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Our Peach Tree Guano! TRADE MARK Our Peach Tree Guano!

The most successful growers of peaches are using fertilizers upon their orchards, and they believe it is necessary that the tree must be fed to produce yearly crops. A large crop one season necessarily reduces the quantity of fruit the next, without you supply to the tree what the fruit takes from it. A properly prepared and low cost Fertilizer is cheaper than fruit, therefore you must make a good profit if you feed your trees. Peach trees should not have applied to them any fertilizer containing sulphuric acid. Nearly all the Peach Tree Fertilizers are made with this objectionable article. Our Peach Tree Guano does not contain one lb. of sulphuric acid, and the wonderful results from its use prove our claim that it is the most successful Peach Tree Food upon the market. Ask the gentlemen mentioned below their opinion of these goods. Dr. John J. Black, New Castle, Del., author of the celebrated work upon the peach, pear and quince, says: "I think the condition of my trees warrants me in saying the application of your tree Fertilizer to them has been of advantage."

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—In the Spring of 1885 and the Spring of '86 I used your "Special Tree Guano" with very satisfactory results. My crop was nice both years. The summer of 1886 my crop was large and fine and what was very peculiar my peaches did not rot on the trees, which I attribute to your fertilizer. HENRY H. McVAY.

WORTON STATION, March 4, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—I used one ton of your "Peach Tree Guano" last Spring on our peach orchard with the most surprising results. The orchard is sixteen years old, and as the trees had not borne any peaches up to last year for over seven years, I advised Mr. Porter to let me cut it down, but we did not do so I am glad to say. We had a nice crop last year; the peaches were nicely colored and of fine size. We made three pickings from the trees; we counted the peaches in one basket and it contained only fifty-two peaches. I measured one, it was 10½ inches in circumference. The *Kent News* contained an account of the basket containing the fifty-two. For a large number of our peaches we got one dollar per basket, and the basket returned at the station. Another strange thing was: that the orchard kept its foliage longer and greener than any orchard I saw last fall. I certainly cannot help recommending your Peach Tree Phosphate, and advise all growers to use it. P. H. GEARS.

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12th, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen:—We have used your 'Special Peach Tree Guano' with wonderful success on old peach trees, and in our nursery, the most remarkable result was on our June budded trees; we gave them an application when we budded in June, and where we made the heaviest application our trees were over five feet high in the following October.—Where we only used a small quantity the trees were about two and a-half feet high, an increase in size of one hundred per cent. We truly believe your "Peach Tree Guano" the best article made for peach trees, and the lowest priced; shall need more next spring. We will be pleased to answer any questions regarding its worth, and advise all nurserymen and peach-growers to use it.

Very respectfully,
H. H. McVAY,
J. T. VANDEGRIFT,
Nurserymen.

A FEW NAMES OF PURCHASERS LAST SPRING:

Josias Ringgold, Chestertown, Md.; J. H. Porter, Worton Station; B. F. Beck, Lankford, Md;
Sam'l Vannort, " " J. Rankin & Bro., Fairlee; Thos. Hulme, Fairlee, Md;
H. W. Vickers, att'y, " " W. T. Baker, Edesville, Md.; Chas. D. Brown, Pomona;
Henry Massey, " " John Evans Church Hill; Jos. Porter, Worton.

Black Residuum! Black Residuum!

Hand in your orders for this article early. It prevents frenching in corn, and destroys insect life in your peach orchard. We are always the lowest priced in fertilizers and chemicals. A trial will convince you. We were the first to lower the price of these goods.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.
March 17, 1887.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,
MANUFACTURERS OF
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS
—AND—
Pure Chemicals for All Formulas.
ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone*
5 to 6 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 3½ per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 52 per cent. Bone Phos.	*32 to 36 per ct. Bone Phos*

It is no longer a question for the farmer to determine whether Fertilizers pay him or not; it but remains for him to determine the kind and quality which pay him best. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We sell it separate or will manipulate and mix it to order according to any formula which may be required. Our brands of Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphates we guarantee to be made of the best and purest materials, and which have stood successfully the test and competition of 40 years, we respectfully commend to farmers who are not governed in their purchases by the low prices regardless of the more important considerations of quality. We have also a carefully prepared Fertilizer for Peach Trees, Corn and Oat Fertilizer, Bird Guano and Potash. Pure Dissolved South Carolina Bone Phos., Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Agricultural Salts, Ground Plaster, and all Chemicals used for fertilizing purposes.

SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED.
LOW PRICES FOR CASH. FREE ON BOARD IN BALTIMORE.
All orders promptly attended to by addressing
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
Feb. 17, 1887. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

BELTON, 2256.
SIDE-WHEELER, BUT TROTTING-BRED.
3-Year-Old Record, 2.31½, in 7-Heat Race. 4-Year-Old Record, 2.30.
Paced at Pimlico in 2.23, in a Field of 8 Horses.
PRIVATE TRIALS MADE TO ORDER

Foaled April 27th, 1882. Snip on nose; left fore and both hind ankles white and white around corner of right fore foot. Bred by Rob't Stoner, Paris, Ky.

SIRE—BELMONT, 64.

1st dam, Sallie D. ..... by Strathmore 408
2d dam ..... by King William
d dam, The Willis Goodman Mare .....

Belmont, 64, by Alexander's Abdallah; dam by Mambrino Chief; second dam by Brown's Bell Founder, Belmont, sire of Cora Belmont 2.24¼, Dick Moore 2.22¾, Nil Desperandum 2.24, Nutwood 2.18¾, Wedgewood 2.19, Tremont 2.28¼ Viking C.S. (5 yrs) 2.20¾, Persica B.F. (3 yrs) 2 29¼
Alexander's Abdallah, 15, son of Hambletonian—dam, Katie Darling, sired Goldsmith Maid 2.14, Major Edsall 2.29, Rosalind 2.21¾, Saint Elmo 2.30, Thorndale 2.22¼, Mercer (W) 2.33¼.
Rysdyk's Hambletonian, 10, son of Abdallah; dam Chas. Kent's mare—sired Administrator 2.29¼, Alma 2.28¾, Bella 2.22, Breeze 2.24, Bruno 2.29¼, Chester 2.27, Durcalion 2.26¼, Dexter 2.17¼, Drift 2.29¾, Effie Deans, 2.25¼, Ella Madden 2.25¾, Enfield 2.29, Factory Girl 2 29¼, Gazelle 2.21, George Wilkes, 2.22, Hamperion 2.29¼, Harvest Queen 2.29¼, James Howell 2.24, Jay Gould 2.21¼, Jerome 2.27, Kisbar 2.27¾, Lady Agusta 2 30, Lady Banker 2 23, Lottery 2 27 Lottie 2 28, Marguerite 2 29, Mattie 2 22½, Maud 2.29¾, Nettie 2 18, Nutwood (W) 2 33¼, Orange Girl 2 20, Scotland Maid 2 28¾, Sentinel 2 29¾, Small Hopes 2 26¾, Young Bruno 2 22¾.
Mambrino Chief 11, son of Mambrino Paymaster—dam not traced—sir of Bay Henry 2 28¾, Brignola 2 29¾, Lady Thorne 2 18¼, Mambrino Star 2 20½, North Star Mambrino 2 26¾, Woodford Mambrino 2 21¼.
Brown's Bell-Founder by Imp. Bell-Founder; dam by Mambrino; second dam by Imp. Messenger; third dam by Imp. Messenger.
King William, sire of King William 2 20¾, by Washington Denmark; dam, Queen, the dam of Lathaus Denmark.

Belton 2256 is a very compact, muscular colt, strikingly like his sire in head, neck and shoulders, but his back and hind-quarters are more like Strathmore. He has a rapid movement and bids fair to trot fast.

Belton will stand, beginning March 20th at Belton Farm, the following week at Robert Wright's stable, Chestertown, and alternate between these two places until April 17th, and then will make a stand at Belton Driving Park, and alternate between the Park and Chestertown until the close of the season, June 20th.

TERMS.--$50 for the Season.
PAYABLE AT THE END OF SEASON.

Mares not proving in foal can be returned the following season, and if the horse is in training or sold, owners of such mares will not be required to pay for service for the season of 1887. No Groom's Fee.

Feb. 25—tj20. JOHN F. GODWIN, Owner.

