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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

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—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.

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.

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.*

F. 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. jel2-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
ALONZO P. CREW
—WITH—
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.

PHILADELPHIA.

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.

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. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,
(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).
COMMISSION MERCHANT
FOR THE SALE OF
FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,
(SUCCESSORS to CREW & IRELAND.)
FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. References, 1st National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

Professional Cards.

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.

DENTISTRY.
W. E. BARNARD.
HAVING opened an office at the residence of Norris Barnard's for the practice of Dentistry, I beg leave to say that I will be in attendance there to receive patients at any time with the exception of MONDAY and TUESDAY of each week. All modern appliances. Anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. j15-2m.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

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.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Ellason, 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.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. MCFEELY'S

Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate,

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT WHEAT AND CLOVER PRODUCER,

We Still Offer at $27 per Ton, Delivered, on Time.

WE in reality ought to have more money, but in view of the low price of grain, and seeing the need of the farmers, we determined to try and meet their requirements. Our Junior having visited the principal slaughtering houses in the West this season, and having bought our materials right, we are enabled to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR CASH or FIRST-CLASS PAPER. *And, by the way, do you know that Fertilizers always act and give better satisfaction after they are paid for?* Before giving your order, please see us concerning, and if we cannot do as good a part by you as anybody, don't buy of us.

August 2d, 1889.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen:—I have used your A. A. for several years and am now thoroughly convinced that there is no better goods on the market. I used it last year alongside of Animal Bone and Peruvian Guano. A. A. was the best. I also made the following test in connection with Bone Meal and Potash, in this test too, A. A. excelled. I am so well pleased with your goods that I will get my entire supply of you this fall Respectfully, J. B. HARRIS.

LANKFORD, August 5th, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—I have use A. A. for several years with entire satisfaction on part of my wheat. Where it was used my yield this year was 30 bushels per acre, and will use more this fall. Very truly yours, JOSEPH RASIN.

CHESTERTOWN, August 6th, 1889.

GENTS:—We tried 16 tons of your A. A. and Extant Phosphate on our wheat last fall, and the result was highly satisfactory, although it has been a poor wheat year, we had on a slightly increased acreage over 500 bushels more wheat than we had last year when another make of fertilizer was used. To its action we attribute a heavy growth of clover and timothy. We expect to use it this fall, and do not hesitate to commend it. Very respectfully, HOPE H. BARROLL.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
Aug. 10, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WILLIAMS & CLARK'S CO.'S
High Grade Bone Phosphate!

AMERICUS, ROYAL, PROLIFIC,
And the NICHOLSON MIXTURE.

These goods have been used in Kent county for the past five years and have given entire satisfaction. They are made of BLOOD, BONE and POTASH and every care is taken to make them as good crop producers as possible. Drilling condition guaranteed. All kinds Phosphate Marterials on hand.

Dissolved Animal Bone, Bone Meal,
Muriate Potash, Dried Blood, Bone Tankage,
Acid Phosphate and Kainit.

PRICES AS CLOSE AS THEY CAN BE MADE. GET MY FIGURES BEFORE BUYING.

For Sale by **W. H. McFEELY,**
August 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

WILLIAM H. CACY
Manufacturer of FERTILIZERS,
Chestertown, Maryland.

"STANDARD!" "NEW LIFE!" "RELIANCE!"

The above Brands of Wheat Fertilizers

Have been used now for several years in this and adjoining counties and have proved equal to anything on the market, both as **Grain and Grass Producers** and **Improvers of the Soil.** On many occasions they have been tried in competition with other well-known Brands, and in all cases have given perfect satisfaction.

My sales having increased so rapidly I found it imperatively necessary to have increased facilities for manufacturing, so bought the factory formerly occupied by Messrs C. W. Kennard & Co., and, having made considerable alterations and improvements therein, am now prepared to fill all orders promptly and in **First-Class Drilling Condition.** For those wishing SPECIAL FORMULAS compounded, we have on hand a

LARGE STOCK OF RAW MATERIALS,

and am prepared to mix any required Formula in lots of not less than five tons, at THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. CACY.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES!

The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.

THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings on the bay or river.

Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.

W. N. E. WICKES.
August 10, 1889—2m.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

INVITE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING:

Expenses! Expenses! Expenses!

