# Kent News:

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

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

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

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

# Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1888. No. 33.



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



# CARPETS!

## CRANE BROTHERS

**No. 423 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore,**
(Near Gay,)

Have enlarged their store and are now prepared to show one of the finest lines of

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Mattings,
Rugs, &c.,

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at Low Prices. Our goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 423 E. Balto. St., three doors above Gay.
Sept. 28-3m.

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

## GENTLEMEN,

if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for plices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

# 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

## THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

I have had considerable experience and will not undertake to do anything that I cannot do in a first-class manner. I only ask a trial, and that my work may speak for itself. I shall not only do good work but will also aim to make my charges as low as possible for a living profit.

Hose, Traps, Spigots, Sprinklers, kept on hand, at shop on Court street. REPAIRING done in the best manner at short notice.

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. WM. T. SUTTON.
July 28, 1888—tf. Chestertown.

OYSTER S! OYSTER!

The Act of Limitation is out, and the RISING SUN SALOON will commence this first day of the season with a full supply of FRESH OYSTERS, cooked in all ways, and in his old style. Retail and wholesale.
s1-tf. WILLIAM PERKINS.

FOR the Largest and Best Assortment of Tobacco and Cigars go to J. L. McFEELY'S.



# The Sun
## for 1889
### AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the Election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats—the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be entrenched in the same stron position. It has been carried once by brave an hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal effort of a united press, cherishing no memories of pas differences non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most intertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays for cents. If you do not know THE SUN send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

| | |
|---|---|
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| Daily and Sunday, per year | 8 00 |
| Daily and Sunday, per month | 0 70 |
| Weekly Sun, one year | 1 00 |

Address THE SUN, New York.

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# Lumber! Lumber!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

Shingles, Laths, Pickets,

WHITE PINE, GEORGIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
VIRGINIA PINE,
CYPRESS and POPLAR LUMBER

in Kent county and other large lots to arrive, all purchased at the LOWEST CASH PRICES direct from the manufacturers and are for sale at VERY LOW PRICES. Also, a stock of

Doors, Door Frames, Window Frames,

SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c.

☞Do not buy without giving me an opportunity to figure on your bills.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
June 9, 1888.

WILLIAM PARR'S
# NEW HARNESS STORE

I have just opened a nice line of

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Saddles,
Bridles, all Kinds of Harness,

which I am selling very low. I also have in stock everything that is kept in a First-Class Harness Store, from a 10-cent Name Strap to a Set of Fine Harness.

Encourage me by buying your Harness Goods where you can have them neatly and promptly repaired. Thankful for past patronage I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR,
no3-1y. STILL POND, MD.

# —SELLING OUT—
# AT COST

To quit business and leave Town,
OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

# CLOTHING

And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

# In the Next 30 Days!

☞Remember this is no Humbug Sale, but we are going to leave town, and we will sell you goods at YOUR OWN FIGURES. Don't fail to come and get a share of these Rare Bargains, as it don't last long and you don't often Buy Goods at Wholesale Prices, so come at once and see what we can do for you.

☞DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.☜

E. KLINE,
*Next to Postoffice.*
December 8, 1888.

TO THE CITIZENS
—OF—
# Hanesville and Vicinity

HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of

**Dry Goods, Notions,**
**Choice Lot of Groceries**

such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.

Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.

S. W. WALLIS.
May 21, 1887.

# Milk Wanted!

**THE EXCELSIOR CREAMERY**
is now in successful operation.

WE earnestly solicit the patronage of all farmers of this county. They will find it to their interest to bring us their milk.

Milk sent by the morning train will receive our prompt attention. Cans returned on the noon train. Cans can be obtained from us at cost.

SHAFER & DAVIES,
oc20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

# MABLEY & CAREW

LEADING RETAILERS

BEST-MADE SUITS, COATS, PANTS, OVER-COATS, AND FINE UNDER-WEAR, GOWNS, ROBES, SOCKS, ALSO A SUPERB SUPPLY OF BOYS' WEAR IN THE LATEST STYLES.

