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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.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1889. No. 24.

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.

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,

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

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—WITH—

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

F. K. H. 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.

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

PHILADELPHIA.

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

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commission 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. Reference, ce 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.

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.

Professional Cards.

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. Anæsthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. jl5-2m.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. GARALL'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.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. GALENA, KENT CO., MD.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

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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.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store, will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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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

F. J. CARTER, Agent,

—THE PAINTER—

And PAPER HANGER,

Has just received his Spring Stock of

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES

—AND—

PICTURE-FRAME MATERIALS!

GILT PAPER from 12½ cents up.

HORTSHORNE SPRING-ROLLER SHADE

from 45 cents up.

A GUARANTEED

Holland Window-Shade Spring Roller for ONLY 75 CENTS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

A call will be appreciated.

Near the "Voshell House."

m23. Main St., a few doors above Postoffice.

—THE NEW—

{HIGH-ARM}

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,

and the Only Machine in the world that makes a Lock Stitch without the use of a Shuttle. Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill and construction, to do the service of a lifetime, should not fail to examine our

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Thanking the public for past favors I solicit a share in the future. Give me a call. Address

CHAS. J. REICHE,

Feb. 2, 1889. Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

"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,

j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

Feed and Provision Store!

EDWARD J. WATSON,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has opened a new store on High Street, next to the Express Office, in Chestertown, and will keep on hand a

GENERAL STOCK OF

Groceries and Provisions

FEED, HAY,

CORN, CHOP STUFF,

OATS, MEAL, FLOUR, &c.,

will be furnished at short notice at lowest prices.

GROCERIES of all kinds: Vegetables, &c.,

I shall endeavor to keep a General Feed and Provision Store, and respectfully ask a share of the public patronage. E. J. WATSON.

Feb. 2, 1889.

SHOES for Gents', Ladies', Misses or Children, a prices as low as can be found. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

Bargains in Store Goods!

WHERE TO GET THEM

ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

WE HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Cloths,

Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,

And all Kinds of Dry Goods.

—ALSO—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

Groceries, &c., &c.,

which stock will be kept complete.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Prices guaranteed Low!

Quality warranted as represented!

Best Prices for Trade

All cordially invited. Resp'y,

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Jan. 2, 1889.

THOMPSON LINE CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LUBRICATING AND KEROSENE OILS,

KAINIT, SALTS, LATHS, LIME,

Plastering Hair, Cement, Plaster, Seeds, Gasolene and Bituminous Coal.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

in all kinds of

BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DAYTONS,

ROAD CARTS, BUCKBOARDS, and WAGONS

of every description.

We also have the agency for THE REMINGTON and the "WORLD" TYPE-WRITERS. Every business man should have one.

As Usual, Freighting!

Our vessels, the Schooners "ADAMS" and "REMITTANCE," are in complete order, and now running in our line. All freights handled with promptness and dispatch. Advancements made on grain to reliable parties.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,

Sept. 29, 1888. MANAGER.

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, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,

d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

Established 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.

New Wheat Wanted

in any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market.

Agent for Walton & Whann Company, High Grade Fertilizers, Wilmington, Del. a17.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphine Mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEYS & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cent. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. 19-y.

MONEY NOTICE.

We desire a settlement with all our customers, especially with those whose notes and accounts are over-due. We mean this for every one. Some of the notes we have had to take up in bank, and we insist upon the immediate settlement of these also. Parties having notes over-due will receive notice through the mail so that no one can have an excuse for failure to meet the same.

jy20-tf. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

BY M. CADY.

I never shall forget how it fared with me twenty years ago, when, as a girl of eighteen, I visited my friend, Mrs. Miranda Brown, who with her invitation wrote me these few lines:

"It will be such an excellent time to come Olivia, for Mr. Silas Silkskin is in New York making purchases for his uncle's store and will be delighted to escort you back. And I'll never speak to you again if you don't come."

This threat decided me. I awaited Mr. Silkskin's arrival with impatience, and had my trunks already packed, when one evening some one was heard to rap violently upon the front door—an unnecessary exertion, considering the fact that there was a bell—and a voice of exceeding meekness inquired of Biddy:

"Say, do you know anybody by the name of O-l-i-v-i-a—Olivy; L-double e, Lee—Olivy Lee? I asked at the groceryman's, but he did not know; and I went to the doctor's shop, and he said he reckoned 'twas here. Is it?"

