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.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
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Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

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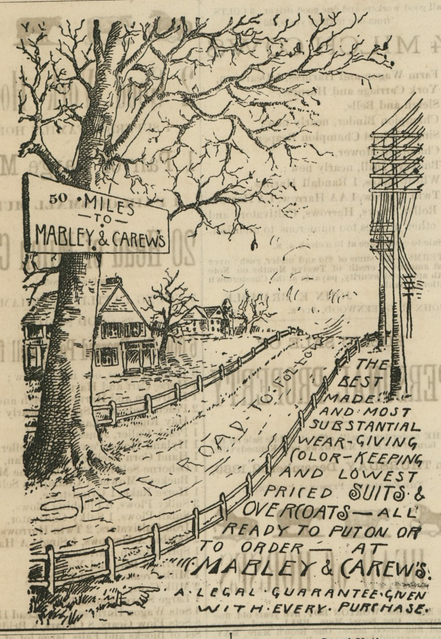
JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.



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.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

JAS. W. STEVENS. E. NELSON STEVENS
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.

J. 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. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

PHILADELPHIA.
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. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

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.

—FIRST CLASS—
Eating and Oyster Saloon
IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE
"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"
THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,
I am, respectfully,
Oct. 19—3m. A. I. DUGAN.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

RICHARD HYNSON,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers. Given under our hands this 15th day of November, 1889.

CAROLENE L. HYNSON,
RICHARD D. HYNSON.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES H. KENDALL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of May, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 15th day of November, 1889.

STEPHEN KINDALL.
Nov. 16, 1889—4t. Administrator.

ELECTION NOTICE!

FOR THE WOMEN!

NOW that the two great parties have had their election, to settle very important questions, they are going to stand back now and see every woman in Kent County cast her vote for the superiority of our line of goods. Their ticket will be a sample sack of KENT'S FAVORITE FLOUR, WHITE TABLE, YELLOW TABLE MEAL, CHOICE PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TAILINGS. The above is kept by the leading dealers in town and the villages of this county.

Ask your dealer for any of the above, and if he has not got it, ask him to get it for you; if he will not get it, send us your order by mail or wagon and we will deliver it at your door under very short notice. Don't be deceived with short weight and inferior goods, but insist that it must come from the URIEVILLE ROLLER MILL. KENT'S FAVORITE is strictly a straight grade flour, and is made from the choicest wheat. And while we do not claim it to be quite as white as the Best Patent Flour, (we do not ask so much for it) we *do* claim that it is white enough, and if handled properly, it will make a nice, white, sweet and soft loaf, such as every man delights to see come on the table. And it will hold its moisture from one to three days longer than patent flour.

Our Corn Goods is made from the Best Corn that is raised in the county. Our PEARL HOMINY is made from Genuine Hominy Corn, and is far superior to city hominy. Our Wheat Feed is pure and always reliable, and is much lower than city prices. Try them and be convinced. There are many reasons why we can give better results and offer our customers greater inducements than any other mill in the county, which you will see. We will soon enter our twelfth year in our business here. Does not that show that we came to stay? We have, by close attention to business, and strict business integrity, increased our business three-fold. Does not that prove that we have and can still offer lower prices and better goods than can be found elsewhere?

We have made many improtant changes lately and have now a full roller system of making a *straight grade* flour which gives general satisfaction whenever it is given a fair trial. In conclusion, will say that we shall put forth a greater effort than ever to keep our mill and our goods fully up to the demands of the people. We will be prepared to grind Corn Cobs as soon as it is in condition to grind, but must insist on it being good clean corn.

We also have our saw-mill in operation, and can saw all kinds of timber at reasonable rates. We solicit your patronage to both mills, and thanking you for your patronage in the past, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,
WM. W. McKNETT,
no9-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

NEW! NEW!
Fall and Winter Goods!
DRESS GOODS, CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES, KERSEYS,
Flannels, Cheviots, Tickings!
DRESS GINGHAMS, PRINTS,
WHITE AND COLORED BLANKETS.
UNDERWEAR of all Grades at Prices to Suit all. Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, Corsets, Suspenders, Collars, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs and Notions in great variety.
MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS
MEN'S SHOES, LADIES' SHOES!
MISSES' SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES!
RUBBER BOOTS and SHOES!
HATS and CAPS! CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS!
Full line of Groceries and Queensware. All at lowest prices.
J. H. SIMPERS,
Oct. 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN.