HOLIDAY
NOVELTIES
—FOR—
PRESENTS,
—ALSO—
THE LARGEST, NEWEST MOST STYLISH AND MOST PERFECT STOCK OF MEN'S AND BOYS' TAILOR MADE
CLOTHING
REDUCED TO THE LOWDST PRICES EVER KNOWN. OVERCOATS FOR $10,00, $12 AND $15 THAT NO CUSTOM TAILOR ON EARTH COULD MAKE FOR LESS THAN DOUBLE—FINE, HEAVY, SUBSTANTIAL SUITS FOR $6, $7 AND $8, AND TIP-TOP DRESS SUITS FOR $10, $12 AND $15. NO HOUSE IN AMERICA SELLS GOOD CLOTHING AS CHEAP AS WE DO.

Lowest Prices.

BEST-MADE CLOTHING

MABLEY & CAREW.


## A MODERN ROMANCE.

She had studied all of the "ologies,"
Knew all about Latin and Greek,
Italian and Spanish could read and write,
And French and German speak.

Could sing like a seraph or nightingale,
Was pretty well up in art;
She graduated from the Harvard Annex,
And then—she lost her heart.

There were moonlight walks, a sail or two,
A drive when the day was done;
Ribbons, laces, a wedding march,
And then they twain were one.

A run to Europe, then home again,
Receptions and balls a score;
Then they settled down to life's routine,
And the honeymoon was o'er.

Alas! for their life's ship tossing now
'Mong the breakers of "Something to Eat,"
Alas! that the love of a man should depend
On a bit of bread and meat.

But a dinner of herbs, though seasoned with love,
On the palate at last will pall,
And he longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt,
And the fatted ox in the stall.

The cook grew "uppish" and "put on airs,"
When she didn't know salmon from cod,
And she found, too late, she had married a man,
Instead of a demi-god.

Romance and poetry slipped away,
And Love—the gay little sinner—
Pouted, and out of the window flew,
When she couldn't cook the dinner.

What did she do? Had she been a man
I presume she'd have "taken to drink,"
But being a woman, she just sat down
On the state of affairs to think.

The thing was done; it was no use now
To say she had been a "fool;"
So she quietly donned her wraps and went
At once to an evening school.

Poetry never came back again,
And Romance was lost or dead;
But Love came slowly flitting back
As soon as she learned to make bread.

The moral of this is so plain, I'm sure
You may read if you will but look;
Study as much as you please, but be sure
If you marry, you know how to cook.

## BOWSER'S GOAT.

Three or four boys came to the back door the other day, writes patient Mrs. Bowser in the Detroit *Free Press*, and inquired for Mr. Bowser, and as soon as he came up from the office I mentioned the fact and added:

"You are not going to buy another dog, I hope?"

"Humph!" he replied, as he hung up his hat.

"And I don't want any cats around."

"That's just like you! It's a wonder to me the brute creation doesn't fly when you stay out doors. I wouldn't have as hard a heart as yours for all the world."

"And as for pigs, Mr. Bowser, I hope you won't think of em. The neighbors haven't yet got over the last adventure in the pig line."

"My adventure!" he shouted. "You teased me to buy a pig and build a pen. I wanted to gratify you, pumpkin head that I was, and bought a pig. What did I have to do with his squealing the whole twenty-four hours? What did I have to do with his getting out of the pen a dozen times per day?"

"Oh, well, let's not have any mere cows, or pigs, or hens, or dogs. We don't want to! Some wives are domestic and like to make a home of home, but others think of nothing but dressing and gadding the streets."

"If a husband buys a cow which gives two quarts of milk daily, and her feed alone comes to five times the price of her milk, I don't see where the economy comes in."

He didn't reply to that, and next morning when I opened the back door the same three boys were waiting for Mr. Bowser. They had a William goat with them. The animal was securely tied with ropes, and the boys kept a vigilant eye on him besides. That's what Mr. Bowser was up to. I never said a word. He sneaked out to the barn to make terms with the boys, and the goat was turned into the back yard. When he had finished his breakfast Mr. Bowser placidly inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know that there is money in goats?"

