**The Kent News**
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CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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# Kent News.

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Commission Cards

Established 1862.
**SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,**
*General Commission Merchants*
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
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jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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EGGS and POULTRY.
No. 250 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Returns sent promptly. tf.

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No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
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COMMISSION MERCHANT,
☞PEACHES A SPECIALTY.☜
By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application.

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Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
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**GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE**
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☞Consignments solicited.☜
REFEREDCE :--Account Sales and Check da'ly.
July 28, 1888--6m.

Professional Cards.

**DR. JAMES W. URIE,**
HOMEOPATHIST,
*STILL POND, MD.*

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☞Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M., undays excepted.

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CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

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

**BENJ. B. OWENS,**
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

WAGON SPRINGS on sale at the Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

REMEMBER THIS!

Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

**Dry Goods! Dry Goods!**

Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS, embracing Henrietta Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

**Notions, Underwear!**

Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

**BOOTS and SHOES!**

Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2 00, $2 50 and $2 75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4 00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

**Carpets, Oil-Cloths!**

In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 35 to 60 cents per yard.

We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.

☞Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,

R. F. PARKS.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET., CHESTERTOWN,

and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by

**JAMES A. SHAW,**

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.

☞Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.
JAMES A. SHAW,
j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

WINTER!

1888--1888! 1889--1889!

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS and SHOES.

**JOHN H. SIMPERS,**

HAS NOW OPEN HIS NEW STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS, bought for cash, with a view to adaptability to this trade.

DRESS GOODS—Beautiful and cheap, in many different styles.

PRINTS—A nice and full line.

UNDERWEAR—Special attention is given to this department, and I would like to have a call and examination. A good stock for ladies, gents and children.

Boots and Shoes!

Boots and Shoes!

We have a large sum invested in Boots and Shoes, and believe those in want can be suited at my store. Give me a trial. Call and see my goods and prices.
Respectfully,
Nov. 3, 1888. J. H. SIMPERS.

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 prices, 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.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!

**WM. H. McFEELY'S**

AGENCY.

INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS

Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in Insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.

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Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made, if killed on premises or anywhere else.

INSURE YOUR GRAIN

In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand

WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md.
☞Office on Court street. jy9-tf.

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

### AFTER AWHILE.

What will it matter after awhile,
Whether my path lay rugged or fair;
Whether my lips were made to smile,
Or my life were idle, or full of care?

What will it matter after awhile,
Whether my harvest was smiles, or tears;
Or whether I toiled for weary miles,
Long a pathway, marked by hopes, or fears!

What will it matter after awhile,
Whether my life lay in shadow, or sun;
Whether my hands were busy and full,
Or empty, and still, with life's work done?

Soon shall the daisies and buttercups nod,
Over my breast in the grassy sod;
And the dead leaves whirl, and soft snows pile;
So, what will it matter, "After Awhile."

## MISS JONES' QUILTING.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Our minister was merried a year ago, and we hev been piecing him a bed-quilt; and last week we quilted it. I always make a pint of going to quiltings, for you can't be back-bited to your face, that's a moral sercenty. I know wimmen just like a book, for I hev been one a good while. I always stand up for my own sect, still I know sertin effects to follow sertin causes, to wit, namely, if two bricks are sot up side by side, if one tumbles over on to the other one, the other one can't stand, it ain't natur. If a toper holds a glass of licker to his mouth, he can't help swallerin', it ain't natur. If a young man goes a slay-riding with a pretty girl, and the buffalo robe slips off, he can't help holdin' it around her, it ain't natur. I might go on illustratin', but enuff; quiltin' just sets women to slanderin' as easy and beautiful as enything you ever see. So I went. There wasn't anybody there when I got there. For reason, I always go early.

I hadn't been there long before Miss Deacon Graves came, and then the Widder Tubbs, and then Squire Edwardses wife and Maggie Snow, and then the Dobbs girls (we call 'em *girls*, though it would be jest as proper to call mutton lamb, for forty summers have gilded their heads if one has gilt 'em). They were the last that come, for Miss Brown's baby had the mumps, and otherwise couldn't leave; and the Ripleys had unexpected company. But with Miss Jones, where the quiltin' party was held, and her girls, Mary Anne and Alzina, we made as many as could set round the quilt comfortable.