WILLIAM L. ROBERTS,
MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE,
Room 21, Chamber of Commerce,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Investment Securities a Specialty.
DIRECT WIRES.
ONE-EIGHTH COMMISSION.
March 31, 1887—1.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment if anything can—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Though it rains like the rain of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead, little girl,
And the wall like a well heated brick;
And are earthly affairs in a terrible whirl!
Do something for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!
—Toronto Mail.

THE WESTFIELD GHOST.

Westfield is an old, old town, and the railroad has run through it for many a year; now upon embankments which slope to creeks and inlets; now through narrow cuts with high walls rising sheer on either side; now over wooden trestles, beneath which the green water leaps noiselessly toward the sea; now under old stone viaducts mossy with age. Day after day, year after year, the trains go to and fro, and sometimes reckless foot farers are seen in the brightness of the midday making their way from Westfield to the nearest village, or returning, on the railroad track. But there are few who venture that way after sundown. It is dangerous, they say. Many have met their deaths through folly of this kind. And this is true. Nevertheless there are those among them who are thinking of the Westfield ghost.

It is the ghost of a woman. A dozen years and more since she died. And always at dusk that faint, sad wraith floats to and fro over the ties and the shining steel rails that run down eastward from Westfield between the high rock walls and beneath the first dark arch of stone; it is there the white shape floats and fades, and reappears. For it was at that spot . . . There is a curve immediately beyond the bridge, and all shut in by rock. You can scarce breathe, having heard the first dull roar of the approaching train, ere it is upon you, leaping and shrieking, and the coaches dance by like mad creatures.

But the pale ghost knows no fear. It lingers there as ever. And fourteen years ago there was no ghost.

Let us turn back fourteen years and read the story.

* * * * * * *

It is morning in June. Morning in the great city. The sun shines sweetly, the leaves of ivy and wisteria shimmer in the soft wind, where the thick vines have hidden somber brown stone exteriors. Innumerable aggressive sparrows compete, carriages clatter through the close built cross streets occasionally, and a hand organ somewhere is measuring off yard lengths of "The Little Duke." Two people hear the tune as they stand smiling in each other's eyes. They stand near the window in the drawing room of one of those fine brown stone, wisteria mantled mansions. The window is opened a little, and the tune comes up in blithe staccato; one almost hears the words:

See how his face he covers—
He was the prince of lovers.

The two people stand smiling a little longer; then the man turns from the woman.

"I must go," he says. "Everything is prepared. You will not fail at the last moment? You will not be afraid?" He is tall, and dark, and large framed; she is slight, and fair, and petite. She looks at him with great shining eyes of azure. "Oh, no," she says. "I will not fail. I am a woman."

"Then au revoir," he says. "At 3 I will meet the cab at the station."

"Good by," she says, and watches him go out and down the sunny street.

"He was the prince of lovers"—the hand organ flings it at her from the distance. And she hums the tune as she goes about her task. Her task is great, yet little. Only to write a letter—the briefer the better. All else is complete. Her traveling sack is packed. She is ready to go—to leave all—for him whom she loves.

The letter is brief. She writes it without a tear or pang.

"George," it says, "I have gone—forever. Do not seek me. I have never loved you. No one is to blame. I was never happy as your wife. IRENE."

As the clock strikes the half hour before 3 she places the letter where it shall easily be found, and goes out into the sunshine—goes out from her husband's home forever. The lovers travel far away; they journey unmolested, even by conscience. The woman is happy in her choice. They have no wealth compared with that once hers. But they have each other.

Months slip by. They rarely speak of the past. But at length she says to him one day: "George could not have cared much. He will soon cut the legal knot. And we can be married, can't we, Francis?"

"Yes," he answers, carelessly.

Still they love each other.

Other months slip by. The lovers tire of journeying. They drift back to the great city, but somehow do not care to rest there. It is another June, more sultry and like midsummer.

"We will go to some near town, some quiet waterside place," he decides. And she agrees with him. He will re-enter business in the city; he is tired of idleness, he says.

It is in the old town of Westfield that they chance to find that which they seek. A house upon a hillside, looking one way down upon the distant railroad cut and one way down upon the green sea water and the greener far off island.