"How?"

"They are not only valuable for their wool and meat, but in a sanitary point of view they cannot be equalled. One goat would keep our back yard entirely free from everything offensive."

"Certainly I know. Do not confound the goat with the chamois, Mrs. Bowser. There's a marked difference between them. The chamois is found in India, Asia, Switzerland and two or three other countries. The goat is indigenous to every country. The chamois is a very timid animal; the goat is not. It rather seeks the society of man."

"I wish I knew as much as you do," I said, desiring to mollify him still further.

"Yes, but you never will. You can't expect to. You were not born that way. However, I have a surprise for you and the child. I have just made a purchase of a goat."

"A real goat?"

"Certainly. Some folks deal in the imitation. I never do. Come out into the back yard."

We went out. William had just finished the last of the kitchen towels the girl had on the grass, and he acted something like a goat who wanted something more solid to finish upon. Mr. Bowser took baby in his arms and started down the steps, and the goat lowered his head and struck out with his foot.

"He may be dangerous, Mr. Bowser."

"Dangerous! So is a canary bird. You will see him take to the child like a fly to sugar. See how stately he stands! I'll have a photographer up here this afternoon sure."

He was advancing as he talked, and he was not yet half way across the yard when I saw a streak of goat shooting across the grass. A dull thud followed, and baby flew over the clothes line and Mr. Bowser went to grass. How I got that child into the house I can't remember, but I guess the goat was too busy with Mr. Bowser to notice me. They rolled over. They rose up and went down again. Sometimes Mr. Bowser was on his hands and knees, and again he was doubled up on the grass. I screamed for the cook, and with great presence of mind she seized a couple of fresh sheets off the clothes-bars and ran out with them as an offering. The goat preferred sheets to Bowser, and as he turned away and began to devour them my husband crawled up the steps to a place of safety.

He had been hit in what they call the "bread basket," and in the small of the back, and between the shoulders, and, indeed, the goat had apparently neglected no opening.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, as I brought the camphor, "do not confound the goat with the chamois. The chamois is a very timid animal, while the goat is not."

He looked up at me with a stony gaze.

"He is not only a beautiful playmate for our child, but the doctor says that the musky odor stimulates an appetite. Are you not hungry, Mr. Bowser?"

There was a whole load of stone in his gaze this time.

"They are not only valuable for their wool and meat," I went on, "but in a sanitary point of view they can't be equalled."

He uttered a groan and crept into the house and tumbled on the lounge. It took me an hour to get the grass and sand out of baby's hair and ears, and I had just finished when Mr. Bowser rolled off the lounge, ran down stairs for the snow-shovel and a minute later appeared in the back yard and made a rush for the goat. William ducked and dodged and twisted and had great fun for twenty minutes. Then it suddenly struck him that he had an engagement elsewhere, and went over the fence like a cat and clattered out of sight on the sidewalk. By and by Mr. Bowser came in.

"Is he gone?" I asked.

"Yes, he is gone. And I want to say to you right here now that it is the last piece of nonsense of yours I shall ever put up with."

"Why, I didn't get him here!"

"Oh, no! Dreadful innocent! You are never to blame about anything! I am always the culprit. Just heed what I am saying, however. This is the last—positively the last! Don't drive me any further, Mrs. Bowser, or I will not be answerable for the consequences."

### Danger of Snoring.

*From the Youths' Companion.*

Gov. Lumpkin, formerly Chief Justice of Georgia, was such an inveterate snorer that he could, as Shakespeare says, "snore upon the flint." The following story is told of his Excellency's extraordinary snoring feat while holding court in a Georgia town.

The landlord put him in a room on the ground floor of the hotel, the windows and doors of which opened on the street. Judge Lumpkin, when sound asleep, could awaken the natives with his loud breathing. About midnight, when everything was quiet, the judge commenced puffing, blowing and snorting in his sleep.

Out on the street was a little piney woods bull, which was "monarch of all he surveyed." He heard the snoring of Judge Lumpkin and he must have imagined that it was one of his rivals from a neighboring plantation.

