Kent News.

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THE 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.

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Established 1862.

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For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

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Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

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—WITH—

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

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JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

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(Successors to CREW & IRELAND.)

FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK

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Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. Reference National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

E. C. CROW,

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(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).

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FOR THE SALE OF

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

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Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

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Returns sent promptly. tf.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. BARNARD.

HAVING opened an office at the residence of Norris Barnard's for the practice of Dentistry, I beg leave to say that I will be in attendance there to receive patients at any time with the exception of MONDAY and TUESDAY of each week. All modern appliances. Anesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. jl5-2m.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CARALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,

—GRADUATE OF—

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CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN - - MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House

Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. MCFEELY'S

THE AXE AT WORK!

THE BIGGEST OPPORTUNITY of a bright and busy season to get the finest and best made clothing at hitherto unheard of prices. We have literally cut the profits out of many lines of goods to clear out our immense stock of elegant suits, and will give every reader the proof of what we say by mentioning a few items.

Read Carefully!

Think Seriously!

Order Promptly!

MEN'S SUITS:

$7.12 will buy an elegant suit in Cheviot, Cassimere, or other choice fabric, good enough for parlor, church or travel, and looks (and is) the equal of any $12 to $15 tailored suit. It's an elegant suit, talk as you will, and hasn't a cheap thing about it.

Our $15 Men's Suits are Reduced from $18, $20 and $25, are match $15 for the money anywhere. Imported Cheviots, Cassimeres, Diagonals and other textures; and abounding in novel conveniences. A supurb combination of convenience and style.

Then we grade lower in price towards even $4 for a working suit up to $20 and $25 for a suit for a prince. And it's the same with the Juvenile Department. Thousands of Shirt Waists in percales, flannels, etc., for about one-half the regular price—from 20 cents upwards to $2. Thousands of BOY'S SUITS ranging from $1.50 to even $15, but the gem in this collection is the $5 Knee Pants' Suit, whose like and equal can't be found for less than $10 anywhere else, with all the risk of disappointment thrown in. Hats for boys—you never saw so many styles and beauties and at such prices; those formerly $1.50 now 75 cents; some formerly $1 now 50 cents; and hundreds for 25 cents were 50 cents and $1.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

5 & 7 W. BALTIMORE STREET, 1 DOOR FROM CHARLES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

F. J. CARTER

—THE PAINTER—

And PAPER HANGER,

Has just received his Spring Stock of

WALL PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES

—AND—

PICTURE-FRAME MATERIALS!

GILT PAPER from 12½ cents up.

HORTSHORNE SPRING-ROLLER SHADE

from 45 cents up.

A GUARANTEED

Holland Window-Shade Spring Roller for ONLY 75 CENTS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

A call will be appreciated.

Near the "Voshell House."

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

New Man! New Goods!

In order to meet the demands we have in store a LARGE LINE OF

NEW SPRING GOODS!

Believing that such an assortment will, with the LOW PRICES at which we are are offering them, be the leaver with which to build up a good trade.

We are prepared to sell

Flour by the Pound, Sack or Barrel

AT LOW RATES,

also, Salt by sack, peck or pint. We keep in store everything in the Grocery Line, such as the best

TEAS, COFFEES, SUGAR, LARD,

CREAM CHEESE, GARDEN SEED,

LIME, WHITEWASH BRUSHES,

and in fact what you do not see, ask for; think we have it.

Thanking our friends for past patronage we hope, with square dealings and small profits, to have them continue the same.

Yours, very respectfully,

CHAS. A. ROUSE,

8-tf. BRANNOCKSBURG, MD.

T. W ELIASON, JR.

BUILDING LUMBER.

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH, SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, CYPRESS FENCING.

THE LARGEST STOCK, OF SEASONED LUMBER, IN THE COUNTY,

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

DO NOT BUY without giving me an opportunity to make estimates for you.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 9, 1889.

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.

FOR SALE.

200,000 Peach Baskets,

—ALSO—

BERRY CHESTS and BOXES!

ALL IN FIRST CLASS ORDER AND GUARANTEED.

