Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888. No. 45.

Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less,	$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	25

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

—1888—
Established 20 Years

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " "	9c. "

Calico 3¾c to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair, Ladies' Solid Colored Hose ..... 8c. a pair.

Ladies' Balbriggan Hose	10c. "
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose	25c. "
Ladies Corsets, good 25c, extra good Corsets	45c. "
Ladies Vests, extra good	45c.
Gloves	5c. to 25c.
Gents Undershirts	25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.

Gents unlaundried shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms ..... 65c.
Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	20c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons	$1.00
'Red C.' Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for	$1.00
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.
Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS, MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

ROLLER PROCESS KIRKWOOD 1967 WILLIAM LEA & SONS
THE FINEST --FAMILY-- FLOUR TRY IT.

VANDEGRIFT'S
HAIR INVIGORATOR

ABOUT a year ago I obtained a VERY VALUABLE RECIPE for making a

HAIR TONIC

which is a Pure and Wholesome Preparation, for Dressing and Promoting the Growth of the Hair, for Allaying & Preventing Inflammation, Alleviating and Curing All Ordinary Diseases of the Scalp and Skin, it also Prevents the Hair from Falling Out, and where it has Fallen Causes New Growth; Prevents the Formation of Dandruff, Cures Tetter, Sores and Humors of the Scalp and Strengthens the Roots of the Hair, Renders the Hair Soft, Pliant and gives it a Beautiful Lustrous Gloss. It has met with such popular favor that I have a general agency established in Baltimore. It is agreeably perfumed and is the Cleanest of all Preparations for Toilett Use, and have placed it within the reach of all, and sold at the small price of **50 Cents** per bottle.

SOME WHO HAVE USED IT:

Joseph A. Thompson,	R. G. Nicholson,
Wm. H. Lambert,	H. H. Barroll,
L. C. Justis, Jr.,	H. C. Chase,
B. F. Fleming,	J. C. Bolton,
W. W. Hubbard,	Father Murphy.
Col. Copeland,	R. Bergen,
Geo. McWhorter,	Miss Hodgkin,
Fred. Gerker,	Mrs. Kimble,
L. J. Smith,	and scores of others.

—FOR SALE BY:—
C. F. Stam. M A. Toulson, Jos. P. Ireland,
DRUGGISTS.
—Manufactured by—
J. S. VANDEGRIFT,
fc11-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CLIFTON MILLS DELAWARE FFF Choice Patent No. 1196 WILLIAM PENN
HIGHEST GRADE --PATENT-- FLOUR MADE.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

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

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies,

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

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call.
MRS. D. GRUBER.
sep3-y. Up Town.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,
s3-tf. Collector 4th District.

SPECIAL TAX NOTICE.

THE TAX-PAYERS of the the Fifth Election District will please bear in mind that THE TAXES ARE NOW OVERDUE and prompt payment of same is expected. Delay in same will be AT YOUR EXPENSE and not mine.
J. FRANK WHEATLEY,
jan14-tf. COLLECTOR.

THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE, and all attachments, for sale by
d3-tf. LOUIS K. STAM.

Fertilizers for Peach Trees, Corn,

OATS, POTATOES, GRASS, TRUCK.

ORCHARD COMPOUND, a PEACH TREE FERTILIZER, only the best material used in its manufacture. A strictly first-class article.

CORN FERTILIZER—THE HOME IMPROVED—has been used for years, giving its patrons entire satisfaction.

CHESTER COMPOUND. A Complete Manure of established reputation.

NO. 1 AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE. Also a Complete Manure, and one of the most popular on the market.

Dissolved Bones, Raw Bone Dust, Magnesia, Plaster, &c., &c.

For Sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
March 24, 1888. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

WM. H. CACY.

CORN, OATS, TRUCK, PEACHES!

I have Fertilizers especially prepared for each of above crops. Am also prepared to mix SPECIAL FORMULAS, or to supply those wishing to mix their own goods, with the best quality of Raw Materials, of which I have a large stock, consisting of

Pure Bone Meal,	Dissolved Animal Bone,	Bone Black,
Dried Blood,	South Carolina Bone,	Azotin,
Muriate of Potash,	Tankage, Kainit,	Plaster, &c.

