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.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpariel or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

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

PEACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

IT HAS BEEN POSITIVELY PROVEN

That in order to have your Trees feed you, it is necessary that you feed them, and experience has also proven that the Best Peach Manure Ever Offered is OUR FRUIT GROWER. It contains all the elements that are necessary to give life and vigor to the crop and trees. Give us one fair trial and we are sure you'll be convinced.

Pomona, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 4, 1890.
MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen: The six consecutive years' use of your Fruit Grower has thoroughly convinced me as to its merits. Years ago when Col. Wilkins lived and we farmed together, we used almost everything as a peach manure, but your O. R. is the best I ever tried. On the Island farm, where the 15 tons of Fruit grower was used in '88, on two-year-old trees, we had last year 6,000 baskets, on the other farm we only had peaches where the trees had been fed. I invariably had fruit in the past by fertilizing my trees, and I believe in order to have fruit, that is the way to do it, and will use between 30 and 40 tons of your goods this spring.
Very truly yours, JOHN A. GROVES.

Crumpton, January 2, 1890.
Gentlemen:—In 1886 I noticed my Orchard did not look like it ought, and in 1887 the leaves were twisted up and by no means in a flourishing condition. Hearing of your Fruit Grower I bought 2 tons and put it at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre on my young trees and on a few old trees that were in a particularly bad condition, I put 300 lbs. or over. The result was I had a fine crop of peaches in 1888, and in 1889 another that exceeded my expectations on both the old and young trees, having altogether 3,500 baskets, and got as high as $1.50 per basket for some. The trees are today in better condition but want to use it again. You can therefore ship me four tons this spring. JAMES M. VANDYKE.

Anne's, Hermitage Q. A. Co., Nov. 11, '89.
Gentlemen:—Replying to your query concerning my experience with your Fruit Grower. In the spring of 1887 we had an old Orchard which had not borne for several years and which the tenant was anxious to dig up. I said give it another year's trial. We used your Peach Tree Fertilizer, about 225 lbs. to the acre. That year the Orchard netted us about $1.00 per tree. We had a fair crop and got as high as $2.00 per box for some of them. We used your goods on the same Orchard in 1888 and got a very full crop. We used it again last spring, applying about 250 lbs. to the acre, and for the third successive year got a fair crop and the fruit was generally of fine quality. The Orchard will be 17 years old next spring, and it now looks healthier and more vigorous than it did five years ago.
Very truly. CASPER G. WOODALL.

MR. ROBT. WICKES, East Neck Island.
Said he put the Fruit Gower across his varieties and could tell the difference in the half of the tree where it went.

MR. W. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton.
Says he used the Fruit Grower and that he always has fruit and gets good prices.

We Havn't time or Space to Give the Rest in full, but on File in Our Office we Have Letters of the Same Character from

J. B. BRIGHT, Kent Island.
F. H. DILL, Queen Anne's.
W. H. NEWNAM, Queen Anne's.
NOAH CLOUGH, Sr., Queen Anne's.
THOS. P. VANSANT, Queen Anne's.
S. E. HILL, Baltimore.
H. W. VICKERS, Chestertown.
T. J. VICKERS, Lankford,
and scores of others.

If you havn't received one of our new Pocket Diarys send for one.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
Feb. 8, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

Friedman's Great Cut Sales!

TODAY WE COMMENCE the Winter Cannonade. The sound of Bargains will be heard all along the line. What else shall be done with whatever is left of Winter Things? Profits will be lost sight of in order to turn the remainder of our Winter Clothing into cash. Within the NEXT SIXTY DAYS low prices must compel our stock to change ownership. Our prices will be so low as to be absolutely matchless.

Mens' Overcoats.
Some broken lots to be closed at $2.75, $3.00 and $4.00. All Wool Melton Overcoats, satin finished, sold by some dealers as English Kersey, reduced to $6.50, a good imitation. Our Nobby Dress Coat, nicely finished, should close in a few days at the price, $8.00, reduced from $11.00.