The quilt was made of different kinds of calico; all the wimmen round had pieced a block or two, and we took up a kollection to get the batten and linin' and the cloth to set it together with, which was turkey red, and come to quilt it it looked well; we quilted it herrin'-bone, and a running vine around the border. After the pathmaster was demorelized, the school-mistress tore to pieces, the party to Ripleys scandelized, Miss Brown's baby voted an unquestionable idiot, and the rest of the unrepresented neighborhood delt with, Lucinder Dobbs spoke up, and sez she:

"I hope the minister will like the bed-quilt." (Lucinder is the one that studies mathematics to disipline her mind and has the Roman nose).

"It ain't noways likely he will," sez her sister Ophelia (she is the one that has her hair frizzled on top and wears spectacles), "It ain't noways likely he will, he is a cold man, a stone statute."

Now, you see, I set my eyes by the minister; he is always doin' good to somebody, besides preachin' more like a angel than a human bein'. I can't never forget, nor I don't want to, how he took hold of my hand, and how his voice trembled and the tears stood in his eyes, when my little Joe died; pretty little lamb, he was in his infant class, and he loved him; you see such things cut deep, and there is some lines you can't rub out, if you try ever so hard. And I wasn't goin' to set still and see him run down; you see it riled up the old Smith blood, and when that is riled Josiah says he always takes his hat and leaves till it settles. And I spoke up, and sez I:

"Lucky for him he was made of stone before he was merried, for common flesh and blood," sez I, "would have gin out a hundred times, chaste round by the girls as he was." (You see it was the town talk how Ophelia acted before he was merried, and she almost went into a decline, and took heaps of motherwort and fetty).

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Allen," sez she, turning red as a brick. "I never heard of his bein' chaste; I know I never could bear the sight of him."

"The distant sight," sez Mary Ann Jones.

Ophelia looked so mad at that that I don't know but she would have pricked her with her quiltin' needle if old Miss Graves hadn't spoke up. She is a fat old lady with a double chin, "mild and lovely," as Mount Vernon's sister. She always agrees with everybody; Thomas Jefferson, Josiah's boy by his first wife, calls her "Woolen Aprons," for one day he sez he heard her say to a neighbor, "I don't like woolen aprons, do you?" "Why, yes, Miss Graves, I do." "Wall, so do I." But good old soul, if we was all such, peacemakers as she is, we should be pretty sure of heaven, though Thomas J. said that if Satan should ask her to go the other way, she would go rather than hurt his feelings; I jest told him to shet up his weekedness, and he shet up.

As I said, she looked mildly up over her spectacles and nodded her purple cap ribbons two or three times, and said, "Yes, jest so," to both of us, and then she was so afraid that we wouldn't think she was jinein' with both of us, ser she, "Yes, Miss Allen," "Jest so, Ophelia." And then to change the subject, sez she, "Has the minister's wife got home yet?"

"I think not," said Maggie Snow. "I was to the village day before yesterday, and she had not come then."

"I suppose her mother is well off," sez the widder Tubs, "and as long as she stays there she saves the minister five dollars a week. I should think she would stay all summer."

The widder is about as savin' a woman as belongs to the meetin' house.

"It don't look well for her to be gone so long," sez Lucinder Dobbs. "I am very much afraid it will make talk."

"Mebby it will save the minister five dollars a week," sez Ophelia, "as extravagant as she is in dress, as many as four silk dresses she has got, and folks as good as she is in the congregation hain't got but one, and a certain person *full* as good as she is, that hain't got any," (Ophelia's best dress is poplin) "it won't take her long to run out the minister's salary."

"She had her silk dresses before she was merried, and her folks was wealthy," said Miss Squire Edwards.

"As much as we have done and are still doing for them, it seems ungrateful in her,'' sez Lucinder, "to wear such a bonnet as she wore all last summer, a plain white straw with a little bit of white ribbon on it; it looked so scrimped and stingy. I have thought she wore it on purpose to mortify us before the Baptists, jest as if we couldn't afford to dress our minister's wife as good as they did theirs."