It is a pretty house when all is fixed and fitted. But it is lonesome, very lonesome, for the woman who is left so much alone while he is absent in the city. Left all alone, with only a servant and the summer wind to speak to her. And so, if she grow pale and gloomy and cease to smile when he comes home, what wonder?

Without friends it is lonesome when love is absent.

And he, too, seems to have changed. There is a shadow growing up between them. Faint and vague, yet ever present. Ever present in the long hours of the summer day. Ever present in the long hours of the summer night. And deepening and spreading like a wall to separate these two.

And gloomy looks and tears bring no relief. They only serve to chill his love—his waning love.

Deeper and deeper grows the shadow, colder and colder grows his love, until one day comes the end. Wearied of her gloom and tears he speaks his sharp reproaches. And they part in bitter anger. He goes off to the city and she sits nursing her dull heartache all day long.

Evening comes, but he does not return. She watches and listens, but he does not come. She will not break her fast or quench her thirst; but he does not come. She heard the trains come thundering in and hearkens for his footstep, but she hears no sounds. Quieter and quieter it grows. She waits for the midnight train. She watches at the gate, watches the road as far as she can see in the cloudy atmosphere. She whispers his name over and over, "Francis, Francis!" and pleads with him to come to her once more. "I will never speak impatiently again, never weary you, if you will only come," she says. "Only come, Francis, my love, my all!" There is a great agony in her cry; but he does not come. The last train is in. There are no more trains till morning. Why does not the morning come? Oh, why? She flings herself upon the earth and grovels in her terror and suspense. "Francis, my love, my love! Only come back to me!"

And dawn breaks and the sun is risen, and happy day smiles upon the earth. But he has not returned.

The servant goes about the house singing a careless song. Does the servant know the mistress' agony? Toward noon the servant goes down to the village post-office and presently returns with a letter.

"Give it to me," the mistress says, her face whiter than the white sails on the distant water. She is cold and dead at heart. She knows his handwriting. She must read and—live or die.

The words must burn through her eyes and fire her brain. Yet she does not cry out or fall swooning. She only reads and reads again his cold farewell. "Better for us to part at once. . . . We have made a mistake. . . . Before reading this you will have heard of your husband's suicide. You drove him to it. He was a good husband to you and you deceived him. We might live on together even now, when love is dead, but you could hardly expect me to respect you, knowing your crime toward him. . . For my part I am heartily sorry."

The servant had gone away, and the woman who read this fell down on her face upon the floor.

"God!" she cried huskily. "my crime! He told me what to do. He urged me—he implored. It was for his sake that I sinned, and now he turns to taunt me!"

She had cried her last strength of passion out with these few husky words. Now she lay silent for a time. It was the end. She saw that his love was dead and he could not respect her. She would not have him come back to her now, not for all the wealth of the universe. She would not have him back. But how to live without him? How to live, to think, to breathe? How to keep from shrieking to heaven to let her die?

Francis loved her no longer. The end had come. It was Nemesis. She had wronged her husband; that husband's death avenged the wrong. All was over, and welcome death at any hour.

The afternoon had dragged to its close. The sun had set, and a soft breeze stirred the glorious trees in the road. Twilight deepened. A slender form went out of the house and down the path and through the gate. She did not look back, though she knew she was going out forever. She did not turn her white, pinched face upward for any starlight to bless. She walked with head bent down, cold as if half dead already. Sometimes she said over to herself her name, "Irene," and his name, "Francis."

Dusk was fully come as she left the road and went slowly down the railroad toward the dark shadow of the deep cut just before the curve—the deep cut, with its sheer rock walls and old stone viaduct above.

Into the shadow she passed slowly, resolutely, untremblingly.

* * * * * * *

The train sped swiftly along. One man sat with head thrown back and eyes fixed upon the car lamps. "It is quite dark by this time," he said. "I wonder if she is lonely. I wonder if she has cried much, and if she is wishing for me to come now. . . . I shouldn't have written that letter. But she'll forgive me. . . . No, I was a brute, I suppose. . . . Still she made me so mad. And that infernal suicide. . . . She loved me very much; she must have loved me to go with me. Well, it's all over now. He's dead. We'll marry and she'll get over shedding tears and moping. She'll get over it when her health is better. . . . I wish I hadn't written that letter. I'll not do so again. . . . She must have loved me very much. I don't suppose in her place I'd have made the sacrifice. And she's been very true and good to me. . . . That cursed letter. Why did I? . . . But it's all over now."