John Bull's Overcoats.
They are English, you know, has been reduced fully 25 per cent. English Melton's, Kerseys, Chinchillas, Fur Beavers—satin lined throughout, a luxury—now $13.00, good enough for a Vanderbilt.

Fine Storm Overcoats at Cyclone Prices.
The warm weather has not added much to their happiness—intend to meet the thermometer at freezo—former price $11.00 to $15, now $7.50 to $10.00.

Boy's Overcoats.
Overstocked—will close the majority of them at 50 cents, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, some are worth three times the price.

Men's Suits.
Former $6.00 suits reduced to $4.00; $8.50 suit now $6.00; our nobby $10.00 suits reduced to $8.00; Imported Cassimere Suits—name denotes its English birth—sold at $15.00, now $12.00.

Boys' Suits.
Have been cut twenty-five per cent.—a few left—they will be closed out at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50—some big bargains.

Underwear.
Fine Underwear at a big discount on account of the warm weather.

Remember—
We don't advertise impossibilities. Everything advertised is now in stock and at the price advertised, not simply newspaper talk, but a genuine cut price.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Jan. 11, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M., and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—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.)
f.c2. *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,
ATORNEY-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,
WM. R. MILLER,
aug. Auctioneers, Galena, Maryland.

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

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.

Legal Notices.

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

MATILDA C. PEARCE,
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 19th day of August, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 11th day of February, 1890.
MARY C. RINGGOLD,
Feb. 15, 1890—4t. Administratrix.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

H. W. Vickers,
versus
Isaac Sampson and Wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 7th day of February, 1890, that the sale of the real estate of Isaac Sampson, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, mortgagee, under the power contained in a mortgage from said Sampson and wife, dated the 9th day of October, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent co., in Liber S. B., No. 8, folio 245, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown or before the 10th day of April next:—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of March next.
The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Feb. 8, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Marion deK. Smith, assignee of James Kelley,
versus
Samuel W. Aldridge, Sarah E. Aldridge, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 5th day of February, 1890, that the sale of the real estate of Samuel W. Aldridge and Sarah E. Aldridge, his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, assignee of mortgage, under a power in a mortgage from the said Samuel W. Aldridge and Sarah E. Alridge, his wife, to James Kelley, dated August 10, 1880, and recorded among the land records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 1, Folios 219, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of April next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of March, next.
The Report states the amount of sales to be $6,100
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
Feb. 8, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

NOTICE.

The Board of County Commissioners for Kent county give notice that all persons traveling either on horseback or in road vehicles of any kind, across the embankment at Sandy Hook Hill, near Galena, do so at their own risk until said road is open to travel, due notice of which will be given.
By order of COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
T. WATERS RUSSELL, Clerk. Dec. 7, 1889—tf.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Mr. Smith missed the train by just one-half minute, and he was in a furious temper over the matter. He lived in a pretty, country-like suburban village, about forty-five minutes ride from the large city in which he had his place of business, and he was accustomed to take this particular train every morning. Not once in three months did such a thing happen as his being late for the train; but on this occasion he felt like declaring that half the time he had to rush himself clear out of breath to reach it, or miss it. He was in that exasperated state of mind where he wanted to blame somebody, abuse somebody; a state of mind which, in a condition of development a little nearer the savage, would impel to acts of cruelty toward anything or any person on whom anger could be wreaked. The person on whom, in this instance, he could most quickly and with the least impunity cast blame was his wife. It was all her fault. Why could she not manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier? He worked like a slave at his business ten hours a day; he gave her full control of the house and furnished money to run it; she had a servant, and it was pure utter shiftlessness in her that breakfast could not be ready in proper time. Thus, with flashing eyes, soliloquized Mr. Smith, as with anger-flushed face, he watched the train disappearing in the distance.

It was a full hour and a-half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house. He paced back and forth nervously for a few minutes on the station platform, debating in his mind whether he should wait for the next train or go back home. As he mused, his anger grew. He would go home and give his wife such a piece of his mind as she would remember for months. She should be made to feel that it was no light matter to have breakfast five minutes late. He turned his face homeward, and stamped heavily along, with the air of a man determined to do a desperate deed. His face flashed with anger, and his eyes gleamed fiercely.