The little bull threw a few bushels of dirt over his back and prepared for battle. He bellowed once or twice to notify his adversary that he was on the ground, but it did not disturb the judge in the least. The snoring went on without intermission. This exasperated the little bull, and curling his tail over his back, he made a rush for the window, went through it, and carried everything before him.

The sudden entrance of the bull into the room awakened the judge, and taking in the situation, he left, with the bull in full possession of the room.

### Girls Who Like Wine.

**A Serious Charge Brought Against San Francisco Society Belles.**

*From the San Francisco Post.*

How wine bibbing has grown of late years among our girls only an old rounder like myself, or the head of the house who foots the bills, can understand. It is something perfectly shocking, and the weddings, receptions and blow-outs in general are few that do not wind up with almost an orgie among the late ones. Why, at one of these affairs the other night I saw a young woman who is now in her second season out, stand up at the table and drink her pint of Perrier Jouet out of a goblet. "Ain't she a thoroughbred?" exclaimed young Ducats, who stood by her. And the silly girl was ready to dash off another bumper of the same size. On all sides there were young women drinking their wine, and not a few of them showing in their flushed faces and flashing eyes the effects of their tippling.

This, be it remembered, was in one of the most fashionable houses in this city, and whatever was thought, not one word of remonstrance was uttered while the scene ran on. I am told that at another gathering of a recent date the wine was so plentiful and the license so general that some of the young women in their exaltation endeavored to climb up the tent-pole of the marquee in which the supper had been spread. I am told, further, that on another occasion, when the women went upstairs to put on their wraps preparatory to going home, some of them were unable to find their way out unassisted. Remember, all of these scenes took place not at gatherings of sirens on the coast, but at social assemblages in the houses of "our best society." How much of drunkenness there may be in private among young women I do not attempt to say, but if these public exhibitions narrated are an evidence of a certain predilection, it may be conjectured that the curse is widespread. Have I spoken too plainly of this awful subject? Have I said more than can be vouched for by those who have kept their eyes about them? I think not.

### An Old Riddle Solved.

A plumber and upholsterer were recently engaged in fitting up a fashionable residence in Van Ness avenue and got into a discussion as to which was the heavier, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers.

"I'll bet you four bits that I can prove to you that a pound of lead is heavier than a pound of feathers," said the plumber.

"I'll take that bet," said the upholsterer.

The plumber cut off a foot of lead pipe and pared it down until it weighed sixteen ounces. Then he got from the upholsterer the same weight in feathers.

"Now," said the plumber, holding the lump of lead in his right hand and the bag of feathers in his left hand, "let me drop the lead on your left foot and the feathers on your right."

The man of feathers paid for the cigars.

## SKEERY LUCY.

**Alderman Plunkett Tells Another Story of War Times in Georgia.**

"Skeery Lucy—that's what they called her," said Plunkett as he chunked the fire and seated himself in the corner.

"As a little girl at school the teacher called her 'Timid Lucy,' but all the scholars knew her as 'Skeery Lucy,'" for she went by that name among all the settlement folks.

"When she growed up and got married she was just the same, and when John, her old man, would be a little late in getting home at night, he'd find her shut up tight in the house with the doors all locked and every table and old bench and chairs piled up ergin them, and when John would knock at the door and tell her who it was, he'd have to stand and wait till she moved these things away, before he could open the door, and then he'd scold her for being such a big dunce, and she'd just laugh and say:

"'You knowed I was skeery before you married me.'

"The name of 'Skeery Lucy' clung to her for a long time, and I guess she deserved it, for she'd squeal at a lizard or a frog, and take a fit almost if she seed a snake; but when old Sherman come down here she done what most any man would erbin erfraid to do, and they quit calling her 'Skeery Lucy' after that, and that's what I want to tell you erbout.

"She was left with four little children to scuffle for when John went off to Virginia, and it was mighty hard getting along at best; but as the armies got nearer and still nearer things got scarcer and scarcer, and Lucy got scarier than ever. The big guns could be heard for a long time before we seed the Yankees, and Lucy just looked like she couldn't stand it and the folks in the settlement said she'd die some day from fright and anxiety.

