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.

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

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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Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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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.

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FOR THE SALE OF
FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.
PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

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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. Referen,ce 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.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON
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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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J. P. MOYER & CO.,
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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.

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. Anæsthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. jl5-2m.

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.

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The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

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Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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

—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 Stich 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.

Bargains in Store Goods!
WHERE TO GET THEM
ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT
WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S
WE HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF
Dress Goods, Cloths,
Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,
And all Kinds of Dry Goods.
—ALSO—
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,
Groceries, &c., &c.,
which stock will be kept complete.
FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!
SHOES A SPECIALTY.
Prices guaranteed Low!
Quality warranted as represented!
Best Prices for Trade
All cordially invited. Resp'y,
WROTH & ALDRIDGE.
Jan. 2, 1889.

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.

New Store--Old Stand!
Mrs. D. GRUBER
HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with
Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies
and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.
CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,
sep3-y. Up Town.

WANTED.
100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN
—AND—
25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,
delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.
Telephone call 15.
B. F. FLEMING,
n17-tf. Chestertown, Md

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. f9-y.

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.

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 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 we 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.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Special Wheat Fertilizers,
Asparagus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate,
Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone,
Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash,
Sulphate Potash and Kainit.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
June 27, 1889—3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate,
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,
Aug. 10, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WILLIAMS & CLARK'S CO.'S
High Grade Bone Phosphate!
AMERICUS, ROYAL, PROLIFIC,
And the NICHOLSON MIXTURE.
These goods have been used in Kent county for the past five years and have given entire satisfaction. They are made of BLOOD, BONE and POTASH and every care is taken to make them as good crop producers as possible. Drilling condition guaranteed. All kinds Phosphate Marterials on hand.
Dissolved Animal Bone, Bone Meal,
Muriate Potash, Dried Blood, Bone Tankage,
Acid Phosphate and Kainit.
PRICES AS CLOSE AS THEY CAN BE MADE. GET MY FIGURES BEFORE BUYING.
For Sale by W. H. McFEELY,
August 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

BILL SNORT'S LETTER.

Russ Harrison Interrupts a Caucus—Snort Tells President Harrison He is Not Popular—How to Make the South Solidly Republican—A Great Scheme for the War Widows.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.

MY DEAR JOHNNY: I am very much afraid that the President, Mr. Wanamaker and Corporal Tanner are not as kindly disposed towards me as they were.

Johnny, remember, whenever a friend asks you for his candid opinion, don't you give it to him. Whenever anybody wants your advice, always find out first what particular kind of advice is wanted, otherwise you may regret it afterward.

The President, Wanamaker, Corporal Tanner and myself held a little caucus a few days ago to devise ways and means to keep ourselves in office, and being asked to give my candid opinion, I did so with such frankness that I have become very unpopular. It was all owing to my having over-stimulated myself. Truth and soberness do not always go together, for the drunker I got the more frank and truthful did I become in my remarks. It is always right to tell the truth, but it is not always prudent.

After Wanamaker and Tanner paid each other compliments and mutually sucked each other's ears like two calves in a bull pen, so to speak, Harrison called on me to give my candid opinion of the situation. As I always feel like making a speech when I am "under the influence," I responded with alacrity about as follows:

"Fellow toilers in the Harrison Reform Vineyard. I regret very much that I fail to perceive any signs that justify the hopes of Brothers Wanamaker and Tanner. What they have said is like a Coney Island glass of beer, more froth than anything else. On what do you rely for the success of the party in 1892?"

"On the personal popularity of the President," replied Wanamaker.

"Gentlemen, let us not imitate the ostrich, which imagines that his tournure is not exposed because he hides his head in the sand. Our worthy President's reception at his own town, Indianapolis, was colder than a dog's nose in January."

"Then you think the President is unpopular?" said Tanner.

"Gentlemen, I am a Harrison man, but Mr. Harrison will not say that his reception at Indianapolis indicated that he was popular. It reminded one of trying to heat a stove with snow balls."

Harrison snapped his eyes at me, while Tanner spoke up and said that there were other cities where the President was idolized.

"Yes," said I, "Cincinnati, for instance, is another city where Mr. Harrison's name is surrounded by a beautiful sulphuric halo every time it is mentioned. It was at Cincinnati, which is essentially a German city, that Harrison congratulated the mayor on the enforcement of the Sunday law."

"Oh, d——n the Dutch!" roared Corporal Tanner.

"But not the Dutch vote Corporal. If we don't get the German vote our name is Dennis in 1892."

