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.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1889. No. 33.

CHRISTMAS GREETING!

COLIN F. STAM

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE WILL HAVE A GRAND OPENING OF

CHRISTMAS GOODS

At His Store,

On SATURDAY, Dec. 14.

A general invitation is extended to the public to visit him on that day. His stock will embrace presents and Christmas tokens suitable for all persons and all ages.

STAM, On the Corner, under Stam's Hall; the Flag on the tower of hall will show you the place. Remember the Grand Opening at 9 A. M., Saturday morning.

Chestertown Dec. 7, 1889.

Holliday Goods!

GO TO

C. M. LUCAS'

JEWELRY STORE

and see his Beautiful Jewelry. He has laid in for the Christmas Holidays. He has some Little Watches for Young Ladies, only $30, Stem-winders and Solid Gold. These watches are made by the Waltham & Elgin Watch Co. He also has

RINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, JERSEY PINS SCARF PINS, HANDSOME CLOCKS, and RODGERS' TRIPLE PLATE.

Call and see for yourself. d7.

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.

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.

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Vestell House

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

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GRADUATE OF

The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,

CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

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

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

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

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

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

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

JACOBY & MILLER,

AUCTIONEERS,

HAVING had large practice in the Auctioneering Business, we guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. All persons wishing our services will please have JACOBY & MILLER put at the bottom of their bills and paper advertisements. In employing the two the charge will be the same as for one man.

G. W. JACOBY,

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aug. Auctioneers, Galena, Maryland.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,

BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, all grades, at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

NEW Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

The Sun

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not THE SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, 1 year,	1.00

d14-3t. Address THE SUN, New York.

HAVE YOU READ

The Philadelphia Times

THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD. THE TIMES has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope, making it the perfection of a NEWSPAPER, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS of THE TIMES are recognized as the very best printed in any daily newspaper, and, with the elegance of typography for which THE TIMES is noted, add to its popularity among all classes of readers.

THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

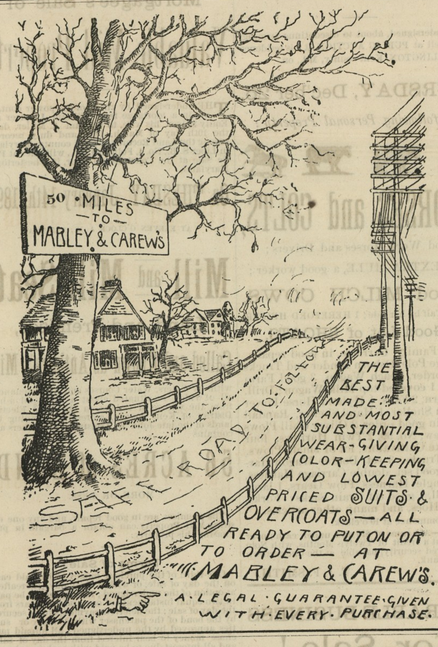
SPECIMEN COPIES of any edition will be sent free to anyone sending their address.

TERMS—DAILY, $3 per annum; $1 for four months; 30 cents per month; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week; SUNDAY EDITION—sixteen large, handsome pages—128 columns, elegantly illustrated, $2 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, $5 per annum; 50 cents per month. WEEKLY EDITION, $1 per annum.

Address all letters to

THE TIMES,

d21-3t. PHILADELPHIA.



IF WE GO BY THE ALMANAC

Only One Week is Left of 1889.

THUS FAR the year has been noted for its unparalleled Storms, Floods, Freshets and Singular Wetness, and will pass into history as part of the record of a remarkable year. It was a strange fall. It was a Strangely Active, Good Fall for Us. Standing on the edge of Winter, the Holidays ahead of us, we are inclined to believe that we will have an Immense Winter Trade. Never did we have a

FINER STOCK of CLOTHING!

or Lower Prices to Offer.