ARE what every practical farmer, mechanic, merchant and manufacturer should watch carefully, saving here and saving there by economy and system for the times are hard, and every dollar is needed. It should therefore be a study, especially to the farmer and manufacturer; each should try to lessen the cost of producing their articles for sale, so that at the end of the year they will come out even if not ahead. This is the way we look at it. Don't you? And therefore we have made this year a very decided change. We have parted with our mill in Chestertown. Why? Because it would not pay to run it. The extra hauling of goods, the trouble of labor, the taxes, insurance, lease, extra hauling, reshipments from an inconvenient place, interest on goods carried over, and waste in handling, besides the expense of a superintendent so many idle months in the year. All this is expense and a very unnecessary expense. How do we work it now? In this way. We have our goods made under our own supervision. On account of the Baltimore works large capacity (eleven hundred tons per day) it does not take long to manufacture what we require. The analysis of every article we know and we *guarantee* the analysis to you. We have the advantage of direct shipment, better labor, improved machinery, cheap freights, no lease, no interest on goods carried over, no superintendent's expenses, and less cost per ton for the manufacture. The greater the work the less the cost. We therefore can and will sell cheaper, dividing our advantages with you. Our goods are just the same as we have always sold you and will be kept at their high standard. We are determined to please you if low prices and a good, well-made fertiliser will do so. Our results this year, for the season, have been wonderful. *Read this over again*, think over it and call upon, or wait for us to call on you.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

FOR SALE BY

R. H. CORBALLY, Esq., Massey's, Kent County, Maryland.
JAMES FAULKNER, Esq., Millington, Kent County, Maryland.
GUS. PORTER, Esq., Price's Station, Queen Anne's County, Maryland.
August 10, 1889.

Written for the Kent News.

LITTLE LULY.

BY REV. WILLIAM MUNFORD.

She sits in her chair in the chamber,
So moodily, all by herself,
That old people seem to be puzzled
At seeing our quaint little elf.
She rocks to the hymns she is humming
And dreamily fixes her gaze
On figures that flash in the firelight,
And float in the fanciful blaze.

To birds in the parlor she prattles,—
The painted birds up on the wall—
And spreads for them often such dainties,
As berries and water for all.
Then closing the door very gently
She takes through the key-hole a peep,
She says, "They are eating and drinking,"
She saw them so, once in her sleep.

She lolls on the floor by the fender
And gives the old lion a hug.—
The old lion woven in worsted,
That lies on the new parlor rug.
She pats him and calls him "old fellow"
And tells him she saw him on guard
At the gate for the bug-a-boos coming
One night when 'twas snowing so hard.

She cuts up her calico pieces
And sews on her curious things,
And working her whimsical patterns,
She sits by the seamstress and sings.
Her babies have all pretty names too,
She dresses them up every day.
And each has its place and its plaything,
And each a *particular* play.

When sometimes she gives them a party
The chess-men are bid to "The Hall."
The kings and the queens and the Bishops
Are brought to the baby-house ball,
The knight never goes in the parlor
But stands on the outside, of course,
The ladies expressing, says Luly,
Regrets that he can't leav ehis horse.

When supper comes on in the evening
She works with a farcical zest,
And keeps up the party quite gaily
By talking for hostess and guest.
The king at the head of the table,
The queen at the opposite place,
All standing in statelliest order,
She makes the old Bishop "say grace."

My Luly had lost a young playmate—
Lost, *what the angels had found,*—
We carried her down to the cedars,
The bosky old burial ground.
She clung to me closer that evening,
Said, "Papa when Luly shall die,
Don't cover her up in the grave-yard
To keep her away from the sky."

I told her the grave was God's garden,
To plant out his prettiest flowers,
That thence they were moved in his mercy
To bloom in his beautiful bowers
The blossoms he buries in winter,
And covers in snow from the cold,
So like the shroud wrapped *around* Cary
The sunlight of spring will unfold.

That even the lovellest lily
That lolled on the laziest wave
In winter time buries its beauty,
And blooms again, blanched, in the grave.
A smile in her pretty eyes played then,
A moment forgetting her pain.
The tears seemed to sparkle with gladness
Like sunshine when streaming thro' rain.

