will find it to pay to buy your own or your boy's Fall and Winter Clothing from us. No matter what promises are made elsewhere, we CAN and WILL do better. All must admit that our enviable reputation is the best proof of our thorough reliability. Special Bargains in our new Men's & Boys' Furnishing Dep't. Order Dep't stocked with choicest Woolens. Becoming attire at reasonable figures guaranteed.

Samples, &c., &c., promptly mailed on request.

OEHM'S,

PRATT adj'g HANOVER,
BALTIMORE.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at

J. B. SAUNDERS,
Coal and Woodyard

mh5-tf.

BEST GRADES OF FLOUR by the barrel.
E. W. F. SIMPERS.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made,
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Winds out thro' the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

Tho' the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us, fair cities are laughing
And dipping white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads centre here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find in the City of Rest.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE CASHIER'S STORY.

"I have tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural for my very existence. I have never believed in the supernatural. I am not going to believe it if I can find any other way for my being here, instead of at the foot of a grave-stone out on the hill yonder.

"We had been discussing spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to inclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter reputation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated, so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it.

"Now, Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men. At the down-town bank where he holds the position as cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity. This curiosity he proceeded at once to satisfy, beginning with an abrupt question:

"Do you remember the night of the 15th of March?

"No one seemed to remember, for no one answered.

"That is singular," he said, after a moment's silence. "At the same time you all took a great interest in at least one of the occurrences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank robbery.

Certainly; we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the 15th of March.

"Well, when I left the bank that evening," Charlie continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying-teller—a pale, nervous, little fellow, with a memory for faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect fraud. We stopped on the bank steps a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed up the street together. His rooms are about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neatly little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the side street.

"Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?" he asked.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that, to the best of my recollection, I then saw the man for the first time.

"Then," he added nervously, "note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, and you will know if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment."

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had done speaking and faced the window where we sat.

"Don't look now," Dick said, turning his own eyes away. "He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark."

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak of, and the general effect was that of a strait, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten.

"I thought you would find something there," Dick said, when I had told him what I had seen. "I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should have known him anywhere. He stood in front of the bank steps when we stopped there to chat, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long."

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night."

"He was off before I could make any reply and I went up-stairs, laughing at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired-out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting room table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not.

"Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have saved me a very strange experience.

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting room, but the sleeping room beyond was in total darkness.

"Opening from the sleeping room was a bath room, and adjoining this was a large clothes closet. I locked the door as usual, turned off the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking a light in the sleeping room or opening the door leading to the bathroom and closet. I was tired, and fell asleep immediately.

"How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly, and afar off, I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in terrible fear or from out an over-powering nightmare.

"At first the sound came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words. But the tone was one of warning, and told me as well as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard as plainly as I now hear the rumble of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only to Dick and myself, and used only on the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window.

"This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though a door or window had been opened in the room from which it proceeded.

"There was no mistaking the words this time. I heard them over and over again, as one hears words in vivid dreams: Lock the bath-room door! I can't get that creeping figure out of my mind."

"With the words came a feeling that I cannot describe, but which you have doubtless all experienced—a sensation of immediate personal danger coupled with an inability to control a muscle to meet it.

"The words and the private signal alternated many times, and then I heard a crash—such a crash as would follow the falling of a heavy window sash.

"Absolute silence followed, and with the silence came a sense of physical depression, as though a current of electricity which had wrought my nerves to their utmost tension had suddenly been withdrawn.

"I awoke instantly. When I say I awoke, I mean that I awoke to a consciousness of things immediately about me, for it is my belief that my mental condition previous to that time cannot be described by the word sleep.

"I heard the City Hall clock strike one, and tried to sleep again, but could not do so.

"I could think of nothing but the creeping figure I had seen early in the evening on the outer edge of the walk; I found it impossible to forget the mysterious words warning me to lock the bathroom door!

"I should have got out of the bed and made a tour of the bathroom and closet only it occurred to me it would be a rather ridiculous thing to do. Men who pride themselves on a practical turn of mind dislike to do ridiculous things even when by himself. Besides, notwithstanding the effect produced upon me by what I heard, I regarded the matter as an unusual clear cut dream, and was not in the least alarmed.

"The longer I lay awake the more thoroughly did I become convinced that the nervous suspicions of the paying-teller were alone responsible for my losing a good hour of sleep, and I resolved to make up for lost time as soon as possible by turning over for another nap.

"If I had not, as a preliminary step to the resolve so formed, raised myself in bed and made a great noise in re-arranging my pillows, perhaps the most trying portion of that night's experience would have been spared me.

"Be that as it may, the fact remains that before I had arranged my pillows my attention was diverted from my task by three rather startling objects.

"The first was a dark lantern pouring its round red rays full in my face. The second was an unusually long and unnaturally bright self-cocking revolver located within six inches of my nose. The third was a particularly villainous face, with black eyebrows running together above the nose.