You can find Bargains in every department. As money is scarce we know you will require double duty for every dollar expended, and in every case we will give you full value for your money. We have a good, durable Suit for $5 00, a good Cassimere or Wool Suit for $10 00, a good, substantial Overcoat for $3 50, a better Overcoat for $5 50, a Fine Dress Overcoat for $8 50. A full line of Men's and Boys' Kersey Suits, at Bottom Prices. Pants, Pants, Pants—We have the Greatest Bargains in Pants ever offered in Chestertown, from $1 00 up to $5 00. Boys' and Children's Suits—We have a Fine Assortment, price from $1 25 up to $7 00 per suit. Storm, Storm, Storm—Storm Overcoats in all the leading shades. Fine Dress Suits in Prince Alberts, French Wide Wales, Cutaway Frock and Cutaway Sack Suits, Satin-Lined, Corded-Edge Chinchilla Overcoats, in Blue, Black and Brown; Fur Beavers, Meltons, French Wide Wales and English Kersey Overcoats, in all shades, a luxury, nicely trimmed and made in the finest style, at lowest prices, and that guaranteed 20 per cent. lower than any other house.

A. FRIEDMAN,

Nov. 23, 1889. *The Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Chestertown, Maryland.*

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 important 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 COB CORN 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.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Baltimore St., near Charles,

DEALERS IN

CARPETS, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

Mattings, Rugs, &c.

HAVING ENLARGED THEIR STORE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF GOODS

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at LOW PRICES. Our Goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.

CRANE BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.

Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

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.

IT WAS NOBSON'S WAY.

He Run the Postoffice on Strictly Business Principles—Don't See How Uncle Sam Could Expect a Man to Lose His Time for Nothing—How a Stranger at Nobson's Cove Lifted the Mail Quarantine.

Several men dressed in yellow and brown jeans sat about a fire built on the "dirt floor" of a log cabin. In appearance they were as rude as a scrub calf, and in their manners there could not have been traced the slightest remembrance of a civilization that was past, or the faintest leaning toward a civilization to come. The smoke from the fire was supposed to go out at a hole in the roof, but it did not, and the men were watery-eyed as they sat humped over.

A sudden commotion dissolved the circle about the fire. A well-dressed stranger had stepped into the room.

"I am looking for Nobson's Cove postoffice," said the stranger, coming nearer to the fire.

"This is the place," answered a tall, gaunt fellow, lifting his coat tails and seating himself upon a hewed log counter. "My name's Nobson."

"Glad to meet you. Is there a letter here for J. W. Wheatty?"

"That yo' name?"

"Yes, and knowing that I was coming this way, I requested that my mail be directed to this place."

"Wall, thars two letters here fur you. Wanter take 'em out now?"

"Of course."

"Waal, my rule is that befo' a purson ken git a letter outen this offis he haster buy at least $2 wuth outen my sto'. Ain't got ez big a stock ez you might a seed in knockin' about the country, but whut I've got you may count on being fust-class. What do you want, terbacker, je'nes, cotton bats, bed tickin', shoe luther, geese feathers ur some uv the sweetest sorghum morlasses you ever sapped bread inter? Take it all out in one or will you have it scattered."

"I don't want anything you've got except my letters."

"But how air you going to git 'em unless you come up to my rule; I kaint afford to run a postoffice for nuthin', and I don't reckon the government wants to rob a man uv his time."

"My dear sir, I have no money to spare," said the stranger.

"Then I ain't got no letters to spare."

"Haven't you; perhaps you don't know who I am."

"Don't care a blame."

"I am a postoffice inspector."

"You ain't a going to inspect mine."

"But I will have you removed."

"I reckon not. This house is mine and the man that tries to put me out will wish before he's through that he had a went off down to the creek somewhar and drowned hisself."

"The house may be yours, but the mail does not belong to you."

"That what comes in here does."

"I'll see that it does not come to your house."

"You kaint. My boy fetches the mail from the railroad forty miles away."

"But the mail shall not be given to your boy."

"All right, then, none shall not come inter this neighborhood."

"Jeff," remarked a yellow, sun-cured old fellow, addressing the postmaster, "I wush mightily that you'd let me have that letter o' mine."

"I would, Andy, but the times air so hard I kaint afford it."

"Waal, I don't see how I'm ever going to git it, fur I kaint buy $2 worth uf goods. I'll split you three hundred rails fur the letter."

"No; don't believe I want no rails split now."

"I did low to git it out last month, but couidn't."

"Last month!" the inspector exclaimed, "How long has your letter been here?"

"Bout three months, I reckon," Andy answered. "It's from my wife's daddy, way back yander in Tennessy, and my wife's powerful anxious to hear a few lines from him."