She said, "last night she was dreaming
So sweetly alone in her bed,
That standing on clouds in the starlight
The heavens were touching her head.
That then came the dear little Cary,—
But only to kiss through the blue,
As oft at the pane in the window
Your Luly plays kissing with you."

I asked *her how Cary had entered.*
She said with her serious air,
The moon I suppose did just open
And God carried Cary thro' there.
Ah Luly!—my dear little angel,
God grant that we may both be blest,
That the moon which had opened for Cary
May soon roll away for the rest.

I thank thee oh Father in heaven,
Because from the prudent and wise
Thou hidest those things thou revealest
To babes, with their spiritual eyes.
Him, who is invisible, seeing,
They walk in the glorious light.
And even so let it be Father.
For so it seems good in thy sight.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

A Young Brakeman's Ingenuity—The Inventor of Safety Pins.

Some years ago two long freight trains met at a siding on one of the Illinois prairies. The siding was not long enough to allow the trains to pass. The assistant manager of the road happened to be on one of the trains, and he was at his wits' end to know what to do. There stepped up a young brakeman, who said he could manage the trains so as to enable them to pass. The engineer laughed at him, but the manager asked him to explain. With a stick he traced on the ground his plan, and it was so simple that every one at once comprehended it. In fifteen minutes the two trains had been moved by, and the operation is now universally adopted on sidings that are too short. It is called sawing. The young fellow, while riding on the top of his car across the dreary prairie, had studied out and solved the problem, and when the opportunity came he was ready for it. He is now the manager of the great Northwestern system.

Some years ago a mechanic near New Haven was riding in a railway train, and was jolted and jarred as in the early days of railroad travel we were apt to be. He didn't fret and fume as the other passengers did, but began to study an experiment, with a view to making a spring that would reduce *the jolting to a minimum.* He at last succeeded, and his spring was adopted by every railroad in the country. He is no longer a poor mechanic. His name is Carlos French, and has served in Congress from the New Haven district.

There died a few years ago in Waterbury a man who began life in the narrowest of circumstances. He learned the trade of a machinist, and gave his whole soul to the trade. By and by he startled wire manufacturers by producing a cold reducing machine, by which wire was drawn cold. Seeing one day a woman fretting because she had pricked her finger with a pin, he was set to thinking and in a week had devised the valuable safety pin. His name was E. J. Manville. He died a rich man.

Hot Water Relieves Pain.

There is scarcely an ache or pain in the whole body which is not soothed or removed by hot water if applied as follows: Dip a piece of flannel or cloth, of five or six folds or layers, in boiling water and lay it on the painful part, covering it instantly with a dry flannel, of which the edges should extend over the wet one an inch or more; as soon as the wet flannel has dried a little, or in about five minutes, slip it out under one edge of the dry cloth, and introduce another flannel as hot as can be handled. Do this in so adroit a manner as to allow as little cold air as possible to get to the skin touched by the hot flannel; persevere until the pain is removed. Physicians assert that by this hot water poultice the most violent, dry and distressing coughs have been relieved in a few minutes, and some forms of croup subdued in half an hour.

A CLEAR CASE OF CONSPIRACY.

Showing a Man's Coolness and a Woman's Weakness at a Fire.

"Mrs. Bowser, it is possible that this house may take fire some time," observed Mr. Bowser, as he laid aside his paper the other evening.

"Yes."

"If it takes fire while I am home all I expect of you is to take the child and get outdoors. I shall peril my life to subdue the conflagration, and if I find it cannot be done I shall save all the valuables."

"Perhaps I could help you."

"And perhaps you couldn't. You'd do more damage than good if you tried to. I want you to remember and get right out and stay out."

"I have been told that I had great presence of mind, Mr. Bowser."

"Yes, and you may have been told that you were the Empress of Russia. Presence of mind! There isn't a woman on earth who'd have presence of mind enough in case of a fire to save her own shoes! All I want of you is to follow my directions."

It was singular that the test should come so soon. In lighting the gas in the hall upstairs Mr. Bowser must have dropped the match upon a rug lying near. We were hardly in bed before I smelled smoke, but when I mentioned the fact Mr. Bowser growled:

"Nonsense! The cook probably threw some eggshells into the range when she *was clearing up her supper dishes. Your* nose is always smelling fire, or burglars, or sewer-gas, and it is always wrong."

