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.

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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.

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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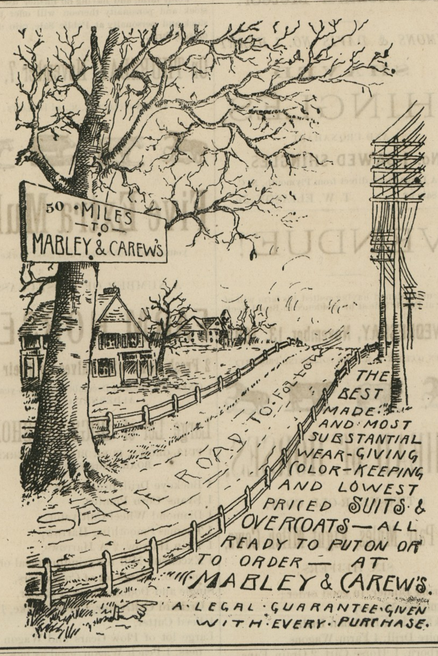

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HORTSHORNE SPRING-ROLLER SHADE
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Holland Window-Shade Spring Roller for ONLY 75 CENTS.
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WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.
Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,
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OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.
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THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE
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and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by
JAMES A. SHAW,
which consists of Leather
BOOTS AND SHOES
TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.
Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.
GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.
Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.
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EDWARD J. WATSON,
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GENERAL STOCK OF
Groceries and Provisions
FEED, HAY,
CORN, CHOP STUFF,
OATS, MEAL, FLOUR, &c.,
will be furnished at short notice at lowest prices.
GROCERIES of all kinds; Vegetables, &c.,
I shall endeavor to keep a General Feed and Provision Store, and respectfully ask a share of the public patronage.
Feb. 2, 1889. E. J. WATSON.

SHOES for Gents', Ladies', Misses or Children, a prices as low as can be found. J. H. SIMPERS.

25c. Will buy a Pound of Good Natural Tobacco at J. L. McFEELY'S.

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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,
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Jan. 2, 1889.

THOMPSON LINE CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
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BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DAYTONS, ROAD CARTS, BUCKBOARDS, and WAGONS
of every description.
We also have the agency for THE REMINGTON and the "WORLD" TYPE-WRITERS. Every business man should have one.

As Usual, Freighting!
Our vessels, the Schooners "ADAMS" and "REMITTANCE," are in complete order, and now running in our line. All freights handled with promptness and dispatch. Advancements made on grain to reliable parties.
JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
Sept. 29, 1888. MANAGER.

HORSE-SHOEING
Headquarters!
SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,
Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!
I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.
My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.
My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.
My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.
Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.
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Established 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.
New Wheat Wanted
in any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I can PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market.
Agent for Walton & Whann Company, High Grade Fertilizers, Wilmington, Del. a17.

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.

MONEY NOTICE.
We desire a settlement with all our customers, especially with those whose notes and accounts are over-due. We mean this for every one. Some of the notes we have had to take up in bank, and we insist upon the immediate settlement of these also. Parties having notes over-due will receive notice through the mail so that no one can have an excuse for failure to meet the same.
jy20-tf. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

THE AMBITIOUS STORA.

Once upon a time there was a poor fisherman who lived in a miserable cabin with his wife who was named Stora. One day, after fishing several hours and catching nothing, the fisherman suddenly drew from the water a great fish, which had golden scales and a crown upon its head.

"Oh!" cried the fisherman, "this indeed is a prize. I will take it to the king, and I hope he will pay me well for it."

But the fish said to him: "Restore me to liberty. I am an enchanted prince, and whatever you wish shall be granted."

"All right," replied the good natured fisherman. "This is the first time that I ever heard a fish talk. It must really be the result of some sorcery."

He put the fish back into the water, and went home and told his wife of all that had happened.

"What!" she cried, "you asked nothing of the prince, who has, perhaps, some magic power?"

"No," replied the fisherman, "I did not think of it; and, besides, what could I ask?"

"What!" exclaimed Stora, "when we are living here so wretchedly. You might have asked for a little house. He is indebted to you. You have saved his life. He can refuse you nothing."

The fisherman, who was of humble and contented nature, did not dare to make the attempt, but he finally yielded to his wife's entreaties and went to the shore and called:

"Golden fish, royal fish!"

"Why do you call me?" asked the fish.

"Alas!" replied the timid fisherman, "I obey my wife whose will is not always in accord with mine."

"And what does she want now?"