"This is an infernal outrage!" the inspector loudly declared.

The postmaster pressed his two fingers against his hairy lips and squirted a yellow streak into the fire. "W-a-ll," said he, with a long drawl, "jest owin' ter how you was raised, you know, as the old feller said when he eat the buzzard. Sorry the letter ain't been took out, but it ain't my fault."

"Jeff," said Andy, "kaint you think uv no way I ken git that dockyment? My wife is putty nigh stracted to hear from the old man. He wasn't so mighty well the last time we hearn and wife's afraid he mought be dead."

"Wall, ef he's dead I reckon the letter is frum him—leastways don't reckon he writ it."

"Jeff, let me trade you some aigs?"

"Don't need none, Andy—then I've got some wild spile befo' I ken git rid uv them lessen folks takes out letters pearter than they do now."

"You're the most feelingless wretch ever I saw," said the inspector; "you are not a human being—you are not a fit companion for a dog; you—"

"All right, then, git out."

"Look here, I want my letters."

"All right. Good stock uv luther, geese feathers, bed tickin', cotton bats an' the sweetest sorgham molasses you ever sapped bread inter."

"I wouldn't buy a nickel's worth of you to save your life."

"Ain't drummin' arter yo trade."

"You give me my letters or I shall make trouble."

"Wall, I don't wanter get hurt, but ef I am. I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that these here boys will chaw you up befo they let you off. They know that I am doing jest as well by 'em as I ken well afford to do."

"Not one of them, if he be a man, would raise a hand in your defence," the inspector declared, bowing to the men.

"They never went back on a neighbor, Boys, will you stand by me?"

"Yes, we will," they answered.

The inspector looked about him, and, seeing a vacant chunk near the fire, sat upon it, and for a time remained silent, but after a while he looked up and remarked: "This beats anything I ever saw."

"Yes," said the postmaster, "bout what old Miz Pruitt 'lowed when she tromped on a snake and it rolled out from under her and let her down on the ground putty hard."

"Jeff," said Andy, "I tell you I'd like mightily to have that letter. Now, I have jined the boys in declaring that I'll stand by you in case this man riz up again your style uv doing bizness, an' that I reckon is wuth suthin'."

"Yas, a little suthin Andy, but not as much as $2 wuth uv trade. You know it would be mo'n right to stand by me and I don't reckon a man oughter be hired to do right. I tell you, Andy, that I'd like mightily to let you have the letter, for I know that yo' wife would like to hear from home, and ef trade hadn'ter been so dull lately, hanged ef I wouldn't strain a pint and commerdate you."

"Kaint you strain the pint anyhow," Andy asked.

"No, kaint do it, Andy; jest nachully kaint do it. Wife an' chillun at home dependin' on me fur to make 'em a living an' I kain't find it in my heart to cheat them jest to satisfy my own selfish feelin's. Say now, hold on a minit. I have been keepin' myself so close down to bizness that I ain't had no fun in I don't know how long an' I think that I aughter have a little 'musement even ef wife an' chillun air at home specting me to make 'em a livin'; so now ef you ken fling me down, two auter three, I'll give you the letters. I wouldn't 'dulge myself this way ef I hadn't been knucklin' down to bizness so close—then agin, I wanter sorter help you along. What do you say, Andy?"

Andy studied awhile and then taking a quid of tobacco from his mouth and placing it on the counter, so he could get it and return it to duty after the performance, answered:

"I'll try you."

They took hold of each other, after removing a barrel and several boxes, and began a scuffle which seemed likely to end in a fall in the fire or a smash against the wall. Andy was short and chunky; the postmaster was long and exceedingly lean. It was Andy's idea to undermine the postmaster, but the government official, foreseeing the intention, managed to pick Andy up and slam him on the ground. Another "fall" was called for, Andy fell and the postmaster was declared winner.

"It's jest my wife's luck," said Andy. "Ever sence she married me she had to put up with disappintment. Jeff, how would you like to have a young shote?"

"Don't care for him."

"Wall, then, wife'll jest have to learn to do without that letter a few months longer. Ef we have rain putty soon an' the crops turn out well I reckon mebbe I kin git it."

"Stranger," said the postmaster, speaking to the inspector, "I rather like yo' looks, and I'm mightly inclined to be easy with you. Ken you rassle?"