But, as he hastened along, somehow or other his attention was diverted by the song of a bird among the trees that lined his path. How brightly the sun was shining; how blue the sky was, how balmy and fragrant the air; how peaceful every thing appeared as he looked off through the green spaces on either side of the village street! The trees were putting forth their tenderest green; so was the grass. He noticed the fragrance of the crab-apple and wild plum blossoms; he distinguished the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in in boyhood. It was the wood-thrush. He had listened to that bird when, years ago, he had walked in the meadows and lanes with the pretty, shy young girl whom his heart was then bent on winning for his wife. She was his wife now. She was the mother of three rosy, active children; they were his and hers. She is not as pretty now as she was then; she was thin and careworn. The plump rosyness and merry smile were, for the most part, gone. But what a good, true wife she had been to him! How her economy and faithfulness had helped him in getting the start he now had in the world! How little she saw of the outside world, or of diverting pleasures! How self-denying and uncomplaining she had been, and what a devoted mother to their children! And on that bright, sunshiny morning he had been thinking hard thoughts of her, and meditating what sharp, cutting words he could say to her—and all for a trivial little loss of an hour from business! Mr. Smith's pace slackened; his countenance relaxed; his heart melted. On such a morning he could not, would not, by harsh words mar the harmony and the beauty of the sunshine and birds and the green things growing. No; if he could not speak kindly he would hold his peace.

As Mr. Smith neared his home he felt a certain shrinking from meeting his wife directly. He almost feared that he might betray on his countenance some of the harse thoughts he had been thinking. So he went around the side of the house and entered the kitchen door. Bridget was standing with a perplexed and exasperated expression on her face looking into the kitchen stove, in which smothered a dark, dying fire.

"What is the matter, Bridget?"

"Faith, sur, it's the stove that breaks me heart entirely. The grate is broken and the stovepipe smokes, and when I strive to make a quick fire here's the way it serves me."

"Well, Bridget I believe it is all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and also to send a man to clean out the stove and chimney. I will put this down in my note-book and bring the new grate this evening, and Pat McFlynn, the tinner, shall be sent right up this morning to clean and fix the pipe."

"Oh, thank ye, sur!" said Bridget, with a brightening countenance. "And could Pat fix the cisthern, too? The pump has been broken a long toime and keeps me back drawing water wid a rope."

Again Mr. Smith's conscience smote him. How often had his wife asked him to send a man to fix the cistern!

"Yes, Bridget, the cistern shall be fixed this very day."

"Well, sur, thin I think I'll stay. I was just tellin' the mistress that I wouldn't work any longer wid sick inconveniences; but if the stove and cisthren are fixed, a poor girl can get along."

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his book, and passed on through the dining room toward his wife's room. He noticed that her plate indicated an untasted breakfast. Softly he opened the door of their room. His wife started up hastily, with an expression of alarm inquiry on her face. Her eyes were wet with tears. The baby, still in its night-clothes, was fretting in the cradle, while a little two-year old, partly dressed, tugged at her skirts.

"And you missed the train—breakfast was late—well, I can't help it—Bridget is going to leave, too," and the poor little woman covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. She fully expected angry complaints from her husband, and, in some vague way felt she was to blame. She could not compass everything, and the babies were so troublesome. "Oh, did every young mother have such a hard time as she did?"

"Why, darling, what is the matter?" said Mr. Smith, putting his arms around his wife, and drawing her to him. "Come! don't mind. I think it is really mostly my own fault. I have come through the kitchen, and I find Bridget has so much trouble with the stove being broken and the chimney smoking that I wonder she can get breakfast at all."

"I ought to get up in time to see that you have breakfast early," sobbed the poor little woman; "but Bridget is so cross this morning and I—I am so tried."