He went to sleep and I continued to sniff that odor. Ten minutes after Mr. Bowser had uttered his first snore a thick cloud of smoke poured into our bedroom all of a sudden, and at the same moment the darkness was lighted up by a flickering flame. The house was certainly on fire, and I shook Mr. Bowser and informed him of the fact.

"W—what is it?" he gasped as he sat up in bed.

"The house is on fire! Can't you see the smoke and the blaze?"

I was out on the floor and dressing when he rolled out of bed, sprang to the door, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Murder! Police! Fire! We are all on fire up here!"

"Well, slip on your clothes and see if you can't put it out. It must be in the back hall."

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" he yelled as he sought to pull on his pants. "Our house is on fire! We shall be burned alive!"

In spite of the peril of the situation I had to laugh at Mr. Bowser's antics. He first got the left leg in the right leg of the pants. Then he fell over in getting out of them, got up and drew them on hind side before, and he was sprawled out on the bed and kicking them off when I was all dressed and ready to leave the room. I was determined to see where the fire was before I took the baby and went down-stairs. The smoke was thick, but the tongue of flame guided me down the hall, and I found the rug and baseboard and a door-casing ablaze.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" yelled Mr. Bowser at this moment, as he dashed into the hall.

"Come and help me put it out!" I called to him, but he was already on his way downstairs to the telephone.

Covering my mouth and nose as well as I could I felt my way to the lavatory. There was nothing but a tumbler at hand, but after I had filled it several times and dashed its contents along the base I saw that I had the best of the blaze. After opening a window to let the smoke drive out I brought some more water and extinguished the last of the fire. Meanwhile I could not help but hear Mr. Bowser. He rushed to the telephone and rang in continuously for twenty seconds, and then yelled:

"Hello, central! Hell, central! Fire! Fire! My house is on fire! Send up the police and three engines right away!"

He couldn't wait for an answer, but took three or four circuits around the sitting-room, made a dash into the parlor and out by the front hall, all the time yelling "Fire!" at the top of his voice, and then it occurred to him to go to the fire alarm box down on the corner. Out he rushed, barefooted and bareheaded, and after trying to halt a minute to pull the box off the post he ran to the residence where the key was kept. His shouts and yells had aroused everybody within half a mile, and the possessor, of the key threw up his window and called:

"Is that you, Bowser?"

"Yes, it's me! My house is on fire!"

"Sure? I didn't see any light over there."

"It's on fire from cellar to garret, and I expect my wife and child have perished in the flames!"

"That's awful! Here's the key."

Mr. Bowser not only turned in one alarm but he kept on sending them in until the first steamer arrived, and the driver of it ordered him away from the box and called him a blank foal. Five engines came rushing up, and I had got the smoke out of the hall and was down-stairs when a dozen firemen dashed up the steps to fight the conflagration. I showed them up-stairs to investigate. Mr. Bowser went with them. After they got through laughing they turned on Mr. Bowser. They called him by 150 different titles, besides advising him to go and sandpaper and soak his head. They sneered at his excuses and laughed at his explanations, and as they retired one of them remarked:

"It's a good thing for you, old bowlegs, that you have got a guardian!"

When they had gone and we were left to ourselves Mr. Bowser looked important and observed:

"Well, I made mighty short work of that blaze."

"You! What did you do?" I asked.

"What did I do? Mrs. Bowser, do you intend to claim any credit for extenguishing that blaze?"

"I do. But for me the house would have gone. Mr. Bowser, you were so rattled that you acted like a crazy man."

"What! You put out the fire! I rattled! Mrs. Bowser, this is too much. I see through the conspiracy. On several occasions you have driven me to the limit. This is beyond the limit. I shall see my lawyer in the morning."

But when morning came he forgot all about it. He was too busy bringing the neighbors in to show what a narrow escape we had, and how his presence of mind saved the house.

THE GUILELESS NORWEGIAN.

A Very Unsatisfactory Interview With a Son of Scandinavia.

