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Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1889. No. 37.

The 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 by accompanied by responsible names.

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.

Commission Cards

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

No. 206 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

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

☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, 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.

PERCY T. McFEELY,

—WITH—

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock, Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md

☞REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

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

CREW & LOANE,

Grain and General Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,

ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East 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.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER,

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY,

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,

No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

FRUIT and PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

☞PEACHES A SPECIALTY.☜

By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

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

NEW YORK.

Established in 1871.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,

GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

113 Warren Street, - New York.

☞Consignments solicited.☜

REFERENCE:—Account Sales and Check daily.

July 28, 1888—6m.

Professional Cards.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House

☞Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M., Sundays excepted.

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.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,

BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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.

Milk Wanted!

THE EXCELSIOR 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,

oc20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

25c. Will buy a Pound of Good Natural Tobacco at J. L. McFEELY'S.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, *versus* John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity December 17, 1888.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Attorney, under the power contained in the mortgages from John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, the one dated Oct. 26, A. D. 1883, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B. No. 4, Folio 656, &c., the other dated February 13, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 375, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of February next:—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $666.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Dec. 22, 1888—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

The Chester Loan Association of Kent County, *versus* William F. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, December 17, 1888.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of William J. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, Attorney, under the power in a mortgage from William J. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, dated December 3, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent County, in Liber S. B., No. 8, Folio 407, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of February next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $435.25.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Dec. 22, 1888—2t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

John D. Urie, *versus* Isaac B. Worrell and Martha J. Worrell.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of December, 1888, that the sale of the Real Estate of Isaac B. Worrell and Martha J. Worrell, made and reported by JOHN D. URIE, mortgagee, under and by virtue of power contained in a mortgage from the said Worrell and wife to the said John D. Urie, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February next:—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $300.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Dec. 15, 1888—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Henry W. Archer, of Robert, *versus* Daniel H. Kent, and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 10th day of December, 1888, that the sales of property mentioned in the second report in the proceedings in the above case made and reported by JAMES J. ARCHER, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of February next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $2,700.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—
Dec. 15, 1888—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE WASHINGTON STEWARD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 25th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 18th day of December, 1888.

RICHARD D. HYNSON,
Dec. 22, 1888—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

W. G. PHELPS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 27th day of December, 1888.

E. W. GAYLORD,
Dec. 29, 1888—4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

EMMA A. KENDALL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 28th day of June, 1889, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under my hand this 27th day of December, 1888.

JAMES E. BLACKISTON,
Dec. 29, 1888. Administrator.

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 paices, 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.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to

HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

☞My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, HORSE-SHOER,
d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

WAGON SPRINGS on sale at the Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET, CHESTERTOWN,

and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by

JAMES A. SHAW,

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.

☞Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.

JAMES A. SHAW,
jl2. Court Street, Chestertown.

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 on Court street. jy9-tf.

WINTER!

1888--1888! 1889--1889!

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS and SHOES.

JOHN H. SIMPERS,

HAS NOW OPEN HIS NEW STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, bought for cash, with a view to adaptability to this trade.

DRESS GOODS—Beautiful and cheap, in many different styles.

PRINTS—A nice and full line.

UNDERWEAR—Special attention is given to this department, and I would like to have a call and examination. A good stock for ladies, gents and children.

Boots and Shoes!

Boots and Shoes!

We have a large sum invested in Boots and Shoes, and believe those in want can be suited at my store. Give me a trial. Call and see my goods and prices.

Respectfully,
Nov. 3, 1888. J. H. SIMPERS.

REMEMBER THIS!

Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is our BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS goods, embracing Henrietta Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

Notions, Underwear!

Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

BOOTS and SHOES!

Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2.00, $2.50 and $2.75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4.00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

Carpets, Oil-Cloths!

In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 35 to 60 cents per yard.

We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.

☞Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,

Oct. 20, 1888. **R. F. PARKS.**

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,
sept3-y. Up Town

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

BRILLIANTS.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next day they're cloudy, sullen and severe;
New passions, new opinions, still excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
—*Garth.*

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee. —*Doddridge.*

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest and riddle of the world. —*Pope.*

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blandishment of sound his ear;
Than all of taste his tongue. —*Akenside.*

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain,
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign;
Spring from our fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace. —*Young.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the woeful nightingale.
—*Milton.*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, academies,
That show, contain and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
—*Shakespeare.*

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit and yet the flight is vain.
And while poor nature labors to be blest,
By day by pleasure and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hopes with certain ill,
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destined which we fancy free. —*Prior.*

We leave
Our home in youth—no matter to what end—
Study—or strife—or pleasure, or what not;
And coming back in few short years, we find
All as we left it outside; the old elms,
The house, the grass, gates and latchet's selfsame click,
But lift that latchet—all is changed as doom.
—*Bailey.*

"WAITIN' FUR PAP."