There was a queer vibration of the car. He stopped thinking and sat up. The train was coming to an abrupt stop. This was no station. They were not yet at Westfield. Had anything happened—any accident?

The train had come to a full stop. It was backing up now quite slowly.

He thought he would go out on the platform and see what the trouble was or had been.

He shivered a little at what he had heard.

Some one walking upon the track had been struck and killed.

By and by, after considerable delay, he saw them lifting a white mass and carrying it upon a stretcher.

They took it into the baggage car. He hurried forward from his coach as the train began slowly to move onward.

And now he shuddered more and more. For some one said: "A woman young and beautiful." And some one else: "Mangled? No, not bleeding much." And still another voice said: "Yellow hair in curls and slender form"——

He had reached the stretcher in the baggage car. He pushed through the men who stood talking with horrified countenances. He reached out and lifted the covering from the dead face.

"Merciful Christ!" he cried thickly. "Irene!" and fell senseless beside her.

* * * * * * *

And so, and so the ghost of Westfield walks ever sad and wan below the village in the deep railway cut, the same on murky nights as when the clear stars shine or the bland moon smiles upon the woes of many mortals.—Lily Curry in New York Mercury.

Names of Contributors.

It is within my memory that magazines did not allow a man to sign. The first magazine in England to print the name of contributors was, if I recollect correctly, The St. James. In this country Scribner's (now The Century), under the editorship of Dr. Holland, allowed contributors to sign at the end of their articles. Harper's followed suit and then the weekly papers began. For some five years the signature was confined to the weeklies and it then slowly crept into the Sunday editions of the dailies; within the last two years it has come into the dailies during the week.—The Journalist.

When Talmage Wanted to Laugh.

Dr. Talmage told me the other day that he never suffered so much from the proprieties as once when he ought to have risen to make the opening prayer of a service, but could not do it on account of an overpowering desire to laugh. He was in a country church sitting alone on a little platform waiting for the minute when he should begin and gravely preparing his mind, when the door opened and a gentleman and two ladies entered. They were city people and they wanted that fact known. The ladies were very expensively dressed, but the man was a curiosity. He was apparelled with the care of a debutante at a White House ball. His eyebrows and mustache were dyed jet black, and his cheeks showed traces of powder and paint, while his shape suggested stays. He strutted to a seat with the air of a peacock on parade.

The ladies sat down and their escort flourished in after them and dropped himself between them on a bench. The bench broke. Then a stirring scene was enacted. The gentleman had fallen through to the floor and was caught between the splintered ends of the seat. He wriggled helplessly and lost his eyeglasses and cane and hat. The look of misery and fright on his face succeeding the proud dignity that had previously sat there was too much for Dr. Talmage. He wanted to get out into a ten acre field and whoop. He could not help laughing, and had to put his handkerchief up to his face and pretend that he had a very bad cough.—"Rambler" in Brooklyn Eagle.

Stealing Boulanger's New Explosive.

Gen. Boulanger has instituted a searching inquiry into a robbery of about a kilogramme of the new explosive melinite. The robbery was, it is stated, committed during the night of Feb. 3 at the powder magazine of Sevran, where the new explosive is kept in a special magazine. The workmen employed in the manufacture of the melinite are subject to the strictest of rules and are carefully searched before leaving their workshops, which, together with the magazines, are surrounded by a wall three meters in height. Notwithstanding all the precautions which have been taken, a guard employed inside the magazine to watch the stoves in which the powder prepared during the day is dried at night, thought he saw two men slinking out of the magazine. Instead of running after them the man on duty in the magazine warned the guard outside. The soldiers and the gendarmes from Livry at once beat the country all round that magazine, in or near which no one was discovered, but the following morning it was perceived that the door of the special magazine in which the melinite is kept had been opened and that about a kilogramme of that explosive had been purloined.—London Standard.

"Coffee Coolers" in Battle.