W. H. CACY, Chestertown, Md.
March 17, 1888—3

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

TRADE MARK

Beyond a doubt that **Concentrated Animal Bone Fertilizers** are superior to low grade, or Acid Goods, as a means of growing Truck, such as Sugar Corn, Tomatoes, Potatoes, etc., and, as will be shown by the following Testimonials, **Our Corn**, as well as our **Special Truck Fertilizer** stands second to none on the market:

FOR CORN.

Mr. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says I could tell to the very row where I used your fertilizer on my field corn, and when I came to mow my grass, where the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of the field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your fertilizer made the grass 5 or six inches higher; it was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff, and will use it again this spring.

Mr. J. CORDRAY LOUD, of Pomona, says for a number of years he has used our fertilizer on his corn; it prevented frenching and always paid him.

Mr. J B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford county, Md., says in the spring of 1884 I bought 8 tons of your special Truck Fertilizer for my sugar corn and tomatoes, and liked it so well that I bought more heavily the next season, until last spring I bought 94 tons, and expect to use more than ever this season. Your goods has an excellent reputation with us.

Mr. JAMES R. MASSEY, of Harford county, says he made a test with our Corn Phosphate alongside dissolved Animal Bone and Orisko Super-Phosphate, and sold the corn to canners by the ton, and that our goods netted him $14 more to the acre.

C. C. BROWN & BRO., of Pomona, say they continue to use our Corn Phosphate because it pays them.

FOR TOMATOES.

Mr. WM. R. ALABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says I used your fertilizer on tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next and the last Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all.

Mr. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, says I used your Truck Fertilizer on my tomatoes in connection with other standard brands. Where your goods went the vines kept greener, fruit was prettier, yielded more, and will use a car load or two this spring.

Mr. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, says about the same.

Mr. J. H. COPPER, our county, says he has used our goods on his various crops of truck with satisfaction.

FOR POTATOES.

Mr. WM. M. BATTEN, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says for several years I had been paying $18 more per ton for Mapes Potato Manure than for yours, and in order that we might know whether the other was worth the difference, last spring we applied them both alike, marked the rows and dug the potatoes separately. There was a basket more to the row where your goods went; they were larger, smooth and nice potatoes. Will use yours exclusively this spring.

Mr. WM. WOOD, of Hanesville, our county, says your fertilizer made for me as fine a crop of potatoes as I ever grew. The spot where applied was a poor piece of land that came in the corn field the next year, and you could see a decided difference in the corn where the potatoes had been. Never before had I seen such lasting and beneficial effects. My neighbors in looking at my corn noticed it.

☞We ask but a fair and impartial trial of our Bone Super-Phosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Mar. 24, 1888. Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Our Goods the Best! Our Prices the Lowest!

The prospects for the present year are encouraging to the agriculturist. Corn commands a good figure and is likely to remain so. Wheat is a better price, and is apt to improve. Fruit growers are happy in the prospect of a full crop. The supply of canned fruits and vegetables is not large, the demand will therefore exceed the supply of the present season. Farmers feed your chickens the proper food, *the best is the cheapest.* The reputation gained for our goods and the results obtained therefrom, classes them among the best. The secret of success is to make goods equal to any and to sell them at a lower figure. **This we do.** Among the well known brands that rank among the best, are our Peach and Vine Guano, unexcelled for Peach trees; Climax, for Corn and truck; Acme, for Corn and truck, especially adapted for stiff land, prevents "frenching" in corn: also special phosphates for Oats, potatoes, &c. Black Residuum for sale in quantities to suit—fine dry stock. The following testimonials (are among the many that we are now receiving) to which we call your attention:

TESTIMONIALS:—

Church Hill, March 1, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I have used the Peach Tree Guano manufactured by you. I have used it for the last two seasons and I am much pleased with the results. My orchard was fifteen years old when first applying your guano. It was in a very bad condition; had begun to decay very much. I noticed a great improvement after one application of your goods. In the following spring, 1887, I again applied 400 pounds broadcast per acre. I had a medium crop of peaches, while some of my neighbors, with much better orchards, failed to get any, although full of bloom in spring. They did not use your guano. My orchard to-day is more promising than it has been for the last 6 or 8 years. I believe your Peach Guano has made it what it is to-day. I shall continue to use it while ever it gives me such good results. Wherever your Guano has been used in this section good results have followed. I also used your Corn Phosphate last spring with good results; got better returns than from any Phosphate I ever used. You are at liberty to publish this statement.
GUS. PORTER.