I had just reached the top of a long, straight climb on a trail leading over a spur of the Blue Ridge, and had dumped down to get a rest before proceeding onwards, when the bushes on the opposite bank parted to let the barrel of a gun protrude, and at the same moment a voice called out.

"You'un is a dead man if you move a hand!"

Some things come so suddenly that you have no time to get rattled. I looked up to see the face of a boy behind the gun, and instead of being frightened I was surprised.

"What are you pointing that gun at me for?" I asked.

"I'm kivering you," he replied.

"Yes, but I don't want to be kivered. What's the fuss?"

He followed the gun out of the bushes, eyeing me like a hawk, and sitting down on a rock on the edge of the other bank, not over eight feet away, he queried:

"Does you'un surrender?"

"I guess I do."

"Then you'un keep mighty quiet till pap comes. He has gone by the other trail."

He was a boy of 14, his hair down on his shoulders, his face pinched and peaked, and he was excited and trembling.

"Who is your pap?" I presently asked.

"Lem Marvin."

"And why do you stop me in this fashion?"

"You'un's been looking to shoot pap."

"Bosh! I never even heard of him! I came up from Whittaker's this morning."

"But you must be kivered."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know and pap does. You may be him, and you mayn't. Pap will tell. If you be him pap will blow yer head off!"

"Your pap must be quite a blower. Say, what did some one want to shoot him for?"

"Had a furse."

"About what?"

"A mewal."

"When?"

A right smart ago. He said he'd shoot pap, and pap wants to get the drop on him."

"Well, my boy, I'll wait till your pap arrives, and meanwhile you'd better drop the hammer of that shotgun. It smells to me as if the weapon was loaded with buckshot and buckshot aint healthy this time o' year.

"Won't you'un pay me slick?"

"No: I could have killed you long ago if I had wanted to."

"If you'un tries to draw on me I shall shute!" he continued.

"That's all right. Now, then, where do you live?"

"Over yere," he replied, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"What does your father do?"

"Makes some whisky, hunts a bit and trucks a leetle."

"How many children?"

"Five, and I'm the biggest!"

"Well, let's see how much you know. Who is the president?"

"—I dun forget," he answered after a minute.

"Who is the governor of this state?"

"Pap never dun tole me."

"Can you read?"

"Almost. I kin tell circus picters."

"Did you ever see a railroad?",

"Oncst—almost. I heard he'un toot."

"Ever see a steamboat?"

"Reckon not."

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"

"Do like dad."

"Come down here where I can talk to you."

"But you'un wants to funny me and get the drop!"

"Nonsense! Put away your old gun and come down here. I'm not the man your pap wants to send to the happy land. I'm going to have a smoke and a talk."

"We'un all smokes, though pap is egin it."

"Did you ever smoke a cigar?"

"No."

"Well, come and get one."

"If you'un should try to draw on me!" be cautioned as he stood up and looked around.

"Come on! There! (tossing my revolver five feet away). Now, I can't draw on you, you can bring your gun if you are afraid."

"Afraid! Him never see the time he was afraid!" he said, as he leaned his gun against the bank and sat down beside me. When our cigars were alight he grew more easy and I asked:

"Suppose this man your pap is after gets the drop on him first?"

"Him can't."

"But why?"

"Bause pap's lightning. Nobody kin git the drop on him."

"Don't you know it's owful business to hunt a man to his death in this cool way?"

"Hain't him hunting fur pap? Won't him shoot pap if he kin?"

"You are all wrong. If a man threatens you the law will take care of him."

"The law is too fur away."

He couldn't view the matter in any other light than to "get the drop," and he had a pretty good defense in saying that the other man began it.

"If him didn't cum huntin' fur pap, pap wouldn't go huntin' fur him," he put it.

Taking out a newspaper I pointed to a big "A" in an advertisement, and asked him what it was.

"Dunno."

"That's A."

"Who says so?"

"I do."

"Mebbe you don't know."

"Well, everybody else says so. Why don't you learn to read?"

"What fur?"

