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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.

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

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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—SUCH AS—

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

MABLEY & CAREW

LEADING RETAILERS

BEST-MADE SUITS, COATS, PANTS, OVER-COATS, AND FINE UNDER-WEAR, GOWNS, ROBES, SOCKS, ALSO A SUPERB SUPPLY OF BOYS' WEAR IN THE LATEST STYLES.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES —FOR— PRESENTS, —ALSO— THE LARGEST, NEWEST MOST STYLISH AND MOST PERFECT STOCK OF MEN'S AND BOYS' TAILOR MADE

CLOTHING

REDUCED TO THE LOWDST PRICES EVER KNOWN. OVERCOATS FOR $10,00, $12 AND $15 THAT NO CUSTOM TAILOR ON EARTH COULD MAKE FOR LESS THAN DOUBLE—FINE, HEAVY, SUBSTANTIAL SUITS FOR $6, $7 AND $8, AND TIP-TOP DRESS SUITS FOR $10, $12 AND $15. NO HOUSE IN AMERICA SELLS GOOD CLOTHING AS CHEAP AS WE DO.

Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices. Lowest Prices.

BEST-MADE CLOTHING

MABLEY & CAREW.

CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS

No. 423 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, (Near Gay,)

Have enlarged their store and are now prepared to show one of the finest lines of

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, &c.,

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at Low Prices. Our goods are out west passed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 423 E. Balto. St., three doors above Gay.
Sept. 28-3m.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

GENTLEMEN,

If you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for pices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. R. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER.
sep2-y. Up Town

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally,

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

I have had considerable experience and will not undertake to do anything that I cannot do in a first-class manner. I only ask a trial, and that my work may speak for itself. I shall not only do good work but will also aim to make my charges as low as possible for a living profit.

Hose, Traps, Spigots, Sprinklers, kept on hand, at shop on Court street. REPAIRING done in the best manner at short notice.

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. WM. T. SUTTON.
July 28, 1888—tf. Chestertown.

OYSTER SEASON!

The Act of Limitation is out, and the RISING SUN SALOON will commence this the first day of the season with a full supply of FRESH OYSTERS, cooked in all ways, and in his old style. Retail and wholesale.
31-tf. WILLIAM PERKINS.

FOR the Largest and Best Assortment of Tobacco and Cigars go to J. L. McFEELY'S.

The Sun for 1889

AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the Election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles lied by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be entrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays for cents. If you do not know THE SUN send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

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Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

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A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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Lumber! Lumber!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

Shingles, Laths, Pickets,

WHITE PINE, GEORGIA PINE, NORTH CAROLINA PINE, VIRGINIA PINE, CYPRESS and POPLAR LUMBER

in Kent county and other large lots to arrive, all purchased at the LOWEST CASH PRICES direct from the manufacturers and are for sale at VERY LOW PRICES. Also, a stock of

Doors, Door Frames, Window Frames,

SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c.

☞Do not buy without giving me an opportunity to figure on your bills.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
June 9, 1888.

WILLIAM PARR'S

NEW HARNESS STORE

I have just opened a nice line of

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, all Kinds of Harness,

which I am selling very low. I also have in stock everything that is kept in a First-Class Harness Store, from a 10-cent Hame Strap to a Set of Fine Harness.

Encourage me by buying your Harness Goods where you can have them neatly and promptly repaired. Thankful for past patronage I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR,
no3-1y. STILL POND, MD.

—SELLING OUT—

AT COST

To quit business and leave Town, OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

CLOTHING

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

In the Next 30 Days!

☞Remember this is no Humbug Sale, but we are going to leave town, and we will sell you goods at YOUR OWN FIGURES. Don't fail to come and get a share of these Rare Bargains, as it don't last long and you don't often Buy Goods at Wholesale Prices, so come at once and see what we can do for you.

☞DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.☜

E. KLINE,
Next to Postoffice.
December 8, 1888.

TO THE CITIZENS
—OF—
Hanesville and Vicinity

HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions,
Choice Lot of Groceries

such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.

Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.