I am now ready to take orders and am prepared to deliver by rail or water, just as it suits customers. Thankful for past patronage I ask a continuation of the same.

THOS. E. NORRIS, Ag't.,

m25-2m. STILL POND, KENT CO. MD.

PEACH BASKETS!

PEACH BOXES!

To my Patrons and Others:

I DESIRE to notify you that I have made arrangements with a Basket Manufacturer to supply me during the ENTIRE season with all the Baskets I may want, and am now prepared to

Furnish You Baskets

with the same promptness and CERTAINTY that I have for years been supplying Boxes; and in my opinion the BASKET is one of the best I ever saw, AND AS GOOD AS CAN BE MADE, and at as low price as they can be sold. Do not purchase until you see the Basket and ascertain the price.

ALSO, PEACH BOXES,

as usual in Shooks or made up. A concentration of your orders will enable me to purchase lower and keep you supplied. I will only refer to my past Box business as a guarantee of my faithful performance of the above.

In due time my factory, as usual, will be open where you can get any kind of package you may desire to ship your fruit in.

Also Peach Ladders and Picking Baskets.

For prices &c., address

R. S. EMORY,

jl-2m. CHESTERTOWN.

—THE NEW—

{HIGH-ARM}

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

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

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

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

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

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

CHAS. J. REICHE,

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

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET., CHESTERTOWN,

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

JAMES A. SHAW,

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

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

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Sozoine, 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,

jl2. Court Street, Chestertown.

TO MOTHERS.

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

HANGING IS A PAINLESS DEATH.

An Experience With a Rope.

While in Idaho, in the autumn of 1888, northeast slope of Carriboo Mountain, Bingham county, I learned that a neighboring gold placer miner had once been hanged by robbers to extort a disclosure of the hiding place of his "clean up" of gold dust—some $12,000 or more. Here seemed to be a chance to get information from first hands; testimony more full and trustworthy than any I have ever seen produced for publication.

The man is an Irishman, with but a slight, though veritable residue of brogue to distinguish him from other frontiersmen. His reputation is that of a very close, very shrewd, very determined old bachelor; hard working in the extreme, expert and successful as a business man, especially in extracting gold from gravel by the help of water—whether by pipe, rocker, or pan—and probably worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars.

I found him in his low-brewed, sod-roofed cabin; no companion but his cat, no furniture but a dingy bunk, a few rough chairs, and a stove, a pair of gold scales sitting on the window-ledge, some clippings from illustrated papers pasted on the walls, and (suggestive of the terrible mountain winters) a pair of the snow shoes universally used thereabouts, 10 or 12 feet long, by 4 to 6 inches wide, thin and elastic.

The old man, despite his reputation for crustiness, always seemed to take to me, and we strolled out to the placer which had been his working place for over 16 years. It was a desolation of boulder strewn rock-bed, a few acres in extent, bordered by McCoy creek on one side and on the other by the face of the gravel bank containing unknown millions of cubic yards of "pay dirt." Seating ourselves on convenient boulders we fell into talk. Said I:

"They tell me that some robbers strung you up to make you tell where you kept your dust."

"They did sir."

"Well, now, there's been a great discussion going on among humane people as to whether hanging is or is not a painful death; whether murderers can't be put an end to in some more merciful way. Have you heard about it?"

"I don't believe I have."

"Well, it's so, anyway. And I guess you know more about the subject in a minute than the philanthropists can find out in a year."

He laughed. "I shouldn't wonder."

"I wish you'd tell me all about it. The world ought to know what you know, and I may publish what you say if you have no objection; but I don't need to give your name. Don't talk about it if you don't want to; but I hope you won't mind giving me the facts."

"Not the least in the world."

"Well, does a man suffer when he is hanged?"

[I omit my own interlocutions and put his answer into a single paragraph, in order that it may be copied by papers which cannot find room for the whole narrative.]