"I don't know, as it has been some time since I tried."

"Wall, now, as I said right back yant, I ruther like you and although times air hard and trade scarce, ef you'll throw me down twice outen three times I'll give you yo letters."

"All right; as it is the only chance I have I'll try you."

The inspector took off his coat and then taking a bottle from his hip pocket, said: "Got a little liquor here that I don't want to lose."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the postmaster, gazing with rapture, "it's red likur boys, the only drop I've seen for years.—Plenty of white lickur, but red lickur is—is—"

He broke down with emotion. His companions stood with watering mouths.

"My friend," said the postmaster, "how much have you got?

"A half pint."

"Give it to me and you may have the whole postoffice."

"Here you are." The inspector handed him the bottle.

"All right; the postoffice is yourn. Fellers, ef you want yo' mail you'll hatter deal with this man. I'm goin' out now an' set down in the woods."—*Opie P. Read.*

A Midnight Drive.

Washington Post.

When I went out over the West Virginia Central a few weeks ago," said his Honor James D. Butt, of Harper's Ferry, "I had one experience I'll be slow in forgetting. There were several of us in the party. We got off at one station and had to drive several miles across the country to a new hotel which was just being built. It was pitch dark when we left the station. A couple of boys came after us in a country wagon with a span of spirited young horses. I got on the front seat with them. I noticed the travelling was rough.

"'What is the matter with the road?' I asked.

"'Ain't no such road here. We are just travelling across lots. In about fifteen minutes we strike a plank bridge across a gully and then we get on to the pike.'"

"How far is it?"

"'About three miles.'"

"How in the name of heaven can you tell when you strike the bridge?"

"Hear the horses' hoofs on the planks."

"But if there is no road what is to hinder you from driving into the gully instead of on the bridge?"

"Oh, we can feel our way. I have been driving here for the last year day and night, and have never got into the gully yet."

"There wasn't much consolation in that," continued Mr. Butt. "Then we were driving over open fields at a fast trot behind two colts in darkness so dense you could hardly see your hand before you and aiming for a bridge sixteen feet wide, three miles away over a gully of unknown depth. I felt queer. In about fifteen minutes the driver said he reckoned we were nearly to the gully. I could hear my heart thump, but in another minute the horses' feet struck the planks and we were on the pike. It was a remarkable piece of driving."

A Saying.

"Acknowledge the corn" is an expression signifying an admission when denial would be useless, from evidence of the fact. This significant phrase is said to have had its origin in Connecticut. A farmer had been much annoyed by depredations from his barnyard. Finding a thief making off with a sack of corn, the owner accused him of taking the other things. There was a denial, and when the corn was brought as evidence of the other thefts the man said: "I acknowledge the corn, but not the other thing."

JUDY FILPOT'S DILEMMA.

Unable to Decide Between Her Two Equally Attractive Suitors.

Mark Ramsey and Job Trotter were often at the house of old 'Squire Filpot. These visits were not due to any regard which Mark and Job may have had for the 'Squire, but were clearly traceable to the love which they bore his pretty daughter Judy. The two young men were so much alike, physically, that they might have been taken for twins. They were tall, strong and well built; they were black-eyed and long-haired, sunburned and hardened by exposure to all sorts of hardships. The resemblance even extended to mental peculiarities. Mark did not know long division from short comings; neither did Job. Mark, given the freest exercise of his arm, could not, with a charred chunk, have written his name on the gable end of the barn; neither could Job. Being so much alike both mentally and physically, it was small wonder that they loved Judy, who by the way, was the handsomest girl in the neighborhood. She was more than merely handsome; she was bright, quick to learn, and flattering gossip declared, could knit a pair of yarn socks or snatch the feathers off a chicken as quickly and as effectually as any girl in the community, regardles of educational advantages. Judy loved Mark and Job, but she could not decide which one she preferred. This inability gave her great concern, and often at night while patching her father's brown jeans or at evening when crouched in the slowly darkening gold of a dying day, milking the muly cow, she would shut her eyes, bring up the faces of her two lovers and attempt to force herself into a decision, but in vain, for when the gold of evening had darkened into the charcoal of night, when muly stood patiently with one foot in the pail of milk, Judy's love remained in equal division.