A reporter asked Congressman Bragg what he meant by the expression "coffee cooler," used in his speech against the vetoed pension bill. "If you get Forbes' picture of the war," said Mr. Bragg, "you will see a picture of the regiments as they move into action. On the side of the road, under a cedar copse, there are three soldiers squatting down holding their coffee in cups, cooling it. And there they remain until after the battle and then rejoin their regiments. These fellows were features in every regiment, and I was surprised at the faithfulness of Forbes' delineation of these skulkers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton says "the possession of very good eyesight may be a hinderance to those feelings of sublimity that exalt the poetic imagination."

In New York city they have "misfit suits to hire."

TENNESSEE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

How the Mountaineers Carry on the "Big Meetin's"—Diversities of Gifts.

In August and September, after the "crops are laid by," the frugal mountaineer lays aside his worldly cares, and applies himself unreservedly to the task of carrying on the "big meetin's," both in his own and in the adjacent neighborhoods, and to the pleasures and duties of hospitality. During the progress of one of these meetings every cabin within walking distance of the meeting house is thrown open to any and all who deign to share its shelter. There is no exclusiveness, and all are equally welcome.

The rude table is loaded with "pine bread," potatoes, fried chicken, bacon or beef, while coffee, strong, black and unsweetened, flows like water. There is no sugar used in the mountains, only a black sorghum molasses, that would make a delicate epicure shiver. In the kitchen a bevy of lank, silent women seem to be always cooking a fresh supply; for the appetite of the mountaineer, like his religion, is of an insatiable, carnivorous type.

These meetings usually last from a week to ten days at each church, or not infrequently—as the people express it—"ontwell the hull settlement is bodashusly cleaned out'n the'r grub and pashunce." Then, nothing daunted, the wearied men and women will close their wood latched doors and hie to the "meetin's" in the next settlement, sure of a hearty welcome, and ready to "eat out" others, as they themselves have been eaten out.

Whole families will thus spend a month or more, for there is no commodity in which these people are so prodigal in the expenditure of as time. Home interests may suffer, stock may go unherded, fodder ruin on the stalk, and the more provident womenfolk complain of threatened scarcity for the coming winter. But the religiously enthused husbands and fathers will contentedly sing, pray and shout as long as good cheer lasts at their neighbors' tables and sinners remain anxious.

Local preachers and exhorters are seldom paid any salary. They spring up like mushrooms, with a diversity of gifts and lack of gifts as heterogeneous as their interpretations of Scripture often are. Yet all are brimful of a weird, morbid enthusiasm, and their audiences are easily satisfied with any orthodox efforts based upon unlimited lung power and an indefinite fund of emotion.—Brooklyn Magazine.

Artemus Ward's Chum.

Mr. George Hoyt, of Cleveland, O., who years ago worked on The Plain Dealer, of that city, with Artemus Ward, told a reporter that while he was a printer on the paper, and Artemus, who was the subeditor, wanted to go to Cincinnati for a week or so, he got the former to write his matter for him and left an old tow string to indicate the quantity required. Mr. Hoyt is now a wealthy mine owner, but has never forgotten the great American humorist, whose friend he was up to his death.

"Yes, I remember the old soiled string Artemus gave me," he said. "Artemus called me to him and said he was going to be absent a week and wanted me to 'jag up' his column during his absence. I never will forget his queer looking expression when he handed me a string, about two-thirds of a column in length, and said that much stuff was required daily. As to the quality of the matter, he ignored that altogether. I think that incident occurred along in 1857 or shortly afterward. Artemus and I were good friends, although I was only a printer on the paper. He discovered that I was something of an artist and had a high appreciation of the humorous, so he frequently read his articles to me. How he would laugh, both while he was writing his funny articles and when he read them to me. I remember he read to me his letter to Brigham Young, and laughed heartily over the question he propounded to the Mormon as to where his wives were sealed to him. I illustrated his first book for him; at least I drew all the illustrations, and Artemus lost them out of his coat pocket while en route to New York. The last time I saw Artemus was in Cincinnati. He was lecturing then, and I went into his dressing room before he appeared on the stage. He was having a terrible time with his hair dresser. It is an actual fact he carried a hair dresser around with him to get his hair properly curled and arranged to appear before an audience. He appeared glad to see me, and asked me about the boys. He made a great deal of money, but what became of it is rather a mystery. He bought a farm for his parents and helped them."—New York Mail and Express.