It was Mr. Silkskin, who had the envelope in which my friend had placed his letter of introduction to me in his hand. He was a small, very young man, with a baby face; and he smiled all over as he poked the letter at me and said:

"You are Miss Olivy Lee, I reckon."

This was Mr. Silkskin. He had come to tea and to stop over all night, and to start off in the morning, to the astonishment of my parents. But, not to be outdone in hospitality by Western folk, they welcomed him heartily; and sitting on the sofa, he smiled at intervals and answered "Yes'm," and "Yes sir," to every proposition. When an inquiry was made as to Chickamahoo, he replied, "that all it wanted was more ladies' society," and then added: "Tylking of that, I swow, I've forgot!" and produced a note. It was from my friend and read as follows:

"DEAR OLIVIA:—Bring me on a hard-working girl. Hannah has left me to be married. Choose an ugly one, or she will marry in a month. I inclose check for her fare."

"Come an hour ago," said Mr. Silkskin.

"I can get a girl," said I, remembering our Aid Society and poor Margaret, who could not get a place on account of her unprepossessing appearance. "But Hannah married? Hannah is fifty and has been with the family always."

"Ladies are scarce in Chickamahoo," said Mr. Silkskin.

I instantly sent a messenger to Margaret who was forty, red-haired, pock-marked, lamed of one foot, blind of one eye, told her to pack up at once and meet us at the depot in the morning; which, to cut a long story short, she did. We entered the cars and began our long journey in silence. During its progress Margaret howled perpetually over the "lonesomeness" of her situation, and Mr. Silkskin appeared to become almost deaf and dumb. He smiled occasionally; and when I spoke, he said, "Yes, ma'am,"—that was all.

Meanwhile a portly gentleman conversed with me over the back of the seat, pointing out places of interest, offering me newspapers and bringing me refreshments at stopping-places. When he asked where I was going, and I stated the fact that my destination was Chickamahoo, he said that he was glad, for they needed ladies' society there. He was kind, respectable, old enough to be my father, and really relieved the tedium of my journey greatly. As we approached our final stopping place, he addressed Silas Silkskin in these words:

"Young man, you take this cigar and go smoke it in the smoking car, then come back."

Silas stared at him, but finally said "Yes sir," and went. The stranger instantly took his seat.

"I want to ask you something," he explained. "Are you Mrs. or Miss?"

"Miss," I said.

"Engaged to that young man I sent away?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," I answered.

"Going to be?" said he.

"Heaven forbid!" I answered.

"Very well," he observed "I'm Samuel Price, of Chickamahoo; I'm rich, a widower with no children. I want a second wife. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" said I; "of course not!"

"Is that final?" he asked.

"Yes," said I; "of course it is."

"Good morning," said he. "If you ever change your mind, let me know. I'm a solid man in Chickamahoo. Your friends will advise you to have me. No offence on either side. Good bye."

He shook hands; Silas returned; the station was reached; we alighted.

Margaret was sent ahead with the trunks and we mounted into what was called a public carryall, and Silas drawing near to me, assumed a sentimental look.

"We pass she squire's," he stated.

"Do we?" asked I.

"Yes; and Dominie Brown's too."

"Ah!" I responded.

"Yes," said Silas. "Which would you ruther hev marry us, squire or dominie?"

"I think you have gone crazy, Mr. Silkskin!" I ejaculated. "We have only known each other a few days."

"That don't make no difference here," said Silas.

"Oh, don't it?" asked I, ironically.

"You needn't be so sarcastical," said Silas. "I'm real smart, and shall have a store of my own. I ain't to be dispised. Is there any prior attachment?"

"No," I admitted, "if you must know."

"Oh, well," said Silas, "then you'll alter your mind when you've seen more of me."

"Oh, dear, no, that can't make any difference," said I.

"What's the matter with me, that you're so short? I've got my heart on it. You're so pretty and your clothes fit you so good. I bet a dollar you'll change your mind some day."

"When I do, I will apprise you of the fact," said I.

"Very well," said Silas. "I understand that that is sarcastical, too, and as things be I'll go. My room will be preferable to my company. This is the Brownses."

