Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1889. No. 15.

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.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

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

No. 206 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

ALONZO P. CREW

—WITH—

STEVENS BROTHERS,

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.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3.

Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

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

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt St., Balto Md.

We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale or Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

F. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit. Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

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.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,

No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,

(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).

COMMISSION MERCHANT

FOR THE SALE OF

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)

FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

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-y.) P. E. CREW.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. BARNARD.

HAVING opened an office at the residence of Mrs. 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. Anæsthetics 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. CAHALL'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.

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.

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

—GRADUATE OF—

The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,

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.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Ellason, Jr.'s Store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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

Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate,

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT WHEAT AND CLOVER PRODUCER,

We Still Offer at $27 per Ton, Delivered, on Time.

WE in reality ought to have more money, but in view of the low price of grain, and seeing the need of the farmers, we determined to try and meet their requirements. Our Junior having visited the principal slaughtering houses in the West this season, and having bought our materials right, we are enabled to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR CASH or FIRST-CLASS PAPER. *And, by the way, do you know that Fertilizers always act and give better satisfaction after they are paid for?* Before giving your order, please see us concerning, and if we cannot do as good a part by you as anybody, don't buy of us.

August 2d, 1889.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen:—I have used your A. A. for several years and am now thoroughly convinced that there is no better goods on the market. I used it last year alongside of Animal Bone and Peruvian Guano. A. A. was the best. I also made the following test in connection with Bone Meal and Potash, in this test too, A. A. excelled. I am so well pleased with your goods that I will get my entire supply of you this fall

Respectfully, J. B. HARRIS.

LANKFORD, August 5th, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—I have use A. A. for several years with entire satisfaction on part of my wheat. Where it was used my yield this year was 30 bushels per acre, and will use more this fall.

Very truly yours, JOSEPH RASIN.

CHESTERTOWN, August 6th, 1889.

GENTS:—We tried 16 tons of your A. A. and Extant Phosphate on our wheat last fall, and the result was highly satisfactory, although it has been a poor wheat year, we had on a slightly increased acreage over 500 bushels more wheat than we had last year when another make of fertilizer was used. To its action we attribute a heavy growth of clover and timothy. We expect to use it this fall, and do not hesitate to commend it. Very respectfully, HOPE H. BARROLL.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Aug. 10, 1889.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

INVITE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING:

Expenses! Expenses! Expenses!

ARE what every practical farmer, mechanic, merchant and manufacturer should watch carefully, saving here and saving there by economy and system for the times are hard, and every dollar is needed. It should therefore be a study, especially to the farmer and manufacturer; each should try to lessen the cost of producing their articles for sale, so that at the end of the year they will come out even if not ahead. This is the way we look at it. Don't you? And therefore we have made this year a very decided change. We have parted with our mill in Chestertown. Why? Because it would not pay to run it. The extra hauling of goods, the trouble of labor, the taxes, insurance, lease, extra hauling, reshipments from an inconvenient place, interest on goods carried over, and waste in handling, besides the expense of a superintendent so many idle months in the year. All this is expense and a very unnecessary expense. How do we work it now? In this way. We have our goods made under our own supervision. On account of the Baltimore works large capacity (eleven hundred tons per day) it does not take long to manufacture what we require. The analysis of every article we know and we *guarantee* the analysis to you. We have the advantage of direct shipment, better labor, improved machinery, cheap freights, no lease, no interest on goods carried over, no superintendent's expenses, and less cost per ton for the manufacture. The greater the work the less the cost. We therefore can and will sell cheaper, dividing our advantages with you. Our goods are just the same as we have always sold you and will be kept at their high standard. We are determined to please you if low prices and a good, well-made fertilizer will do so. Our results this year, for the season, have been wonderful. *Read this over again*, think over it and call upon, or wait for us to call on you.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

—FOR SALE BY—

R. H. CORBALLY, Esq., Massey's, Kent County, Maryland.

JAMES FAULKNER, Esq., Millington, Kent County, Maryland.

GUS. PORTER, Esq., Price's Station, Queen Anne's County, Maryland.

August 10, 1889.

WILLIAM H. CACY

Manufacturer of FERTILIZERS,

Chestertown, Maryland.

"STANDARD!" "NEW LIFE!" "RELIANCE!"