Old Filpot liked the boys, but to have saved his life he could not have told which one was his favorite. He was willing that she should marry one of them, it made no difference which, and he secretly wished that one of them, still no matter which, would die, so that the remaining one could make his daughter happy.

Neither one of the young men was ever able to see the girl alone, for they kept so close a watch upon each other's movements that one, making his appearance at the 'Squire's house, was sure to be followed immediately by the other.

One morning just as the 'Squire and Judy had arisen from the breakfast table, voices in the sitting room announced, to well accustomed ears, the arrival of the lovers. The old man and his daughter went in, and, following a long and worn habit, cordially shook hands with the visitors and bade them feel perfectly at home.

"We have come," said Mark, "to see if we can't sorter make some arrangements."

"That's what we have," Job put in.

"I want Judy," Mark added.

"So do I," said Job.

"I love her powerful," Mark observed.

"I love her just about the same," Job declared.

"Gentleman," said the 'Squire, perplexedly stroking his whiskers, "I don't see how we are goin' to manage this affair.—Judy, don't you, arter all, love one just a litter better than you do the other?"

"I believe I do," she answered.

"Thar, we are gittin' at it. Now, which one is it?"

"That's what I kain't tell, pap."

"Thar it goes agin, an' we are just as far off as ever. Mark, ain't you got nothin' to suggest?"

"Don't believe I have. Job must have."

"No, I haint, lessen it is that she marry me and be done with it."

"Yas, and I reckon I can make sich a suggestion in favor of myse'," Mark replied, and, and then half musingly added: "I do wish this thing was over with, fur I am behind with my crap an' my farm's runnin' down, for I have to watch Job so close that—"

"Jest the same with me," Job broke in.

"Wall, now," said the old 'Squire, "suthin' has got to be did, and did at once, for I'm tired of this feverish condition, as the feller says. I have heard my gran'daddy talk about cases like this that took place in the old times, and they never failed to get a settlement some how rather. It mout have been by a match of some sort—foot race, rasslin' or shootin' I don't know, exactly how, but as near as can recolleck the way gran'daddy told it they allus left it to be decided by some 'speriority that one has over the other."

"I'm willin' to try it that way," said Mark.

"I'm mor'n willin'," Job declared.

"What do you say, Judy?"

"Suits me," the girl answered.

"All right," said the old man. "We ken now begin to see our way cl'ar; shall it be rasslin'?"

They agreed that it should be wrestling, and going into the yard, gave themselves up to the contest, but the fatal similarity again asserted itself for the two young men were of equal strength and agility. Then they tried foot racing, they were of equal speed; rifle shooting, they were of equal skill.

"Wall, this do beat, and beat it peart too, anything I ever seed," the old 'Squire declared. "Spozen you fling up a chip wet or dry."

"Don't believe I like that idea fur it only shows luck without s'perriority," Mark answered. "How is yo' pulse beatin' on that p'int, Job?"

"Beatin' low down in the shade fur I don't like the idee."

"Wall," said the old man, "let's go in the house and set down, might as well be resting while we're thinkin' up suthin' else. Helloa, yander comes Parson Briddle.—'Light, parson, and examine yo' saddle," he added as the preacher drew up.

The parson dismounted and, with the old man, followed the lovers into the house.

"Is it possible," said the preacher, in response to a declaration made by the old 'Squire, "that you cannot, even by the most persuasive appeal to sentiment, settle this extremely eccentic courtship?"

"Can't do it, one way or tuther," the old man rejoined, and then, quickly turning to the girl, he added: "Judy, I've got a idee."

"What is it, pap?"

"Wall, it's this: Parson Briddle, here, has seed a good deal—w'y, you've been 'way down in Robinson county, hain't you parson?"

"Yes," the parson answered proudly.

"Thar, now," continued the old man, "he has been 'way down in Robinson county, and is, frum the fack that he has seed a good deal of the world, a fair Jedge of the good pints in man; so now, Judy, are you willin' to leave it to the parson and take the one he picks out?"

"Yes, I am willin," the girl answered.

"I'm willin, too," Mark quickly spoke up, "but I want to tell the parson right now that of he decides again me I'll whup him till the folks will think he's been chewed up and spit out by a thrashin' machine."

"And as fur me," said Job, "I'm mo'n delighted with the idee, but jest let me say that ef you decides again me I'll wallop him till you'd have to get him together with a hay rake."