"When the rope first squeezes a man's neck it hurts his skin somewhat. My neck and throat were sore and swelled for a week after I was robbed. But just as soon as the pressure is on he knows no more about it. I just went to sleep, and that was the end of it until I began to come to. They strung me up three times before I would tell, and between times they were thrusting their guns in my face as I sat in a chair with my arms tied, they threatening to blow my brains out; but I just said I had no dust. The last time, I judge, I was a long time coming to; I guess they thought I was dead. When I woke up, kind of dazed like, I was sitting in the chair, and they were hunting around the place. Then they threw the rope over the beam again, and I pointed to a stone in the hearth; they dug there, and got a tomato-can full of dust—about $6,000. They wanted more, and were going to hang me again; but I told them that that was every dollar I had and they could kill me if they liked. It was getting daylight then, and they went off. I sat quiet and stupid till the neighbors came and put me in bed."

The simple-hearted, unexcited business-like earnestness of the old man left not a doubt in my mind of the entire truth of every word he uttered. We walked back to his cabin and sat down. The one room was ceiled with cotton cloth nailed to the rafters and whitewashed. Under this two poles ran across from wall to wall.

"They stopped at a neighbor's and took what they could get—that was after midnight. Then they came on here and knocked at my door. I got up and lighted my lamp and went and opened the door. I could just see a lot of men with white cloth over their faces, with holes for the eyes, and every one had a gun pointed at me. I thought some of the boys were playing a joke on me, but they pushed me back and came in. They had a long halter rope with 'em they had stolen from the other house, but they took down my clothes line and tied my arms."

"Didn't they say a word?"

"Oh, yes; they were shouttin' and hollerin' all the time—cussin' and swearin' an' askin' me where I had my clane-up."

"What did you say?"

"I guess I told 'em to go to h—, that I had sent off my clane-up—or something, I disremember what."

"Then what did they say?"

"Oh, they hollered 'Kill him! Hang him up!' and more of the like. Then they put the halter rope 'round me neck and threw the other end over the bame there. (Pointing to the cross-stick nearest the door.) They stood me up under it and asked me if I would tell. And when I shook my head they pulled me up."

"After they let you down the last time where were you?"

"Settin' in that rockin' chair there. An' there I sat till after daylight, when the neighbors came from the house they went to before they came to mine."

"What did you say and do?"

"I couldn't say much. They gave me a drink of water, and tied a rag 'round my neck, and laid me down on the bed there. And I could see that the divvies had missed a canfull of dust that stood right open on the shelf behind the stove. It was so open and careless lookin' they never touched it. It had between four and five thousand in it."

The keen gray eyes twinkled amid their wrinkles at the recollection of this sweet canfull of preserved consolation. Our further talk at that time related to what he thought from hearsay to have been the fate of the robbers. He fancied he recognized the leader of the gang, and, if he was right as to identity, the brute was afterwards hanged by vigilantes in Montana for another crime.

The man I have spoken of is still in the neighborhood where I saw him. I think what he says is true; I know that my report of it is true and reasonably full. I am willing to give his name and address to any person interested in the rope vs. electricity question, and I do give my own.—*Joseph Kirkland in America.*

HOW TO BATHE.

Everybody washes his face and hands. Reflect for a moment upon the extraordinary refreshment given by that ablution, and then multiply it a thousand fold, and you have an idea of the good gained by a daily washing morning and a daily evening all-over-bath.

But how to bathe!

Many people find bathing a physical distress, a burden, a discomfort, by reason of the trouble they make about it. With the aid of a sponge the poorest equipped man may provide facilities for himself, his wife and children in this line of refreshment, but the ordinary user is where a bath tub is at his disposal. For such, a plunge is the best mode and a vigorous rubbing with a heavy crash towel immediately afterwards.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon this recreative operation. It opens the pores, it removes the dead skin, it sets in motion that marvelous system of exudation upon which health so largely depends; it gives the whole body a tonic and freshens every faculty. I have been using for many years a sedative water suggested to me by my old friend Dr. Otto Fullgraff, for twenty years at the head of one of the largest dispensaries, and to-day standing at the head of eclecticism with all that suggests. Take a whiskey bottle, or any other utensil of that capacity, put in it a cup of sea salt, a half ounce of camphor, a half ounce of ammonia; fill the bottle with hot water, and let it stand twenty-four hours; then when prepared to bathe with a sponge, put a teacupful of this mixture, well shaken, into your basin and bathe yourself.