Maggie Snow's cheeks was gittin' red as fire, and her eyes begun to shine jest as they did that day we found some boys stonin' her cat. You see, she and the minister's wife are the greatest friends that ever was. And I see she couldn't hold in much longer; she was jest openin' her mouth to speak when the door opened and in walked Betsy Bobbet.

"Why, it seems to me you are late, Betsy," said Miss Jones; "but walk rite into the spare bed-room and take off your things."

"Things?" said Betsy, "who cares for things?" and she dropped into the nearest rockin'-chair and commenced rockin' violently.

Betsy Bobbet was a humble critter. But we hadn't no time to meditate on her, for as Miss Jones asked her agin to take off her things, she broke out:

"Would that I had died when I was an infant babe!"

"Amen!" whispered Mary Ann Jones to Maggie Snow.

"What is the matter, Betsy?" said Miss Jones.

"Yes, do," said Miss Deacon Graves.

"Matter enuff!" sez she; "no wonder we have earthquakes and jars! I heard the news jest before I started, and it made me weak as a cat; I had to stop to every house on the way down to rest, and not a soul had heard of it till I told 'em. Such a turn as it gave me I shan't get over it for a week; but it is jest as I always told you; I always said the minister's wife wasn't any too good. It didn't surprise me, not a bit."

"You can't tell me one wrod against Mary Linden that I will believe," said Maggie Snow.

"You will admit that the minister went north last Tuesday, won't you?"

Seven wimmen spoke up to once and said, "Yes, his mother was took sick, and they telegraphed for him."

"So he said," sneered Betsy Bobbet, "so he said; I believe it's for good."

"Oh dear!" shrieked Ophelia Dobbs, "I shall faint away; ketch hold of me, somebody."

"Ketch hold of yourself," said I severely, and then sez I to Betsy, "I don't believe he's run away any more than I believe I am the next President of the United States of America."

"Well, if he hain't he'll wish he had," sez she. "His wife came night before last on the cars."

"Four wimmen said "Did she?" two said "Do tell," and three opened their mouths and looked at her speechless; amongst the last was Miss Deacon Graves. I spoke in a kollected manner, and sez I, "What of it?"

"Yes, what of it?" said she. "I believe the poor man mistrusted it all out, and run away from trouble and disgrace."

"How dare you!" sez Maggie Snow, "speak the word disgrace in connection with Mary Linden?"

"How dare I?" sez Betsy Bobbet. "Ask Jake Coleman, as it happened I got it from his own mouth; it didn't come through two or three."

"Get what?" sez I; "if you can speak the English language, Betsy Bobbet, and have got sense enuff to tell a straight story, tell it and be done with it," sez I.

"Well, jest as I came out of the gate to our house," sez she, "Jake Coleman came along, and sez he, 'Betsy, I have got something to tell you,' sez he; 'I want to tell somebody that can keep it; it ought to be kept,' sez he; and then he went on and told; sez he, 'Miss Linden has got home, and she didn't come alone, neither.' Sez I, 'What do you mean?' He looked as mysterious as a ghost, and sez he, 'I mean what I say,' sez he; 'I drove the carriage home from the depot,' and sez he, 'as my name is Jake Coleman, I heard her talking to somebody she called Hugh (you know her husband's name is Charles); I heard her tell this Hugh that she loved him, loved him better than the whole world.' And then he made me promise not to tell; but he said he heard not only one kiss, but fourteen or fifteen. Now," sez Betsy, "what do you think of the minister's wife?"

"Good heavens!" cried Ophelia Dobbs, "am I deceived? is this a phantagory of the brain, or have I got ears? Have I got ears?" she continued, glaring wildly at me.

"You can feel and see," sez I, shortly.

"Will he live with the wretched creature?" kontinude Ophelia. "No, he will get a divorcement from her; such a tender-hearted man as he is, too. If ever a man wanted a comforter in a tryin' time he is the man, and to-morrow I will go and comfort him.