In Pursuit of Orchids.

The orchid hunters pursue their prey like live game. To discover a new orchid is like discovering a new star. They range the tropical forests with their Indian climbers from year's end to year's end. An orchid hunter that I met in the remote interior of British Guinea told me he had prosecuted his trade for twenty years, and every year it cost him the life of an Indian or two. The luckless savages were either poisoned by the serpents that lurk in the trees, or broke their necks tumbling from the high places where the orchids grow. But the blood shed in their quest renders them all the rarer and more splendid in the estimation of that civilization whose ingenuity has continued to create out of them the most priceless of floral luxuries.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

TEACHING JACK A TRICK.

The Story of an Amiable but Stubborn Irish Setter—Victory at Last.

I heard a dog story the other day that should serve as a text in a reformatory school, or, to bring it nearer home, to some people as an argument in favor of educational discipline. The hero of this tale is an Irish setter, amiable enough, but stubborn, and trained only to be good. He never showed any special talent, save to "keep house" and live up to his canine instincts of barking at seedy looking strangers and evincing a proper affection for the family whom he honored with his maintenance. Not very long since a young relative of this family undertook to teach Jack a trick. He was told the dog was too stubborn to learn anything, it was useless wasting time over him; but the more objection thrown in his way the more the young man persisted, for he said it was time Jack knew something, and he had just taught his own dog several amusing tricks which Jack must and should acquire forthwith. Whereupon he called Jack into the dining room, shut the door and began his task of making the creature sit up and give his paw.

In itself nothing could be more simple. It is the very kindergarten of canine culture, but Jack didn't see it in that light. He would not sit up nor would he give his paw. Over and over again, with the greatest patience, was the instruction given, while Jack, in the most idiotic way, refused to hear what was told him. After two hours' labor the poor dog's kind mistress begged that he might be excused. "No!" was the stern answer, "I've begun and must go on now or the dog will be ruined." Finally, owing to the lateness of the hour, the disciplinarian led Jack into the cellar, where the household would not be disturbed, and then renewed the contest with a little more severity. As the clock struck 12 the brute seemed to get it through his pate that unless he obeyed like a gentleman he would have to stay there all night. So he sat up and flopped a tawny paw just once! This was enough, the fight was over and the victor rushed away to take the last car home.

Jack never told any one of that night's experience; perhaps no one thought to ask him about it, or if he would kindly exercise his dearly acquired accomplishments. At all events, weeks passed away ere his new master and conqueror came again to the house. One night Jack heard the voice at the front door, and with the impetuosity peculiar to his race he threw himself headlong against the visitor, and then, suddenly withdrawing, sat down on his haunches and held up a paw. The victory had been complete, and Jack had remembered his lesson.—Boston Herald.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for consumption, throat affections and bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—THO. PHIM, M. D., Alabama. "I gave Scott's Emulsion to a gentleman 65 years old troubled with chronic bronchitis, with the most excellent results."—J. C. CASON, Broken Arrow, Ala. Mar17-4t.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE
Absolutely free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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WORTON MANOR STOCK FARM.

Imported Ram J. J. Coleman No. 16, Regis. American Southdown Record No. 1001.

THOROUGHBRED SOUTHDOWNS, YEARLINGS and LAMBS.

The above named Buck stands at the head of my flock of pure Southdown Ewes. The Year lings are ready to deliver at any time. The Lambs will be ready by August 1st.

A few choice Boar Pigs from my registered Chester White Hog.

Also, some Hereford Calves by our registered Bull Adventure, No. 12794.

JOHN GALE,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

WOOL WANTED
AT GALE'S WHARF BY
Apr. 29. JOHN GALE.

RUSSIAN REUMATISM CURE
don't cure anything but Rheumatism, but it cures that every time. It cured
SAM'L BURNS, Lancaster, Pa.
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"RUSSIAN" RHEUMATISM CURE. EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARK AND SIGNATURE Twice this Size. Know genuine with at this Signature and both Trade Marks. PRICE $2.50 PER BOX.
For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFANKUCH BROS. & CO. 813 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED:
WHEAT & CORN
DAILY.
I am always prepared to pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for any amount of Grain that can be offered in Kent county.
E. T. COMEGYS,
AGENT FOR
THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,
Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.
Oct. 7, 1886.