"Col. Snort, are you in favor of promiscuous drunkenness?" exclaimed Wanamaker.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Wanamaker. It may be as the Prohibitionists say: Whisky Wastes Wealth, Wrecks Womanhood, Wallops Wives. Very likely cork screws have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever save, as these water-spouts, alias temperance lecturers, maintain; but just now I am counting noses."

"Well, we will get the Prohibition vote, certain."

"No you won't, and if you did it wouldn't amount to anything. The Prohibition vote is like one of these owls. It looks as big as a barrel, but if you pull the feathers off its body it isn't as big as a woodpecker. The Prohibition vote is very much like a cipher without a rim. Besides, you have lost the Catholic vote."

"How so?" asked Mr. Harrison.

"By Wanamaker working the Y. M. C. A. too much. At the G. A. R. reunion at Milwaukee, the other day, brother Shepard hit the Catholics a dig by saying that they threatened religious liberty."

"Well, that's all so. I've said so myself forty times," exclaimed Wanny.

"Yes, but that is not going to make them vote for Harrison in 1892, is it?"

"Oh, as far as the Catholic vote is concerned, Blaine will attend to that! He will manage to hold it."

"If he does hold it, who will hold Jim Blaine? There is a rumor that Jim is very tricky."

This seemed to depress the President very much.

"Then again," I continued, "we relied to some extent upon the Republican Irish and the working men, but since Russ Harrison has been hobnobbing with the royal family of England it is not safe to say Harrison to a working man."

"Colonel Snort, we rely on the principles of our party to save us," said Tanner pompously.

"You should remember, Corporal, that our principles rely on us to save them, and we have gone back on them."

"According to your view of the situation there is no hope for Republican success."

"Not the way things are going now. The party is sick and a remedy must be applied. The party has had to take a good deal of medicine but no remedy is reached as yet. Them's my sentiments. Remember, gentlemen, you asked for my candid opinion, not my candied opinion."

"Well, Colonel Snort, what is your remedy?" asked Harrison.

"My idea is to make the South solidly Republican."

"But how?"

"Let our party go back on the nigger. The nigger will never be allowed to vote the Republican ticket. In fact in some of the Southern States he don't want to any more. Chuck the nigger overboard! Then let the President give the offices to high tariff Democrats. In a short time we will have white Republican wool barons in Western Texas, sugar barons in Louisiana, rice barons in South Carolina and iron barons in Alabama."

"It seems to me there is something in that idea," said Wanamaker.

"There is a second term in it, Mr. President, but that is not all of my plan. The tariff plan will only catch the rich. I have a scheme to bag the rank and file."

"Let us have it," cried Harrison eagerly.

"I believe it is conceded that we can do what we please with the surplus, as long as we squander it in pensions. As things stand now a war widow forfeits her pension when she marries. Have Congress pass a law allowing a war widow to retain her pension provided she marries an ex-Confederate soldier. Most of them think any kind of a widow handsome if she has a regular income. That will not only make us a happy and a united people, but give the Republicans the presidency for thirty years to come, particularly if we pass another law to the effect that every Confederate war widow gets a pension as soon as she marries a Republican Grand Army man. I tell you, boys, it's a great scheme."

"Three cheers for Col. Snort!" exclaimed Tanner. "He shall have his pension and back pay, even if he is an ex-reb."

Just at this crisis Russ. Harrison came in crying and sobbing and told his pa that Lige Halford said he meant something personal in his statement that his, Russ's, white collar looked like a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum. The President went out with his son, and the conference dispersed. More next time.

Your friend, BILL SNORT.

HOW SHE ATTRACTED NOTICE.

A little incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia, which has its significance for the readers of the *Companion*.

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employes, in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash-boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country-seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in a grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next to her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I must wear this," she said, firmly. "And I think I will go. Mother wishes it, and I like to get all the fun I can out of life."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in *—that!*"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others to find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball;" she laughed and was happy and friendly all of the time. She did not dance nor play; but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good-humor and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which is rare and which rarely fails to meet its reward.—*Youth's Companion.*

Trusts Will "Bust."