The Norwegian is a better man intelligently than he looks, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* An American who traveled through North Dakota, collecting for a thresher manufacturing company, tells of an experience of his own, which opened his eye to the depth of Norwegian intelligence. He was traveling across the prairie in search of a man named Ole Peterson, who lived with a man named Lambert, and whose note to the company was due. The mercury was at a stage which North Dakotans never permit to interrupt the usual vocations of life, but which calls for two or three extra coats and careful watching of the nose and ears. It was 25 degrees below zero. The collector came face to face with the Norwegian driving a yoke of oxen, not with the yoke and goad, but harnessed like horses, with collars and traces and guided with lines, according to the North Dakota custom.

"Hello," said the collector.

"Ya-who-up!" replied the Norwegian, answering the salutation and addressing the oxen at the same time.

"I want to go to Lambert's. Can you tell me where he lives?" asked the collector.

"You want to go to Lamber?" drawled the Norwegian in his high key, as if struggling with the grasp of an idea in an unfamiliar language.

"Yes," *replied the collector.* "Do you know where he lives?"

"So you want to go to Lamber? Vat is your name?"

It is impossible to resent the inquisitiveness of such a simple-looking fellow, and the collector replied that his name was Smith.

"So! Your name is Smith, and you vant to go to Lamber. Vat is your business, Mr. Smith."

Smith said that he was a collector.

"So! You vas a collector. Your name is Smith. You vant to go to Lamber. Vat you collect, Mr. Smith?"

"I collect for the Northwestern Manufacturing Company," said the collector, with a little show of impatience, which wholly escaped the notice of the Norwegian, who with serenity undisturbed, said slowly and distinctly, as if he was trying to get his mental grasp upon the information:

"So your name is Smith. You are a collector. Collect for the Northwestern Manufacturing Company. You want to go to Lamber. Vat your company manufacture, Mr. Smith?"

Having gone thus far and believing he was near the end the collector replied that he made Minnesota Chief thresher.

"Ah, so," resumed the Norwegian in his dull, sing-song and almost painful anxiety to comprehend. "Your name is Smith. You collect for Northwestern Manufacture Company, manufacture Minnesota Chief. You want to go by Lamber, vat your business with Lamber?"

Thinking that he had certainly reached the end at last, the collector said his business was to see one Ole Peterson about a note that was due and he expected to find his man at Lambert's.

"Ah, so," said the Norwegian, without a change of countenance, and with the same earnest air of seeking information and grasping at ideas in new clothing. "You are a collector. Your name is Smith. You collect for Northwest Manufacture Company, manufacture Minnesota Chief. You vant to go by Lamber, see about Ole Peterson's note. Vell, I don't know where Lamber live. Ya-who-up."

With the air of a man who had done his whole duty and with perfect unstudied composure the Norwegian moved on and the collector rubbed his nose and looked after the slowly retreating form. Some hours later in the day, after miles of driving over the prairie, the collector learned that the Norwegian of slow comprehension whom he had encountered in the road was Ole Peterson, the maker of the note.

Kept Within the Law.

The action of that New Jersey bank in dumping $4,000 in silver on its floor in payment of its checks in the hands of a rival institution brings up the question of legal tenders. Gold has always been legal tender in the United States. With a brief interval previous to the passage of the Bland act silver dollars have been also. Greenbacks are, but gold and silver certificates are not, except on customs, taxes and public dues. National bank notes are not legal tenders, and can and have often been refused in payment of debt. Subsidiary coin is legal tender only in limited quantities.

A gentleman went to the stamp window of the postoffice in a neighboring city and called for 100 one-cent stamps, tendering in payment 100 one-cent pieces.

"Those are not legal tender in any such quantities," growled the stamp clerk. "I refuse to accept them."

"You do, eh?" answered the gentleman. "Well, give me one stamp," at the same time shoving out a penny. The stamp was forthcoming.

"Now, give me a stamp." He got it.

"Another stamp,"

"Now another."

"See here," said the clerk, "how many stamps do you want? You are keeping 20 people waiting."

"Oh, I always keep within the law," responded the gentleman. "Another stamp, please. Pennies are not legal tender in large amounts. Another stamp."

And he shoved off his pennies and purchased stamps, one at a time, till he got his hundred. But the clerk was cured. Pennies are legal tender at his window in barrel lots.

Result of Saving Small Amounts.