The above Brands of Wheat Fertilizers

Have been used now for several years in this and adjoining counties and have proved equal to anything on the market, both as **Grain and Grass Producers** and **Improvers of the Soil.** On many occasions they have been tried in competition with other well-known Brands, and in all cases have given perfect satisfaction.

My sales having increased so rapidly I found it imperatively necessary to have increased facilities for manufacturing, so bought the factory formerly occupied by Messrs C. W. Kennard & Co., and, having made considerable alterations and improvements therein, am now prepared to fill all orders promptly and in **First-Class Drilling Condition.** For those wishing SPECIAL FORMULAS compounded, we have on hand a

LARGE STOCK OF RAW MATERIALS,

and am prepared to mix any required Formula in lots of not less than five tons, at THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Respectfully,

WILLIAM H. CACY.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES!

The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.

THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings on the bay or river.

Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.

W. N. E. WICKES.

August 10, 1889—2m. (T.)

WM. T. HICKS,

Undertaker and Funeral Director,

GALENA, MARYLAND.

I BEG leave to inform the public that I am now prepared for the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS. Caskets, Coffins, Shrouds, Burial Robes &c., kept constantly on hand and furnished upon short notice at prices to suit the times.

With three years' experience I can guarantee to execute all orders in a satisfactory manner.

Bodies kep without ice.

apr7-tf Respectfully, WM. T. HICKS.

J. W. PURUCKER & CO.,

No. 40 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Maryland,

Between Maltby House and Light Street,

Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle

—AND A—

FULL LINE of SPORTING GOODS

We have the most Practical Gun Smiths in the city, and guarantee Alterations and Repairs on Gun, with neatness and dispatch. s29-y.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Some of the Sights as Seen by our Reporter.

No doubt many of your readers have visited the different places herein mentioned and looked with interest and enjoyment at the different objects presented to their view; but for the benefit of those who have not been thus privileged I jot down these notes as I look with wonder at the sights in Washington city.

The attractions at this place are superior to any other city on the American continent. As a capital city, it has more magnificent natural suburban scenery and surroundings than any other on the globe, and is rapidly becoming the national centre of science, art and literature, and is being populated by the wealthy people of the country.

Its streets are well aired by means of broad avenues with asphalt pavements, and its public grounds, reservations, parks, circles, triangles, open spaces and miles of thrifty shade trees make it a picture of beauty and life.

WINTER AND SUMMER VIEWS.

The place is already a political centre of the United States and also a recognized social centre. Very much like a picture to which there are two sides, Washington in Winter and Washington in Spring and Summer is quite different. That is, the beauty of the city cannot be seen until after the sunshine and showers from nature's bountiful storehouse have brought forth the bloom and fragrance of the flowers and foliage of the trees. But in winter the interesting debates and literary treats by representatives of our union of States can be enjoyed, so that this city is especially attractive at any time.

There are few of earth's mortals so little favored that they have not at some time looked upon some fine painting of beautiful scenery and wondered whether such a place was really in existence. No painter's brush could exaggerate the picturesqueness of the superb landscapes in and near this National capital, and during your correspondent's jaunting among the beautiful hills of Western Maryland the attractions of Washington were also enjoyed to their fullest extent. With agreeable company, good health and pleasant weather one should not grumble, nor does he.

But you ask, what can a visitor see so attractive in Washington?

THE CAPITOL.

Of course the first place of interest would be the Capitol. This great building is the central point of the original District and is the largest edifice in the country. Its centre marks the meridian of Washington. The south wing contains the House of Representatives and the north the Senate chamber. The rotunda is distinguished for its historic paintings, for the famous bronze doors, with their alto reliefs and for Brumidi's frescoings.

In the Hall of Statuary are the natural pictures in Potomac marble representing faces of certain American statesmen—a picturesque freak of nature. A noted sculptor while carving the figures around the dome of this capitol fell from his scaffold and was killed, and now the scaffold from which he fell, and the unfinished work remain as the artist left them. No one has been found who will undertake its completion so near accomplished by the designer himself.