"I guess you will find him first," said Betsy Bobbet. "And I guess if he was found, there is a certain person he would be as glad to see as he would another certain person."

"There is some mistake," said Maggie Snow. "Jake Coleman is always joking."

"It was a male," said Lucinder Dobbs, "else why did she call him Hugh? You have all heard the minister say his wife hadn't a relative on earth except her mother and a maiden aunt; it couldn't have been her mother, and it couldn't have been the maiden aunt, for her name was Martha instead of Hugh. Besides," she kontinude, for she had so hardened her mind with mathematics, that she could grapple the hardest fact and floor it, so to speak. "Besides," sez she, "the maiden aunt died a year and a-half ago; that settles the matter conclusively that it was not the maiden aunt."

"I have thought something was on the minister's mind all the spring," said the widder Tubbs. "I have spoken to sister Ann about it a number of times." Then she kinder rolled up her eyes, just as she does in class-meetin', and sez she, "It's an awful dispensation, but I hope he'll turn it into a means of grace; I hope his speritool strength will be renewed. But," sez she, "I have borryed a great deal of trouble about his bein' so handsome; I have noticed that handsome ministers don't turn out well; they most always have somethin' happen to 'em sooner or later; but I hope he'll be led."

"Well, I never thought that Miss Linden was any too good," said Betsy Bobbet.

"Neither did I," said Lucinda Dobbs.

"She has turned out jest as I always thought she would," said Ophelia, "and I have just as good an opinion of her as I have of them that stand up for her."

Maggie Snow spoke up then; jest as clear as a bell her voice sounded; she ain't afraid of anybody, for she is Lawyer Snow's only child and has been to Boston to school. Sez she "Aunt Allen," (she is a little related to me on her mother's side) "Aunt Allen, why is it that, as a general rule, the very worst folks are the ones to suspect other folks of being bad?"

Sez I, "Maggie, they draw their pictures from memory." And sez I, "They want to pull down other folkses reputations, for they feel as if their own goodness was in a totterin' condition, and if they fall they want something to fall on, so as to come down easier like."

Maggie Snow laughed, and so did Miss Edwards and the Joneses; but Betsy Bobbett and the Dobbs girls looked black as Erobious. And sez Betsy Bobbet to me, sez she, "I shouldn't think, Josiah Allen's wife, that you would countenance such conduct."

"I will first know there is wrong conduct," sez I. Sez I, "Miss Linden's face is jest as innocent as a baby's, and I ain't agoin' to mistrust any evil out of them pretty brown eyes till I'm obleeged to."

Just at this minute the hired girl came in and said supper was ready, and we all went out to eat. Miss Jones said there wasn't anything on the table fit to eat, and she was afraid we couldn't make out; but we did have a splendid supper, good enuff for the Zero of Rushy.

We hadn't more'n got up from the supper table and got back into the parlor, when we heard a knock onto the front door. Miss Jones went and opened it, and who, of all the live world, should walk in but the mintster! The faces of the wimmen as he entered would have been a study for Michael Angelico, or any of the old painters. Miss Jones was so flustrated that she asked him the first thing to take his bonnet off, then she bethought herself and sez she, "How's your mother?" before she had sot him a chair or anything. But he looked jest as pleasant and composed as ever, though his eyes kinder laughed. And he thanked her and told her he left his mother, the day before, a good deal better; and then he turned to Maggie Snow, and sez he:

"I have come after you, Miss Maggie," sez he. "My wife came home night before last, and wanted to see you so bad that I told her as I had business pass your house I would call for you as I went home, and your mother told me you was here. I think I know," sez he, "why she wants to see you so very much now; she is so proud of our boys she can't wait till—"

"Your boys!" gasped nine wimmen to once.

"Yes," sez he, smilin' more pleasant than I ever see him. "I know you will wish me joy. We have a nice little boy, little Hugh, for wife has named him already for her father. He is a fine healthy little fellow, almost two months old."