"Oh! she is not content with our poor cabin and she wishes a larger house."

"Return home. Your wish is granted."

In fact, in place of the miserable cabin stood a pretty house. Stora, radiant with joy, was seated before the door. She took her husband by the hand and said:

"Come and see how beautiful it is."

In the house there was a pretty chamber with a good bed, a kitchen completely furnished with cooking utensils, and in the yard resounded the cries of hens and geese. Behind the house was a garden with every kind of vegetable.

"Is it not charming?" said Stora.

"Yes," replied the amazed fisherman and they both rejoiced in their happiness.

Two weeks later Stora said to her husband; "I think that we were too modest in our wish. The house is too small and we have no land except the garden. I should like to have a fine large country residence."

"How silly!" replied her husband, "what should we do with a country house."

"Oh! It would be just what we want. You have only to go and see your friend, the golden fish"—

The poor fisherman, unable to resist, bowed his head and went out.

"Why do you call me?" asked the fish.

"Alas!" replied the fisherman, "I obey my wife, whose will is not always in accord with mine."

"What does she wish now?"

"She wants a large country house."

"Very well. Your wish is granted."

The fisherman thanked him and turned toward home.

What a surprise! Before him rose a large, high house with a court, stables and barns. His wife awaited him, dressed in a beautiful garment, and she led him through his new abode.

"Is it not a magnificent property?" asked Stora.

"Yes," replied her husband; "now I hope you will be satisfied."

Several days passed. One morning Stora said to her husband: "It is a good thing to have a domain like this. But we might do better. We might have a castle and live like a lord. Go and ask this of your magic fish, which owes you its life."

"No," replied the fisherman, "I will not ask anything more of him. He might be angry, and with good reason."

"Oh," continued the wife, "I entreat you to go just this once; he can refuse you nothing and I can no longer live in this miserable place. If I cannot have a castle I shall die."

The poor fisherman was once more forced to obey, and the fish once more said to him, "Go, your wish is granted."

He returned to his home. What a big change! In the place of the rustic country home rose a castle with a tower from the top of which floated a banner. The walls were surrounded by a ditch which one had to cross on a drawbridge. Upon this bridge stood Stora dressed in a magnificent silk robe with a gold chain around her neck. She took her husband by the hand and led him through the various apartments.

"Well," she cried triumphantly, "what do you think of this?" Is it not better than the country house? Are you contented?"

"Yes," replied the fisherman. "But for God's sake don't ask for anything more."

A few days afterwards Stora said to her husband: "I went up to the top of the tower on our castle and I could see the boundary of our domains, and I observed with pain that it is not very far off. It is not enough to possess a seignory; we must have a kingdom and you shall be king."

"What a wild idea!" cried the fisherman. "I will not consent to it."

"If you do not wish to be king," resolutely, "I wish to be a queen. Go and express my desire to your obliging friend, the powerful magician."

"Certainly not," replied her husband, "He has been marvelously kind to us, and I will ask nothing more of him."

But the ambitious Stora insisted, begged and threatened, and the poor fisherman yielded to her inflexible will.

The fish looked at him with an expression of pity and said, sadly: "Once more your wife's wish is granted."

In the place of the castle stood a vast palace, with a magnificent facade and four imposing towers.

In it, surrounded by ministers, guards and courtiers, Stora sat upon a golden throne, with an ermine mantle over her shoulders and a beautiful diamond crown upon her head.

"At last," she said to her husband, enthusiastically, "this is the height of happiness. I desire nothing more."

"Thank God!" he replied.

Some time after this Stora became grave, and drawing her husband aside she said to him: "I am content to be a queen; I am satisfied with the respect of my ministers and the tranquillity of my subjects. But the sun sometimes rises too early and the moon sometimes shows herself too late, and sometimes the wind blows in a manner which is disagreeable to me. I wish to govern all these things at my will. The fairy fish can refuse you nothing. He must grant me this favor. It shall be the last."

The fisherman gazed at her in stupefaction. He could not believe at first that she was speaking seriously. But when she reiterated her demand he swore that he would never be a party to such an insane idea.

Alas! the poor man could not resist the exactions of his terrible companion. After violent protestations he again yielded. He went tremblingly to the fish and told him his wife's strange desire.

This time the royal fish darted a frightful look upon him, and said in a formidable voice:

"Enough; your wife is mad and you are a fool. You shall have neither palace nor castle nor country house. Through pity for you I restore you to your old cabin. You deserve nothing better."