TAKE NOTICE
Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!
THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
VALUABLE
PEACH FARM!

BY VIRTUE of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage from James Rankin and wife and Montgomery Rankin and wife, to George B. Westcott, dated the 21st day of December, 1886, and recorded among the land records of Kent county, Maryland, in Liber S. B., No. 8, Folio 481, &c., the undersigned as assignee of said mortgage, will offer at Public Sale,

At the Court House Door in Chestertown, Maryland, on

Tuesday, the 17th of December, 1889

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M., ALL THAT

Valuable Farm

lying in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, Maryland, on the public road leading from St. Paul's Church to the village of Georgetown, about two miles from Tolchester Beach, composed of parts of the tracts called ARCADIA and THE ECCLESTON TRACTS, &c., and now generally known as

"Caulk's Field Farm,"

CONTAINING

213 ACRES
OF LAND,

MORE OR LESS, and which is more particularly described in the aforesaid mortgage.

THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a
—SUBSTANTIAL—
Brick Dwelling House,
GRANARY and CORN-HOUSE, and other usual OUTBUILDINGS.

There is about 6,000 PEACH TREES,

five and six years old, also an OLD PEACH ORCHARD of about 2,000 Trees, and about 250 Trees of Pears, Quinces, Plums, &c.

The soil is kind and adapted to the growth of cereals and fruit.

Terms of Sale:

Cash on day of sale or within sixty days there after, at the option of the undersigned.

RICHARD D. HYNSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R. no16-ts.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF A—
DESIRABLE FARM!

BY VIRTUE of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Laura V. Sanders and Wm. E. Sanders, her husband, to George B. Westcott dated the 10th day of September, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, Maryland, in Liber S. B. No. 7, folio 25, etc., the undersigned as assignee of said mortgage will sell at Public Auction

At the Court House door in Chestertown, Maryland, on

Tuesday, the 17th of December, 1889

AT HALF-PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,
—ALL THAT—
Valuable Farm

on which said mortgagors reside in the 2d election district of Kent county, situated on the public road leading from Chestertown to Crumpton and fronting also on Cherry Lane, comprising parts of tracts called

KILLINGSWORTHMORE
And "DARBY,"
—CONTAINING—
309 ACRES,
MORE OR LESS,

and which is particularly described in said mortgage.

THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a
Good Frame Dwelling,
BARN and CORN HOUSE, CARRIAGE HOUSE, MEAT HOUSE, etc.

There is an Excellent Peach Orchard of about 3,500 Peach Trees,

also an APPLE ORCHARD. This is considered one of the best farms in the county, the soil being rich and under good cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

RICHARD D. HYNSON,
ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGE.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R. no16-ts.

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

FODDER YARN, Husking Gloves and Pins, Grain Scoops and Corn Baskets, at the hardware store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

THE OLD STOVE.

"Nancy!" said Mr. Moppet.

"Sir?" responded Nancy.

Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbow, was washing the breakfast dishes in a very deep pan of hot soapsuds.

Mr. Moppet was a hard-featured, elderly man, with whitish blue eyes, a straggly fringe of white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranium. Nancy was fresh colored and bright eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair dropping over her freckled forehead, and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left cheek. The two completely realized Shakespeare's ideal of "Crabbed Age and Youth."

"I'm a goin' to town," said Mr. Moppet. "You won't need to bile no pot victuals for dinner. Waste makes want. A cup of tea and a biled egg and what's left of yesterday's pork and greens—that'll be all you'll need."

"Yes, father," acquiesced Nancy.

She was thinking of something else all the while.

"And, talkin' 'bout eggs," added Mr. Moppet, "you may take four dozen up to Peach Farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty of 'em to make cake for her neice's party. Better go early this morning."