It wouldn't have done any good for Michael Angelico to have been there then, nor Mr. Ruben, nor none of the rest of them we read of, for if they had their paletes and easelses all ready they never could have doue justice to the face of Betsy Bobbet and the Dobbs girls, and as for Miss Deacon Graves, her spectacles fell off unnoticed, and she opened her mouth so wide that it was very doubtful to me if she could ever shet it agin. And, as for me, I was truly happy enuff to sing the Te Deus.

Maggie Snow flew out of the room to put on her bonnet, with her face shinin' like a cherubin; and, as I lived half a mile on the road they was goin', and the quilt was most off, and he had two horses, and insisted, I rode with 'em, and I hain't seen none of the quilters sence.

### FAIRLEE EXCITED.

Violin Musicians Combative.

We hear that our down town violinist owned a violin, minus the strings. Up town violinist agreed to string-up the instrument by being granted the privilege to draw the bow across them occasionally. The agreement is confirmed and the instrument is forthwith strung, and East End reverberates with strains of sweet music produced by the sweetly drawn bow of Kilrain, the *up town* musician. Sullivan, the *down town* musician, hears the strains and is enthusiastic, and he thinks it about time for him to show *his skillful* manipulation of the bow. The two meet and hold a consultation. Sullivane wants the violin for the evening; by his solicitation the instrument is handed him.

Sullivan—Now, I have it, and I shall keep it, (enviously).

Kilrain—Allright, give me the strings, (contemptuously).

Sullivan—No, sir; you *shall never have them*, (pugnaciously).

Kilrain—*Never have them, eh!*

With this he grabs and entangles his fingers in the tightened chords; now which is the strongest, Sullivan, Kilrain or the fiddle strings remains to be solved. Well, sir, the strings give way and Kilrain's posessions are fragmentary. I do not have direct allusion to the strings, now, but the appearance of his collar, and the general make-up of the man, showed that shortly after he grabbed the violin Sullivan must have grabbed him, who he *did* with a *vengeance*, too. Kilrain was calm, but Sullivan was nervous, and languidly released his hold, stood back, looking as if he wished for a bottle of ammonnia. Kilrain was willing to be released. By this time Sullivan's nerves are composed, and he gently informs his antagonist that as soon as he *fully recovers* he intends to walk up to the East End and *clean* out the village, that part of it anyway. Now, do you wonder at us being in a state of inquietude and excitement, Messrs Editors? SHARP SIMON.

KNOWLEDGF, like money, increases responsibility in proportion to the amount obtained.

A LITTLE knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

## SAVED AT LAST.

The Garrote, an Instrument of Execution in the Philippine Islands.

Preparations for an Execution That Didn't Take Place.

I went to see a criminal execution by the method known as the "garrote." When I reached the spot the avenue and the roadway leading the to jail was packed with natives of all shades, as was every place in the vicinity where a view of the field and scaffold was possible. I believe there were fully 10,000 natives there—men, women and children—and as they have a weakness for bright colors in their scanty garments they formed a veritable "circus poster" picture. In a double hollow square around the scaffold was a regiment of infantry, Spanish and native, and a cavalry company occupied a position in double line at the extreme right. Under the bamboo trees that line the avenue and jail roadway, and in the shade of the jail wall, were gathered groups of Europeans and Spanish army officers, but the soldiers and native spectators were exposed to the direct rays of the sun, which I could not have endured for any great length of time. I was armed with a good sun umbrella, but I sought a shady place under some bamboo trees just as soon as I could get there.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GARROTE.

To the left of the centre of the field stood the scaffold and "garrote." A merely casual glance at it is calculated to send a thrill of horror through every fiber of the body, for it seems to be one of the cruelest instruments of death imaginable. It can be briefly described. It consists of only a strong upright post, midway upon which projects a piece of inch board for the condemned to sit upon. It isn't very comfortable, but he probably never gives it a thought after the execution begins. Above the seat, placed at a proper height to catch the prisoner's neck, is the "garrote." It is a screw lever attached to an iron collar, and looks as though it might be a letter copying press slightly reconstructed. The screw does not pass through the post, but through a flat iron band which passes around to the front, being held in place by grooves in the wood. The condemned, with his hands and feet heavily manacled, is placed upon the seat and his body is bound firmly with cords to the upright post. The flat iron band is then clasped securely about his throat, and at a signal from the proper official the executioner begins to turn the screw very much as you would the screw on a copying press. The neck of the prisoner is gradually pressed back against the post, the flat iron is drawn tighter and tighter against the throat, blood starts from the mouth and nostrils, the tongue is forced out over the chin and the man dies in the most horrible manner.