Fairlee, Dec. 17, 1887.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I used three-quarters of a ton of your Peach Tree Guano and applied it to one-fourth of my orchard last spring. On the part fertilized I received more than five times as many peaches. I made this trial as an experiment, and am fully satisfied that it pays to use your fertilizer. There were very few peaches about me last year; many orchards did not have any. Six rows of one variety where I put the Phosphate were full of peaches this past year; and what is more surprising, the same trees were very full the year before. This result was very unusual last year, and fully satisfies me that your Peach Tree Guano did the work.
R. C. SMYTH.

Chestertown, Feb. 28, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—The fertilizer that I bought from you last spring I used on my corn on the Pippin farm. This land had been put in corn two years previously and was in wheat two years before that, making five years in tillage. My crop of corn was excellent, greatly beyond expectations. You have my order for this spring, and I advise all farmers to use your goods; they are reliable and low-priced.
JOSLAS RINGGOLD.

57⅞ Bushels from clover sod and manure;
67½ Bushels from our Corn Phosphate per acre.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: It is with great pleasure that I state to you and others interested in the success of your Corn Phosphate sold to me last spring. In the spring of 1885 I put a field containing eighteen acres in corn; it was a clover sod and heavily manured; my crop of corn was nearly sixty bushels to the acre. Spring of 1886 I bought one and a-quarter tons of your Corn Phosphate and applied to the same field. I also planted out a young peach orchard in this field. I did not put any fertilizer between the trees running one way. The difference where I fertilized was so noticeable that my neighbors asked me the cause. I shipped from the field (180) eleven hundred and eighty bushels, besides quite a quantity was kept for feeding. The corn was husked and kept in pens; the waste was large. The increase of fodder more than paid for the fertilizer, besides the increase of corn. Your Potato Phosphate is the best goods that I ever used, giving me fine-sized, smooth potatoes and a large crop. I used your goods last spring with good results. I shall always recommend your goods and intend using the same the present spring.
JAMES A. TOULSON.

Tilghman's Station, Md., Feb. 29, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: Mr. Sol. Seney and myself used your Peach Tree Guano last spring on our peach orchard. The result was fully up to our expectations. There are about one thousand trees in the orchard, and it is fourteen years old. We sold the orchard to a speculator for twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, and he was satisfied with his profit. The orchard has made a fine growth for this year and is full of buds. I can highly recommend your goods.
JOHN M. CECIL.

PRICE'S STATION, MD., March 1, 1888.
Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gents: I used some of your Special Mixture on potatoes last spring, and grew a large crop and of a fine quality. I think it is a good mixture for truck. Resp'y, E. B. WALLS.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
Chestertown, Md.
March 17, 1888—8.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!
CHOICE, RECLEANED, WESTERN, In any quantity. Bottom prices.
J. H. BRELAND,
j14-tf. Locust Grove, Md.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!
For sale at Bottom Prices.
☞A choice lot to arrive.
jan7-tf. Respectfully, R. F. PARKS.

—READY—
FOR SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN
FENCE WIRES!
For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED
GRINDSTONES
For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

ALL KINDS OF
TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.,
—Manufactured by—
WM. A. WHEATLEY.
N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to stand and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who use them:

V. Hendrickson,	Samuel T. Rolph,
George Bell,	Daniel R. Woodall, Jr.,
Wm. J. Turbutton,	W. B. Strong,
E. P. Janvier,	Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for same.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
Feb. 25, 1888. adjoining the Bank.