From the top of the dome, or as far as we could ascend, the view of the surrounding country is magnificent. The Capitol grounds which formerly were homely and formal in appearance, have been transformed into a lovely park and are now most exquisitely beautiful. The total height of the crest is 397 feet above low tide in the Potomac. The building is 751 feet long by 324 wide and covers 3½ acres. It is said to be the finest and largest public building in the world, and in many respects the costliest and handsomest. The view from the west portico at night when the lamps are lighted in the public grounds and the lights of the city illuminate the darkness, is considered by a noted tourist to be one of the most beautiful and picturesque in the world and is well worth a journey of a thousand miles to see.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

From the west balcony of the Capitol, looking down Pennsylvania avenue, the White House is seen rearing its snowy hued walls above the dense mass of foliage that embowers it like a gigantic calla lily springing up amid its enfolding green blades. It is a copy of the palace of the Duke of Leinster at Dublin. The reservation in which it stands embraces nearly 81 acres. On the first floor are the famous Green, Red, Blue and East rooms, the State Dining Room and the great conservatories. Receptions are generally held in the East room which is 22 feet high, 80 feet long and 40 feet wide, while in the entrance room sit the famous Marine band discoursing the sweetest music.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

Due north from the White House is Lafayette Square, the first public reservation in Washington that was improved. It contains the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, by Clark Mills. Many of its trees are old forest monarchs, hundreds of years old. It is we were told in part a specimen of the old formal landscape gardening so fashionable in England two hundred years ago, a style that was imported into this country.

Mr. Harry Milliard, a treasury employe, and whose hospitality we enjoyed for an evening, pointed out to us the house which Secretary James G. Blaine has leased for ten years. This house is a large plain red brick building with a small front yard and enclosed by an iron fence. It is situated on the corner of Fifteenth and a-half and H streets opposite Lafayette Square. It was formerly the home of Commodore Decatur, and also is known as the old Club House, near which Philip B. Key was killed by Dan'l E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York. In this same house Secretary of State Seward under Lincoln was assassinated and spent his last days.

THE TREASURY.

East of the White House is the Treasury Department which extends the whole length of the front between Pennsylvania and New York avenues. It is 582 feet long and 300 feet wide. In this may be seen the vaults containing United States money, one of which shown to the writer contained $90,000,000; another $80,000,000 of silver, packed away in boxes of $20,000 each. Millions of dollars were seen as it was being examined by experts, who by the touch and sound can detect instantly its genuineness. In another room was seen old money ground into pulp and after this process a very small piece would represent $1,000. Money as it came from the presses in sheets like newspapers was a marvelous sight. In this building was also seen the instruments used by forgers in making spurious coins as well as the various weapons used to defend themselves in this and former ages. A five dollar note was shown us as near perfect as possible executed by a blind artist entirely with a pen. A forged silver dollar was seen but the maker has not yet been found. The pictures of all forgers arrested are in this secret service room and counterfeits of all kinds are on exhibition. The day we visited this building we were informed that the retiring treasurer had received that day from his successor a receipt for $771,500,000, that being the large sum of money then in the U. S. treasury.

Alone on the Atlantic.

A little boat dancing about on the waves of the Atlantic, its only occupant a lonely man, at least 700 miles out from land, is a very unusual sight, but it was witnessed by the passengers and crew of the Anchor Line Steamship Anchoria, which arrived at New York from Glasgow Monday morning. Who the lonely mariner is, tossing about on the ocean, is a mystery which those on board the Anchoria were discussing when they arrived. His identity and the object of his perilous cruise are unknown. Capt. Campbell, of the Anchoria, gave a graphic account of the meeting with the strange little boat and its sole occupant. "It was," he said, "shortly after noon last Saturday when we sighted her. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brilliantly upon a calm and unruffled sea. Suddenly, away off in the distance on the starboad bow, we sighted a little boat. It was under sail, and skimming along the smooth ocean before a good breeze. I changed my course, and bore down upon the little craft, which I first took to be a fishing dory or some unfortunate shipwrecked schooner. The little white object proved to be a boat only about fifteen feet long. When we got within hailing distance I brought my ship to a standstill. Crouched down in a little hole, just large enough for his body, was the boat's sole occupant. He was just as happy as though he were on dry land, surrounded by every comfort for which the heart could wish. All my passengers rushed on deck and gave the brave fellow three hearty cheers. With his arms folded he sailed merrily along, just stopping long enough to wave his hat and give us a glimpse of him and his strange craft. I asked the man his destination, and far as I could make out he said 'Paris.' I am not certain of this, for our ship was exhausting steam at that time. Then I asked him if he desired any assistance, but instead of replying he drew up with the wind, waved his hand and headed his little boat due east. I endeavored to make out the boat's name, and it looked like the Nellie Gordon, of Boston. This name may be wrong, however. We saw her about 700 miles out from New York." The boat was painted white, with a hatch fore and aft, just space enough reserved for the man to sit in. She was quite high out of water. She carried one mast, with a mainsail and jib. It had a round stern and was decked over, the deck being of a stone color. Capt. Campbell said that the name of the boat was painted in white letters on her bow, but it was so indistinct he could not discern it with any certainty.—*N. Y. World.*