"So that you will know what's going on about you."

"Thar's nuthin' ever goes on. Pap says readin' is all foolin'."

"Do you know how big this countay is?"

"Whoppin' big, I reckon."

"Wouldn't you like to read of what goes on in the other States?"

"What's the good? I'd be yere jist the same all the time, wouldn't I?"

"Look at this figure. It's a figure 2. Here's a figure 3. Can you add the two of them together?"

"I never dun tried."

"Can't you count?"

"What's the use? Pap says countin' is all foolin', and I reckon him knows."

"But suppose you wanted to count up some money?"

"Never had any."

"If you had two bits and I gave you two more how many would you have?"

"Wouldn't it be all thar?"

"Yes, but how much?"

"Jist the same as befo' I counted."

I couldn't make anything of him in that line and was about to try another, when we heard the report of a gun at no great distance.

"That's pap!" exclaimed the boy as he sprang up. "Him is shootin' at the t'other."

"Perhaps the t'other has downed him?"

"How could he when it was pap's own gun that went off? Mebbe he didn't hit him."

"I hope not."

"Then you un hopes he got pap?" he demanded.

"No, I hope nobody is hurt."

He backed away from me in disgust, and five minutes later a mountaineer came down the trail, looking out of sorts. He looked us over, took in the situation, and said:

"Him hain't he, Danny. I jist held a shot at he up thar, and durn my hide I made a clean miss!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the boy as he threw down his gun and went off into a fit of jollity. "Made a clean miss of he! Never even touched he with a fa'r shot!"

"Shet, or I'll cuff ye!" replied the father, and then turning to me, he said:

"Sorry to scare ye, stranger, but Danny didn't know ye, ye know."

"No; he didn't seem to. Then I'm not the man you want to shoot?"

"You'un can't be.

"And I can go on?"

"Sartin; though the t'other may take ye fur me and ambush ye up thar. Better cum up to the cabin and squat fur a while."

"I guess I'll go on and chance it."

"Then good-boy." *M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Bannon as a Joker.

John Mickel, charged with illegal registration in the Fourth district of Anne Arundel county, was before United States Commissioner Bond last week for a preliminary investigation. Mr. Michael Bannon appeared for the defense, and District Attorney Hayes for the government.

Evan Brooks, colored, testified that he had known Mickel since the latter part of June last. Mickel told him that he came from Baltimore in June, and boarded with Mr. Morgan, in Howard county, until after the election. He knew Mickel did not board with Keyes until after the election.

Mr. Bannon—"What do you follow?"

"I work in a canning factory sometimes, and mine-banking."

"You preach sometimes?"

"Yes, sir."

"You remember being tried for biting off Lanigan's lips?" [Laughter.]

"Yes, sir; I remember that, too."

"Then you follow that, too, sometimes?"

"Well, you know there were two on me, and a man has to defend himself."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bannon, "I defended you then."

WE find in the *Scientific American* reports from Italy of experiments with colors on the nerves of the sick and insane. In the hospital for insane at Allessandria, a violent patient is brought suddenly into a blue room with blue glass windows, and left to the seductive effect of that color on his nerves. One maniac was relieved in an hour; another after passing a day in the room. The red room is used for melancholy. After three hours in the red room the patient began to be cheerful and asked for food. Many cases of lunacy may be curable if a division like this can be made before the malady becomes inveterate.

THE editor of the Bristol, Tenn., *Courier* lately received the following unique note, postmarked Vance's Tank, Tenn.: "Dear Sir: In Peronsan yonr daily *Courier* I find a proposition from some Batchelor in Lynchburg offering A Diamond Ring as A present for any Lady over fifteen that has never wore a Bustle or Bangs I am in my eighteen year and havent either I claim the ring Please inform the Enquirer as to my whereabont."

HE WANTED TO MARRY.

On a wild mountain road between the Yadkin river and Salisbury, N. C., I came upon a humble cabin in which resided the Widow Watkins and her three children, the oldest being a boy of fifteen, and the youngest a girl of five. I had heard of the widow while ten miles away. Her husband was a justice of the peace, and something of a religious exhorter, and what he didn't know about the history of America wasn't worth looking up. His mule run away with him one day, says M. Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*, and fell into a ravine and both were killed. The widow, as one of the natives expressed it, was "the well fixed-est woman in four counties," having a small farm all clear and considerable personal property.