SPRING OPENING!

NEWEST, PRETTIEST,

CHEAPEST!

Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Linens, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS and CAPS.
—AND—
Wares of all Kinds.
☞NOW OPENING AT☜
J. H. SIMPERS'.
☞Call and see my Styles and Low Prices.
Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS.
Feb. 25, 1888.

—VERY—
Heavy Reduction
IN THE
FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
Linen TABLE DAMASK
HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES.
We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*

REMEMBER THE LINE OF
Floor Oil-Cloths!
REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1887.

LEA'S
FANCY PEARL
HOMINY
AND HOMINY GRITS
NOW READY.

Men Should Read and Remember 'Tis Only a Habit.

Smoking and Chewing!

YET great men as well as wise men Smoke or Chew. When once accustomed to chewing or smoking there is a great deal of pleasure derived from inhaling the smoke from a fine cigar, and also by enjoying the extract of fine tobacco. To satisfy this habit you should remember that

J. L. McFEELY
—has the—
Tobacco Emporium of Kent County,
where you can find
ALL GRADES OF TOBACCO,
CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.,
from the cheapest to the highest. I have the largest stock and assortment in the county,
B. F. GRAVELY'S SUPERIOR
is my leading brand. A Call will convince you of the above fact.

Wholesale:
Merchants can save their freight by buying of J. L. McFeely's, Store opposite the bank, and below Stam's New Hall. j14.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at
J. D. BACCHUS'
mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

THE SONG OF MARCH.

It was the rollicking month of March,
That annual desperado;
His collar was stiff with ice for starch,
He was tippeted with a tornado.
With a smile that was frosty, but arch,
With a voice like the bellow of a sea-sick sea
To a tune as mellow as the blizzard be,
He sang: "Sweet Spring, dear O,
You are the gal for me!

"The Violets bloom—at the end of your nose,
And everywhere the snow-drop blows;
And loud and clear the pick and shovel ring;
Galoshes gayly patter, and, really, what's the matter
With your coming to the arms of March, Sweet Spring?

"Come down through the diffs and the slush,
With your glorious face ablush;
Make March your mate.
Though my temperament is rough, yet you know
I am up to snuff,
Name, name the happy date!

"The best man shall be Pneumonia—
There couldn't be a tonier;
The business that I give that man is simply immense,
my dear;
The bridesmaids shall be the Misses
Bronchitis,
Meningitis,
Peritonitis,
Tonsilitis,
And the Misses Rheumatism and Diphtheria (although each a fright is);

O, we'll have a fine old blow-out, never fear,
The ushers, old friends of mine whom you know,
Shall be the smartest the world can show:
Mr. Mud, Mr. Malaria, Mr. Rain, Mr. Snow,
Mr. Sleet, Mr. Slush, Mr. Hail, Mr. Blow,
My boon companions and cronies gay—
And General Influenza gives the bride away.

"Choked up gutter, mumble and mutter,
Eaves-spout splutter a song of spring;
Bark greeting, myriads with colds in the head;
Ha, how the tether of the wicked weather
Will be loosed when Spring and March are wed!"

And the Spring heard the song and coyly said,
Sweet maiden hopes gemming her eyes with dews;
"Hustler o' the year, we will indeed be wed
When I can get some thicker overshoes,
And break up this—*Kerchew, Kerchew!*—cold in my head."

WINTER LIFE IN DAKOTA.

Description of the Method of Constructing Sod Houses on the Prairie.

"I was at the house of an old Scotchman a year or two ago," said an old Dakotian. Several of us young people were sitting at the table in the living room playing cards. Outside a blizzard was howling. The old man said:

"I think I will go out to the sheds and see how the stock are."

"Don't go," I replied.

"I guess I will."

"I looked over my shoulders and said: See here, old man, don't try that, you stay right here. You may think this was considerable fuss to make, as the sheds were not over four rods from the house, but I had become acquainted with the winter weather on the prairies. We went on with our game and nothing more was said. About ten minutes later I looked up and the old man was gone. Did your father go out I asked one of the girls. 'Yes,' she replied, 'and I don't see what keeps him. I wish you would go out and find him.'