Nelly colored scarlet under the auburn rings of hair.

"Can't I send 'em up by little Billy Becker, father?" said she. "Webster Wixon will be there, and—and I don't like Webster Wixon with his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Moppet frowned.

"Nancy," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through ye like ye was a pane o' glass. Webster Wixon's a well to do man, with money out at interest, and you ought to be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you."

"But, father—"

"Not another word," grumbled Mr. Moppet. "I know just exactly what's comin'. It's that foolish nonsense about Absalom Parker, that I hoped you'd gotten over long ago. Absalom hain't got no property, and hain't like to have none, and no daughter o' mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkins' hired man, not if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy set her small, pearl white teeth together; her eyes flashed with hazel fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money.

"Take them eggs straight up to Peach Farm," reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forefinger at Nancy, "and don't argue the pint no further. I'm your father and I know what's best for you."

"But you're going right past the Wixon's door."

"No, I ain't, neither. I'm goin' the Horn Hill road. I've been appinted by the supply committee to buy an air tight wood stove for the church," he added with some complacency. "The old one's rusted clear out, so's there's danger o' fire every time its used, and the brethren have subscribed twenty dollars to buy a new one—leastways a second-hand one, if its jest as good."

Webster Wixon, a fat, middle-aged bachelor, was out helping to gather the October apples on the north side of the house when Nancy came up. He made haste to welcome her.

"Good morning, Miss Nancy," said he. "As bloomin' as ever I see."

"Here's your eggs," spoke Nancy, very curtly.

"Sit down a spell, won't ye?" simpered Mr. Wixon.

"I'm in a hurry," said Nancy.

"But, Nancy——"

"My name's Miss Moppet, sir."

"I've got something very particular to say to you Nancy," urged the middle-aged suitor.

"It'll have to keep," said Nancy. "I've got to get right home."

"Can't I walk with you a piece?"

"I'd rather go alone," she persisted.

"Nancy—Miss Moppet—I must speak," blurted out the old bachelor. "I love you better'n all the world! I want to make you Mrs. Webster Wixon! There, that's what I had on my mind! And your good father, he says it would suit him exactly, and——"

Nancy wheeled around and faced her eager swain.

"Is it me or father you're a courting?" said she.

"Why, you, of course!"

"Then take my answer—No!"

And without waiting for the return of her basket she hurried away, her cheeks blazing, her breath coming quick and fast.

"Father'll be awful mad," she thought, "but I'd sooner die than marry that man."

Webster Wixon stood a minute gazing after her in crestfallen silence; then he went back to apple harvesting, with an ominous compression of his lips.

"The madder she gets the prettier she looks," thought he. "Well, well, time will show. Brother Moppet said she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for consid'able."

Mr. Moppet drove leisurely on to Horn Hill, drove an excellent bargain for a highly ornamental wood stove, after having successively interviewed every hardware dealer in town, and set forth to return with it in his wagon just at dusk.

"It's a warm day for the time o' year," said he, "and it's easier traveling for the horse arter dark, and it ain't a bad day's work, come to think on't. I beat Brother Piper down pretty well on the price, and its worth a dollar'n a half to cart the thing home over the bumpy roads. They 'lowed, twenty dollars for it and I got it for fifteen. Takin' my time and wheel wear and horse-flesh into consideration, I guess I won't say nothin' about the odd five dollars. Business is business. It's a proper pretty pattern, too—thistle leaves and acorns. I'd like one the same fashion in my best room, and," with a long whistle, "why shouldn't I have it? There's that second-handed stove Gran'ther Atkins took for a debt from Solon Grubb. It's jest standin' rustin' away in his back wood shed. I'll fetch it home to-morrow and black it up, and let Elder Meachan suppose I got a bargain from somebody, and I'll have the nice new stove for myself and nobody'll be none the wiser, now that Gran'ther Atkins is confined to his bed with creepin' paralysis and Absalom Parker's up in the wood lots choppin' down trees for wine firewood. It's a good idea. I'm glad I happened to think of it!"

He drew rein opposite the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there, save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkins' bed room.