"Gentlemen," the parson remarked, "I shall render no decision. I am very well satisfied with my position in life; my circuit is comparatively smooth and I have a pretty good horse; my salary is lagging, but the sisters have given me ninety-eight lindsy shirts and calico handkerchiefs enough to cover the rock of ages; so, taking it all into consideration, I do not care to be food for a dyspeptic threshing machine or to clog the teeth of a hay rake."

"Ah, Lawd," sighed the old man, "the end ain't no nearer in sight than it was at fust. Judy, fetch out the jug," he added, as the preacher said something in an undertone. "Now, boys," he continued, when the jug had been brought, "he'p yo' selves."

The boys being mightily partial toward liquor, began to help themselves. The old man took a few pulls and the parson dampened his pucker, but the boys drank recklessly, and, after a while, they were generously intoxicated.

"Job," said Mark, "I'm the best friend you ever had. You may have Judy."

"Mark," Job responded, "you ain't no better friend to me than I am to you, so you take her."

"Won't do it; you've got to take her."

"No, you've got to."

"Now we can call on the parson to decide," the old man delightfully exclaimed.

"That's what we can," said Mark. "Parson, you pick out one of us to be the husband of Juby, here, and I want to say right here that Job's my friend an' that you decide agin him I'll larrup you till you'd run through a sifter."

"Parson, I'm in favor of you makin' a decision," Job declared, "and I am willin' to leave it to your jedgement; but let me tell you right now, parson, if you decide ag'in Mark I'll whale you till all that is left of you would ooze through a tow sack."

"Gentlemen," said the preacher, "as I just now remarked, I am not at all displeased with my circuit. I am attached to my ninety-eight lindsey shirts and have become smitten with my calico handkerchiefs. I shall make no decision."

Mark and Job began to stretch themselves on the floor. "Let them sleep," said the old man. "Ho, me," he sighed, "I don't see no way outen this trouble."

"I do," the preacher answered, "step outdoors with me."

When they returned the old man said: "Judy, a decision has been made. You must marry the preacher. Hold on, now; don't fly off. He'd do better by you than either one of the boys. Why, jest think, he got calico handkerchiefs enough to make more bed quilts than you could stuff into a hired man's appetite, and every woman in the community would be——"

"Petrified with envy," the parson suggested.

An expression of delighted resignation shone on the girl's face. "I will make out the license and do the marryin' myself," said the old man. "Oh, don't be skeered now; I'll fix the boys all right."

* * * * * * *

Mark awoke, and getting up, aroused Job. "'Squire," said Mark, "we got a little too much of your licker. Where did you git it?

"That preacher that was here sent it to me the other day."

"Wall, he knows whut strong licker is, don't he Job?"

"That's what he do, Mark," Job added. "I don't know how we air goin' to fix up this love bussiness.

"Neither do I. Where's Judy?"

"It's well you may ask wher she is when you driv' her off that way," answered the old man.

"Who driv' her off?" Job exclaimed.

"Why, you and Mark thar, that's who. I begged you not to drink so much but you did't pay no attention to me. You swore—both of you—that if I didn't stand up here and marry Judy to the preacher you'd kill all of us and I had to do it and then you driv' the bride and groom away and you ought to be ashamed of yo'selves."

Mark and Job remained silent, sitting over the fire for an hour at least and then Mark, looking up, said:

"Job, I don't believe there's but one bigger fool than I am."

"Who's that Mark?"

"Both of us together."

"You air right, Mark. Spozen we saunter on down yander now an' fall offen the bluff.—*Opie P. Read.*

The Fly was There.

"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barber, as he was putting the finishing touches on a Saturday evening haircut. "A fellow came to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his seat in the chair and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me: 'Hold on, I want the thing 'splained.'

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek and you have shaved lather and whiskers off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on him, but he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time, and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."

HE who waits to do a good deal of good at once will never do any.

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MARRIED.

Married? Well, yes; I suppose that I am—
There's a man here who calls me his wife;
But why he should wish me to live here with him
I really can't tell for my life.
True, we had a grand wedding, and this was the bond:
For richer or poorer, for better or worse.
The better just lasted the honeymoon through,
But I never got sight of the purse.