Half a mile from the house I met Jeremiah, the boy spoken of. He was barefooted, coatless, vestless, and so freckled that it was hard to say what his natural complexion was. He rose up as I approached, made an awkward bow and said:

"Cribbins, stranger."

"Cribbins to you, my boy. And who may you be?"

"Jerry Watkins."

"Son of the widow, eh?"

"Yaas. Be you'n he 'un?"

"Yes."

"Cum to see ma?"

"Yes; I'll stop for dinner."

"Glad on't. Gwine to hev' chicken. Ma sent me out to meet you."

"Thanks to both of you."

"Say," he continued as he trotted along beside me, "I like you'un, you'un wears white shirts and clothes, and I'll jigger (bet) you'un know roots from tree-tops. Have you'un come to marry ma?"

I laughed and he was much put out for a moment. Then he said:

"Wish you'un would. Then I could hev a gun. If you'un will, I'll mind everything you say."

"Perhaps your mother doesn't want to marry again."

"Mugs! She'd marry you'un like lightning. Say! If you'un has her, you'un will git me a gun, won't you? Say! I saw a b'ar yesterday. Say! I know whar I ise the gun."

The widow was at the door to give me welcome. The second child, who was a ten-year-old girl, was barefooted and freckled and towheaded, the younger one had only a single garment and was rolling in the dirt.

"'Cum right in an' squat," said the widow as we shook hands. "Pete McCoy was saying last night that you was headed this way and would stop. Ar' you thirstable? May, jostle him over a glass of buttermilk.

"We'll cribbins in about an hour."

We talked about the weather, the state of the roads, etc., as she bustled around to get dinner, but pretty soon Jerry went out of doors and called:

"Ma! Cum outer yers!"

"Jerry, you shet!" answered the mother.

"Ma! will you'un marry he'un?" continued Jerry.

"Now, Jerry, if yer don't stop yer guzzum I'll skin yer alive!" she exclaimed, as she stood in the door and flourished a skillet at him.

Jerry made off and sat down on a log, and the winow turned around to me to explain.

"Don't pay no seriousness to he'un sir.—Jerry wants a new pop right bad, and I do say that I'm dun tired of this yere gittin along alone, but I'm not gwine to offer my self to anybody."

Just before dinner the oldest girl made friends with me, materially assisted by some candy, and she very suddenly bawled out:

"Ma! Ma! Are yer gwine to marry him?"

"Now, Molly!" chided the mother.

"Wish yer would!" added the youngest, named Nancy.

"Now Nancy! while I do go fur to say he is the smartest-looking stranger I've seen fur a year, mebbe he'un don't think shucks of me."

I kept fighting shy of the main question and bye-and-bye we sat down to dinner. The blessing had been scarcely asked when Jerry, who had made a tremendous effort to wash his face and comb his hair, looked up at his mother and asked:

"Has he'un asked you yit?"

"Jerry!" she chided.

"But don't he'un want yer?"

"Jerry!"

"But don't I want a new pap and a gun?" he loudly demanded.

"Don't serious him," she said to me as she helped me to a leg of a chicken. "While I will go fur to declare that I have seventy-six acres of land, three mewls, a cow, thirty-two hogs, four stacks of hay, and $28 in cash, I've allus sorter disagreed with second marriages. They myn't be happy.

"Your husband was a good man, I have heard," I replied.

"Yes. A pumpkin is good—good 'nuff for a pumpkin. He knowed considerable, and thar was considerable he never knowed. He was all goodness—too much of it. He never made a hundred dollars in his life."

"You must have been quite a business woman to have got along so well."

"You jigger! I kin turn a dollar as well as the best of them. While I will go fur to say second marriages are not allus happy, the man who gits me don't git no sitter nor complainer."

I managed to turn the subject for awhile, but as soon as dinner was over Jerry took his mother into the other room for a consultation, and Molly came and sat down beside me and asked:

"Do you'un like ma?"

"Oh, yes."

"And she likes you. Wish you was my pap. Mebbe you will be by to-morrer."

I went out and sat down under a tree to smoke a cigar, and pretty soon Jerry came out. He had a business look all over his face as he said:

"I've axed ma if she would hev ye."

"Have you? You are real kind."

"And she says she will."

"Indeed!"

"And how about that gun? When shall I git it?"

"Say, Jerry, did you ever have a dollar all at once?"

"Lor' no—not two bits!"

"If I'll give you a big silver dollar, will you let up on the gun until the next time I come?"