S. W. WALLIS.
May 21, 1887.

Milk Wanted!

THE EX ELSIOR CREAMERY
is now in successful operation.

WE earnestly solicit the patronage of all farmers of this county. They will find it to their interest to bring us their milk.

Milk sent by the morning train will receive our prompt attention. Cans returned on the noon train. Cans can be obtained from us at cost.

SHAFER & DAVIES,
oct20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

THE NEW YEAR BELLS.

BY A READER.

Oh! listen to the mighty noise
Of bells that seem to say:
"I ring to tell of this world's joys,
That soon must pass away.

"You know each time you hear my notes
A year has passed and gone;
Each time my music o'er earth floats
You're one year nearer home."

How many changes have been wrought
In such short time as this;
We've lost old friends,—new ones we've sought,
The old we'll always miss.

And does "Old Time" destroy true love,
And cause the heart grow cold?
No, no: that comes from Heaven above,
And never can grow old!

Then we should always hopeful be,
And trust God's wondrous care;
In our afflictions try to see
That He is always near.

Ring on ye bells that tell the tale
Of a departing year;
Ring on ye bells, the New Year hail!
For it's already here.

Edesville, Md., Dec. 15, 1888.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Apart in the busy school room, with head bent low and slowly moving finger, sat little Alice Grey, all absorbed in the study of her lessons.

Suddenly she paused and over the expressive countenance flashed a quick, bright ray, as though some hidden chord within were answering gladly some touch without. Quickly the curly head was lifted, and then the soft blue eyes, looking straight before them, neither to the right nor to the left, revealed that they were sightless.

It was thus that Alice had come into the world bringing her tiny cross that was to grow with her growth, and never be lifted till the light of another world should break on the yearning eyes. And as though dwelling even under the shadow of that cross, the fair, sweet face bore trace of deep and earnest thought such as childhood rarely knows.

A slender slip of a girl, it was not strange that often in the merry game she wearied sooner than others, and at such times, stealing quietly away, or whispering to some one near, "lead me, please, to a safe place," she would sit listening to the happy sound, ever patient and uncomplaining.

And all the little friends well knew what Alice meant by "a safe place." With the idea of security, she had ever seemed to associate that of greatness and strength; and when, with outstretched hand she groped her darkened way, instinctively she seemed to seek some lofty tree or sheltering wall against which to rest, assured, as she often said, that no harm could befall her while thus upheld.

But it was in the buzzing school room that now she sat, her finger moving slowly over the raised letters of the book before her, when the quickly lifted countenance brightened by that light within, attracted the attention of her teacher.

"What is it, Alice?" she asked, as though the sightless eyes had spoken.

"Oh, Miss Agnes, said the little one eagerly, "please tell me, were these words written by a little blind girl?" and rapidly she read the letters, "L-e-a-d m-e t-o t-h-e r-o-c-k t-h-a-t i-s h-i-g-h-e-r t-h-a-n I."

"No, dear," answered the teacher, "they were not written by a little blind girl, but a great and powerful king. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Alice, slowly, "I thought no one but a weak, little blind girl could feel that longing. It is just what I am always longing to find, something taller and stronger than I, against which to rest and feel safe."

"We'll, perhaps dear," replied the teacher, gently caressing the drooping head, "perhaps King David, though not blind in the way you mean, may yet have felt something of that same longing. There are times when even those blessed with sight and strength are blinded by sin or sorrow, and they, too, reach out for a strong, sure shelter against which to lean and feel safe. This is why God calls himself our rock of defence, so much stronger, so much higher than we, that under its protecting care safety and rest is found."

The teacher passed on, but Alice still sat wrapped in thought, her slender finger still moving lingeringly over the letters.

"The rock that is higher than I," she repeated softly; "surely little children who can see their way and are never afraid cannot feel these words as I do. Whatever the good teacher may think, I believe God wrote them just for his blind children, for who else has need to be led as we."

The bell for dismissal had sounded, and the children had filed out before Alice roused from her reverie; with unerring neatness she arranged her little desk; then quite alone started homeward.