A Chinese Farmer's Methods.

We must go to China to learn how much can be got out of land. Pong Hia, a native of the Chinese province of Swatow, lives in a village of three hundred persons, in which about thirty men are land owners, having altogether forty-five acres of land. Pong Hia owns two acres, inherited from the father who adopted him. His land is worth $1000. His family consists of ten persons. He is himself forty-six years old, his wife is forty-one, his son is twenty-two, his son's wife is twenty-one, his four daughters are from ten to seventeen, and his two grandchildren are three and seven years old. He and his son till the land, hiring help at harvest-time, and weaving straw mats on rainy days. The women folks make the clothing, rear pigs and fowls and do all the house work. Their dwelling with its site, is valued at $120, their furniture at $44, their clothing at $40, their farming appliances at $40. They have a water-buffalo, two hogs, thirty fowls, ten ducks, a pair of geese, a dog and a cat. Last year Pong Hia sold $20 worth of rice from his farm, and paid $3.60 in taxes. He has $200 out at interest at eighteen per cent.

At this rate of production and consumption, the arable land in the State of New York, with a reduction of one-half its returns on account of its more northern latitude, would support the total population of the United States at the present time; and the occupied arable land of the United States with its producing power diminished, on account of climate, to one-half that of land at Swatow, would feed a population equal to that of the whole world, or over 1,400,000.—*Once a Week.*

Good Business Rules.

A prominent New York banker attributes his success in business to the care with which he has obeyed these rules:

Don't worry. Be satisfied with your work, after doing it well.

Never ask another to do what you ought to attend to personally.

Shun the slightest appearance of dishonesty as you would shun a plague.

Always meet your appointments on time. Never late. If possible, not much ahead of the moment.

Don't talk too much. Let your actions speak for yourself.

Be honest, even if you lose money by it.

Never let business interfere with home duties.

Remember that money alone cannot buy peace, nor true friends, nor a loving family.

It is refreshing, in these days of speculation and dishonest dealings, to know that a man can live according to the above principles and yet make money. It shows that honesty and business can go hand in hand.

AN EDITOR'S EGGSPERIENCE.

A certain editor has read Capt. Emory's rosy pictures of poultry experience and "comes to the front" with his. He says:

"We have been reading in an agricultural paper, an article of the profit to be made by raising good poultry. It is written by a lucky dog named Smith, who goes on to tell how he began six years ago, with a flock of six hens. Last New Year's Day he had 140 head of poultry, and he gives the most alluring table of figures for each month—so many eggs at so much a dozen etc.—and his profits during 1888 were $345.

"About three months ago we bought some hens. There were five hens and a rooster which we got from Billy Crutcher for the very moderate sum of $7.50. He brought them down one night after dark, and then left them in the press room where we found them later, and wondered why they did not try to get away. The Wyandotte rooster did try, but the hens couldn't be driven away. They had been selected with great care and they all wanted to 'set' right where they were. They had selected various articles for incubation. One was fostering a bundle of paper, another a monkey wrench, while one was trying to hatch out a glass miniature of Plymouth Rock which we use for a paper weight. She was a Plymouth Rock herself and the office boy thought she had selected that article because she knew her own breed when she saw it, but that probably was not the reason. It is more likely that she was attracted by the date, 1620, she wanted to tackle something of nearly her own age. We tore them away, however, and bore them down to the back yard, which had been provided with a very high fence, and left them in the new Queen Ann hen house specially prepared for their receptions. But they brooded over their troubles for a week or two, during which time eggs at the store remained up to 40 cents a dozen. Then the egg of commerce dropped to 30 cents and one of our hens came out of her trance and laid an egg of home production. That week we fed them a dollar's worth of grain. In ten days more Rock Creek eggs came down to 20 cents, and then all of our hens laid. The cheaper eggs became, the faster they laid. The rats killed one and carried off the eggs of the others, but, to save the rodents that trouble, the sagacious hens began to lay under the building out of the human reach but just where the rats congregated. The place was boarded up, but just before Easter they became dissatisfied and would not lay at all, and of course grocery eggs went up. Then the ancient Plymouth Rock determined to "set" again. We threw a good many obstacles in her way, but her patience is invincible, and at present she has been straddling on an old benzine can for two weeks. Another one is keeping part of a large stone warm, and wears a Roderick Dhu expression which says "this rock will fly from its firm base as soon as I."