"No wonder, darling, that you are tired with the care of those big babies wearing on you all the time. You have no business to have any care of breakfast at all and you shall not have after this. You need your good morning nap and you shall have it. Bridget is all right. I'm going to get that broken stove and cistern fixed today and then if Bridget can't get breakfast in time we'll find some other way to do. Come, now, cheer up and I'll help you dress these rogues; I have plenty of time before the next train."

How wonderful is the effect upon the physical nature of a spiritual impulse! How quickly can an uplifted and strengthened spirit energize and strengthen the body! Everything seemed instantly changed for poor little Mrs. Smth. She laid her cheek on her husband's breast, feeling what a haven of strength and peace it was. How dear and precious was his love and protection! Her eyes brightened and her cheeks glowed. Her weariness and depression, which had been utter misery, gave way to a delightful feeling of repose and loving happiness. In the midst of the most prosaic surroundings her heart was full of the finest and most inspiring emotion.

"Dear, dear love, how good you are!" she said. "How you have changed the aspect of everything for me this morning! Had you reproached me, as many husbands would have done, I should have sunk in the deepest anguish. Now I feel strong and happy."

Releasing his wife with a tender kiss, Mr. Smith took the baby from the cradle, and merrily drew its stockings and shoes on its little, plump, kicking, rosy feet. Then he brushed out the other little fellow's curls and buttoned his shoes. Willie, the oldest, had slipped out of the house, and Mr. Smith went to look for him, and found he had taken advantage of an insecure lock on the gate to run off up the street. Bringing him back, Mr. Smith got the hatchet and in a few minutes had the gate fixed so that Master Willie could not open it. His wife smilingly opened the front door and exclaimed: "Oh, I am so relieved to find that Willie cannot get out of the yard. It has been such a trouble that he could open the gate!"

And now it was time to start for the next train, if he stopped to order the stove and pump man to do the promised work. So, gaily kissing his wife and children, once more Mr. Smith started for the station. As he walked along with a light and cheerful heart he mused:

"How cheap a thing is happiness, after all, and yet how easy to turn it into misery! If I should have given way to my temper this morning, I should have gratified a momentary impulse of unreasonable anger, and left behind me aching and discouraged hearts. Thank heaven for the influence of the song of birds and scent of flowers; and thank heaven, too, for all the gentle influences and sweet affections that can make the most uneventful life a blessing! Dear good wife, and dear, precious little children! Thank God, I have left them happy this morning, if I did miss the train."

The Box on the Platform.

At the dinner station, where we stopped one day on a certain Tennessee Railroad, almost the first sight which greeted the eyes of those who got off was a rough burial box on the platform, and seated near it was an old black woman with a handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly asked the cause of her sorrow, she pointed to the box and replied:

"De ole man's in dar."

"Your husband?"

"Yes; died two days back yere in de kentry."

"And what are you doing with the body here?"

"I wants to bury it up at Charlestown, but I hain't got money nuff to take it on de railroad."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed a man, as he came forward. "What's the difference where a nigger is buried? They want her to bury it here, but she won't. She determined to take it to Charlestown."

"For what reason?" asked the passenger who had put all the previous questions.

"Kase, sah, all de fo' chil'en is buried up dar, an' his mudder an' sister, an' de poo' ole man will be lonesome down yere."

"What bosh!" growled the kicker.

"Look here!" whispered the other, as he went over to him; "I'd rather be a nigger with her soul than be a white man with yours? She's right. Let the family dead sleep together."

He entered the express office, paid for the shipment of the body, bought the widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then dropped a $10 gold piece in her hand, and said:

"Give him a decent funeral, mammy, and this will put a headboard to mark the grave."

"May the good Lawd bress you for—!"

But he hurried in to snatch a bite to eat. While he was gone I made inquiry as to his identity, and finally found a man who replied:

"Why, that's Col. Bank of Alabama. He owned over 300 niggers when the war broke out."

FRIDAY.

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Cæsar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
King Charles 1 beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.

HOPE is the last thing that dies in man.

From the Boston Globe.

Farmer Stebbins Flops.