"But everybody had to scuffle, and one morning Lucy waked up with not a crust of bread in the house, and walked up the street with the children swinging on to her dress and apron crying for something to eat, and there was no other way but for her to start out and get a little meal for them. She came back from her walk, shut the children up in the house and cut out across the field to the mill, and the poor little things had been taught by their mammy to be afraid, and there they sat, all in a huddle as scared as rabbits at everything that cracked or made a fuss, and whispered to each other.

"Sherman's army was on the move, making for the railroad—they'd got down the night before, and Lucy didn't know anything of it.

"Hardee's army was moving to meet the Yankees and to keep them from the railroad, and Lucy didn't know nothing about that.

"She had just got to the mill and stepped upon the platform when down through the woods came Hardee's line of battle at a double quick, and before she had time to think they were past, throwed out skirmishers, and they were expecting every minute to meet the Yankees.

"Sherman's line was coming toward Hardee, and it was only a question of a few minutes till the fight would begin.

"Lucy thought of her little children shut up in the house, and knowed how scared they'd be when they heard so many men marching.

"She started in a run towards her house, intending to get there before Hardee's soldiers did. But old Sherman was coming, and it would only be a minute till there would be warm times between Lucy and her home.

"The skirmishers began to pop their guns up and down the line, and here comes a battery dashing through a road in the woods and unlimbered in a twinkling and let in, and then the fight had started in earnest.

"Lucy's home was between the two lines. She seed a shell hit the chimney and scattered the bricks and rocks. She thought of her four little children that were huddled up and couldn't get out, and she did not stop.

"The balls were flung thick from one line of battle to the other, but she dashed through the cotton patch the same as a deer. The soldiers screamed: 'Come back! Lay down! You'll be killed!' and sich like, but through it all she went and dashed ergin the door, and fell in among her little children.

"Just then a bomb struck one corner of the house and scattered splinters every where. The children were clinging to her and were screaming at the top of their voices. Another shell hit the house and tore away one gable end, and the minnie balls were pattering the same as hail. She grabbed the smallest child up on her left arm and made the rest jine hands, and then took hold of the end child's hand and out they dashed into the open field between the two armies.

"The Yankee line of soldiers was the first to see them as they went stumbling, falling and rolling over the cotton rows, and they yelled like madmen;

"A truce, a truce, a truce!

"Then Hardee's men seed what was the matter, and they waved their caps, and jumped up and down and yelled:

"A truce, a truce, a truce!

"In less time than it takes to tell you, the firing ceased, and a hundred men from Hardee's line rushed for the children and Lucy and the first one of them grabbed them in their arms and were back over the hill in a minute and then the fight went on.

"She's never been called 'Skeery Lucy' from that day to this, and old Sherman said the next day that he would er lost the battle rather than to have killed so brave a woman. But there are others who say that any mother would er done the same thing."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WIFE.—Young Wife—I'm afraid my husband isn't well. These cold mornings seem to be a strain on his nervous system somehow. He's dreadfully cross at breakfast, and he often leaves the house without kissing me. What would you advise me to do?

Experienced Matron—Try sausage and buckwheat cakes.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.—Mrs. Blifkins (reading)—The points of fine seal fur are, first, the texture—

Mr. Blifkins—Humph! Seems to me the first point is the price.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

## WHY THEY WANT OUR GIRLS.

**The Popularity of the Fair American Worries the Briton.**

*From the London Standard.*

The frequency with which Englishman of distinction select their domestic partners from the United States may well set people asking what it is that causes the occurrence. The fact that Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Harcourt, M. Clemenceau, the Duke of Marlborough, and the successor of Count Moltke in the important military post with which his great name is associated, have married American ladies, may tempt philosophic inquirers to go in search of a true and efficient cause of the occurrence, now brought still more into prominence by the engagement of Mr. Chamberlain. If we are to imitate them, we might find a certain number of plausible explanations; but, at the end of the exercise of our best ingenuity, we should have to confess ourselves puzzled.