You will be surprised at the dirt that will come from the cleanest skin!

The ammonia will cleanse the pores, the camphor and sea salt will impart a tonic, and the whole produce a beneficial effect which cannot be exaggerated. Do this night and morning, and you will find yourself not only beautiful in skin, but made strong and sturdy, healthful and therefore good natured.

Sense of Smell in a Horse.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, no matter however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to questioning sniffs, or from a bucket which some other odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has certified the fact by means of her nose. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opening to their accustomed feeding grounds; and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish the one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their guide to it. The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with its lips, is guided by its choice of proper food entirely by its nostrils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sight of which six real horses experienced the most violent emotions. Aelian judiciously observes that the most perfect art could not imitate nature sufficiently well to produce so perfect an illusion. Like Pliny and Pausania, he consequently affirms that "in casting the statue a magician had thrown hippomanes upon it" which by the odor of the plant, deceived the horses, and therein we have the secret of the miracle. The scent alone of a buffalo robe will cause many horses to evince lively terror, and the floating scent of a railroad train will frighten some long after the locomotive is out of sight and hearing.—*Horse and Stable.*

A Case in Point.

Husband—Now here's a thing Nellie, that I wish to ask your opinion about. I am reading some items of philosophy here and one of these items states that there is a fool in every family. What do you think of that?

Wife—Well, you lost $20 at poker the other night as you confessed to me?

H.—Yes, my dear.

W.—And you buy what is called pools sometimes with the expectation of making a great strike.

H.—Well, that's a fact. But what has that to do with there being a fool in every family?

W.—I am coming to it. Now you have left your family—the family composed of your brothers and sisters—you left your family when you married me.

H.—That's correct.

W.—Well, there's no fool in your family now.

Then the husband fell into deep meditation while his wife watched him out of the corner of her eye.—*Courier.*

BABIES MAY THIRST AS WELL AS ADULTS.—Here is a timely bit of advice: Do not forget to give baby (no matter how young) a drink of water every now and then. Some mothers never think of doing this and all the time the poor little thing is actually suffering for the want of water. Just a few drops will do at first; nothing will satisfy a child until it gets it. Some years ago I heard of a case where the child was sick. The mother sent for the doctor. He came, and after examining it carefully, said: "The child is dying for the lack of water. Bring me some and I'll show you." The result proved that he was right. All the mother said was: "I didn't know babies needed water."—*Albany Express.*

Can an Editor Be a Christian?

The Editor of "The Mail and Express" Answers with a Big "Yes."

The question should be answered by the mono-syllable affirmative in three letters, and that "Yes" printed in a whole column by itself, to call attention and give it more emphasis.

A Christian editor may at times have to use strong adjectives, as an artist who would paint a flame must apply burning pigments. He may often find it necessary to chronicle grave crimes, and other events, in order to give his readers an adequate mirror of the world and excite their indignation against such deeds. He may sometimes make mistakes in his judgments of men and their motives, but when convinced that he has done so, he will consider it an honor to do them justice and a disgrace to continue their perversion of all his fellow-creatures. He will be quick to detect the good which is in everybody and all things, no matter how latent or obscured. He will praise well-doing, though it be in an opponent or rival. He will stand for the constitution and the laws; for the inviolability of the ballot, either in its casting or counting; for public and private honesty and truthfulness; for everything that is lovely and of good report. He will neither himself be, nor allow any one in his employment to be, dishonest or untruthful, or subversive of any of the laws of God, including the fourth commandment. He will love to herald the good, bright, happy, noble things in the world, and to tell good things of everybody, being to their faults very blind and to their virtues very kind. He will be a helper in the community—the binder up of men's hearts and a lifter up of their lives. He will protect the defenceless. He will seek his country's welfare as it is given to him to see that welfare. He will endeavor to diffuse the spirit of amity among all classes of society. He will exercise a noble guardianship over the national honor at home and abroad, in financial, industrial, commercial, social and political matters. He will endeavor to make marriage attractive as God's first blessed institution among mankind. He will try to make every one feel that there can be no success in anything except along the lines of duty and of love. He will try to make men, women and children feel that dishonor alone is disaster; that purity alone is honorable; that goodness alone is successful; that benevolence is greater than enmity; that truth is better than falsehood; that poverty is impossible with a zealous spirit; that the giving of tithes is obligatory upon all men, no matter how large or how small may be their income; that faith is a necessary precedent to success.