"I wrapped up and started out, first taking the precaution to take one end of a rope, which I trailed after me. About half way between the sheds and the house I found the old man on his hands and knees in the snow, which was seven feet deep, crawling about, trying to find the house. He was then nearly dead, and ten minutes more would have finished him. I picked him up, and carried him to the house, where, with snow, ice-water and whiskey, supplemented with an hour or two of hard work, we managed to save his life."

"How do people manage to live in such a climate?"

"Live!" why they prepare for it. The early comers generally put up sod houses, and there is nothing in the world so warm as a sod house. You can walk around barefooted on the floor of one, if properly constructed, in the coldest weather. After they have been there long enough settlers generally build log houses, hauling logs thirty or forty miles for the purpose. These houses are warm and comfortable. So long as you don't have to go out you don't know what winter is. But the sod house is not to be treated with disdain, I assure you."

"How are they built?"

In the first place a frame of boards, the size the house is to be, is put up so as to give the house a nice appearance inside, the roof is also boarded over. Then the sod is cut with a plow, and a bank three or four feet thick is raised around this frame. Every sod is laid as carefully as a mason lays a brick, the roots up, and all openings are filled in with fine dirt. Openings are made for the windows and doors, which have frames extending from inside to outside. These will contain sometimes three windows for winter—always two. When the sod rampart is raised to the height of the roof, poles are laid on and then sod put over these. The roots hold everything firm. You would be surprised to see the roots. Some of those grass roots are as thick as my finger, and extend down from ten to fourteen feet. "What?"

"It's a fact, I assure you. I have followed them down myself when digging weeds in that blue joint grass land. Why, a man in plowing has to stop and sharpen his plow every eighty rods if he cares anything for his team. The blacksmith draws out the point, but that and the edge both have to be filed down as sharp as possible, and then as I say, sharpened every eighty rods. But to return to the sod house. After the outside is completed the inside is finished up to suit the taste and pocket of the proprietor. Some have only the earthen floor, and others have a board floor, and are divided up into two or three rooms. I tell you, for winter comfort in Dakota a sod house beats them all. Besides these, there are dugouts on the side of a hill, and occasionally you will meet one on the prairie. The class of settlers that come in there as a rule have to put up with almost anything the first year or two."

His Master's Sober Request.

The policeman had given his testimony, which was unqualifiedly to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the stand. There was a mingled expression of indignation and determination on his countenance. He testified flatly, to the surprise of the courtroom, that the old man was sober when he came home. The prosecuting attorney proceeded to question:

"You say that Mr. —— was sober when he came home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he get to bed alone?"

"No, sir."

"Did you put him to bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he perfectly sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say when you put him to bed?"

"He said 'good night.'"

"Anything else?"

"He said as how I was to call him early."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it? Tell us exactly what he said, every word."

"He said as how I was to wake him and call him early, for he was to be the Queen of the May!"

The old man was fined.

JOHNNIE, a bright boy of six years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked:

"Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnson; he is worth two millions and a half."

"What in, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at another million, and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said: "ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy me some clothes."

LITTLE duties are golden pins to fasten the mantle of God's love securely about us

"GOING TO JOHN."

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Why, there are only two ways to go."

"I didn't know. I was never on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John? There is no town called John. Where is it?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I'm going right to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the stylish lady as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story; to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-night."

"What is your trouble? May be I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my old heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with the three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited until she had recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my willing hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school, John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, too, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went West to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred off in the woods when your thirty-three miles is out, and then you strike out thro' the woods for a new life.'

"The fellow did exactly as I told him. I got a letter from him the other day, and he said that he got into the woods and struck for a new life. He got a school, sent for his children, rented him a home, and was doing well.'

Tonic for the Tired.

DR. T. L. CUYLER.

Watch the faces as they go by you on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggles, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned peddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot the bills" that accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Smallfaith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil, he says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with small purses he kindly says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; at my right hand are treasures forevermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give everybody a fortune, but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make everybody rich to eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man is who has a clean conscience here and a clear hope of heaven hereafter.