"Will I! Hoop snakes and bad fighters but I will!"

I gave him the dollar and he dashed through the house to show it to his sisters and then started on a run for a neighbor's two miles away. When I returned to the house and said I must be going I was met by such an avalanche of protests that I had to agree to stay until next day. That night I "sat up" with the Widow Watkins. I got around to it after awhile to state that I was living with my third, and had three sets of children numbering five in a set, and that I couldn't possibly see how I could make her my wife. I was very sorry but helpless, and I hoped she would let me send her a new gingham dress from Salisbury.

"That's honest and straight," she said in reply. "While I will go fur to say I like yer looks, and I believe we could live happily together, if yer can't marry, why yer can't. Ye would if ye could, wouldn't ye?"

"Quicker'n scat!"

"That's the next to it, and I'll go fur to say that I will wait five years on ye and see how things turn. Mebbe I'll wait six, but I'll say five fur sartin. I'd as lief be a fourth as a second wife."

And she is waiting, while Jerry writes that "guns hev got so cheapless that he kin git one fur $5."

WOUNDED UNTO DEATH.

An Incident at the Battle of Fair Oaks "Horrible War."

A battle is not always a whirl of confusion and uproar, with men firing at will or at random. At Fair Oaks when we swept down in the gray of morning on Casey's division we found two-thirds of it unprepared for our reception. I was a sergeant in my company, and as we began firing I noticed a federal sergeant of my own rank displaying the utmost energy in rallying the men around him to check us. Some of our men noticed him as well and two or three called out that he looked near enough like me to be a brother. By his own individual efforts he rallied enough men to check us temporarily, but after a few minutes we drove them again and were in the Federal camps. Then our lines broke and each man fought for himself. I had singled out the sergeant and fired twice at him, and it was a fact that he had also singled me out and fired at me alone. We kept advancing slowly, and by and by, as we crowded them from their shelters, I got a fair view of the sergeant. For a moment I forgot that there was any one else in all that battle. I had raised my gun when he wheeled and raised his, and we both fired together. I went down like a dog, having received his bullet in the right shoulder, and for two hours I hugged the earth beside a log to escape being hit again by the miseiles of friend or foe.

When the fury of battle had passed on I was lame and stiff, and as the location was strange to me, and I did not know whether we were still advancing or in retreat, I could not make my way off the field. I could not tell front from rear, nor was there one chance in ten of finding a field hospital. After pulling myself up, and holding to a tree for a few minutes, I felt better and advanced to the spot where I had last seen the Federal sergeant. I found him lying on his back. My bullet had struck him in the side and he was fatally hit. As I knelt down beside him he recognized me and said:

"You have given me my death wound."

"But you sought to kill me," I protested, in extenuation.

"Yes, I fired at you. Some of the men said you looked like me, and I felt a desire to kill you."

"Let us be friends," I said, as I knelt beside him. "I can use one hand and arm, and perhaps I can stop the bleeding."

"It is too late!" he whispered.

So it was. He had lost a great quantity of blood, and it was still pouring out and sinking away into the black soil of the forest. As my hand touched his he grasped it and said:

"We are enemies. Let us be friends. Give me water."

I held my canteen to his lips until his thirst was satisfied, and then I sat beside him and held his hand, and watched the shadow of death coming nearer. He lay with his eyes closed for a long time, and at last whispered:

"Tell Mary and the children I am coming!"

My heart smote me as I thought of the wife and children who would never see him again—of the black pall of sorrow which would settle down over a happy household.

"And tell father and mother!" he gasped. "Have them all come to the old home to meet me."

And there was a father—and a mother—and brothers and sisters! And my bullet would bring tears and sobs and wails and mourning. And the sunshine of life would go out of many hearts for months and years—perhaps forever. I prayed him over to forgive me, and as death came nearer I dared not look away from his pale face for fear that I should meet the accusing glances of widow and orphans through the drifting smoke of battle. As death finally came he clutched my hand with firmer grip, looked into my eyes with a last effort and faintly whispered:

"It is war, horrible war! Let us be friends! God bless Mary and the children!"
—"*Ex-Rebel*" in *Detroit Free Press.*

A CHICAGO woman, while traveling recently, tells how she loaned General Butler a lead pencil, after he had searched through all his pockets for one with which to jot down an idea. He took it with a polite acknowledgment, and soon returned it with a bow and smile. A few minutes later the General began fumbling in his pockets again, but this time he drew forth a small package which he passed over