The roadway leading into the little town was a shaded lane thoroughly familiar to the unguided feet, but, absorbed in thought this afternoon, Alice walked dreamily and less guardedly than was her wont. Suddenly a harsh voice recalled her.

"Why don't you look where you are going, child, and not walk into one as if you were dreaming."

The startled child stopped quickly, with that nervous out-reaching of the little hand, the first impulse when frightened, and immediately it came in contact with what she knew to be the form of a woman seated on the road-side.

"Excuse me, please," said the gentle little voice, with its pathetic ring of sadness; "I cannot look where I am going because I am blind."

The sightless eyes were lifted for a moment to the face beside her and over the latter swept a sudden shade of remorse.

"Blind, child?" she repeated more gently; "I would never have guessed it or I would have moved out of the way, but" she added with an accent of passionate pain, "I, too, am blind, blind, blind."

The little one at her side started again, as though frightened by the vehemence of the tone. "Blind," she repeated with tenderest sympathy; "you blind, to?" and instinctively her hand reached out and grasped the one near her. "Ah, I see," she continued, unconsciously using the familiar figure of speech, "I see; you have no one to lead you, and perhaps have lost your way home."

"Yes, yes," said the other slowly, as if speaking to herself, but with that same desolate pain ringing through her words; "lost, that is it; and I have strayed far, and lost my way."

"Then do let me lead you," said the child looking earnestly into the face she could not see; "though I am blind, I know every step of the way here, and I will lead you home."

Into the weary, haggard eyes beside her, with the sound of that word, sprang hot, rushing tears, such as had not moistened their depths for many a day.

"You lead me, little one," she said, brokenly; "you are too young, too small and weak."

"Ah, I see, I know," cried the child again with that same bright light once more illuminating her face. "I understand just how you feel; you want something tall and strong against which to lean, just like that poor, sad king, who said, 'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' You are so afraid of stumbling or falling; isn't that it?" she cried eagerly.

The unhappy wayfarer was gazing upon the glowing countenance of the child beside her with something of deepening awe, as though listening to an angel speaking, and wonderingly how came the words from her quivering lips.

"Yes, yes, child, that is it—something stronger, higher than I to save me from stumbling and falling. But," she cried, with sudden anguish, "you cannot understand—it is not my eyes that are darkened but my heart, my soul that is blinded with sin and sorrow!"

Once more that kindling intelligence flashed over the child's pure face.

"Oh, is that it?" she said quickly, "and is not that just what my teacher said today? She knows all about it; it is God then that you want. He is the strong, sure rock for all his children blinded as you are. Oh come, do come with me. She is still in the school room, I will lead you to her, and I know she will show you the rest of the way!"

The little hand was grasping with eager strength the one within its clasp; and as though impelled by some irresistable power, the poor wanderer arose and obeyed the pleading voice. Down the shaded lane they passed, the blind child carefully choosing her steps as though leading one more blind than she, the little hand, in its spotless purity, never for a moment relinquishing its hold.

In silence they went their way, these two; the face of the one radiant with heavenly joy, that of the other wet with tears that fell unchecked on the faded cheek. In the school-room, busied with her evening tasks, still sat the patient teacher, when suddenly in the doorway, stood those strange companions.

"She said she was blind, and had lost her way, Miss Agnes," said the child's sweet voice, "so I have brought her to you for I knew you could help her."

And turning away, Alice slowly retraced her darkened path, little knowing that though weak and blind, she had that day led a wanderer home, to a safe place within "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Tragedy of a Tall Chimney.

Some very striking examples of the resources of engineering have been furnished by the treatment of tall chimneys, in some cases the tragic side of the profession coming into relief. The problems presented for solution by these structures are difficult. It often happens that a chimney settled a little on one side, and because dangerously inclined from the perpendicular. In such a case it has to be straightened. Sometimes the operation is successful, but in a number of instances the chimney has fallen after the operation.