"Was I frightened? Yes; but I scarcely think my fright took the usual form. I knew in an instant, as well as I know now, that it was not my life, nor the trifling amount of money he might find in my room, what the intruder wanted. I recognized his presence there as a part of a well-laid plan to rob the bank. The intruder's first words confirmed my suspicions.

"Get up and dress yourself," he said, in a whisper. 'We want you at the bank. If you value your life, be quick about it and make no noise.'

"'The man's arguments were unanswerable and I obeyed.

"'You are to go with me to the bank,' he said, holding his weapon close to my head as I dressed, 'and open the vault. The first movement you make to escape or call assistance will be your last. My mates are below. If I miss my aim, they will not. If we meet an officer at the bank, or on the way there, and you are questioned, you are to say that you want important papers left on your desk, and pass on. You will not be harmed. We want money, and not human life. Do you understand?'

"In a short time I was at the outer door of my sitting room dressed for the street. Never for an instant, in all my journeys about the room to secure my clothes, had the threatening weapon been removed from the close position of my waking moment. Still I had not abandoned all hope. Surely, between my rooms and the bank, some opportunity of escape would present itself. I had no intention of unlocking the vault. At the last moment I should have risked a few shots from the robber's revolver.

"My escort unlocked the sitting room door and passed with his hand on the knob. At that instant a sound of footsteps was heard on the stair, the key was quietly turned in the lock, and I felt for the first time the cold rim of a revolver on my temple. The steps passed my door and the weapon was lowered. You all know what followed. Before the weapon could be raised again, the door fell in with a crash, and the robber who stood directly in front of it, was clubbed to the floor and handcuffed by a squad of policemen led by the paying-teller.

"Dick did not return to his own chambers that night. We spent the time until daylight in my sitting room. At first he absolutely refused to explain his sudden appearance with the officers, for Dick is a hard-headed sort of a fellow, who scouts everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures; but finally he fairly unbosomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experiences.

"I slept soundly until nearly one o'clock," he said, with the air of a man who expects to be laughed at, and then I passed into a strange trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw it in my life, the interior of your bath room, and seated at the foot of the tub, where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined. I recognized at once the creeping figure and the level line of eyebrows he then attempted to hide beneath the rim his slouch hat.

"There was no light in the bathroom, or anywhere about the apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face nor in seeing you sound asleep in your bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bathroom door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I even gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I told you of speaking.

"I laughed at myself for a supertitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bathroom, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal. I awoke again to find myself standing by the open window (I must have opened it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring) the private signal on the sash and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard the City Hall clock strike one.

"I was now thoroughly awake, but could not drive from my mind the impressions created by singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that figure my dream had shown me in your apartment was the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself and seek you in your rooms.

"I was ashamed to come to your door openly at that time of night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such a one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept up stairs like a spy and listened. I saw the flash of a dark lantern at the threshold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police."