Yes, squire, I bought this farm of mine
Just after the war was done,
And, though I say it, a purtier farm
The sun don't shine upon.
I paid three thousand dollars down,
An' I've worked both night and day,
An' figgered an' twisted the best I knew
To make the blamed thing pay.

My wife and I get up at five
Ant work till nine at night;
We've done the best that we knew how
Ter make things come out right.
But things somehow have backward slid
Instid of goin' ahead,
An' I'll be dashed if I don't wish
Sometimes that I was dead.

They say our butter is the best
That's made in this 'ere town,
But all we git at Jones' store
Is thirteen cents a poun'.
Our wool is down ter twenty-two,
Our beef is four cents, dressed;
An' eggs so cheap they hardly pay
For the wear and tear of the nest.

The speakers in the last campai'n
All promised better times,
An' said if the pesky Democrats won
Our dollars would turn to dimes,
They said Pertection would fix us right;
But experience teaches me
That the more Pertection we farmers git
The wusser off we be.

I've allers been a Republican,
An' voted the ticket straight,
An' I blowed for Benjamin Harrison
In eighteen eighty-eight.
Times can't be wuss if we have a change.
So now what I'm going ter do
Is ter vote for Grover Cleveland
In eighteen ninety-two.

BEATING A BUNCO.

It's a curious feature in human nature that while a man will peril his life to assist a stranger who is being forcibly robbed, he will turn about and delight in seeing that same man taken in and done for by a "skin" game or a bunco man. On the next bench to us in Lincoln Park, Chicago, one day last fall, sat a long, lean, lank stranger who had hayseed and onion tops scattered all over him to prove his hailing place, and he gave himself away in every move he made. Pretty soon a slick young man approached him and extended his hand and exclaimed:

"Well, well, well, how are you Stevens?"

"How ar' ye?" replied the man, as he looked up in a puzzled way.

"What! Don't you know me?"

"Why your face looks kinder familiar, but I can't place ye."

"Can't place me! I am William Scott, nephew of the Judge of Probate in Grassville! I saw you hundreds of times in the two years I lived with my uncle."

"Oh, yes. I thought I had seen you before. And you knew me right off?"

"The minute I set eyes on you."

"How's everybody down there?"

"All tolerable. You live here?"

"Yes. I look after about fifty houses and stores here for a capitalist."

"Gosh! You must get big wages."

"Oh, a hundred a week."

"You do! By gum! but you are smarter than fox traps! Mebbe you kin help me to a job?"

"I think so. Indeed, I was going to make you an offer."

We were on to him from the start as a bunco man, but had no thought of interfering. "Hayseed" should take the papers and keep posted.

"How would you like to come here and assist me at a salary of $200 per month?" queried bunco after a bit.

"Je whitaker! but you don't mean it!"

"I do."

"Give us yer hand on it! Say, I'll work all day and sit up all night for them wages! Say, will ye bind the bargain right now?"

"I will. That is, I——"

"No flunking out now! I've got a hundred dollar bill here, and I'll give ye fifty to bind the bargain. Yes, by gosh! I'll give ye sixty!"

"I was going to say that I ought to see my employer first, but I know it will be all right. I will take your $60, but only for a day or two, as I happen to be a little short just now. You know where the Palmer House is, of course?"

"That all-fired big stone tavern?"

"Yes. Meet me there in one hour from now to sign a contract and begin work."

"I'll be right thar, and I'll work like a hoss. Gin me $40 out of this bill."

He handed out a bill, and the young man scarcely glanced at it, so great was his hurry to return the forty and get away. I think he mistrusted us, although we pretended not to see or hear anything. When he was out of sight "Hayseed" came over to us with a grin on his face, and queried:

"How did I act it, boys?"

"What!"

"My young-man-from-the-turnip-fields."

"But you—you—"

"I'm from Cincinnati. I do a little business with the three cards and the shells when home. Thought I'd see what they were made of in Chicago."

"But you gave him a hundred dollar bill, didn't you?"