Probably the worst of these accidents on record happened in the case of Newland's mill chimney, Bradfort, England, a shaft raising 260 feet from the top of the foundation. When it was nearly completed, it was found to be bulged on one side and hollow on the other. The settling occurred during a single night. To straighen it, two cuts were made extending about one-half around it, which, as fast as made, were filled with stone one-half inch less in thickness than the cut. Iron wedges were made little by little, so that no change occurred until the wedges were knocked out. The chimney then settled down on the side where the cuts were, and was straight. It was then completed. Nine years later some cracks appeared and were repaired. Again, after ten years more had elapsed, some pieces of the outer casing dropped off, and two days later the whole upper portion of the chimney fell, killing fifty four persons and doing about $100,000 worth of damage. Just before the collapse stones and mortar were observed to burst out from the locality of the cuts.—*Scientific American.*

She Swallowed the Car Fare.

If there is any one thing that makes the horse car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their mouths as purses for the car fares. It is a great nuisance in summer during travel on the open cars where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A Lewiston conductor says that children are the worst. Some of them disgorge a handful of change, and he has to accept it. One day a very pretty young lady, who was a guest in Auburn from a Massachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat from her in his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she joked no more. When he got along to the party the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money"—. The conductor, with infinite tact, says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it. You swallered it. I see you do it." The young lady blushed and the car rattled along. A child with five coppers in its mouth is a fearful picture for the conductor, but what do you think of one with 24 cents in its cheeks? Better buy the youngsters 10 cent purses.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

MR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES writes: "Many years ago in walking among the graves at Auburn, I came upon a plain, upright white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on the surrounding monuments: "She was so pleasant." This was all, and it was enough. That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew and asked nothing more."

A Good Trade to Learn.

There are very few young men who start out in life but what do so with the intention of doing something that shall furnish them a means of livelihood and something more, which they may look to in case there comes a time when they cannot do so. It is, of course, desirable to do that which shall be the most sure of bringing about this object, and it is a most important thing that the young man choose that in which there is the best chance for the accomplishment of this end.

There are few trades to-day that offer better advantages in this direction than the machinist trade. As a rule, they are a better paid class of men than almost any other, and the chances for advancement are more numerous than elsewhere. The young man who starts in to learn the machinist's trade has a broad field for development. Upon this trade more than upon any other depends the prosperity and wealth of our country. There is a constant and increasing demand for new and improved mechanisms, and it requires the genius and ability of good machinists to furnish this demand. Then there is also the great field of invention, that opens up an unexcelled and exhaustless chance for the ambitious and ingenious mechanic. That there are "millions in it" is emphatically evident from the examples before us. Nor is it absolutely necessary that a man shall be an expert. Some of the most valuable and most profitable inventions have been those worked up by men who were not experts, and who were scarcely well enough versed in mechanics to be called valuable workmen.

That many inventions are valueless, we do not question, but that is not always a direct indication that they are worthless or unimportant as an invention. The one great aim in this line should always be to produce an article which is at once simple and possessing some features of novelty or value over any similar existing device. Another reason why we should consider the machinist trade a good one to be taken up is because it is principally upon this that the country depends for its wealth-producing forces, and while this state of things lasts there will always be a demand for good workmen. A thoroughly good machinist is seldom out of a job, and so far as statistics show, there are less labor troubles arising in this than in any other line. *Practical Mechanic.*

A Face Repairer.

"My trade is perhaps as yet little known, but I doubt if there is any more remunerative or popular without any comment as is mine. For instance, as one passes, say 30 years of age, there will come tiny marks under the eyes, while a certain flabbiness of skin and face is apparent. To remedy this I have a certain tonic or "skin tightener" which removes all these creases. For a thin face I place plumpers between the teeth and cheeks, thus perfecting the profile, and giving a charming roundness of outline to an otherwise repulsive, angular cast of countenance. After that I model the mouth with a species of machinery, very gentle, of course, to suit the general style of face. But what is most in demand is the nose repairing system. I have hundreds of applicants to have their noses changed, especially when too broad or if injured by any accident. I apply the machine to the nose an hour daily for an indefinite length of time, and so direct the soft cartilage of which consists the member. Thus the ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to a good one. Who are our customers? Why, everybody—men, women and children. Of course, ladies are our most persistent patrons. A pretty nose is essential for a face to be attractive, and women appreciate fully the value of a good nose. A great many, though, with really fine features, come to me asking to have them changed to the 'tip-tilled' style, retrousse, or some piquant style. This goes against the grain with me. I always refuse to mar an already perfect natural feature, but of course I acquiesce gladly in the formation of beautiful members from ill-formed ones. In Europe our line of business is a very general one."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

How They Were Colored.