At these words he disappeared. The fisherman returned, with bowed head, and found his wife clad in rags seated before the old cabin and weeping bitterly.

Noble Unselfishness.

On the 27th of December, 1885, one of the American line of steamers,—the *Lord Gough*,—while on its way from Liverpool to Philadelphia, sighted a Gloucester fishing schooner in distress. The wind was blowing a gale, and the schooner almost disabled, and, with three or four of her crew already washed into the ocean, was flying the signal for help.

Captain Hughes of the steamship saw the fearful peril which a rescuing party must encounter, but his call for volunteers was promptly answered by the mate and a crew of brave men, and preparations were made for the desperate trip. To the astonishment of all, while the boat was being lowered, the flag of distress on the schooner's mast was hauled down!

Perplexed at this movement, the hardy rescuers hesitated; but it was finally decided that the boat should go. With great difficulty the schooner was reached, and on her deck were found twelve men utterly without hope except from outside aid. It was necessary to make two trips and the bold sailors of the *Lord Gough* took half the suffering men and toiled through the wild waters to their own ship, and returned as soon as possible for the others.

When all were safe on the steamer, Captain Hughes asked the schooner's master, Captain George W. Pendleton, why he had lowered the distress flag. The reply was:

"We saw that you were preparing to make an effort to save us, but we saw also that it was a sea in which it was very doubtful whether a boat would live. I said then to my men, 'shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours?' and they answered, 'No!' Then I hauled down the flag."

The story is a noble one, on both sides. The men on the schooner were worth saving, at all hazard; and the men on the steamer were worthy to save them.

He Overdid It.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by a way the members of his congregation had got into of looking around to take stock of late comers. After enduring the annoyance for some time, he said, on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose, henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Farmer Stubbins, with his wife and daughter."

Farmer Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused. "Sam Curtis and William Diggle." The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity: "Mrs. Symons, of the Red Lion, in a new bonnet." In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.

The Course of Storms.

According to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Benjamin Franklin was the first to discover that storms in this country travel from west to east. He was interested in observing an eclipse, and found that while the observations were spoiled in Philadelphia by a rain storm that came on just at the beginning of the eclipse, the sky was clear at Boston until after the eclipse was over. By communicating with inter-towns, he learned that the storm traveled eastward at a uniform rate. Simultaneous observations taken in all parts of the country show that nearly all great storms follow the same general direction—from west to the east. The same is true of cold and hot waves. Therefore, to tell what the weather will be in advance, we have only to find out the conditions prevailing west of us. This is practically the course pursued by the signal service.

But Yet a Woman.

She wore a mannish little coat
With knowing little pockets;
She's cast aside her necklaces,
Her bangles and her lockets;
Her dickey collar and cravat
Exactly match her brother's;
Her round straw hat is so like his
You can't tell one from 'tother's;
She ventures on a little slang
That sounds quite brusque and mannish,
But show her once a mouse or worm
And see the disguise vanish!

PROF. HUXLEY contributes a thought for September: "I suppose," he says, in speaking of the oyster, "that when this slippery morsel glides along the palate few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery far more complicated than a watch."

THE WIDOW GRIGSBY.

Texas journals announced not long since that Sam Curtis, the general and efficient general manager of the Texas Transcontinental Railroad, had severed his connection with that company, he having received a more advantageous offer from a rival company. The real facts of the case, however, warrant the impression that Sam was bounced.

One morning the president of the company requested the presence of Sam in his private office. Sam complied, and found the old man to be in a state of mind, so to speak.

"Mr. Curtis, I have something very important for you to attend to, something that will require the exercise of great discretion," said the president.

"I shall endeaver to do my best," replied Sam.

"Perhaps you remember that one day last week a man was struck by one of our trains near Lickskillet and killed?"

"Yes, I heard of it."

"Well, I have been investigating the matter, and I find that the engineer was entirely to blame."

"That's my impression, too."

"And the worst of it is the man was married, and his wife has got a clear case against the company. We are liable to be mulcted—yes sir, actually mulcted in heavy damages."

"Very likely."

"And, what is more, the people of Lickskillet are fanatically opposed to railroads. A Lickskillet jury would give that woman $40,000 as quick as they would a cent. They are down on the Transcontinental on general principles. And if we took an appeal that would do us no good, for she has a clear case of damages. Why, Mr. Curtis, Lickskillet juries have given verdicts of $300 against us for running over a razor-back hog worth $1.25."

"I know it," replied Sam. "What do you wish me to do?"