He helped me down, smiled at me spasmodically and drove away. As I rang the bell I heard a hubbub of voices within, and, as the door was open, entered without further ceremony. In the hall stood my trunk and Margaret's green box. Margaret herself sat perched upon it, with triumph in her one green eye, while Mrs. Brown wept in her Boston rocking chair.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

Everyone turned. Greetings were given and explanations followed.

Margaret had engaged herself on the way over to the man who drove the wagon with the trunks.

"He was that pertickiler to have me, I couldn't say No," said Margaret, trying to blush. "And he's a house and farm iv his own."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Brown; "but stay a month with us. He'll wait."

"I'll not thry that," said Margaret, "for there's many a shlip twix cup and lip. And I wonder you ever say the like to a poor gurrul like me. I'll have him whilst I've the chance."

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, resigning herself to fate, "it is the way here. All are alike."

"I looked at the six Miss Browns, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-three. All blushed at once."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "they were all engaged in a week from our arrival. And they will all be married tomorrow. I told you to bring your light blue silk, you remember."

The next evening I was dancing at the wedding. There was no lack of partners. The gentlemen greatly outnumbered the ladies. I assure you that when I had danced four dances, I had refused as many offers. But when I stood up in a Virginia reel with a native Chickamahooian he surprised me.

"Forward to meet your partner," sang the leader of the dance.

We met.

"You're the prettiest girl in these parts," remarked the native Chickamahooian.

I retired.

"Right hand."

"And I'm going to hev you," said he.

"You're not," said I.

"Left hand."

"I'm a catch for any gal," said he. "I'm half hoss, half alligator, I am. Remember that."

"I'll take the warning," said I.

"Both hands."

"If you won't have me now, when will you?" said he.

"Never," said I.

Our wild interchange of partners commenced; then our gallop.

"You'd better not take a shine to any other fellow to-night. I'll put an inch of cold steel into him, if you do. I know my rights and go armed," said he.

I danced no more that night. Mrs. Brown comforted me with the statement that these were Chickamahoo ways, and that I'd like it soon, but let me sit in a corner beside her, where, she being a widow I heard her receive four or five offers from elderly gentlemen, which she declined with a polite "Thank you; not this time," as though they had been plates of cream, and I began to understand Chickamahoo customs.

I will add that during the next week offers were made to me in church, in a shop, and at a funeral; but after awhile I did grow use to it, and felt no alarm. I stayed until the winter came, and skating commenced; and one day we were on the pond, when, gliding gleefully around a turn of the bank, I ran into a gentleman's arms. I knew him. It was the Browns family doctor, a handsome man of thirty. We sat looking at each other.

"Hurt?" asked he.

"No," said I. "Are you?"

"Yes," said he, "about the heart. Miss Olivia, will you let me tell you how much I have always admired you? Now I love you!"

"I can't help it," said I. "I cannot get up."

"I'll let you stay where you are until you answer me another question," said he. "Could you like me?"

"I guess so," said I.

"Then I'm the happiest man alive," said he.

He scrambled up, helped me to my feet, and we skated back to our party.

"My dear," I said, in a whisper to my friend, "the spirit of Chickamahoo has entered into me. I was not engaged when I skated around that corner. Now I am."—*New York Ledger.*

When Marriage is a Failure.

When either of the parties marry for money.

When the lord of creation pays more for cigars than his better half does for hosiery, boots and bonnets.

When one of the parties engages in a business that is not approved by the other.

When both parties persist in arguing over a subject upon which they never can think alike.

When neither husband nor wife takes a vacation.

When the vacations are taken by one side of the house only.

When a man attempts to tell his wife what style of bonnet she must wear.

When a man's Christmas presents to his wife consist of bootjacks, shirts and gloves for himself.

When children are obliged to clamor for their rights.

When the watchword is, "Each for himself."

When dinner is not ready at dinner time.

When "he" snores his loudest while "she" kindles the fire.

When father takes half of the pie and leaves the other half for the one that made it and her eight children.

When the children are given the neck and back of the chicken.

When the money that should go for a book goes for what only one side of the house knows anything about.

When politeness, fine manners, and kindly attentions are reserved for company or visits abroad.

MANY of the badly shaped mouths that are the sorrows of the young women of today result from their being permitted when they were children to suck their fingers. One of the prettiest women in New York has coarse, thick lips, that come from having been allowed, when she was going to sleep, to put her thumb in her mouth; while another, whose lips protrude in the center and whose mouth is large, now blames her mother for allowing her to find consolation in her two forefingers.