That there are a number of American young ladies who are most attractive and charming will readily be admitted. But, without posturing as outrageous patriots in this respect, we are disposed to think that English girls can hold their own against even their fair American cousins in the matter of good looks, and decidedly outstrip them in the qualities which most Englishmen regard as engaging and irresistible. The ideal in the States is, notoriously, not quite the same as that which, for the most part, prevails in this country, and we suspect it would be found, on searching and impartial investigation, that the American standard is less of what is usually meant by an ideal than the English standard. In other words, it is, like the Americans themselves, more practical. Just as, for the most part, they educate their children not so much with the object of making them fine scholars and cultured gentlemen, as of making capable and successful citizens, so, probably, they aim, even unconsciously, at preparing girls, not so much for a brief passage of romance as for the long and unromantic business of life. At the back of the head, as the phrase is, of most English girls is the idea that Lancelot, or Prince Charming, or some equivalent of those agreeable and seductive personages, is living somewhere in the world; that it would be delightful to meet him; and that, conceivably, that happy fate is reserved for them in particular. In a word, English girls are what is called romantic, and American girls, if romantic, are so in a less degree. Like the rest of their race, they are educated to understand and be in harmony with the hard, and somewhat cynical, conditions of their life. They have less "nonsense" about them than English girls. They are sensible women of the world, "knowing all about it," not easily deluded, and quite equal to the task of confronting existence in all its various phases.

Hence they enjoy considerable success in society, even on this side of the ocean. Society does not ask for a romantic disposition, for refinement or delicacy of temperament, but, on the contrary, for practical good sense, for a certain business-like quality, and for those gifts which enable people to succeed in dealing with their fellow-creatures. It is often remarked that American women push their way where English women, possessed of no greater personal advantages, would fail. The reason is that the former understood the conditions of success better, and accommodate themselves to them. They are not the women that stir the passions or inspire the song of poets; nor will they go down to posterity as heroines or charmers. But they have their day. They succeed in London drawing-rooms as their brothers succeed in "dry goods stores" in New York, and for much the same reason. We have no doubt they make excellent wives to men who live in the full glare of society, and prefer a clever, capable associate to a tender domestic companion.

### A Lawyer Baffled.

Jim McSnifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of fify dollars to testify in his behalf?"

"Yes, sah."

"Now sir, you repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would give me fifty dollars if I——"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. De fendant am too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskelity."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was de fust pusson, myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words: 'I will pay you fifty dollars.'"

"No boss; he didn't say nuffin' about you payin' me fifty dollars. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin dat he tole me ef eber I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de Judge and jury."

"You can step down."—*Texas Siftings.*

### A Queer Puzzle.

The Trappe *Times* puts the following problem: Suppose a man and girl were to get married—the man 35 years old and the girl 5 years; this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is 10 years old; this makes him 40, four times as old as the girl; when she is 15 he is 45, three times as old as the girl; they still live until she is 30 years old and he is 60, twice as old, and so on. How long at this rate would it require for the girl to become twice as old as the man.

Our office boy says "something's wrong. It looks right, but he knows that the girl will never get twice as old as her husband and if you can show it by figures, the figures lie, that's all about it."

FIRST CITIZEN—I'm proud of my wife. She can speak five different languages. How many languages does your wife speak? Second citizen—United States and baby talk. That's enough for me.

"A CLERICAL mummy rose up from his sarcophagus and opposed the revival," is the pungent and pertinent way a Methodist preacher in Nashville delivered himself about it.

### Feminine Fancies.

Vassar girls screech instead of yell.

The sweet pea is Mrs. Harrison's favorite flower.

The amethyst is the only stone to wear during mourning.

Young women are employed as bill collectors in Kansas City.

A woman has the monopoly of all the bill posting in Chicago.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

Mrs. Curenot is the name of a trained nurse advertising in one of the New York papers.

A pretty girl doesn' object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking-glass.

She (ready for the ball)—"Charley, how do you like my new party dress?" He—"Where is it?"

A girl may not see much in her sweetheart to laugh at, but his mustache is pretty sure to tickle her.