IMPROVEMENT OF WORN-OUT LANDS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Without doubt this question is one of the most important ones that can be brought to the view of your many readers, and I am glad to see you have opened your columns for a free discussion, as not only in our county, but millions of acres of worn-out, unproductive land can be found elsewhere. Before replying to our friend Hickman's article in a recent issue, I desire a thorough and clear understanding of the matter that constitutes a fertile, productive soil and the origin of the same. We know that sand and clay from the equator to each pole compose the earth's surface, both as a soil, or as mountains, hills and valleys of rocks. Two kinds of soils are found from the disintegration of the rocks, namely: the sedentary and the sedimentary, and as the whole of our shore belongs to the latter formation it will first receive attention. Professor Johnson in the *Country Gentleman* informs us that usually a thin section of rock reveals under the microscope the crystals of apatite and this is the true source of all phosphorus, being a pure phosphate of lime. In some countries this rock is so abundant as to afford building stone, being very hard and insoluble. Associated with this rock we have feldspar, containing abundance of potass and soda chemically combined as silicates, and also the quartz rock, the latter the source of all sand and when combined with lime forms silicate of lime. All these are important in a fertile soil and must be there, but they, even when abundant, will not made a fertile soil; hence the sad failure often occurring when commercial fertilizers are used. I have known in my immediate neighborhood and under my eye the utter failure of them when I knew the fertilizer could not be improved. The cause of it I hope will occur during this discussion. It will be seen in a natural soil as is known over the shore and coming from the primary rocks no brimstone vitriol was found to render these minerals soluble, yet these plants by some invisible power found enough solubility in them to grow rapidly in our early history when tobacco and corn was planted year after year, which in time rendered such land as J. W. Corey's A. L. Corey's, the Tulip farm, the poor knoll of the Tolchester farm and others as barren almost as the deserts of Arabia, but now producing 30 to 40 bushels of wheat and other things in proportion, and brought to this condition by proper management. The point I am aiming at is to trace out the true cause of the want of fertility in so much of the land of Kent that a few years ago could be purchased at almost any price offered for it. In the higher order of animal life we have two different organizations—the male and the female. In the vegetable kingdom to secure the development of a high order of plants to support the animal two elements of fertility must join hands, namely: the inorganic matter represented by the sand and clay with the apatite, potass, magnesia, &c., along with organic or carbonaceous matter that is found in all fertile soils, indicated by the usual dark color, extending from a few inches to several feet, as is found in some sections of the country. In such a soil the reader is reminded that no brimstone acid is necessary to render the apatite and other mineral matter found in plant food soluble. What this agent is will be referred to as the subject continues. The source of this rich mould (so-called) found in all virgin or rich soils, and absent in all poor or unproductive soils, demands the attention of the reader. There can be no explanation for this so-called mould except through vegetable matter. The addition of minerals will not place it there; although when absent this addition will prove of great service while there is still left some of the mould or life in the soil. The starting of this mould must be traced to the early form of vegetable life, i. e., to the lichens or flowerless plants unfit for animal life. To understand fully the nature of this form of carbonaceous matter the reader must refer to works on the subject. The continued growth of this low order of life slowly deposited in the soil the carbonaceous matter and in time, when the necessity of higher plants become apparent by the dawn of animal life, the soil was in a condition to produce them. At this point I desire the reader's attention to my carbonaceous theory, that our friend H. thinks has been exploded years ago. When a soil by long and improper tillage has had all of its carbonaceous matter burnt out and ceases to grow more, we cannot afford to wait on the old process of forming it (untold centuries), but must bring it from some place where it will grow; as we do phosphorous, potass, &c., and apply to the land in the form of barnyard manure, the deoris from the stockyard, as in Mr. Crosby's case, or as the Norfolk truckers are doing in having the carbonaceous matter of New York city baled up and transported to their truck patches. On sandy, inorganic land commercial fertilizers fail to fill the bill, although without doubt are important agents. Mr. H. claims that my carbonaceous matter contained a large amount of phosphate, potass and nitrogen. Let us look at the facts of of the case and see if he is consistent in this assertion. Some months ago he stated before some of our well-known farmers that he would with a little tin bucket apply more fertility to the soil than any four-horse wagon could haul out. This would indicate there was very little mineral matter there, and in this he was certainly right, for in every hundred pounds of such material there would hardly be enough mineral matter to fill a good sized snuff box.

To enter fully into the theory of the action or effect of carbonaceous acids found in the soil by the fermentation of it in the soil as well as the action of carbonate of lime (shell dust) will occupy too much of your space in a single article, but that both of these are important to all fertile soils and always found in them is admitted by all who are familiar with their composition. It must be remembered that lime is only found as a carbonate, which contains about equal parts of carbonic acid and oxide of calcium, and when this acid is driven off by the heat of the kiln and becomes burnt or caustic lime it is impossible to keep it as such, for almost the moment the heat is gone it will at once begin to draw from the air carbonic acid and assume its original chemical combination, hence when spread on land in a caustic state will soon be found as a carbonate, presenting the same composition as shell dust or ground limestone, the chemical action that must take place when this carbonate and the acids of the soil meet.

The result of this meeting is one of the points I am aiming at, but I must refer to it in my next article, when I hope to explain how the two can lighten up a soil and pave the way for other elements found in the vegetable kingdom, the great bulk of which is carbon and water with a little nitrogen, which by the unknown power of plant life are transformed into starch, sugar, gum, albumem, gluten and woody matter; the first five being the great organic compounds that animal life must depend upon. The great question is do the leaves bring on this transformation by the absorption of carbonic acid from the air, or do the roots secure a portion of the abundant supply of carbonic acid always found in a soil rich in carbonaceous matter. If such is the fact it is easy to explain why a light, open, porous, dark soil is so much better than a heavy, cold, non-porous one, although it may be filled with apatite. Bone acid phosphate with its vitriol, or any other form of phosphate, silicates and carbonates. A word in conclusion. Above all things let this discussion be a friendly one, based solely upon bringing out facts that may be of some interest to your intelligent readers. Surely we all have much to learn on the all-important question, "How to Improve and Keep Up the Fertility of Our Lands?" I have no axe to grind and I think our friend, Mr. H., is perfectly honest in his conviction, but like myself may be mistaken. Although perhaps right in advising me to read more and write less, I will try and do more of the former, but as he says my articles are largely copied in the leading agricultural journals it rather encourages me not to follow his advice, especially as it has brought me in communication with so many intelligent gentlemen in different sections of the country, who like myself are aiming at facts. The other advice, to take some live agricultural paper, I will simply say if he will name the paper I will cheerfully comply with the advice, although I have a dozen or more that I only have time to glance over. Fortunately for my pocket they are mostly supplied free.

One word to Mr. H. Will he please give me the symbols of the chemical term he uses, as I am at a loss to know what is meant by *cartenacious* and carbo hydratis.

Rock Hall, Md. A. P. S.

AN Easton youth invested $1.50 in a New York firm to discover "How to appear well in society." The receipt which he received by mail was short, simple and easily understood: "Always keep your nose clean and don't suck more than one finger at a time."

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