OVERHEARD.

A Practical Lesson in Stenography Which Was So Natural That the Learner Got It All Down.

A young gentleman who is diligently practicing stenography with a view to passing the civil service examination tells us he was sitting in Franklin Square, at about nine o'clock the other evening, when an excellent opportunity for practice was given him and he availed himself of it. He was sitting in a comparatively light spot, but very near a densely shaded retreat. It was from that retreat that the voice he heard proceeded. This is his report:

Male voice—Who do love?

Female voice—Shan't tell.

M. V.—You better had.

F. V.—Why?

M. V.—'Cos you had.

F. V. (hesitatingly)—Well then, I love—

M. V. (coaxingly)—Yes, go on, go.

F. V.—Why do you want me to say it?

M. V.—Say what?

F. V.—What you want me to say.

M. V.—What do I want you to say?

F. V.—Who I love.

M. V.—Well, who do you love?

F. V.—Who do you s'pose?

M. V. (suspiciously)—That dude, Simpson.

F. V. (reproachfully)—Now, Charlie, you know that is not so.

M. V.—Well, it looks that way, anyhow. The idiot is always hanging 'round you.

F. V. (scornfully)—What, if he is? I don't care the snap of my finger for him.

M. V.—If you don't love him, who do you love?

F. V. (coquettishly)—You know.

M. V.—Know what?

F. V.—Who I love.

M. V.—Haven't the slightest idea.

F. V.—Well, you are awfully stupid if you don't know I love.

Silence for one minute, broken by

M. V.—Well, ain't you going to tell me?

F. V.—Tell you what?

M. V.—Who you love.

F. V. (laughing)—Goose!

M. V. (threateningly)—Tell me at once, or I'll do something desperate.

F. V. (incredulously)—What will you do?

M. V.—I'll—I'll—I'll bite you.

F. V. (alarmed)—Now, Charlie, if you do—

M. V. (determinedly)—Tell me—

F. V.—Charlie, you mean—(sounds of a suppressed scuffle, a muffled shriek, followed by a slap).

F. V. (viciously)—There! I hope you're satisfied.

M. V. (scornfully)—Pooh! a love lick that. Now, if you don't tell me at once who you love I'll bite you black and blue.

F. V.—Charl—

M. V.—Who do you love?

F. V.—Oh! Now, Charlie, don't. I love you—I love you. Now let me go.

M. V.—Not much, you darling. I've got to have a kiss for that.

F. V.—Don't, pettie; some one's coming—some one is coming—there! quick! let me go. [A hasty movement, followed by a minute's silence.]

M. V. (reproachfully)—You fibbed, you little wretch! no one was coming.

F. V.—Well, I thought somebody ought to be coming (rising). I'm going home.

And two shadowy figures disappeared down the walk.—*Washington Post.*

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagement.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets; if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any man speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady grains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just, before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.—*Counsels for Life.*

The Stranger's Opportunity.

The late Judge Walker, of Aurora, Ind., was, it is said, the personification of pomposity. He was proud of himself, of his family, and of all his possessions. Illustrative of this trait of character a story is told of the old Judge.

Shortly before his death he built a splendid mansion on the hill back of Aurora. Judge Walker was inordinately proud of this house, which could be seen for miles up and down the river. One day he was returning home by steamer from Cincinnati. Judge Walker no sooner caught sight of his residence than his whole attention was fixed upon it. He wondered if every one else appreciated the beauty and striking location of the house. Finally he walked up to a stranger and said: "I beg pardon, but—ah—ah—can you tell me who is the owner of that—ah—palatial and beautiful mansion on the hill?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger promptly, "that old barn belongs to Judge Walker the biggest fool in Indiana, although he thinks himself a sage."

The Judge's curiosity was entirely satisfied. The stranger knew him.

THE PICKPOCKET'S FATE.

One of the excursionists landing at Brighton Beach the other day seemed exactly fitted to the term "green as grass." He was an oldish man, with the scent of burdocks in his clothes, and as he moved around he left a trail of hayseed behind him. He had no sooner left the train than he approached a young man who was negligently leaning against a post at the entrance to the depot and said:

'By gum, but this is nice. I've got away for a day, and I'm going right in and have a slashing good time.'