I heard such a funny story from an old man about how the darkies came to be black. I hope you don't know it, for I hate to tell what are vulgarly known as "maroons." It appears that before the deluge everybody was black. Noah, who knew that the end of the world was coming, started out one day to find a spring that would give his sons life and strength to go through the trials that were before them. When he found it they were much afraid to go in as was the Englishman when Shem introduced him to the pillar of fire. But at last Japhet, summoning up all his courage, sprang in and emerged from the pool a very Appollo and a Caucasian. Shem encouraged by his brother, then jumped in, but to his astonishment the water had disappeared and only a few ripe lemons were at the bottom of the pit. These he rubbed all over his body, and came out a copper colored Indian. Ham, who by that time had become brave, gave one jump and landed on the bottom on his hands and feet. Exasperated at the disappearance of the water, he put his lips to the ground to suck up the few remaining drops of lemon juice; and so it is to-day that while the darkey is black, the palms of his hands, the soles of his feet and his lips are the same copper color as those of the Indians.

Walking on the Water.

C. W. Oldreive lately accomplished the task of walking on the water of the Hudson River from Albany to New York. Distance about 150 miles, wager $500. His average progress was twenty-four miles a day. He always went with the tide.

The shoes he wore are made of cedar, lined with brass. They are five feet long and a foot wide. Each is air tight, with a space in the center for the foot. On the bottom are three fins so arranged that when the shoe moves forward they are pressed up against the bottom, and when the shoe is at rest they hang downward, like paddle wheel buckets.

Total Eclipse on New Year's Day.

A total eclipse of the sun will take place on January 1, 1889. The line of totality goes through a portion of California, Nevada, and Idaho. The Lick Observatory is directly in the path of the central line.

HIGHBRED POULTRY.

Results Obtained by Careful Fanciers—Some Popular Birds.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The general public have little idea what an extensive industry the raising of pure-bred poultry has become. The poultry fanciers have by repeated experiments in crossing produced many breeds that are properly recognized and classed as American. Among them are the Plymouth Rocks, both the barred and the white varieties, silver-laced Wyandottes, gold-laced and the white, and Dominiques. Though Light Brahmas as first bred were produced from foreign fowls, the breed as produced at the present time is distinctively American, and has stood the test of time, and proved to be a longer continued favorite than any other breed. At the leading shows this breed is generally the largest class in numbers as well as uniform excellence in the desired points called for by the "American standard of excellence," the authority by which all pure-bred fowls are judged and scored by the regular poultry judges, who generally are experts, having passed the examining board of the American Poultry Association.

The judging by experts has become a science, and the score cards, which the judge is obliged to give with each specimen he scores, are valuable to breeders, alike as evidence of the bird's good points, and telling also wherein and to what degree his weak points are, as compared with the ideal specimen which the standard describes. The ideal constitutes a specimen supposable perfect in all points, and these points include a description of all portions of the specimen, 100 points being the total of the perfect bird. A fowl that will score 90 is a first-class one, and anything going over 92 is extra and valuable. Some birds have been scored as high as 97 points, but such are exceedingly rare. As evidence of the value of the judges' work among fanciers, it may be cited that the Plymouth Rock cockerel judged at the New Orleans exposition by G. O. Brown, which scored 95½ points, together with a pullet scoring 96, was sold for $150, the purchaser securing them on the merits of the score-card, which was sent him for inspection. Though Maryland may not have as many regular poultry fanciers as some of the Northern States, the stock raised here scores as high as any bred in America. Poultry breeding, like everything else nowadays, has its vagaries and fashions, and just now the new white breeds are immensely popular. The white Plymouth Rocks, though hardly a decade old, are more popular than a majority of older breeds. There is a demand for yellow-legged and skinned fowls, as the good housewife declares these are less objectionable in pin feathers, and that these birds are more attractive looking when ready for the table. The public demand for white fowls brought the white Plymouth Rock and the white Wyandotte to the front, and their "boom" at the shows last winter was such as to cause the fortunate possessors of surplus stock to feel happy at the remunerative prices readily given. Games bred for the show-room are exceedingly beautiful in plumage and in "symmetry and station," quite different from the games which are used for pit purposes. They also breed wonderfully uniform, almost to a feather. A novice, in fact, would a flock of any pure-bred standard game hens to be all just alike, and could not tell one from another; but the owner, if a true poultry fancier, could tell each individual hen and give her pedigree.