To poor Brother Smallfaith and sorrowing Mrs. Weakback he gives a wonderful lift in these words: "Lo! I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Vitality of Seeds.

We are asked to state the period for which the common garden seeds retain their vitality. This information may come handy to many home-gardeners who have a stock of such seeds left over from previous seasons. In the first place we would say that a definite answer can hardly be given in any case, as a great deal depends on the way the seeds are kept. But as stored in paper bags and sacks, as they generally are, seeds will be reasonably sure to germinate for the following number of years, respectively:

Beets, from five to seven years; cabbage, cauliflower, kale, etc., four years; carrot, two years; celery, five years; corn, two years; cucumbers, ten years, and perhaps more; egg plant, four or five years; herbs, two years; lettuce, three years; melons and squashes, ten years and more; onion, from one to two years; parsley, two years; parsnip, one year; peas, two years; peppers, two years; radishes, three years; salsify, two years; spinach, two years; tomatoes, five years; turnips, four years.

All these seeds, however, should be tested before they are planted. Sometimes onion seed will entirely fail to germinate the second season. In some cases we have known eighty per cent. of it to grow when two years old, and a small per centage of it when three years old. Theoretically, all seeds from which we expect fruit—such as melons, peppers, tomatoes, &c.,—should give us the best results when their vitality is somewhat *weakened* by age or otherwise; while it would be preferable to plant *new* seed of all vegetables which we grow merely for their foliage or root, like lettuce, celery, cabbage, radishes, etc. Practically, however, we have not been able to detect the least difference between crops of the same varieties of cabbage, grown from old and from new seed respectively; nor between plants of the same variety of melon, etc., grown from seed of different ages. Hence we do not care if the seed is new or old, so long as it germinates promptly.

A NOTE from a rural postoffice in Tennessee reads: "Dear—: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the Post Offis yesterday was because I had a bile on my fase and kan't laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I love you, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

AN INSINUATION.—"Howdy, Awthaw?"

"Hawdy, Chawly? What's worng?"

"Why, Awthaw, you know that vulgah wowdy Jawnsawn?"

"What the fellah that says e-ther foh i-ther?"

"The vewy same."

"Well, what did he do?"

"Why he looked at me, weal wudely, this mawning as I was pawsing by and said: 'Deah me! What an old humbug Bawnum is, to be suah, to adwhtise that his menawgawy was enthialy deswoyed."

HE STRUCK FOR THE WOODS.

A Man Who Took Sam Jones' Advice Literally and Came Out Well.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Here is a story that Sam Jones told in the First Methodist pulpit last week. He said:

"I was making a prohibition speech in Robertson county, Tennessee, last year, and noticed on the rear of the platform a bleared, bloated fellow, who was about three parts drunk—each part a third. As I talked he would screw his fist into his eyes and wipe away the tears. After the speaking I went to a friend's house perfectly exhausted and lay down. The lady of the house called at the door in a few minutes that a man wanted to see me.

"'Tell him I am tired,' I said, 'and please excuse me.'

"'That is all right,' she said, 'anyhow, because he is a drunken, ragged, vagabond.'

"I said: 'If he is that sort of a fellow, let him in. I used to belong to that gang myself, and I never go back on them.' The man came in, and I found he was the drunken fellow who had listened to me speak.

He said: 'Mr. Jones, I don't want any money. Money can do me no good. I am a ruined man. Drink has made me a wreck. A short time ago I had a happy home and household. A few weeks ago I buried my wife, having crushed every drop of blood out of her heart before she died. My two boys are in the Orphans' Home at Nashville. One of them is a little blind fellow. My two girls are in Murfreesboro, and this (here he pulled a little black cap out of his pocket) is the last thing that is left to remind me that I ever had a household. It is my little blind boy's cap. Now, I do not want any money from you, but I just got an idea from the way you talked that maybe you had some sympathy for me. If you have, pray for me. Good-bye.' And he started off.