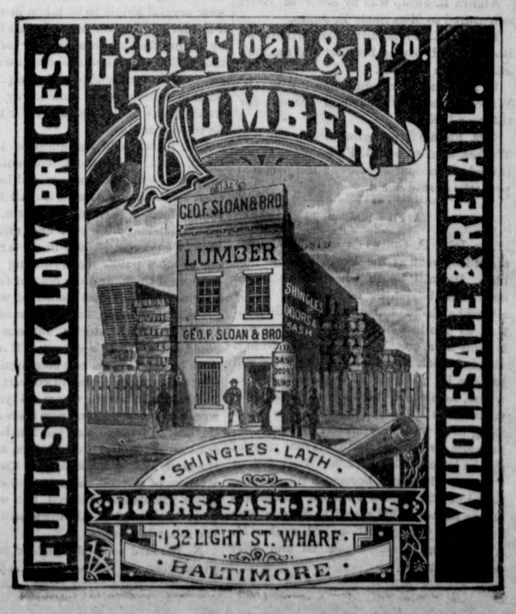
STRAW WANTED
HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am
READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW
that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take 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.
Aug. 5, 1886.

FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.
MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.
MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.
SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

T. J. MANN
Has Enlarged His Store,
and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His stock embraces not only
DRY GOODS
of all kinds,
HARDWARE, NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the Best Syrups, Broiling Beef Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.
T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank,
Feb. 9, 1886. Chestertown, Md

Maj. Gen. WM. F. W. ROSS,
U. S. COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
FOR MARYLAND.
204 COURTLAND ST., NEAR LEXINGTON.
PROSECUTES
PENSION BOUNTY AND INTERNAL REVENUE CLAIMS.
Rejected Pension Claims and Claims abandoned by other Attorneys will receive prompt personal attention.
Thousand of Pensioners are justly entitled to have their Pensions increased. Bring your Certificate and get advice free of charge.
PENSION VOUCHERS EXECUTED.
MEXICAN WAR CLAIMS.
March 24, 1887—4m.

Monuments! Monuments! Head-stones! Head-stones!
For Monuments, Head-stones, and Marble or Granite Curbing,
For Slate and Marble Mantels,
FOR TABLE & WASH-STAND TOPS,
FOR IRON FENCING, CRESTING, AND GALVANIZED TUBING,
For Everything in the Marble, Granite or Stone Line
APPLY TO THE CHESTERTOWN
Monumental Marble Works!
A FULL LINE ALWAYS IN STOCK.
Since locating in Chestertown our business has steadily increased, and we are steadily increasing our facilities. We are prepared to do Fine Work lower than the regular market price in the cities, and we believe we can give invariable satisfaction. Designs furnished on application, and all orders by mail promptly attended to. Would respectfully solicit, that you visit or communicate with us before ordering elsewhere.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
July 29, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD!
TO EQUAL THE NEW NO. 8 WHEELER & WILSON.
Only perfect family sewing machine. Accurate, simple, silent, swift, sure and strong. The only machine making a lock stitch without the use of a shuttle.
LIGHTEST RUNNING.
THE NEW NO. 8
Has more points of excellence than all other machines combined; gives better satisfaction and less trouble; is never out of order, and out-wears them all; it runs easier and faster, makes less noise and does better work than any other SEWING MACHINE in the world.

MOST DURABLE
SELF-SETTING NEEDLE
It has a Positive Double Feed, no springs; is adjustable; positive tak-up; *Perfect Tension*; no shuttle; lock stitch; will run either way without breaking either needle or thread; will sew from lace to full cloth without changing stitch or tension, and make a perfect stitch on both; it is adapted to all wants and is called by many
THE MAGIC SILENT SEWER.
New wood-work, elegant finish, loose pulley, and the finest, most complete set of attachments ever applied to a sewing machine. We also have a full line of button-hole machines, button-hole attachments and Needles for all machines. The public are warned against buying *Bogus Needles* and parts; they are dear at any price. Buy the genuine—for sale at our office.
All kinds of machines exchanged or repaired by competent workmen.
Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.
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AGENTS WANTED. C. J. REICHE, Agent, Chestertown.