Still, an editor may be, or endeavor to do, all of these things, and yet not be a Christian. Christianity is too infinite a thing to settle down into earthly forms, no matter how ingenious or ethereal. Christianity is the state of loving God supremely and one's neighbor as one's self. But neither any other man nor an editor can arrive at that state through the process indicated above. Christianity can only be obtained by repentance of sin and faith in our glorious Lord Jesus Christ and the regeneration of the Holy Spirit. If a man of that kind is an editor, then he will be the kind of an editor described above; but all those things will not make him that kind of a man. He has got to become a Christian through the same simple process as a shoemaker, a hod-carrier, miner or illiterate. And yet it is true that an editor of this last description cannot be such unless he is a Christian.

The reader may ask for some illustration of a Christian editor. Now, I would instance, among others, Philip Schaff, one of the most prolific writers and editors of this century, and yet in all his volumes of writings I would defy anybody to put a finger upon a single sentiment that does not appear clearly to emanate from a Christian spirit and with a Christian motive. In the weekly press of our country a much larger per centage of Christian editors is found than in the daily. And yet in nearly every daily press there will be at least one or more writers or editors who are Christians, and they sustain the weight and give whatever good character there is in the paper, although their influence may not be understood or acknowledged by their associates.

Let us hope that all the editors of the country are, or may speedily become, true Christians.—*Colonel Elliott F. Shepherd in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Mountain Forests Prevent Floods.

A mountain forest has more functions than most people have considered, according to an article in the *Century*. It covers the hills with a vast mat or net-work of living root fibres, and holds in place the ever accumulating mass of mould and decomposing vegetable matter, which absorbs and retains the water of the rainfall and the melting snow. Such a forest is a great sponge, which receives all the water that falls on the mountains and allows it to escape gradually, so as to maintain the steady flow of the rivers which it feeds. A forest is thus a natural reservoir for the storage and distribution of the water which falls upon it. And it is far more efficient, as well as far more economical than any system of artificial storage reservoirs that can be substituted for it. If the forest is removed this mighty sponge is destroyed, and there is then nothing to perform its function of holding back the water, which will rush down in overwhelming floods and torrents. The first thing to be noted is that the water will thus all run away at once, at a time when but little of it is wanted, and there will be little or none of it left for the season when it is most needed.

IN GOOD CONDITION AND LOADED.—A young man known as a "gilded youth" sent the following note to a rich uncle the other night: "Not one word—if you do not send me $2,000 before midnight I shall cease to live." A similar demand had been received earlier in the day, so the fond uncle replied: "In response to a former favor I have already forwarded you my revolver. It is in good condition and loaded."

MRS. N. PECK—So you thought I was an angel once, did you? Mr. N. Peck—Yep. Mrs. N. Peck—And you don't think so now, eh? Mr. N. Peck—Nope. I still live in hopes that you may be, though.—*Terre Haute Express.*

LINES TO THE FIRST FLY OF 1889.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue-bottle fly!
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen cad beat,
And I try to slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet bye-and-bye.

I haven't seen you since eighty-eight,
Little house-fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.
Oh! how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half my summer woes;
Oh! how I prayed that you would be froze,
Villainous fly.

All through the winter you did not freeze;
Not much, Mary Ann.
Now all the summer you'll do as you please;
That is your plan.
When in the warm afternoon we would sleep,
Near us your wakefulest vigils you'll keep,
Precious is sleeping, waking is cheap;
Sleep, man, if you can.