The other two spend their time loafing around waiting for store eggs to come down to 10 cents a dozen, while the rooster flies over the fence into Warmington's strawberry patch. Scientific agriculturists say that a strawberry diet make very superior eggs, but we cannot get the two hens over nor get the rooster back. Mr. Warmington himself has had some splendid exercise with the rooster. They have races together up and down the lea, but that rooster has developed sprinting qualities like a Red Bluff ostrich and it is economy to let him stay. The Republican's service in putting up the price of strawberries is alone worth a year's subscription to Mr. Warmington. He has our permission to kill the invader, but good stalkers and sharp shooters are scarce.

There may be something about the hen business we do not understand to make it profitable, but up to date our poultry account is something like this: Cost of plant and interest, $7.75; feed $12; time devoted to caring for stock $50; total, $69.65. As an offset we have had three dozen eggs at 20 cts. a dozen, 60 cents; loss, $69.15

WOULDN'T MARRY THEM.

The Mayor of Buffalo Disappointed a Verdant Couple from Canada.

A marriage that was a failure varied the routine of business in the mayor's office, yesterday. The bride-expectant was nineteen and wore a blue dress and brown hair and eyes, with sea-green ostrich feathers in her summer bonnet. The young man who led her to the altar—otherwise to the Mayor's desk—was also nineteen, and wore a clean face and an expression of bashfulness and a few other things. They had come from across the border to celebrate their nuptials, he being a Toronto stenographer and she a belle of St. Catharine's, Ont. They were asked the usual questions, and it was learned that their names were John R. McCann and Sarah F. Robinson. During the examination Sarah smirked and hid behind the newspaper she was trying to read wrong side up.

"Do your father and mother consent to your marriage?" asked the mayor of the groom.

"I havn't any," was the reply.

"Does your guardian?"

"I haven't any guardian."

"What, no guardian?"

"No, I'm all alone," said he, with a glance at the girl that meant he would not be so long.

"Do your parents consent?" to the young woman.

"They wouldn't care if they knew."

"You're both minors, under age," said his Honor.

"That don't make any difference," expostulated the young man.

"Yes; it does make a good deal of difference in the eyes of the law. I'm inclined to think," went on the mayor, "that this is an elopement; that you are off on a holiday and want to have a good time, so you think you'll get married, no matter whether you're sorry for it after or not. No, I don't think I can perform the ceremony."

"Oh, go on. You might as well do it. It won't hurt you any, you know."

"'I do not look at it in that way. I have to do what I think is my duty."

"Well, won't you do it, then?" with a coaxing tone.

His Honer shook his head, and the couple marched out of the office, the would-be bridegroom with a backward wave of his hand as much as to say. "Never mind, we'll get married for all you."

Letter from Paris.

PARIS, July 15th, 1889.

Great were the expectations of Parisians, and also foreigners, for a day of festivity and pleasure on the 14th of July, 1889, and much disappointment prevailed, when, instead of a bright and sun-shiny morning, the day opened with clouds and rain, which continued in a succession of showers all day long, only stopping at intervals to allow the immense crowds to get out on the streets, and then pouring in torrents, making them seek shelter as best they could.

The Seine, which divides Paris in half, and by its immense bridges (Ponts) links the two portions together, was not illuminated this year, for the reason that the decorations each year are in a new section; it was last year the chain of tamps extended over the river, making it a fairy-land of beauty, and resembling the fetes in Venice. This year all the centres of interest and display were around the exhibition, and the long avenue extending from the Garden of the Tuileries to the Great Arc de Triumph and onward to the Bois de Boulogne, which is a fine park and fashionable drive.