"Go to Lickskillet and see the widow at once and get her to compromise. Luckily, the matter has not yet got into the papers and possible the lawyers have not yet tampered with her. If one of them Austin lawyers gets on to the case for a contingent all hope of compromise is gone."

"I understand."

"Use all your persuasive powers to get her to compromise. Here is $2,000 in cash. If you can compromise the matter for that you will be entitled to the gratitude of the company. These country people are an easy set to fool, and you are the man to fool them."

Next day Sam Curtis knocked at the door of a frame house in the suburbs of Lickskillet. A sharp-faced woman of about 50 years of age appeared.

"Good morning, miss; I'd like to see your mother, Mrs. Grigsby," said Sam.

"My name is Mrs. Grigsby."

"Impossible! It can't be that so young a girl as you is already married."

The hard lines faded out of the woman's face, and Sam was invited in.

"Miss—I mean madam, I represent the Taxes Transcontinental Railroad. I came to confer with you in regard to your late husband."

"My late husband!" exclaimed the woman, staring at him.

"Don't become excited, madam. It's a sad affair, but I do not come here to tear open the healing wounds. On the contrary, I came as a ministering angel."

"Oh, you do, do you?" replied the woman pensively.

"Yes, madam. Although the company is really not responsible for the accident, we do not desire any litigation."

"I read the other day where a railroad company had to pay $25,000 for runing over a man."

"That was probably a different case. Now, let us reason together. Suppose you bring suit for $25,000. It will be three years before the case can be tried, and by that time there won't be any case left. A young and attractive widow like you will be married inside a year. That would knock the stuffing out of any damage suit for killing your first husband."

"But supposing I don't marry?"

"Not a supposable case. Now I hate to see as beautiful and intelligent a woman as you wasting her sweetness on the desert air. If you lived in San Antonia, or Galveston, or Seguin, or some other Texes metropolis you would be appreciated. Why, my dear madam, some years ago we compromised a case like this and paid the widow a large sum of money. Like yourself, she was gifted mentally and physically. With the money she got from us she moved to Houston. She was able to dress fashionably, and in less than a week she had nine offers of marriage. She finally married a statesman, and now she lives at Washington, is the chum of Cabinet Officers' wives, and drives out with the foreign ambassadors."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Now that's what you ought to do instead of throwing yourself away by living in this little one-horse town. Suppose I pay you $500, and you sign this little document?"

"Make it $1,500 and I'll think of it."

After some more talk, Mrs. Grigsby signed the release, Sam paid over the money and returned to the hotel in fine spirits.

"In giving a woman taffy you can't overdo it," mused Sam. "I guess the boss will raise my salary for this."

Sam's musings were interrupted by a big man with a revolver in his belt.

"Be you Samuel Curtis, the general manager of the Transcontinental Railroad."

"I'm the man," replied Sam.

"Then I serve you with this here paper."

"What is it?" asked Sam in astonishment.

"It's a citation in a damage suit for $40,000 by the Widow Grigsby."

"Some mistake, I reckon. I've got a release of all claim for damages, signed by her less than ten minutes ago."

"I reckon not. She is not in town. She is out on her ranche."

"What do you call this?" asked Sam producting the document.

"This is not signed by the widow of the man who was run over."

"What!" gasped Sam.

"That is signed by Eliza Grigsby. The name of the widow is Jane Grigsby. Eliza is the sister-in-law of Jane. She is married to the brother of this man your locomotive run over. Eliza hasn't got any claim, except she is named Grigsby."

"I'm robbed! I'm robbed!" howled Sam.

"Oh, she's a sharp one. Jim Grigsby, the brother of Tom Grigsby, who was run over, married her up North somewhere. Hope you did't pay her much."

"I'll have her arrested. She has obtained money under false pretences, the old hag. I'll have her in the penitentiary," said Sam, jumping up and down.

"Did she claim to be the widow of the late remains?"

"No, she didn't say so exactly, but I took it for granted she was the widow, and she didn't deny it," said Sam, with a sigh.

Sam went back, but he didn't go back to work for that railroad any more.

STANDING ALONE.

O little white feet, striving bravely
To mark out a path of your own,
You're learning the lesson so early
Of trying to stand all alone.

A wearisome lesson, my darling,
And harder for women than men,
A lesson that must be repeated,
Ah! over and over again.

Those tender white feet oft will stumble,
Life's path is so rough, little one,
You know not the rocks and the pitfalls
That lie on the path just begun.