At that identical moment, had he but known it, Absalom Parker—the old man's general factotum—was hanging over the garden gate of his own place, talking to pretty Nancy among the purple dahlias and quilled asters.

And it was no difficult task for a man of John Moppet's physical strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon.

"Git up prince," he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went in a good trot.

Elder Meachan was not quite satisfied with the bargains. The church brethren, too, would have preferred a new stove, considering the money they had spent, but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room.

"Oh, isn't it pretty?" said she.

"Yes," nodded Mr. Moppet, rubbing his hands, "it'll sort o' dress up the room for your weddin'."

"Jest so, I've arranged matters, with Webster Wixon, and—"

Nancy burst into tears and ran out of the room.

Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her.

"She shall marry him," muttered he, "or she shall be no darter of mine. I won't be set at defiance by——Why, hello, Absalom Parker, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Atkins is took wuss this afternoon," said Absalom, standing at the doorway, like a rustic Apollo. "Wants to see ye—right off!"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Moppet drove by the church door, he saw wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Just in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows like a wrinkled ghost.

"John," he said, "all I've got in the world is yours, but I think I'd ought to tell you where I've hid it, since the bank robbery gave me such a scare."

"Certainly, certainly!" said his son-in-law with eager eyes, like those of a bird of prey.

"I've hid it away——"

John Moppet placed his ear close to the pallid lips.

"Six five hundred dollar bills——"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"Folded up in an old number of the Horn Hill *Gazette*——"

"I understand," said Moppet.

"In the old stove out in the shed," gasped the old man. "I knew nobody wonld be likely to look there! It's yours, John Moppet—every cent of it. And mind you, don't spend it in no extravagance."

So speaking, the old miser closed his dim eyes and went where there is neither money nor counting of money.

John Moppet uttered an exceeding bitter cry as he remembered the lighted match he had put to the crumpled papers in the stove, to make sure of draught when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the roar of the blaze through the lengths of Russian pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to over reach himself.

He went home and sat all the evening in a sort of stupor, with his head in his hands.

Nancy busied about her household tasks and watched him with hazel eyes of surprise.

"I didn't know he thought so much of Grand'ther Atkins," pondered she.

"Six times five are thirty," mused Mr. Moppet, rocking to and fro. "Six five hundred dollar bills! Three thousand dollars and all gone up chimbly in one breath o' wind and me as done it! I shall go crazy. I shall lose my mind. Three thou—sand dollars! It's a judgment on me. I've been a miserable sinner, and cheated the church. I've tampered with my own conscience. Six times five is thirty. Six five hundred dollar bills! Oh, Lord, there ain't no calculation what a miserable sinner I've been."

As the old kitchen clock struck nine, Absalom Parker came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty air.

"Evenin', Squire," said he. "I'm sort o' looking up the watchers. 'Spose you'd like to be one of 'em? But I'd like to speak a word or two to you first."

"If it's about Nancy, it ain't no use," said Mr. Moppet arousing himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance.

"It ain't about Nancy," Absalom answered with a smile. "It's about Mr. Atkin's money."

Mr. Moppet gave a start.

"Oh, you needn't jump so, it's all safe,' reassured Absalom.

He took a flat parcel out of his inside pocket.

"Count 'em," said he. "Six, are there not?"

Mr. Moppet started at Absalom Parker as Aladdin might have started at the Genii.

"How—where—" he stammered.

Absalom gave a low chuckle.

"Hush!" said he. "Don't speak loud. I seen the old man hide them there like a liuman miser as he was. I knew it was not safe, so I quietly took 'em out arter he'd had that last stroke, and locked 'em in his black leather trunk up in the attic. And you may thank me that they wasn't all burned up in the first fire you lighted in that identical stove!"

Mr. Moppet turned a purplish red.

"You know about that stove?" said he, with a gasp.

"It wasn't likely no such conjuring could go on about Mr. Atkins' place, and me not know it," said Parker, drily.

"The stove wasn't of no great consequence, though, except for old iron—Guess the church folks 'll get sick of it before a great while."

Mr. Moppet drew a long breath.