The executioner, who stands behind the victim, in full view of every one, must have an exceedingly peculiar mind, to say the least. Fortunately, a black cap is drawn completely over the head and face of the condemned, and the fearful contortions of his face cannot be seen, but one can readily imagine how the face looks as the iron collar slowly chokes the life out.

Presently a procession of about a dozen black robed priests, several acolytes and a delegation from the Society of Peace and Charity came moving slowly up the avenue, and turned into the jail to give the prisoner the last consolations of his religion. They carried a large silken banner, heavily weighted and decorated with pure silver embroidery and filagree work, in the centre of which was a most artistically executed oil painting of the Virgin Mary, while the acolytes carried crucifixes and a pail of holy water, all of solid silver.

The procession passed into the jail yard to the chapel, where the prisoner sat under guard, waiting for the final summons. And oh, what a pitiful sight he presented!

Promptly at 8 o'clock—to the second—a small bell in the jail yard sounded and a guard appeared with a pair of heavy handcuffs, which were quickly clasped upon the wrists of the trembling prisoner. He was lifted to his feet, but seemed too weak to walk, and was supported on either side by a jail guard. Near him stood a priest, who whispered words of encouragement to him occasionally, and a procession was formed for the march to the scaffold. In advance walked an altar boy with a large bell, which he tolled monotonously as he moved along, and then came the prisoner and guards, followed by the peiests and acolytes bearing the beautiful silver banner. On each side marched a file of soldiers, and the jail officials and a few privileged spectators brought up the rear. The solemn procession moved slowly out of the chapel through the jail yard, a distance of perhaps twenty yards, and into the outer yard to the main gate, about forty yards further, and down the roadway to the field. At this point the commander of the military placed himself at the head of the column, and marched with it to the foot of the steps leading to the scaffold.

The executioner dressed in an ordinary business suit, had already reached his post, had given the screw leaver a turn or two to see it it was in proper working order, and had placed the ropes so that the prisoner could be quickly bound to the upright beam. He threw open the iron throat clasp, hung his hat on the top of the post and was ready to proceed with his part of the transaction.

SNATCHED FROM DEATH.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd near the jail entrance and a man was seen working his way toward the scaffold. The lines of soldiers opened and Senor Pinto, one of the aids or "ayudantes" of the governor general, rushed into full view, shouting:

"Stop! Stop! In the name of her majesty."

Paobably the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed in real life then followed. As Senor Pinto hurried across the field the priests on the scaffold knew at once what had occurred, and they set up a wild shout:

"He lines! Long live the queen!"

"You're not to die; the queen has pardoned you!" some one shouted in the prisoner's ear, as he sank to the floor in a dead faint.

Then the vast multitude began to realize what had occurred, and from 10,000 throats arose the wild cry:

"He lives! Long live the queen!"

"Viva! Viva! Viva!"

Then the priests raised the bewildered prisoner on their shoulders, and he passionately kissed the image of the Virgin on the beautiful banner, while the crowd raised a deafening shout of:

"Viva! Viva! Viva!"

He had at least realized that he was not to die, and his tear-stained face beamed with joy and gratitude. The crowd, now released from restraint, cried and shouted, and gave vent to its feelings in every possible way. The march from the scaffold back to the jail was quickly done, the thousands of spectators following closely behind, shouting lustily until the outer gates were closed in their faces, and then the intense excitement began to decrease. The crowd soon dispersed, and within a few hours all traces of the exciting event had been removed.—*Manilla Correspondent of the St. Louis Republican.*

## A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

How Near a Wealthy Baker Came to Being Stuffed With Straw.