But we, from the years that have met us
Cry out as we think of the road.
How gladly we'd shorten the distance,
How gladly we'd lighten the load.

To arms now outstretched to protect you,
How often in vain you will turn,
And learning to do without them
Is the hardest of all to learn.

O, little white feet, made for kisses,
You often will ache 'neath your load,
You will wearily count each milestone,
And long for the end of the road.

The way will seem long, little traveler,
Till the sun sinks down in the west,
But 'twill bring you at last, my darling,
To the beautiful city of rest.

Figures Worth Remembering.

The whole number of men called for by the Government during the late war was 2,759,049. The whole number on the rolls, regulars and volunteers, was 2,690,401. Only a small number was obtained by the drafts, the result being as follows: Held to personal service, 46,347; furnished substitutes, 73,607; paid commutation, 86,724; total, 206,678; to which should be added 87,588 credited to the States under the draft of 1862. The amount of commutation money received by the Government was $26,366,316.78. Of drafted men 166,244 failed to report, and 315,509 were exempted from service.

The first call for troops was made by President Lincoln April 15, 1861. On that day Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation calling upon the Governors of the several States for a force of 75,000 militia for three months, and on the same day he called an extra session of Congress to meet on July 4, 1861. On May 3, 1861, the President called for a vounteer force for three years, to consist of 39 regiments of infantry and 1 regiment of cavalry, making a maximum aggregate of 42,034 officers and men. He also directed an increase of the regular army by the addition of 6 regiments of infantry, 1 of cavalry and 1 of artillery, making a maximum aggregate of 22,711 officers and men. He also called for 18,000 seamen.

The enrollment act was passed March 3, 1863. This was "An act for the enrolling and calling out the national forces and for other purposes." Under this act a draft was commenced in July, 1863, which resulted in little direct benefit to the army, but served greatly to stimulate volunteering. Prior to July 1, 1863, no men were drafted for a greater period than nine months. Subsequent to September 5, 1864, no men were drafted for a greater period than one year. Men drafted for a period less than three years, or substitutes for men so drafted were not entitled to bounty.

During the entire war, not less than 500,000 men were charged with desertion. The volunteer force was not a part of the militia, but of the army of the United States. Though assimilated to the militia in some respects, it was as distinct in *law* from the militia as was the so called regular contingency of the army.

The war with Mexico began April 24, 1846, and ended July 26, 1848. One hundred and one thousand two hundred and eighty-seven men served during that war. Of that number 27,506 belonged to the regular army and marine corps; 73,775 were volunteers furnished by States.

About 40,000 men served in the regular army during the war of 1812. The whole militia forced raised during the war was 31,210 officers and 440,412 men—in all 471,622 officers and men.

GOV. LEE'S OPINION.

Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, is recognized as an honest and far-seeing statesman all over the whole country. His opinion, therefore, on the questions interesting alike to white and colored people, are worth considering. Here is what he says:

"I am sorry to see the two races drifting apart in Virginia, but that is the unmistakable tendency. They are getting farther apart every year, and there seems to be no hope of ever re-establishing cordial and kindly relations between them. This is chiefly the fault of the colored people, and they will be the chief sufferers by it. By their persistent political hostility to the white population they are driving off the only people who can help them—the white tax-payers of the State. The latter are already growing restive under the great burden of negro education and criminal expenses, which amounts to an enormous sum annually, and for which the white people have no return and see no good results. The annual outlay for negro education under the public school system amounts to $340,000, 90 per cent. of which is paid by white tax-payers. In addition there are the Hampton Normal School and Petersburg Institute, both of which receive large yearly appropriations. Now, when you add to this the cost of the colored insane asylum at Petersburg, $140,000 a year, and the criminal expenses of over $220,000, 80 per cent. of which are for colored criminals, you can readily see that it runs up to an enormous total, the inequality of which as regards the white people is very sensible and under which, as I said, they are growing very restive. I repeat that I regret to see this widening gap between the races, but I see no remedy for it as long as the colored people as a mass pursue their present political course and remain wilfully blind to a proper recognition of what the white people have done and are still doing for them in the respects above mentioned."

As feels Virginia, so feels Maryland.

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MR. BOWSER ON CARPETS.

What He Knew.

From the Detroit Free Press.

I regard Mr. Bowser as one of the kindest and most loving husbands in the world, and if any one has imbibed the idea from anything I have put forward that he is eccentric or given to bulldozing, such idea is radically wrong. He is simply the average husband after five years' marriage. The average husband not only knows fifty times as much as the average wife, but he regards it as his solemn duty to inform her of the fact on every possible occasion. If he happens to be mistaken he could back down gracefully, but he won't. He's infallible or nothing.