This entire avenue was hung with lamps, formed by candles fixed in small glass tumblers, and arranged in various shapes and colors. Each of these million candles had to be lighted by *hand*, and no other place in the world, but Paris, would have exhibited the same taste and patience in design. It is impossible to describe the effect of these rows of lighted glass tumblers, unless one reads a page from the "Arabian Knights." They were like strings of *beads*, most luminous as diamonds, soft and delicate, together with the Chinese lanterns hanging on among the trees on the long boulevards, the effects were like an enchanted land, while over-topping all, were the flash lights from the Tower d' Eiffel and the steeples of the Trocadere, sending a radiance in all directions.

One of the chief charms of this French capital is that its fine streets and avenues are not disfigured by telegraph or telephone poles or wires—such as are tied and twisted all over our American cities—and it is one reason I think that we have so few and so slight thunder storms in Paris—the telegraphs being all under ground, the electricity is drawn from the surface and lightning seldom dances such capers as in other places.

The decorations in the Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which stands the Egyptian Obelisque, were very fine. This obelisque covers the spot where the guillotine stood just one century ago, and where 1,400 people are said to have perished.

The bridge which crosses the Seine near the Place de la Concorde is built of the stone which composed the terrible Bastile Prison — and which, in their fury, the French people destroyed in 1789, thus commencing their struggle for independence, liberty and self-government, which his lasted, with numerous interruptions, until today, one hundred years, and which this great national fete day, the 14th of July, is intended to commemorate.

On all public buildings in France one sees their motto: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and as far as an outward observer can perceive, it is acted up to. Of course there are under-currents of commotion, composed of the nobles, and societies organized to push their leaders to the front, but, from the present aspect of things it seems doubtful if ever the republic will be changed.

The exhibition is one continued success. No less than 80,000 people are said to visit it on Sundays. The entrance fee is now reduced from a franc (20 cents) to only six cents, and for this trifling sum one can see immense wonders. The great tower of Eiffel—stretching upwards, upwards—until its iron crown is lost among the clouds, the rows of statuary, forming miles of beauty and grace, all the best productions from every land under the sun, and many of the natives of these foreign lands, most picturesquely dressed in their natural costumes, some guarding the tents and others busy at their bazaars. Crowds come and go and yet their is plenty of room. The numerous restaurants of course are a most important feature as everybody is ravenously hungry at such places.

Of course the greatest charm for the art-loving world is the picture galleries. There are collected the gems from all the studios of modern painters and sculptors, living and dead. Many of these paintings are loaned from the American art galleries, both private and public, and many are loaned by different European countries.

There has recently been a sale in Paris of the celebrated paintings, which has attracted much attention from the choice selection of pictures sold, and the fabulous prices they have brought. The famous painting by Jean Francois Millet, known as "The Angelus," was the cause of much excitement at the sale. It was "knocked down" to the French Government for the sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars. The Metropolitant Museum of New York, and the Cocoran Art Gallery of Washington, D. C., were both represented by agents anxious to get the celebrated picture for our American galleries, but France was loth to let such a gem, by one of greatest painters, go out of the country, and so it went under the hammer to France. Afterwards the Senate declined to confirm the purchase, owing to the recent St. Etienne disasters, rightly thinking that so much money would be better employed in helping the distressed families of those poor fishermen, and so after all the Angelus will go to America, to one or the other of the museums above mentioned.

The Angelus represents two peasants at work in a field, gathering potatoes, near sunset, a man and woman. Just as the six o'clock Angelus "rings on the evening air, these peasants pause in their work, and with bowed heads and folded hands stop to pray." The immense charm of the picture, which makes it a fortune, is its naturalness. It tells its story at a glance, *one almost feels* the peasants praying, and one *almost* hears the chimes of the evening "*Angelus*". When nature is represented like this *genius* guides the hand of the *artist*, and an *admiring* world hands his name *downward* in the path of future centuries.

Francois Millet was noted for his *simple* out-door, peasant pictures. Many of them are owned by Americans. I have seen five in the Boston Museum. There are only *three* in the Louvre, for during his life, like so many other men of genius, he was hardly appreciated by his country.