"When they do," said he, "I'll make 'em a present of a brand new one. And Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"You won't say nothing to nobody?"

"No, I ain't one o' the talking sort," said Absalom.

"And, Absalom—"

"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"

"Since you and Nancy really are attached to each other—"

"We're just that, Mr. Moppet."

"I don't see no objection to you getting married this fall," said Moppet, with an effort. "You may tell Nancy that she has my consent!"

Nancy cried a shower of happy tears when Absalom told her the good news.

But he never imparted to her the story of the stove. As he himself had remarked, "he was not one of the talking sort."

THE YOUNG MERCHANT.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said:

"That's a fine melon? What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenaunce, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."

"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued turning to Ben Williams.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, nor act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

A man who, by lying and cheating, drives away one customer a day, will in a little while have very few left, and they will soon find him out and leave him, and this proved true in Ben's case, for when he grew up he was tricky, no one would trust him, and he always remained poor. Harry on the other hand, soon developed into an honorable and prosperous merchant, and secured a generous competency before he reached the ordinary middle age.

Modern Proverbs.

Love is like a pond when it begins to dry out, all the mud becomes vesible.

Conscience is a guide to wisdom, but a fool runs his own way.

Humility discovers the footprints of Christ.

As a broken wheel on a wagon, so is an intemperate husband to his family.

A good book is a strong foundation and a safe rock upon which to build a home.

It is more blessed to give than to take, and I think this is the reason so many are wont to give advice.

Reputation is a garment, character wears it.

If a man can not find any good in his fellow man let him pump out his own heart and see if his own thoughts don't need filtering.

Laziness rusts; poverty, like acid, eats it.

The audacity of man carries him high, still it is nothing but gas that carries a balloon to the clouds.

Remember that a million dollars could not harm a hair of your head, but a slip of the tongue takes the scalp off.

When the brains die, spirits haunted the mind; this is modern spiritualism, and they who become devoid of understanding increase in superstition and ignorance.

Hung It Up.

An awkward young countryman from Vermont some years ago entered a Boston warehouse and asked for employment. He could do any kind of "chores," he said, and boasted of his strength.

"Stout as you are," said one of the clerks, "I'll give you ten dollars if you will carry that bag of salt twice across the store and never lay it down."

The Vermonter stood for a moment, thoughtfully eyeing the bag, and then shouldered it easily enough, carried it twice backward and forward, walked up to a rope with a hook at its end, which hung through a scuttle, and hung the bag on the hook.

"Mister," said he, "I guess I'll trouble you for that air ten. I didn't lay it down—I hung it up!"

The clerk rather unwillingly joined in the laugh which followed, and handed over the ten dollars.

"That's better than chopping logs," the young man remarked, as he deposited the money in his wallet.

Strict.

If wives are bound to be obedient, husbands are certainly bound to be reasonable. But, as the apostle said, "All men have not faith."

A neighbor found herself unexpectedly straitened in the midst of her pastry baking, and ran over to the house of Mrs. Hooper, who kept more than a hundred hens, to ask if she could spare a single egg.

"Well, I'll see," answered Mrs. Hooper, and, putting on her sunbonnet, she went out to a distant field in which her husband was plowing. On her return she said:

"Yes, Gideon says you can have it. He never allows me to lend anything without asking him first."

THEY are telling of a Maine man who asked two boys to carry half a cord of wood from the sidewalk up a flight of stairs to his office, and when they had finished the task handed one of the lads a cent, with instructions to "divide it" between them.

The Deadly Toothpick.

"Do you know," said a physician, "that the great American habit of toothpick chewing is responsible for a very large number of human ills?" The young man was more than surprised. He said he'd be glad to learn just how these evils are wrought by the apparently harmless and indispensable toothpick.