[*From the Paris Figaro.*]

A rich foreigner named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the court and in high favor with the Empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards and that Reliew, the minister of police, desired to speak with him. This personage, entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Southerland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me, and I am ignorant as to how you can so far have excited the resentment of her majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; "but what are your orders?"

"I have not the courage to tell you."

"Have I lost the confidence of the Empress?"

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled. Confidence may return--position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country? or, good heavens!" cried the banker, trembling, "does the Empress think of banishing me to Siberia?"

"Alas! you might some day return."

"Am I to be knouted?"

"This punishment is fearful, but it does not kill."

"Is my life, then, in peril? I cannot believe that the Empress, usually so mild, so gentle—who spoke to me so kindly but two days since—'tis impossible! For heaven's sake, let me know the worst. Anything is better than this intolerable suspense."

"Well, then," said Reliew in a melancholy tone, "my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you stuffed."

"Stuffed!" cried the poor banker, horrified.

"Yes, stuffed with straw."

Sutherland looked fixedly at the Minister of Police an instant, and exclaimed:

"Sire, either you have lost your reason or the Empress is not in her right sense; surely, you did not receive such a command without endeavoring to point out its unreasonableness, its barbarity."

"Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have dared to attempt; I manifested my grief, my consternation; I even hazarded a humble remonstrance; but her Imperial Majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence and see her commands obeyed at once, adding these words, which still ring in my ears: 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'"

It would be impossible to describe the horror, the despair of the unhappy banker. After waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliew informed him that he would allow him a quarter of an hour to settle his worldly affairs. Sutherland went and prayed, and entreated the minister to take a petition from him to the empress. Overcome by his supplications, the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the missive; but, afraid to return to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of the English ambassador very naturally supposed the minister had become insane, but, bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible. On hearing this strange recital, the Empress exclaimed:

"Merciful heaven! what a dreadful mistake! Reliew must have lost his wits. Run quickly, my lord, I beg, and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately."

The English ambassador left the room to do as her Majesty required, and on his return found the Empress laughing immoderately.

"I see, now," said she, "the cause of this inconceivably absurb blunder. I had, for some years, a little dog, to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the English gentleman who presented him to me. This dog has just died, and I gave Reliew orders to have him stuffed. As he hesitated, I became angry, supposing that from a foolish excess of pride he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."

NAUGHTY GIRLS.—Some gay girls in a school in Macon, Ga., thought to have some fun with one of the professors, who is young and devoted to his books. So they dressed a dummy in girl's attire and dropped it from the window above the professor's room so that it would fall past the window at which he usually sat. As the dummy was dropped one of the jokers gave a piercing shriek. The professor heard the shriek, saw the falling form, rushed downstairs with a white face, bent anxiously over the prostrate and motionless figure, and then attempted to lift it. Then he turned and went quickly to his room with a very red face, while the wretched girls giggled exasperatingly.

REMEMBER that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

IT is good to put bother away over night. It all straightens out in the morning.

TO BE really yourself you must be different from those around you.

LEARN to say kind and gentle things whenever opportunity offers.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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| One square, three insertions or less - - | $1.00 |
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—SUCH AS—
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
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executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

This Writer Must Be a Woman.