I have been present two successive years on the French national holiday, when all the world seemed out of doors, and thousands of people were on the street. I have seen Paris for miles in different directions, I have seen portions of the streets partitioned off for dancing, and a merry *crowd* join hand in hand and dance to the music of a band mounted on the sidewalk on a platform decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns, and I must record the fact that I have never seen *one* intoxicated person, and not the slightest appearance of rowdyism, rudeness or vulgarity, such as is so frequent in New York and others of our large cities on our national holidays. In Paris the greatest order is maintained. There is a great deal of wine drank, but is principally taken as a beverage with their meals. All drinking is done openly, the restaurants have tables on the sidewalks and people sit outside and *sip* their *wine*, men, women and children. It is very sour and very weak, and it would take a great deal to produce intoxication.

There are no bar-rooms in Paris with *closed doors*; everybody drinks this sour wine, and it is done openly. No one ever drinks water; it is not considered healthy, and ice is not a necessity here; one never feels the need of it. There are no ice-carts going around in the mornings leaving lumps on the door steps. It can be obtained at the creameries, if needed, but the climate is so delightfully cool that one never seems to crave ice, nor ice-water. I have been in Europe two years and it has never occurred to me to drink a glass of ice-water.

We have occasionally in June and August a few days of very warm weather, but so soon the cool sea fogs are wafted from the channel, past Havre and up the Seine, tempering the atmosphere, that we can hardly complain of a heated term at any time. In winter it is a damp cold, very piercing, and we suffer considerably, because the houses are built in the old-fashioned way, with open fire-places, and do not have the modern conveniences of heating.

In conclusion I will state we have the the New York *Herald* published every morning in Paris, a copy of which I will send to the KENT NEWS.

ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Salting a Tenderfoot.

A dozen years ago, when Eastern tenderfoot capitalists were as thick as blackberries in the West, and every single man of them was ready to buy a silver mine before breakfast, four of us who had jumped an old claim in Nevada put up a job to catch a sucker. We went down about twelve feet with a shaft, struck "indications," and then raked and scraped for specimens to "salt" with. We sold our revolvers and everything else we could spare, and when we had the bait ready not one of us could have put up enough money to pay a week's board in advance. We placed our figures at $20,000, and as I was the smoothest talker of the quartet, I was selected as the spider to walk the fly into our parlor. I went up to Virginia City, and after a couple of days, I got hold of a Boston man. He was not only green, but powerful anxious to be taken in. He was loaded down with money and overflowing with confidence. Our first conversation ran about as follows:

"Are you looking for an investment in mining property?"

"I am, sir. Have you anything in that line?"

"Yes, sir. I own a one-fourth interest in a claim which we believe to be very rich."

"One-fourth? Oh, I want the whole thing. I don't want no partners in this enterprise."

"But I think you can buy all of us out."

"That alters the case. I'll look at your claim and make you an offer."

I took him out there. I don't believe he knew the first thing about ore, but he descended the shaft, looked around a bit, and when we had hauled him out he said:

"Doesn't seem to be overly rich, but I'll chance it. I'll give you $16,000 cash for your right, title, and interest."

We closed on that, transferred our rights, and almost broke our necks to get out of the country before any climax came. The old chap was the butt of ridicule for several weeks, but people then began to laugh the other way. He got men and machinery to work, sunk three or four shafts, and inside of a year he took over $100,000 worth of ore out of that claim. Inside of three years he took out half a million, and then sold it to a syndicate for double that sum. I met him after he had drawn $200-000 in Denver and he held out his hand and said:

"Why, my dear man, I'm glad to see you. Have often wondered where you went to. It was a pity you poor fellows were obliged to sell out so cheap. Here, take a couple of hundred to get a clean shave and a new suit of clothes!"—*New York Sun.*

Moral Nuggets.

The pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

If you would mend the bad world create the new world.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through vanity.

Do your duty in little things, and you will be faithful in great ones.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

Profanity is a disgusting sin. It is a loud advertisement of coarseness.

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.

If we are God's children we need not fear the development of His providence.

The root of religion is the fear of God; the rule of religion is the law of God; the end of religion is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

HUSBAND—Half the time I don't know whether I am crazy or not.

Wife—I know all the time.

NORAH—"An' has your mistress good taste?" Bridget—"Good taste, is it? Faith her dresses look better on me than they do me own."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the tallest of the Presidents. His height was six feet four inches.

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