"'Hold on here,' said I, and called upon Mr. Taylor, my secretary, and said: 'Frank, go up town with this man and wash him all over with soap, and put a new suit of clothes on him from head to foot and bring him back.' In an hour or two he came back and I did not know him. I had to be introduced to him over. I took out $1 and handed it to him and said: 'Railroad fare in this State is three cents a mile—here is $1. Now, you get on a train and ride thirty-three miles, no matter in what direction, and get the conductor to put you off in the woods when your thirty-three miles is out, and then you strike out thro' the woods for a new life.'

"The fellow did exactly as I told him. I got a letter from him the other day, and he said that he got into the woods and struck for a new life. He got a school, sent for his children, rented him a home, and was doing well.'

Why He Laughed.

Although nearly 60 years of age, Sunset Cox is nearly as jolly as he used to be. He has been a quarter of a century in the lower House of Congress; and in his time has been a little wild, and needed more fun and excitement than his own witticisms and the debates in the House afforded him. But he has changed his habits in this respect, and he is taking much better care of his health than he used to do. Cox married a comely woman with a handsome fortune, and never likes to do anything to displease her. He has no children and is wrapped up in those domestic relations which his wife alone affords him. But he used to want to have a good time away from the restraining influences of domestic matters about once a week.

"Cox used to get out of his house at night by a very novel and characteristic excuse," said one of his old chums to-day. "When he intended to make a night of it he would invariably go home at an early hour, dress himself in his slippers and smoking coat, crawl well down into a comfortable chair, draw himself up in front of the grate, read to his wife and congratulate himself in audible tones on his ability to get away from the cares of public life. He generally expressed himself as not feeling first-rate and crawled into bed before 11 o'clock.

About midnight the crowd down at the club who were to enjoy the society of the funny statesmen, as per arrangement, would send a delegate to Cox's residence. He would rap gently on the door, and the statesmen would complain bitterly at being disturbed, although he had been resting with one eye open and his mind bent on the good time in waiting.

He generally felt too badly to go to the door, and Mrs. Cox would kindly consent to go herself. The delegate from the crowd always wore a serious look, and spoke in a tone of great importance and apprehension.

He would tell Mrs. Cox that there was a caucus on hand at which her husband was to preside. He always deprecated the fact that the business of the caucus could not proceed unless her husband was there, as no one could conduct the proceedings without the information he carried in his head. Cox would first hear this statement and would groan like a boy who had gorged himself with June apples. When Mrs. Cox returned to the bed and informed him of what was wanted, he appeared to be in the greatest agony and would threaten to resign his place in Congress if this thing kept up. Then he would go to the door with Mrs. Cox and beg like a good fellow to be let off. But the messenger would be immovable and declare that his absence from the caucus would entail untold inconvenience. Then Cox would dress himself, and in going out of the house would experience considerable difficulty in surpressing his laughter over the accomplished manner in which the scheme was worked.

"When he returned to the house in time for breakfast next day his prolonged absence would always be on account of the lateness of the hour at which the caucus adjourned and his dislike to awaken the good housewife.—*Kansas City Times.*

HIS FIFTH WIFE.

How a Dakota Bride Astonished the Terror of Montana.

Old Bud Jackson, one of the terrors of Montana, lost his fourth wife, and went to Dakota for a fifth victim. He met and married the widow Baggs, a frail, gentle little woman, who had just been left a widow for the third time, and seemed crushed to earth by her losses.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson wended their way to Bud's Montana home, and as the gushing bridegroom led his bride into his lovely of one room and introduced her to his favorite dogs, he said tenderly:

"You want to remember, Mrs. Jackson, that I am boss here. The four dear companions that I've laid away mighty soon found that out. All I had to do was to crook my finger and they came a runnin' to know what I wanted. There wan't no hangin' back nor askin' questions. You see that ox-gad up there? Well, that's the little arbytrater that uster settle any slight diff'rences I ever had with the four dear companions that are gone. They generally sukkumbed after four six licks, an' I hope you'll be equally obeejent.

"Now s'posen you take my boots an' clean 'em up an' grease 'em. They got mighty muddy