"Well," said the physician, "of course I refer more particularly to the practice of chewing wooden toothpicks. And when I modify my statement in this way I don't have any hesitation in reiterating that the wooden toothpick is an engine of destruction. If you hove noticed these things much you have observed that a good many people who take their meals at restaurants or hotel cafes, and rush out immediately afterward to business, snatch on the way a toothpick, sometimes several of them, and thrust the little wooden spears into the mouth. In nine cases out of ten they don't use tho toothpick quickly and as a matter of business, but they retain it in the mouth after all necessity for its function has ceased. They chew on it and wobble it about under the jaws, and finally the piece of wood is reduced to a ragged pulp, and then it is usually cast away. Very frequently small pieces of the wood are swallowed, and I know of one man who was in the habit of eating his toothpick. I became acquainted with him because he wanted me to give him something to heal his stomach, which was really in a lacerated condition. The small pieces of wood that are swallowed frequently lodge in the walls of the stomach somewhere, and induce gastric disturbance. I know several cases which proved fatal. A man may go on chewing toothpicks for fifty years and never suffer any ill effects, but his less fortunate neighbor may chew them for a few days and die on account of it. I tell you a fact when I say lots of troubles with the digestive apparatus and lots of more serious ailments may be, and have been by me in many instances, traced to the use of toothpicks, as I have pointed out. The habit, I notice, is one that is growing rapidly, and, aside from the fact that it is an ill-bred and rude custom, it is to be detested on hygienic principles. I found the other day that some restaurants dip their toothpicks in some aromatic fluid, like cinnamon, and this tends to cause a big spread of the toothpick-chewing habit. The person who puts one of these prepared sticks in his mouth can hardly resist the temptation to chew on it. It's an awful habit, and I'd like to see people stop it."

He saw his friend the dentist yesterday, and told him about the physician's warning and advice, and asked him what he thought about it. "Well," he said, smiling, "I don't know that I ought to talk of such a thing. If we fellows give the public too much advice, where will our trade come from? The fact is, the habit of toothpick chewing brings the dentist lots of customers. In a long practice I've seen how very destructive and dangerous the wooden toothpick when chewed. It destroys the gums and the teeth, its chewed fibres lacerate the bronchial passages, get into the throat and head, and induce catarrh, bad breath and general disfigurement of the mouth. If I were a philanthropist, instead of a dentist, I should advise everybody to avoid chewing toothpicks."—*Boston Herald.*

CURIOSITIES OF WEDLOCK.

Trivial Reasons for Marrying—Origin of Some Well-Known Customs.

Goethe said he married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married his servant girl to spite her relations.

The joining of right hands in ancient times had the solemnity and validity of an oath.

There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

Giving a ring is supposed to indicate the eternity of the union, seeing that a circle is endless.

A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

Under the Roman empire marriage was simply a civil contract; hence we read of men "putting away" their wives.

Among the Jews the rule was for a maiden to marry on the fourth and a widow on the fifth day of the week—not earlier.

In Jewish marriages the woman is set on the right, but throughout christendom her place in the ceremony is on the left.

In a Roman marriage the bride was purchased by the bridegroom's payment of three pieces of copper money to her parents.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

The custom of putting a veil upon the maid before the betrothal was done to conceal her blushes at the first touch of the man's hand and at the closing kiss.

Kissing the bride the moment the marriage ceremonial ended, though not now prescribed by the rubric of the western churches, formerly was an imperative act on the part of the bridegroom.

The early marriage ceremony among the Anglo-Saxons consisted merely of hand fastening, or taking each other by the hand and pledging each other love and affection in the presence of friends and relatives.

An old adage thus lays down the proper time for wedlock:

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

Such is Life.

Dear Aunt Peggy, a maiden lady, has very poor eyesight. Last Sunday she was buzzing about, getting ready for church, looking for her umbrella, spectacles, overshoes, and last, but not least her prayer book. The latter she thought she had secured by grabbing something off the bureau, at the last moment; but arriving at church, it proved to be our little brother's toy music-box, and in trying to find the place, she touched the spring, and it went off in fine style to the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer."

TELL me what are the prevailing sentiments that occupy the minds of young men, and I will tell you what is to be the character of the next generation.

DOES FARMING PAY?