The latest trade combination scheme is one that, if carried out, will effect all classes of people. This is the project to form a syndicate for the control of table glassware. This industry has grown to immense proportions in this and two adjoining states, Ohio and West Virginia, and has been almost uniformly profitable, despite all the ups and down of trade and manufacture in general. There can be no excuse for such a combine as proposed. It is not needed for the protection or prosperity of trade, and is simply the outcome of that restless desire to add millions to millions which is the dominant characteristic of the leading business men of this country to-day. But the trust business will overdo itself yet, and when the turn of the tide comes, the commercial shore will be strewn with wrecks as never before in the history of this or any other country. This whole idea is contrary to the genius of our institutions, the interests of our people, and the necessities of the times.—*Phila. Evening Telegraph* (Rep.)

AN OLD MAN ROBBED OF A LARGE SUM. Joseph Ordway, a well-to-do farmer, 80 years of age, of Concord, N. H., was robbed of $9,500 Tuesday afternoon by two men to whom he was trying to sell a farm. One of the men had been negotiating with Ordway for the farm. Tuesday he prevailed on Ordway to drive to Concord and draw $9,500 from the bank under pretence of proving his title to the farm. In a drive to the farm Ordway and the would-be purchaser were joined by another man and the two strangers, while threatening the old man's life, robbed him of his money and drove off leaving him to walk home.

BRER' GARDNER FOR 1892.

The Lime Kiln Club's President Don't Want Office.

"I hold here in my hand," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened in due form "a letter from de office of de mayor of Cincinnati, axing me if I will be a candydate fur President in 1892, an' addin' dat I am called by 6,000,000 cull'd people. De seckretary of dis lodge will write him a letter in reply. He will write the word 'Chestnut!' sign my name below, a' direct it to dis anxious inquirer. Dat word exactly expresses my feelin's.

"In de fust place, I ar' no mo' fit to be President of dis United States dan a 'possum ar' to teach Greek. In de next place, I hav' larned from sad experience dat sich honeyed words conceal an object. Eight years ago a man in Chicago announced dat I was de choice of 20 States fur President. He come on yere 10 days afterwards an' borrowed $20 of me, an' I hav nebber seen him since.

Fo' y'ars ago a pusson in Buffalo predicted dat I would be nominated on boaf tickets, an' a week later he showed up heah an' boarded on me two weeks, an' skipped out wid my best suit. It was suggested last y'ar dat I be nominated fur guv'nor of dis state. Dat yere individal in Cincinnati will be sloshing around dis way next week, if he doan't get dat letter, calker-latin' to hit me fur $10 an' a week's board.

"De man who thinks he's got a political call has made a mistake. What he takes fur de voice of de nashun am simply de voice of de fool killer."

Brother Stepback Smith wanted to inquire if Brother Gardner would not change his mind in case his nomination was spontaneous.

"No, sah!" was the vigorous reply. "Dar am no sich thing to begin with. De people of this kentry doan' git up an' howl fur any particular man. Dar's too much good timber. Whar' any howlin' is done, it's paid fur at so much per howl. Sot down, Brudder Smith."

ELIJAH AND THE RAVENS.

An Eminent Divine Cannot Make the Incident Apply.

North Carolina probably never produced an abler preacher than Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, who a quarter of a century ago was pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, New York. Short, thick-set, swarthy, black-haired, he was a striking personage. He was not only a great pulpit orator, but considered the best reader in the New York episcopacy. His rather luxurious family deterred him from accepting a bishopric, which would have been otherwise tendered. One day a delegation from a Buffalo church waited upon and invited him to accept a pastorate in that city.

"Well, gentlemen, other things being satisfactory, the question of acceptance narrows down to a business matter," said Dr. Hawkes. "What salary do you offer?"

"Dr. Hawkes," said the spokesman, "we recognize that you have a high reputation and are willing to be liberal. Our recent pastor has decided to offer you $3,500."

"My good man," cried the doctor, gasping, "do you know what salary I am receiving here?"

"No, sir."

"I get $15,000 and this parsonage, and as I have an expensive family I do not see my way clear to accept your offer."

The spokesman looked rather sheepish, but made another essay.

"If we had known that fact, sir, we would undoubtedly have looked elsewhere; but you should remember that the work of the Lord must be done, and as for providing for your family, you know the story of the ravens."

"Now, my friends," responded the clergyman, quizzically, "I have made the Bible my study ever since I was 28. I have read it through carefully and prayerfully over a hundred times. I remember the raven incident perfectly, but nowhere can I find any reference of the Lord's providing for young Hawkes."

Oyster Day.