The best table fowls are dark, or white with a bluish cast. The French breed—the Houdans—class as the best table birds. The English Dorkins are next, then come the games. After this it is merely a matter of fancy or prejudice. The poultry fanciers, with their shows, have, besides causing the breeds to become deservedly popular, greatly improved them, until now some fowls among the Asiatic breeds dress as many pounds as did our old-time turkeys. Since the introduction of wild turkey blood with our domestic varieties, which resulted in establishing the celebrated bronze varieties, turkeys are often raised of such heavy weights that it may almost be said that the old-timers were as canary birds in comparison. There are 90 different varieties of pure-bred fowls.

"Uncouraged."

From the Arkansas Traveler.

An old negro with his wife, eighteen dogs and a wagon load of children, was met in the road by a white man.

"Hello, old man, which way?"

"Lookin' fur er good place to settle, sah."

"Where have you been living?"

"Down yere in Florida, but de times dun got too hard down dar now."

"Why, I should think that the times were improving, as the yellow fever is about over."

"Dat's jess de reason, sah, de times got hard. Long ez de fever was dar an' folks sent in hams an' bread an' sich, times wuz good, an' it was wuth while to live dar, but now dat de fever is over an' er passon has ter hustle, why it ain't no place fur a po' man."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"Wall, sah, I'se lookin' out fur er place whar de high water's er ragin', but I'se mighty feerd I kain't find it at dis time o' year."

"How will high water help you?"

The negro gave the white man a look of pitying contempt. "Look yere, man, whar-fo' ye ax sich foolish questions? Doan yer know dat when de high water rages de Guberment sends 'vision an' meat ter de folks? I 'clar ter goodness, I goes around dis country er good deal an' sees mo' ignunce 'mung de white folks every year. It do 'pear ter me like it wuz time da wuz l'arnin suthin', but da doan. Da jes' keep on in dar own narrer an' ignunt way. I'se mighty uncouraged wid 'em."

AN EIGHT-LEGGED HORSE.—James McCloud, of Lodi, owns a horse on his Dakota farm which has eight feet. It is perfectly formed in all respects, except that it has eight feet. Not until the pasterns or fetlock joint is reached in the descent from the shoulder to the foot, is there any apparent difference between this horse and any other. But at the pastern joint, or lower end of the shinbone, the branch begins, and two perfectly formed feet are found on each of the four legs. The horse runs on the range the same as any, and as fast as the most of them, and all eight feet are shod, or may be if desired. McCloud has refused $2,500 for a half-interest in the curiosity, but he wants $5,000 outright for the whole animal.—*Madison Journal.*

LETTER FROM DAKOTA.