The following shows how easy it is to accumulate a fortune, provided proper steps are taken. The table shows what would be the result at the end of fifty years by saving a certain amount each day and putting it out at six per cent interest:

Daily Savings.	The Result.	Daily Savings.	The Result.
One cent	$ 650	Sixty cents	$ 37,020
Ten cents	9,504	Seventy cents	66,500
Twenty cents	19,008	Eighty cents	76,032
Thirty cents	28,512	Ninety cents	85,537
Forty cents	38,016	One dollar	95,047
Fifty cents	47,520	Five dollars	475,258

Nearly every person wastes enough in twenty or thirty years to make a family quite independent; but the principle of small savings has been lost sight of in the general desire to become wealthy.

Value of Eggs as Food.

Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome.

The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than five hundred different ways, each method not economical, but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever rejected an egg in some guise.

It is nutriment in the most palatable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen.

After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man and two to the excellently valiant Schweppermau."

Far more than fish, for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame.

Eggs are, however, not only food—but medicine, also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches.

A raw egg if swallowed in time will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel.

They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. The merits of eggs do not even end here.

In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year, and the Alsatians consume fully 38,000,000 in calico printing, and for dressing the leather used in making the finest kid gloves. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of the carbonate of lime.

Earthing Up Celery.

The old way was to earth up celery every ten days. We now find that this is useless and wrong. Keep the soil loose and mellow, and allow the celery to grow as rapidly as possible. These hot days and cool nights will cause the plants to grow luxuriantly in rich, mellow soil. When half grown, "handle each plant by gathering the leaves up" with the left hand, and pressing the loose earth around the plant with the right. Later on—say in two weeks' time—bank up with shovel, taking care not to let the earth get into the heart of the plant. By the last of October or first week in November it should be banked to the tips of the leaves, and before severe frost sets in, covered with two or three inches of leaves. When celery is earthed up frequently, it will continue to grow at the expense of the plant. The result will be "brittle" or "hollow" celery, of little use, in fact, it cannot be sold at all. What is wanted is crisp, nutty stalks of moderate growth.

The best celery is grown now in rows four feet apart, and the plants set 8 inches in the row. Twelve years ago only the few could afford to eat celery; now, since cultivation has been cheapened, all can enjoy the delicious vegetable.

Squelched.

A new member of Congress for one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity.

At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute; whereupon the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker—Have we laws or have we not laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?"

So saying he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence.

Instantly Cox, the clown of the House, with a twinkle in his eye, rose and delivered his thoughts in these words:

"Mr. Speaker—Did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

That particular orator never troubled the House again.

What a Pretty Woman is Tired of.

I am tired of the woman who cultivates her brains at the expense of her heart.

Tired of men who don't take care of the women.

Of clothes made by a machine that rip when you pull the string.

Of men who climb over you between the acts, tear your gown, make you cross, and knock over the bonnet of the woman in front of you.

Of children who are dressed in silk and lace rather than in flannel, and who wear more jewelry than they do good manners.

Of hearing Providence blamed for one's own mistake.

Of the continued claim that women are not paid as well as men when they do as good work.

Of sewing on shoe buttons and sharpening lead pencils.

Of mothers who think that children are a nuisance.

A FARM WORKED BY INSANE LABOR.—According to the New York Evening *Sun*, Long Island can boast of a farm which is operated entirely by the labor of insane people. It is known as the Islip farm, and 250 lunatics are employed upon it. It was a wilderness a few years ago, but has been brought to a high state of cultivation. Grain, fruits and flowers are grown upon it, and the men engaged in their production are said to take a deep interest in their work. They were sent there from city institutions by the commissioners of charities and correction, and the experiment is declared to have proved a pronounced success.

HE WASN'T SORDID.

I had been sitting in the shade of a fence corner for a quarter of an hour when a farmer came along with an ox team and invited me to ride with him. I was only fairly seated when he said:

"Sad thing happened back there about six months ago."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; that 'ere blamed off ox shied at a paper in the road and run us into a ditch and tipped the wagon over.

"Martha was along. Crushed the gizzard right out of her, and she was dead when I picked her up. Funeral cost me $10. I was just looking at the bill. Had a coffin with six silver-plated handles. Ever lose your wife?"

"Never."