Paddy was sent to Billingsgate, on the first of August, to buy a bushel of oysters. When he returned, "What made you so long, Pat?" said his master. "Long, is it? By my sowl, I think I've been pretty quick, considering all things." "Considering what things?" "Why, considering the gutting of the fish." "Gutting what fish!" "Why the oysters to be sure." "What is it that you mean?" "What do I mane! Why I mane, as I was resting meeself abit, and taking a drop to comfort me, a jontleman axed me what I had got in the sack." "Oysters, sir," says I. "Let's look at them," says he, and he opened the bag. "Och! thunder and praties!" said he, "who sought them to ye?" "It was Mick Carney," said I. "Mick Carney!" said he; "the thaef o' the world! wha' a big blackguard must he have been to give them to ye without gutting." "And aren't they gutted?" said I. "Divil a one o' them," said he. "Houly bogs, then," said I, "what will I do?" "Do!" said he, "I'd sooner do then for you myself than have you abused!" and so he takes 'em in doors, and guts 'em all nate and clane, as you'll see. And out Paddy turned the empty shells on the floor.

"HERE, sonny, hold my horse," said a gentleman as he alighted from a carriage on Washington street the other day. "Has he had his oat ter-day, sir?" asked the boy, as he hesitated. "Had his oats? What has that to do with it?" inquired the gentleman in surprise. "Well, yer see, sir, de las' time I hung on to a hoss he eat de straw hat off my head, and I only got a nickel and a lickin' when I got home. Put up a quarter an' I'll take de risk." The boy got the quarter.—*Boston Herald.*

IT seems a Northern company recently put in an electric road at Nashville, Tenn., and an old darkey was showing it to his wife. "Look at it! Look at it!" he said. "Bress the Lord, these Yankees are great people. Twenty-five years ago dey come down heah and freed the niggah, and now dey come down and freed de mule."

"I HEAR that Harry has left his wife. What was the matter, I wonder? Couldn't he support her?" "No; she was insupportable."—*Boston Transcript.*

"MR. ANSON, who is your favorite author?" asked a baseballist of the Chicago captain. "Fielding," was the prompt reply.

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LINCOLN AND STANTON.

The Night After the Election of 1864.

C. A. Dana in the New York Sun.

In the last number of the *Century Magazine* Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the war department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present, their report must be a matter of hearsay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time, I did not observe them. I was not usually on duty in the war department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say 8 o'clock, or half-past 8. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the war department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the war office; and he did it with a pertinacity and skill that never have been surpassed. Of course no great step had been taken without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Lincoln, himself a potitician of a very fertile and superior order; but the engineer whose hand was never taken off the machine, and whose purpose never relaxed its high-pressure energy, was Mr. Stanton; and his ardent and excitable nature was kept at fever heat to the very last moment of the contest and afterward.

The President, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the Secretary and Gen. Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the voting was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in, I learned both from the President and the Secretary that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each dispatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty; and by 9 o'clock there was no longer any doubt. But without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet. "Dana," said he to me, "have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?" pronouncing the Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter e. "No, sir," said I, "not much, but I know that he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the Toledo Blade."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair and listen." I drew up to him, and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quite little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the Secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact, his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by General Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention; and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into Gen. Eckert's room, and when the door was shut he broke out in fury: "God dam it to hell," said he, "was there ever such nonsense? was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centres, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God damned trash of a silly montebank."

This fiery speech of the enraged Secretary was interrupted by General Eckert, who had another telegram which he showed to him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's own office, in order that the President might see it.

Hardly had he begun to read it, however, when a new occasion of irritation arose. The messenger brought in a card and handed it to the President, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the Secretary, "Show him in!" "Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: "God in Heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!" I understood the point of this explosion at once. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the door-keepers at the war department had received directions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent his card in to the President, they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Lincoln; and after expressions of thanks and congratulations he withdrew. Just then Judge David C. Carter came in with two or three other gentlemen, among them Mr. Fox, of the navy department, and the reading of Petroleum V. Nasby from the Confederate Cross Roads was not resumed.

These incidents of a memorable historical event are not recorded in any annals of the time that I have seen; and yet they oppear to be interesting and characteristic enough not to be forgotten.

JUSTICE DUFFY, of New York, easily settles a dispute over the ownership of a pet dog. He told both claimants—a man and a woman—to go to a corner of the court room and call the dog. The animal rushed to the woman, as though glad to see her whereupon the judge said: "Enough; the dog belongs to the woman."

CURE FOR CATARRH.—Gather a sufficient quantity of mullen leaves, and after they have become dry, powder them as fine as you would powder sage; then smoke in a pipe as you would tobacco, letting the smoke escape through the nostrils instead of the mouth. The above is worth trying.

THE waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is maid to order.

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