'That's right, uncle,' kindly replied the young man; 'that's what we come here for—to enjoy ourselves. It takes money, though.'

'You bet it does, but I've got the rhino right in my clothes. Bin savin' up for eight months. I'm jest goin' right in regardless of expense. Look a-here!'

He pulled a fat wallet from his hind pocket and patted it affectionately, and confidentially whispered:

'R-h-i-n-o, rhino! Come and have a drink of sarsaparilly and some ice cream.'

The two were soon fast friends. Several philanthropists sought to signal the old man that he was in tow of a pickpocket, but he was oblivious. The young man "steered" him from place to place, paying for soda water, ginger ale and peanuts in the most liberal manner, but somehow every time he attempted to go into that hind pocket, the hind pocket wasn't there. After three hours' hard and persevering work he finally got his fingers on the wallet and quickly transferred it. Then he suddenly announced:

'Say! You wait right here a minute. There's a party out there I want to speak to.'

'All right,' responded hayseed, looking up from his ice cream, 'but don't be gone long. I'm a-haven' the goshdarnedest best time in my life, and I don't want nuthin' to happin.'

Something did happen, however. The young man did not return. Several hours later old hayseed went up to Manhatten Beech and found him sitting on a bench gazing pensively out to sea.

'Scuse me,' he said, 'but if it's the stomache I've got a phial of peppermint essence here.'

'Sir! Are you speaking to me?' demanded the young man, as he bristled up.

'Yes, sorter to you. You are feelin' sorrowful. You have my sympathy. When you came to open that wallet and found it stuffed full of hair-dye dodgers. I'd gin a bushel of "taters" to look at yer phiz. Look a here?"

And he pulled a great wad of greenbacks from his pocket and patted it fondly, and said:

'Thar's nuthin' mean about me. I'm simply an old ruta-baga from the agricultural deestricks. Let's have a glass of pop together.'

"Saccharine Futurity."

She was a dainty blonde, and was robed in spotless white, relieved only by a cerulean blue knot at her throat and a double barreled sunflower at her belt, and as she tripped into the store she looked just too sweet to live. Salesman No. 79 (smoothed downy hair) came forward and asked: "What is it, Miss?" The voice was as musical as an Æolian harp, and its dulcet tones vibrated upon his auditory nerve with frightful rapidity. She turned her heavenly blue eyes upon him, and said, "Have you the song "Saccharine Futurity?"

"I beg pardon," said No. 79, "I didn't exactly catch that title."

"Saccharine Futurity," repeated the beautiful vision, and as she uttered the words her lips looked so tempting that the young man immediately turned around and yanked down a folio marked S in great trepidation. He looked all through the list, but failed to find the song, and he ventured upon one more question: "Is it a solo or song and chorus?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied the dame, who seemed a little mixed by the question. Just then Salesmen No. 18 came in the back door, and Fo. 79 rushed up to him with the interrogatory: "What the devil does she mean? She wants a song called "Saccharine Futurity."

"What!" exclaimed No. 18, and then as he gazed at the aesthetic appearance of the ethereal creature, he took it all in and said, "Go get her the "Sweet By and By."

The familiar song was rolled up for her, and, smiling her thanks, she passed out.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number.

"Certainly not, sir," exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner seat near the door. "The way these trains are overcrowded is shameful."

"As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman. "I shall remain where I am."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."

Suiting the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose and putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The new comer saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner seat.

"What's up?" inquired the guard as he opened the carriage door.

"One over the number," replied the new comer, coolly.

"You must come out, sir; the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation the guard pulled out the passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.

EX-SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER made a statement at Woodstock, Va., on Monday to the effect that when the Blaine educational bill came up in the Senate for a vote Mahone retired to the cloak room; that he (Riddleberger) followed to expostulate with him; that Mahone refused to vote for it, denounced it in unmeasured terms and had himself marked absent. This bill it will be remembered, provided for an appropriation from the national treasury for the purpose mainly of educating the colored people in the South. And now Mahone is appealing to these very people whom he refused to help, to elect him Governor of the good old commonwealth of Virginia. The most intelligent of them should stump the State against him.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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KILLING A CHICKEN.