Vain are my wishes, O little housefly,
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may cry,
*Teething their gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug,
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and brash!

*This line should read: "Gnashing their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.

Beautiful Souvenir of the Centennial

In the July number of *Wide Awake* is an interesting article by Constance Cary Harrison, describing eighteen portrait plaques of distinguished women of Washington's time. These ladies are Mrs. George Washington, Mrs. Lawrence Lewis, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Rufus King, Mrs. William S. Smith, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Sindall Winthrop, Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, Mrs. Robert Morris, Mrs. Wm. Bingham, the Marchioness D'Yrujo, Mrs. John Eager Howard, Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Mrs. Charles Steuart, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. James Madison, Mrs. James Monroe and Mrs. William Ringgold. The plaques are owned by ex-Mayor James Hodges, of Baltimore. In a note accompanying the article Mr. Hodges gives the following account of the possesses: "In 1876, desiring to possess myself of some original object as a centennial souvenir worthy to descend to my successors as an heirloom, I conceived the idea of securing it, if possible, in the form of eighteen dinner-table plates, to be known as the Republican Court, bearing primarily the likenesses of women who were prominent in Philadelphia society during the period of Washington's administration. My first efforts were directed to the selection of suitable and pleasing subjects; then to learn the names and addresses of the owners of the original pictures of such periods; then to procure good and well authenticated engravings and photographs therefrom, and finally to request the owners of such pictures to furnish me with letters descriptive of complexion, eyes, hair and dress colors as they appear in the originals. When the descriptive letters were in hand they were carefully translated into French and the translation sent to a trusted agent in Paris, with full instructions for the execution of the work. C. H. Pulliuyt & Co., the celebrated china fabricants, and the not less notable Parisian miniature painter, Htte. Guiraud, were employed to carry out my design. Nearly a year was consumed in the execution of my order, but the work was finally completed in the most successful and artistic manner. With no desire to exaggerate the elegance and value of this cluster of ceramic art, I venture to say that these plates are far superior in finish and originality to a set of Minton's ware which I saw displayed at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and which was purchased by the Prince of Wales, and which was undoubtedly the most artistic set of plates on exhibition."—*Balto. Sun.*

Some Queer Facts.

Turkish women eat rose-leaves with butter to secure plumpness.

"Boast of the day in the evening," is a Russian proverb.

Nearly all the idols now worshiped in India are of English manufacture.

There are 3,000 women in charge of postoffices in the United States.

The four principal women's colleges in the United States are Wellesley, with 620 students; Smith, with 357; Vassar, with 283; and Bryn Mawr, with 79.

A French writer judges women by their thumbs. Those with large thumbs are said to be more likely to possess native intelligence, while the small thumbs indicate feeling.

Melodious sounding electric whistles are a novelty, and are said to be taking the place of electric bells in France. The whistle is made by fitting a small brass tube with suitable apertures, so that it opens against the spring of a suitably-formed conductor.

PATIENT MAN—Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her, and he leaves her, what can she do?

Lawyer—Sue him for support.

Patient Man—Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?

Lawyer—If for any reason whatever he fail to pay her the amount ordered, he will be sent to jail for contempt of court.

Patient Man—Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flat iron, and he's afraid to go back?

Lawyer—She can arrest him for deserting her.

Patient Man—Well, I don't see anything to do but go hang myself.

Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get caught attempting it you'll be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please.

PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.—"Have you any work on punctuation?" she asked at the book-store.

"Sorry to say we are just out."

"Well, perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. What does a mark under a word signify?"

"That is to emphasize the word."

"Oh—I see. Thank you."

And as she passed out a clerk heard her whisper to herself:

"And James put five marks under the word dear!"

EVERY man is "hunting for a girl" until he is married. Then he takes a rest and his wife begins.

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.

ELECTRICITY ON WAR SHIPS.