I live in his house; at his table I eat;
I am known by his name through the town;
But the very word milliner gives him the blues,
And he scowls if I want a new gown.
He admires other ladies, so airy and fine,
And their laces and furbelow collars,
And wishes his wife had a little more style;
So do I—but I can't get the dollars.

From morning till evening I roast, bake or broil,
Till my face like a parchment is dried;
And my hands are as red as the reddest of beets
From the moulding of bread, cake and pie.
Then my lord hurries in with a frown on his face
While his buttonhole blooms with a rose;
And bolting his dinner with scarcely a word,
Away to his club meeting goes.

Or perchance he brings with him some dear friend to dine,
(His home's kept very nice, he'll agree;)
Their talk is of stocks and bonds and per cents.
Or who the next Governor will be.
I hate to play dummy while these wise men
As gourmands are taking their ease;
But if I dare speak he will say "woman's rights,"
Or "My love, the dessert, if you please."

And so I am married; yet I am no wife
If I render the sweet word aright;
Marriage means more than shelter, raiment and food,
Or checks that are honored at sight.
It means the communion of true wedded souls,
Where two hearts beat only as one,
And a home whose foundation, unbuilded on love,
Is a heaven in this world begun.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

Prohibition, High License or Moral Suasion, Which?

Dr. Chas. R. Weild, an eminent divine of Baltimore, delivered an able discourse recently, at First Independent Christ's Church, on "The Liquor Question and How to Treat It." We make the following extracts:

As far back as we can go we find man thirsty. Every race has some means of intoxication. This common craving must be treated fairly and dispassionately. From every point of view we all have one object, and that is to produce that temperate state against which there is no law.

How to handle this craving is one of the pressing questions of the age, not alone in the United States, but in England and Germany. When we compare the social habits of this time with one hundred years ago, it is safe to say that the world is more temperate. There are three ways in which it has been and can be treated.

1. By prohibiting its manufacture and sale. This has been attempted in Maine, Vermont and Kansas. Maine has been a prohibitory State for thirty-six years. We are justified in saying that prohibition does not prohibit. Last year, in Portland, Me., there were 2,250 arrests, of which 1,424 were for drunkenness. This proportion holds good in other cities of Maine; while the State is honey-combed by that insidious vice, secret drinking.

2. Placing upon the sale of liquor a high license. In Nebraska, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois and Pennsylvania this system is being tried with most excellent results. In Nebraska the minimum license for towns of ten thousand inhabitants and less is $500; for cities of more than ten thousand inhabitants, $1,000. A $5,000 bond is required of each liquor seller for damages. The Governor, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, the United States District Judge unite in saying that the general effects of the law upon the total condition of the State has been most salutary; has reduced the number of saloons thirty-two to fifty-two per cent. and that this proportion holds as regards criminal cases. The experience in the other States named corroborates this of Nebraska. The effect in Chicago has been most marked. In Philadelphia, under the old system, there were 6,000 saloons, now there are but 1,205. In the city of Baltimore, with nearly 3,000 saloons, producing a revenue of $150,000, applying this same system, the number could be reduced to 900 or 1,000, yielding the city a revenue anywhere from $700,000 to $1,000,000.

The third and most effectual method to deal with this evil is for the church to exercise its divine and legitimate function, and to make men so strong in the power of the Lord that these saloons will be closed, and closed forever by the obliteration of that craving appetite in ungoverned men that creates the demand by which alone they exist. There are three classes of drinkers: First, those who inherit predisposition; second, those weak in mind and morals, who are swept away by the exigencies of life and the opportunity for indulgence; third, those who go wrong in all respects and in all classes of society, whose general fast and vicious habit creates an unappeasable appetite for liquor. It is for the church to supplant all such weakness and badness by the might of God and the lasting incentives of the gospel. The law is no proper instrument even of reform. It exists only to protect one man from another man; not to change the character of either. Its enforcement depends entirely upon public sentiment. It is always a dead letter when it is in advance of public sentiment. It comes behind to record what all men agree upon, and is necessary for the welfare of the community. Since time began, no evil was yet legislated out of existence, and all the legislatures of the world cannot make one man intrinsically righteous.

The chief objection to high license is that it tolerates an evil. It is not a strong objection. When a swamp near a city breathes malaria and death, the one common purpose we ought to have is to drain it away, and any means that ordinary men would