We wanted a carpet for one of the bedrooms, and I mentioned that I thought we had better get a velvet.

"What's the matter with tapestry?" he queried.

"It's too common and there's no wear to it."

"You talk as if you knew all about carpets. When did tapestry become common?"

"It always has been common. It's only one grade above ingrain."

"Oh, it isn't! Well, I take great pleasure in informing you that you are way off. What you don't know about carpets would fill a book."

"But you know all about 'em?"

"Certainly. Every intelligent man does, especially if he is married. Tapestry, as you ought to have known for the last twenty-five years, ranks next to Axminster."

"It can't be."

"Didn't I say it did? If I didn't know why should I say so? First comes hemp then two-ply and three-ply ingrain, and the last is followed by Brussels, velvets, moquettes, tapestries and Axminsters. You'd better write 'em down."

"Mr. Bowser, you are wrong, as I will prove to you. Tapestry is below body Brussels in grade and price. I can buy tapestry as low as sixty-five cents per yard."

"Oh, well, it's no use to dispute with a bigot. You happened to misspeak yourself and get it that way, and so you are determined to stick it out. We'll drop the subject."

"Dare you meet me at the carpet store this afternoon?" I demanded.

"Dare I! I should say I dare! You can't bluff me in that way, Mrs. Bowser! I'll meet you there at 3 o'clock, and after you have been made to sing small, I hope you will take the lesson to heart and reap its benefits. Bring the measure of the room with you."

I met him at the hour named. He looked at me in a pitying way, and I think he felt sorry for me from the bottom of his heart.

"We want to look at some tapestry carpet," he said to the clerk as we entered the elevator.

We were carried up two or three flights, given seats by the windows, and as roll after roll of carpet was displayed the clerk said:

"There are all the new fall patterns in tapestries, and the prices are very low. I can sell you any pattern on the floor for sixty cents."

Mr. Bowser's mouth gave a twitch at the left-hand corner, followed by a sudden contraction at the right, and he was a little hoarse as he observed:

"If there are only sixty cents then moquettes can't be over forty."

"I can sell you moquettes as low as $1.75, but you don't want 'em. You want one for about $2.25."

There was a spasmodic movement through Mr. Bowser's entire system as he queried:

"What is velvet worth?"

"About two dollars."

"And body Brussels?"

"From a dollar up."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose, that tapestry is the cheapest of the lot."

"Why, certainly."

"Cheaper than velvet or moquette?"

"Of course. Tapestry ranks only one grade above ingrain."

"I don't believe it. You are certainly mistaken."

"But I can't be. Any carpet man in town will tell you the same. Even your wife must know that."

That finished Mr. Bowser. The last sentence also finished me. He knew he was beaten, but he was determined not to give in. He therefore swallowed the lump in his throat and said:

"I beg to still differ with you. You have got the case turned end for end, but I am too honorable to take advantage of you. It is the tapestry which is worth one seventy-five instead of the moquettes. Here's the pattern that suits us, and I want eighteen yards, Make the bill at fourteen shillings a yard."

"Very well," replied the puzzled clerk, and the carpet was laid and paid for on that basis, and it is down to last until worn out. I've had half a dozen lady friends drop in and incidentally inquire why we got such a cheap, shabby carpet, but they are no sooner gone than up bobs Mr. Bowser and says:

"There goes another numskull! It's mighty funny how you people have let carpet men impose on you for the last dozen years! If they'd tell you that red was black I suppose you'd believe it!"

ONIONS FOR CROUP.—A lady who speaks from experience says that probably 9 children out of 10 who die of croup might be saved by the timely application of roasted onions, which have been mashed, laid upon a folded napkin and goose oil, sweet oil, or even lard, poured on and applied as warm as can be born comfortably to the throat and upper part of the chest and to the feet and hands. This is a very simple remedy, and if used in time will prove very effective.

A DARKEY PREACHER in a sermon on base ball makes this pertiment remark on the game: I has nebber yet ben able to understand why a boy's hand will blister so much sooner on a hoe handle den dey will on a base ball bat,—Curus ain't it? You often sees a boy so lame dat it gibs him de lock jaw to go for a bucket ob water, but he kin run de bases in a game ob ball at de rate ob forty miles an hour.

IN discussing business disagreements keep cool.

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