A Suave Crowd.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Nowhere is a person better tested than in a crowd. Horace shows classical Rome the same as the modern London or Boston, in saying, "I hate the profane crowd and shun it." Bryant thus tersely apologizes for it:

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, sinless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

Solitude and the crowd, these are the extremes that all would shun. Crowding is inevitable and cannot be avoided "None of us liveth to himself," and we would not if we could. Yet human nature is equally averse to the other extreme, crowding, and accordingly crowds are easily demoralized. "You're on my toes; get off," "Don't push so hard," "Why don't you move on?" "What do you mean? Behave yourself," and similar expressions are current in the phraseology of every throng. Even the most suave and even-tempered can with difficulty preserve their equanimity. I once undertook to saunter on a metropolitan thoroughfare. It seemed a miniature blockade, posterior to which a nervous, impetuous stream jostled and shoved, while a multitude of throats in unison shouted in tones of gall: "Move ahead, there; haven't you got no more sense than that? Don't do that no more." If one wishes to go slower or faster than the crest of the street wave he must expect no consideration. To say the least, the man was philosophic who took the carriage-way of the street because he was in a hurry.

On an urban thoroughfare, at a watering resort, or in a crowded hotel, car or boat, this choler becomes atmospheric. Sometimes an incontinent cynic who habitually grumbles at nill may enflame without due cause an otherwise suave mass; but more frequently exasperating circumstances may, at least in part, palliate the nascent discontent. It is well to bear in mind that suavity is a more efficient coadjutor to amelioration than grumbling. When people are transplanted to the occidental plains not only their views but their sympathies are greatly enlarged and broadened. The experience seems educational. It appears to discipline, to temper them and make them more nearly what a normal one should be. Lately I was circumscribed by a dense mass of several hundred people pressing for a seat on an excursion train that would hold only half of them, on a very warm day. There was a good deal of ungentlemanly crowding and much unseemly agitation. Toes were trodden upon, skirts were disarranged and even torn, uncomfortable pushing and jerking were indulged in by some, and the crowd contained themselves so admirably that I did not hear a single complaint, nor did a single visage betray an unseemly thought, for even they who crowded laughed while doing so. That some were uncomfortable and in far from agreeable environment was evident, but all seemed to be philosophers determined on avoiding useless fretting. There is also a trustful ingenuousness in a crowd that one cannot but admire. I am a bachelor and somewhat backward in the presence of the fair sex, but that day I received more than my share of attention. As I stood resisting the backward pressure of the throng, a lovely damsel rather timidly took hold of my shoulder, and as I furtively looked up she let go; but my look so plainly said, "You lovely creature, hold tight," that she took a reassuring hold. Another lovely unknown preserved her equipoise by holding on to my coat sleeve, while another daughter of Eve secured her balance and position with her arm through mine. Thus environed I, that is, we, us four, reached the car steps. Stood it! Of course I did! What else could I do? No, I could no more have told them to let go than I could cut a chicken's head off. Besides, one was French, and I could not speak that tongue.

Curiosities in Figures.

From the Journal of Education.

A very curious number is 142,857 which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point; but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines: Multiplied by 1 it equals 142,857, multiplied by 2 equals 285,714, multiplied by 3 equals 428,371, multiplied by 4 equals 571,428, multiplied by 5 equals 714,285, multiplied by six equals 857,142, multiplied by 7 equals 999,999. Multiply 142,857 by 8 and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figures to the last and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

Another mathematical wonder is the following: It is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 44, 44, 44, 44, 44, 45. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5, 655, 555, 505. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45 take 54 as the multiplier, 6, 666, 666, 606. Returning to the multiplicand, 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53, 333, 333, 34—all 8's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26, 666, 666, 667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 as the multiplier and 9 8 7 6, 5, 4, 3, 2 1 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71, 111, 111. 112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72, the multiplier.

COURTSHIP MADE COMFORTABLE.—There is a young man upon Fifth avenue who is engaged in paying serious attention to a lovely girl, and this lovely girl delights to hang fondly to the young man's arm while on her way to and from the theatres. As the happy event does not occur until the spring, and as it will be rather cold work hanging on until that time, the young man has had himself an overcoat built with a pocket on the inner side of the right sleeve. It is lined with soft fur, and on cold nights the young lady can tuck her little hand into the pocket and be comfortable. Of course, when they are married there will be no trouble in having the pocket sewed up, and then the young lady can trot along beside her husband according to the directions for use after marriage.—*Troy Press.*

THE dregs of society come to the top when the world is shaken up.