Electricity on ships of war is purely an American idea, and was first tried on the United States steamer Trenton in 1883, says the New York *World*. Soon after the system had been tested the vessel sailed on a three years' cruise, and attracted much attention as the first vessel afloat to be lighted by electricity. The success of the Trenton's experiment practically settled the question in naval circles. Through the exertions of Lieutenant-Commander R. B. Bradford, who was the Trenton's executive officer, electric lights were placed on the Vermont, New Hampshire, Omaha, Dolphin and Chicago. The Baltimore, Charleston, Yorktown, Bennington and Concord will be supplied with the latest improved plants, and there is nothing afloat that can excel the system. Each cruiser has about 500 lights, and the gunboats about 250, with sufficient supplies to last three years. All the cut-outs and switches are made water-tight, and tested by turning a stream of water on any part of the circuit.

There are innumerable devices by which electricity is made useful on board ship. The value of the search light cannot be estimated, as scouting parties, torpedo boats, or swift steam launches can be detected a mile away on the darkest night. As a motive power for small machines it is invaluable, and on the Chicago will be brought into play for training the huge guns of the main battery. It is used also for discharging the rifled ordnance, and the entire system is under the absolute control of the commander from his position in the fighting tower. He requires no uncertain assistants to place him in communication with the various departments of the complex machine. Electrical devices perform all the duties, transmit the orders and control the movement with far greater accuracy and safety than would be possible by the old methods.

The simple pressure of a button endows the huge monster with life and activity, causing 10,000 tons to glide smoothly thro' the water at a speed of 20 knots. At the touch of a second button the great shields swing noiselessly aside and the huge apertures are disclosed, filled the next instant by powerful rifled breech-loaders. There is a hush, a moment of expectancy, as the commander peers through the little slot on a level with his eye in the tower, touches a third button, and the cruiser vomits forth sheets of flame. The long steel shot dart through space at the rate of 2,000 feet in a second. Bow, stern and broadside respond in one terrific roar, and, crash! the fabric trembles beneath the simultaneous explosion of 6,000 pounds of powder, and 12,000 pounds of metal are sent whizzing through the air by means of the electric slave of the dynamo.

The merest motion of the little polished lever directly in front of the capstan brings the powerful search light into action, and sends a dazzling beam through the dark void. To the left protrudes still another concave, innocent-appearing globe, which controls a silent though potent and death-dealing auxiliary. A slight click is heard, a puff of white smoke, and the Whitehead torpedoes glide from their smooth tubes and are driven through the water at the rate of thirty miles an hour. An electric bell signals the officer in charge of the quick-firing and machine guns when to play his part, and ere the gong has ceased to vibrate thousands upon thousands of explosive projectiles are flying through the air at the rate of 1,900 feet per second.

Experience of a Balloonist.

Professor King gives interesting accounts of obstacles in the way of the upward progress of the air ship. Snow is a great obstacle. It gathers on the balloon and weighs it downward. The clouds are sometimes as much as 3,000 feet thick. Often even above such a body of cloud may be seen smaller clouds with clear spaces in between. When within one of these spaces, the sensation is that of being in a vault. With the solid snowy clouds below you and the smaller clouds around you being by perspective brought close around, it appears as if you were in a cavern. I have also been above the clouds during a snow storm, and the light of the moon shining so brightly through the rarefied air produced an illumination rather supernatural. I have very frequently passed through frozen clouds. This is where vapor has fallen below the freezing point and has been congealed into a substance resembling flour in appearance. This falls, and in doing so reaches a higher temperature, where the small particles are aggregated into flakes of snow. Some clouds, however, present very much the appearance of a veil, and objects on the earth can be distinctly discerned from a position above them. I have never known of an instance in which a balloon was hit by lightning. The thunder does not make a perceptibly greater noise than when you are on the ground. The sound proceeds from the upper layers of clouds, as does also the rain; and in many cases, when the lower strata appear very violent, perfect quiet there reigns except for such motion as is produced by the rain falling through from above. The upper currents are most active, and a cyclone or a wild storm is perhaps produced according as those upper currents descend to or remain above the earth.

Pigs All In.

Agent—"I want to show you something new in safes, sir."

Bank president—"Just got one."

Agent—"But this is the new 'pigs-in-the-pen combination,' with double time locks."

Bank president—"How does it work?"

Agent—"Why, your see, sir,