Lady Herbert, of England, declares that in ten years Washington will be the handsomest city in the world.

Many a girl thinks she shall Miss it if she isn't married, and many a wife Mrs. it by not being single.

It is said to be customary in Spain for the girls to kiss every young man they meet on the 28th of February.

The poetess who sings that she was "Kissed by the waves" probably fell overboard near the mouth of a river.

It is said that Empress Eugenie paid 1,000 francs an ounce for a braid of golden hair that exactly matched her own.

It was a pretty sharp-pointed joke to celebrate the birthday of Miss Oldbelle by the gift of a thirty-five pound bunch of dates.

Amelie River Chanler has set the example of kid shoes like gloves, with a separate covering for each toe. Who said Amelie was seeking no-toe-riety?

"Mrs. Barkley, are you familiar with 'songs without words?'" "Oh, yes, quite. Mr. Barkley frequently sings them when he comes home in the morning."

If the women who bleach their hair could be made to marry the men who dye their mustaches, perhaps the world would be satisfied with the result.

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay $60 for a diamond ring for a young wife?" "Not at all; you seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population. The number of women capable of baring arms can be ascertained at any swell reception.

Mrs. Elizabeth Worth White, of Newburyport, Mass., celebrated her 100th birthday anniversary Monday. She has six children living the oldest of whom is 74 and the youngest 58.

Girls who like ice cream in summer generally have good appetites in the oyster season. And a girl who can eat a half dozen on the half shell gracefully is a matrimonial prize for any man.

The young wife who makes a shirt for her husband not only runs the risk of shaking his confidence in her, but also of losing all her former admiration for him when she sees him with it on.

It doesn't exactly say so in the Bible, but when you kiss a pretty girl on one cheek, and she is quite sure that there isn't anybody looking, she is often known to turn to you the other also.

Lawyer—You want suit brought against defendant for breach of promise? He asked plainly to marry him? Young lady—He said he wanted me to be his typewriter. Lawyer—We can get $5,000 sure.

"There are Christian people in the house who are very near Heaven to-night," remarked Mr. Talmage in his last Sunday's sermon. And every woman who was present in a new sealskin sacque agreed with him.

She—The banks are so opposed to giving positions of trust to women, Mr. Jones. The monster—It is shameful. She—You believe in employing women in banks, then? The monster—I do. Women are born tellers.

The women of this country have no occasion to demand their rights. It has always been their privilege to say what the country shall have to eat three times a day, and that's more power than the men ever had or will have.

The woman question is coming to the front even in the furthest. The Mikado of Japan has just instituted an Order to be bestowed only on women, and upon all such of them as shall in any way distinguish themselves.

### A Dog and Coon Fight.

Two weeks ago a local sporting man of Cleveland, Ohio, secured a large and savage coon from a friend in a neighboring town, and out of a discussion over the coon's pluck and fighting ability a match for $25 a side resulted, a chicken breeder agreeing to lose that amount if his bulldog, Lady, didn't kill the coon in twenty minutes. The fight took place before a crowd of twenty people and the coon won.

Each animal weighed twenty-two pounds and both were badly damaged in the fight. The coon's fore legs were broken and the dog's breast and jaws were torn to shreds. The coon won on his endurance. He never inclined, and was full of fight from the time he was pitted until the bulldog was taken away. The dog was completely exhausted and was fooled by the coon's thick fur, which prevented him from holding on after securing good holds.

### A Dust Item.

"Pa," asked a speculative youngster, "was I made of dust?"

"Certainly, my son; we all were."

"Just common road dust like that ragged boy out there?"

"Y-e-s," admitted the puzzled father; "just the same. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought maybe as I was such a nice little boy I might be made of diamond dust."

SCHOOL MISTRESS—Come here, Charlie and let me hear you recite your lesson. Why, what is the matter? What are you crying for?

Charlie—Some of the big boys made me iss a little girl out in the school yard—boo-hoo!

"Why, that is outrageous! Why did you not come right in to me?"

"I—I—didn't know that you would let me kiss you."

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