A Tender-Hearted Housekeeper's First Attempt at the Bloody Work.

Apropos of the new domestic science of killing chickens by chloroform, I recall an amusing experience of my early housekeeping, when I was a tyro in the business. I intended having a chicken pot-pie, having learned how to make it from an old Southern mammy, and I wanted to astonish the head of the house with my proficiency. But I forgot one thing, although quite familiar with the famous recipe of Mrs. Glass—"first catch your hare." I had not caught the chicken—it was not killed—and there was no cook book in all the range of my ignorance—and it was almost unlimited—which gave a recipe for cooking live chickens.

"Joanna," I said to my staunch maid of all work, "you must kill the chicken."

"Never did such a thing in my life," said Joanna, shortly. "Feyther always wrung their necks at home."

"Then why not wring it's neck," I suggested with a shudder.

"Couldn't do it, mem. I'm that tender-hearted that as soon as the chicken begins to squawk, I put both fingers in my ears and hides sumwhar."

This was not very encouraging. It was getting on to the time that the chicken or chickens should be summering in the pot, preparatory to going into the pie. Joanna suggested that I stand at the gate and hail a "b'y."

But not a boy over the tender age of six years appeared, and I grew desperate.

"This dependence on a man is all nonsense," I said severely. "I am determined to have chicken pot-pie for supper. Now, Joanna, if you will catch the chicken I will kill it. I will cut its head off with an axe."

I felt like a blood-thirsty murderer as I made this speech, but Joanna said she could easily catch the chicken if I would kill it.

"But we will need a pair, mem," she said cunningly.

I did not care. I felt that when I once had my hand in, I would be able to kill the whole roost of them, and I got out a housemaid's apron and felt the edge of the axe to see if it was sharp.

The chicken made a noise that alarmed the neighborhood. Windows flew up, cats scampered, dogs barked. I intrenched myself in the woodshed until Joanna came in with it, still shrieking in chicken language and kicking with all its might.

"Its good and plump," she said, with a grin, as she was about to hand it to me.

"I can not be executioner and guard both," I cried. "If I am to cut its head off, you must hold it. Now lay its head on that block—it won't take a moment—now!"

I looked round wildly and raised the axe. That chicken had ceased to struggle. Its head was laid on the block and it was regarding me with one eye, a red, distorted eye.

"I cannot do it," I exclaimed; "here Joanna, I'll hold the chicken, and you cut its head off."

The girl grinned.

"I don't mind it," she said, "ef I can hit it plump."

We will never know what she did. There was a concussion, and I ran in and barricaded the door. The chicken flew to the top of the fence unhurt. The next I heard was the manly voice of our next-door neighbor choking with laughter as he offered his services.

"Well, we had the pot-pie, but I never have attempted to take the life of a chicken since, and I doubt if a bottle of chloroform and a sponge would be any inducement in the line of murder most fowl, as Macbeth has it. But the pie was a success."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Savings the Foundation of Wealth.

The man who saves something every year, quotes a contemporary, who had heard the remark from every quarter, is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there soon makes a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become avisible and respectable accumulation. In this country any man can make himself independent or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change.

Most of our millionaires laid the foundation of their fortunes by *saving*. It is said that Senator Farwell commenced life as a surveyor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a farmer.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his first start as a school teacher.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Andrew Carnegie did his first work in a telegraph office at $3 a week.

Whitelaw Reid, our minster to France, did work as correspondent of a Cincinnati newspaper for $5 a week.

Moses Taylor clerked in Water Street, New York, at $2 a week.

George W. Childs was an errand boy for a bookseller at $4 a month.

Jay Gould canvassed Delaware County, N. Y., selling maps at $1.50 a piece.

And to the above names, which are familiar to most persons, must be added hundreds of others whose fortune and fame had the same small beginning.

The same or better opportunities exist today for bright, energetic young men to succeed that existed when the above millionaires begun their business life, but to accomplish it, the same perseverance and economy which characterized their early career must be observed.

A VERY diminutive boy applied at the residence of Judge Peterby, at Austin, Texas. "You advertised for a boy to help work in the garden," said the youth. "You will not answer. You are so small that you would have to use a step-ladder to dig potatoes."

JACK—The President's English is a perfect blessing, isn't it?

Gill—In what way?

Jack—Why, it's a Benny diction.