There isn't a man in the world but thinks a woman has an easy time, and there isn't one, if he had to go through the fuss and bother of being one, who wouldn't be in an insane asylum in less than a year. In the first place you must look well. A man may be as ugly as home-made sin and still be popular. Whiskers cover up the face, and even though he has a mouth big enough to take in a whole mince pie at a single bite, nobody suspects it. If he has wrinkles, nobody thinks he is getting old, but talk about the lines of care on his forehead. Lines of care! humph! In nine cases out of ten those lines of care were caused by him scolding his wife when dinner was two minutes late, or when one of those masculine buttons popped off, and, oh my, what a hulabaloo he sets up then. But nobody says anything about lines of care on her forehead. Oh, no! And a man's nose might put on a blood red beet to shame; but nobody suspects he drinks. Oh, no! A woman must always be just so, must look charming and sweet, no matter how sour she feels; she must sing and play on the piano and say something nice to everybody. Her dress must hang and fit just so, have the latest pucker, even if it was made in old Noah's time. She must wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 5 foot, and look well dressed on 75 cents a week. She can't go out alone at night, as woman must be protected; she can't be a Freemason, as she'd tell all about the goat and the greased pig, she can't whistle, climb fences, stone cats, or say what she feels when she gets mad. She can't go a-courting, but must manage some way to get married before she is 25, or everybody will feel terribly hurt over it and sigh and wonder why she "don't take" and all the old maids and widows in the neighborhood will smile and nudge each other. Oh, these significant glances are fifty times worse than open slander. It's an awful thing to be an old maid and everybody knows it. Even the women who are married to drunken husbands, and fight and quarrel the seven days out of the week, live in an agony of spirit over her and talk about the poor old maid. And if she has had a sweetheart once, and he goes with any one else now, people smile when they see her and quietly remark: "She got left," when, in all probability, he was the one got left. But she must marry well, and marry well means marry rich, and to get married, in some people's minds, is the whole aim of a woman's existence. And when a woman does get married the whole town put their heads together and talk over the matter; if she is good enough for him; no mention is made whether he is good enough for her or not. Oh! no. Then they will relate anecdotes, how stingy her grandfather was; how lazy her aunt Polly was, and how her grandmother used to sell beans and butter milk, and sweeten her coffee with molasses. She must be a good cook, and do up her husband's shirts so that when he goes down town, past a Chinese laundry, John will gnash his teeth, grow green and yellow with hate and envy, and twirl his pig tail in the air with the same unholy passion. She must be able to lay her hand on everything in a second's time that her lord and master may want, for a man never knows where to find anything. He will put the bootjack away, tenderly hide it in the darkest corner of the closet, then he'll turn the house upside down, from the top to the bottom, and suddenly appeal to his wife, with a countenance like that of the avenging angel, and demand: "What in thunder have you done with the bootjack?" She must shut all the doors, likewise all the bureau drawers, for a man never was known to shut either. A woman always has to go to bed first in cold weather. He never asks her to do this. Oh, no; wants to "finish this piece in the paper, dear," and waits until she has the sheets to a comfortable temperature. She must always take care of the baby, even though the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half or three-fourth of a dozen as the case may be. If he doubles up with the colic, whooping cough or the necessary evils of cutting teeth, paregoric, bad temper, short sleeves, bare legs and pins sticking in him, he wants to know why she don't keep her baby quiet, and speaks as if she alone was to blame for the racket. When she feels bad nobody tucks a shawl over her on the couch, or coddles her as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances. Nobody closes the door any softer when her head is splitting with a headache. Now, if there is a man living who thinks a woman has an easy time, just let him have his hair pulled on the top of his head and a pound more pinned on that, get into a pair of corsets, tie half a dozen Republics around his waist, get into a dress that he can't more than breathe in, and can't put his hands to his head without popping open a sleeve, and be a woman awhile and see how he likes it himself.—*Douglas Lee in St. Louis Republic.*

## Dots for Good Girls.

Don't discuss your family affairs in general conversation.

Don't give your photographs to men, and dn't ask them for theirs.

Don't make yourself conspicuous at any time by loud laughing or talking.

Don't fail to try to always be frank and just and generous, and above all try to be womanly.

Don't wear an evening dress to a quiet afternoon reception; don't go without a hat or bonnett.

Don't feel it necessary to bow to a man you have met at a ball or party afterward unless you want to continue the acquaintance.

Don't offer to shake hands when a man is introduced to you, and don't think it necessary when he says good-bye, unless he first extends his.

Don't allow any man to treat you with anything but the greatest respect. Resent as an impertinence any approach to familiarity of speech or action.

Don't boast that you do not read the newspapers, as many girls do nowadays. Don't think it necessary to read all the daily or weekly journals contain, but keep yourself posted on art, literary, social and political topics of the day.

STUDY the character of each and sympathize with all in their troubles, however smalll.