"Exactly—one of the counterfeits of 1874. I had fifteen of them once. I'm just $40 ahead, I'm going now. If he should return before you leave tell him that Stevens has gone to meet him at Mr. Palmer's big stone tavern. Two hundred a month! Wake snakes, but hain't I jist struck a golconda with a big G!"

A Sign of the Times.

It is significant of the change public opinion is undergoing as respects economic questions that Mr. Wm. M. Ayres, the well-known Philadelphia manufacturer, just nominated by the democrats of the fourth congressional district of Pennsylvania to contest the seat made vacant by the death of Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, is a tariff reformer, and will be supported in his canvass by a large number of the republican manufacturers of Philadelphia. The latter are protectionists, but they see at length that their interests are prejudicially affected by the tariff on raw materials. Having traced many of the recent failures of prominent textile manufacturers in Philadelphia to that absurd burden upon production, they think it desirable, if possible, to strengthen the element in Congress that is fighting for a more national policy. Mr. Ayres is a business man as well as a politician. As a manufacturer of blankets he employs many hundreds of hands. His experience has convinced him that with free wool he could make more blankets, pay higher wages and employ more men than he does now.

A DOG THAT GOES TO CHURCH.

He is Very Wise and Cunning, and Always Knows When Sunday Comes.

Captain is a big black dog with a shaggy coat. He is very wise. He knows almost as much as some men. His name for short is Cap.

Cap's master lives a mile from town. On Sunday he takes his family to church.

Cap likes to go to church, too. He likes it best in winter, because there is no dust, and there is a soft white cover on the ground.

After breakfast the big sleigh dashes up to the door. All the children get in and cuddle down in the warm robes. Then the horses prance off; the bells jingle, and Cap trots along behind, a very happy dog.

Cap used to follow the family into church and lie down at his master's feet. Sometimes he fell asleep—Cap, not his master—and he snored so loud everybody heard him. It made Bobby laugh right out.

After that his master said he must be left at home on Suudays. So they tried to slip off while Cap lay by the fire and not let him know. But they could not cheat Cap. He always came scampering after them as hard as he could run, and looked up at them with his big brown eyes as if to say: "Why did you go off and leave me?"

One night his master said: "To-morrow Cap must be shut up. He must not go to church any more."

So in the morning Bobby and his father took Cap out to the barn. Then they went out quick and shut the door.

Poor Cap had a long, lonely day. He scratched on the door and cried, but nobody heard him. The church-bells were ringing and the sun was shining—it shone through a knot-hole in the barn—he wanted to go to church so much! But he had to give it up. Poor Cap!

Next Sunday morning after breakfast they went to get Cap to lock him up again, but doggie was not to be found. They looked upstairs and downstairs, and outdoors and everywhere but no Cap. So they started for church.

When they had got almost there, what did they see but Cap sitting in a corner of a fense waiting for them!

He was glad to see them. He jumped up and wagged his tail and trotted after the sleigh.

Cap was a wise old fellow. After that he seemed to know when Sunday came. When the nine o'clock bell rang Cap was up and off. Sometimes he would get to church first, and when they came, there he would sit in a corner of the pew. Even Bobby's father could not help laughing then.

But Cap snored so badly one Sunday that his master had to put him out right in the midst of the sermon. Cap went out with his head down and his tail down very much ashamed.

After meeting his master told the minister how much Cap loved to go to church.

The minister said: "Poor old fellow, let him come, I will find a place for him."

So the next Sunday the minister took Cap up into his nice warm study and let him lie by the fire and sleep while the folks were in church.

And now Cap is a very happy dog once more. He goes to church every Sunday when the others go, and does not have to run away.—Mrs. C. M. Livingston, in Pansy.

What a Woman Can Do.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no sane man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thum-nail.

She is cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

She can drive a man crazy for twenty-four hours, and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

YOU SHOULD NOT SHAVE TOO CLOSE.—Do you know what a close shave means? I never did until I looked at a face the other day through a microscope, which had been treated through this luxurious process. The entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth, holding a minute blood drop, protests against such treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throat.