This question is promptly answered today by the farming community generally, No. A Talbot county farmer figures out a net return from a $10,000 farm of $111.00. The Smyrna *Record*, in its last issue, discusses the matter of land improvement and the question of stock food, in connection with the proposed establishment of a cannery in that town. It argues that the improvement of land can best be secured by *keeping more stock;* and that the important matter of stock food is met by *preserving cannery refuse and stalks in a silo, and have green food the winter through.*

The improvement of land is one of the most vital subjects that can engage the attention of an owner but is not likely to claim much attention from the renter unless it can be plainly shown him that it is somewhat to his advantage, for strange to say, the renter can never see that in this improvement his interests are identical with those of the owner.

Over a century ago Adam Smith, the greatest of political economists, pointed out the fact, true of all lands and times, that "without some increase of stock there can be scarce any improvement of land" and "the increase in stock and the improvement of land are two events which must go hand in hand, and of which the one can nowhere much outrun the other."

Are our farmers keeping enough stock? Suppose at present prices it is profitable to raise grain at all, is it profitable to sell it? Would it not be more profitable to convert all the grain product of the farm into stock, hogs, sheep, beef and poultry.

The value of cattle cannot well be overestimated. Their manural product is far and away ahead of any artificial fertilizer ever purchased, and cheaper. Their milk product is a stayed and certain source of revenue, constant even at times when the best farmer has nothing else to sell. There are the calves, and now and then a beef to sell. But the most important of all these is the improvement made in the land, and all the others, which are highly desirable and even in themselves profitable, are secondary to the main purpose. The only objections in the way are those arising from the question, how shall we provide their food?

That is comparatively easy. Let us take for an example a farmer who has contracted with the canners for ten acres of sugar corn. Suppose the land is fairly well prepared, well cultivated and that an average crop per acre of 100 bushels, husk, ears and all, is harvested. Of this suppose that three-fourth or 75 bushels is thrown out by the canner and returned to the grower, a total of 750 bushels, suppose that when the crop is "off" the stalks standing average twelve tons per acre—they ought to average fourteen or sixteen tons. That will make 120 tons or 4,000 bushels—say for the stalks and cannery refuse a total of 5,000 bushels. This is an amount of green food sufficient to feed *fifteen cows for a year.* The preservation of green food is a science. Silos can be built at a cost not exceeding one dollar per ton of their storage capacity, and will last twenty years or more. Possibly by using the bay of a barn already this cost can be still further reduced. At any rate the outlay for silos on a farm raising ten acres of sugar corn need not exceed $125 at the outside. Any farmer or renter can see the profit of thus keeping 15 cows on what is practically refuse, or on what if used, would probably be used in the old way by being trampled down in a pond or rooted by hogs which in this way furnishes neither milk, beef, nor manure. The advantage of having green food all through the winter can be appreciated only by those who have had it.

Figuring on the above basis the acreage of corn contracted for in this immediate vicinity will furnish, in addition to the ear which the canner buys, food for from 900 to 1,200 cattle for a year. Isn't it worth saving?

How to Coax a Man to Propose.

An elderly man was telling to a group of giddy young girls the other day how he proposed to his wife when he was a young man. She was sewing at the time, he said, or he never would have had the courage to do it. If girls would sew more he thinks they would have more matrimonial chances. Sewing he considers the best accomplishment that a woman can have. A woman engaged with a needle has a domestic, homelike air that is irresistible to a man who loves her. It is a picture of what she would be in her own home, and makes him long that it should be his also. How can a man propose to a girl who sits straight up in her chair staring hard at him with a pair of bright eyes? But when she is bending gracefully over a bit of plain or fancy sewing, apparently absorbed in counting the stitches, and the arrows of her eyes are sheathed for a few minutes, he plucks up courage enough to offer her his heart and hand. The average young man is bashful in such affairs tho' bold enough at other times, and needs encouragement and opportunities. What sort of encouragement is a pair of bright eyes staring into his, watching his embarrassment?

Listen to the advice of an old man, who has been all through it; drop your eyes and give the young man a show. Remember this, girls, when the favorite young man drops in to make an evening visit, get out your bit of fancy work and look domestic, and with every stitch of your needle you will bind his heart more firmly to your own.

AN Ohio lady is the mother of a large