"Awful sad thing. Haw there, Buck! She had two unmade dresses in the house, which were left on my hands. Guess I'll get shet of them, however—guess I will. Whoa, your yaller ox! Undertaker said we would scrape along with four handles to the coffin, but I told him to make 'em an even half-dozen. Feller can't afford to be small about these things. Say, you know what belongs to manners, eh?"

"I hope so."

"Guessed you did, even if you are afoot. I want to ask you how long a widower has to wait before taking another. There's no law, you know, but a sort of custom. Is it a year?"

"Some wait a year."

"And some only three or six months?"

"I've heard of a second marriage within a week or two."

"Too soon—a leetle too soon," he answered, as he stroked his thin whiskers. "Looks too sordid and grasping, you see. Neighbors would probably talk, too. Couldn't complain about six months, could they?"

"I should think not."

"That's twenty-four weeks or 168 days, you see. Nothing sordid about that, eh? It's coming off next week."

"What! Your marriage?"

"That's it. Bin engaged five days now, and it's to come off next Wednesday. Her name is Feebe. Awful hard to get up airly and keep hustling all day. Had my eye on her since the day of the funeral, but you needn't mind telling it. Folks is gossipy, you know. Git up, you lazy beasts! Say, I want to ask 'bout another thing."

"Well?"

"Haven't got Martha any tombstone yet. Have to git one, won't I?"

"Why, yes."

"If I didn't they'd say I was sordid, wouldn't they?"

"They might."

"Would you put a lamb or dove on it?"

"That's just as you feel."

"Has it got to read: 'Martha, the first and most beloved wife of Aaron Snyder?"

"Not necessarily."

"Kin I jist put on: Erected to the memory of Martha Snyder, who died on April 22, 1888?"

"Why, yes."

"And have it quietly taken up and set up, and not let on to the other. I see. Nothing sordid about Feebe, but sich things grind, you know. Do you take the cross-road? Wall, good day. Glad we met. Seemed to me six months was long enough, but kinder wanted an outside opinyun. Had six handles, you remember; but the neighbors might call me sordid and shut us out on quilting bees and corn huskings."

HIGH OFFICIALS PERPLEXED.

The President and Secretary of State Victims of Circumstances.

There is a story of a presidential excursion down to the eastern shore of Maryland. The party embraced Secretaries Blaine and Windom and others. They went to church and were fortunate enough to hear an excellent sermon from the venerable Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, who was there to administer the rite of confirmation. It was a rare pleasure to listen to a discourse from a clergyman who did not improve the occasion by referring to those high in authority or by preaching or praying to them. The President and the two Secretaries, one on either side of him, sat in quiet satisfaction. But their peace of mind was suddenly and rudely dispelled. The offertory was sung. At the familiar words:

Let your light so shine before men, etc.,

The President and the Secretaries each quietly dropped a hand into a pocket.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.

Windom drew forth a crisp one dollar note and held it between thumb and forefinger, ready for the approaching plate. The President and Mr. Blaine went a little deeper into their pockets. One brought up a nickel and the other a dime. Their faces flushed. It would never do to make a small contribution.

He that soweth a little shall reap little, and he that soweth plentously shall reap plenteously. * * * God loveth a cheerful giver.

The President went to his pocket book and the Secretary of State explored his vest pocket with nervous fingers.

Zaccheus stood forth and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have done wrong to any man I restore fourfold.

The plate was only four pews away. What the President found in his pocket-book was one fifty-dollar note and a ten-dollar greenback—nothing smaller. What Mr. Blaine found was two ten-dollar notes—nothing smaller. To put in a nickel or a dime only was not to be thought of. To give ten dollars was more than either cared to do; besides, how ostentatious it would look! Each looked at Windom, sitting there calmly, the richest of the party, with his dollar note in his hand. He shook his head.

Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give and glad to distribute.

There was no time for further pocket exploration or consideration. With a smile of commiseration at each other, and something like ghoulish glee on Windom's placid countenance, the President and Secretary of State each planked down his $10 note for "the poor of this congregation." And the worst of it is, said one of the party afterward, that the Lord would probably give them credit only for the dollar or two which they intended to give.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"I WOULD like to ask you a question," said a gentleman to a fellow who was spreading himself over four seats in a crowded railway car.

"What is it?"

"What brand of nerve food do you use?"