A BUNDLE of spider webs, not larger than a buckshot and weighing less than a drachm, would, if straightened out and untangled, reach a distance of 350 miles.

HOW GRAIN FARMING PAYS?

A Kent County Farmer's Calculation.

Mr. Lewis C. Justis, Jr., makes the following estimates in grain farming:

The farm contains 160 acres, of which sixty acres are in wheat, which, at twenty-five bushels per acre, 1,500 @ 70 cents	$1,050 by 2—525 00
Forty acres in corn, at 45 bushels per acres, 1,800 @ 30 cents	540 by 2—270 00
Total receipts	$1,590 by 2—795 00

Expenses on same allowing farm to draw one-half and tenant to pay for tilling and saving crop:

Seed wheat, 50 bushels @ 70c	$ 35 00
Phosphate, 4½ tons @ $22	99 00
Threshing 1,500 bushels @ 3c	45 00
Binder twine, 150 lbs. @ 15c	22 50
Three extra hands cutting wheat @ $1 per day	9 00
1½ tons coal @ $4 50 per ton	6 75
Extra hands threshing, 16 men, two @ $1 per day	32 00
Extra labor in seeding	6 00
Extra hands cutting off corn	25 00
Wear, tear and use of the binder	25 00
Extra hands planting corn	5 00
Husking	15 00
Seed corn	3 00
Shelling	15 00
Corn fed during the year, 300 bushels, @ 30 cents per bushel	90 00
One-half phosphate on corn	25 00
Board of hands	150 00
Two men @ $12 per month, 9 mo	216 00
Total	$824 25
Net receipts as above shown	$795 00
Net loss	$ 29 25

As you see, no charge is made for use of horses and farming utensils, or no charge for interest on the money invested in them. Clover seed, taxes and insurance are not charged up. No other crops are raised for sale on the farm and the work cannot be done for less money at the present rate of wages. I have allowed the land to produce more than the average farms of this county, and have, I think, been moderate in my estimates of expenses. The above estimates don't allow the farmer any blacksmith bills, new reapers, store bills, doctor's bills, new carriages or new clothes. Nor is this, my agricultural friends, any fancy sketch. It is the story of a well-farmed and good producing farm in Kent county, where nothing but grain is grown.

WHAR'S MY NIGGER.

In the month of January. 1860, in going down the big river from Vicksburg to New Orleans, I happened to strike a boat on which were half a dozen professional gamblers. There were a large number of other passengers, and a game was going on in the cabin night and day. I happened to fall in with two young men at the start, and incidentally learned that they had been off on a speculation which turned out disastrously and were coming home so close to dead broke that they could only raise $20 between them. On the second night one of them came into the game with this money, and in the course of an hour won $700. Then luck shifted and he was cleaned out. As his last dollar went the banker inquired:

"Have you anything to raise to stake on."

"Yes. Whar's my nigger," was the reply.

"Yere, Mars John!" answered a voice, and a "young and likely," as it used to be termed, negro boy about 20 years old entered the cabin and bowed very humbly.

"Thar's a niggar who is worth $1,600 in gold," said the young man. "How much will you put against him?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Done!"

In just forty minutes the last dollar was gone, luck and trickery being too much for the young fellow, and as he rose up the "banker" called out:

"Luck seems to hate some felks. Whar's my nigger?"

No one could answer, but a search for him was at once instituted. Three or four men looked high and low, but he could not be found, and it was finally concluded that he had gone overboard. There was a great deal of "cussing around," but it didn't help matters any, and all finally turned in for the night. When I went to my stateroom I found the washbowl full of black water, and a strange coat and hat on the floor. I was wandering over these things when one of the young men came in—the one who had not played.

"I came to remove these things," he explained. "I got into your room by mistake, you see."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means that I am the 'nigger' who was put against twelve hundred dollars and lost."

"What an idea!"

"Yes, we ought to have made a thousand dollars apiece, but it was no go. Hope you'll excuse my intrusion and keep mum."

And all the rest of the way down to New Orleans the passengers mourned the death of that "likely nigger" and wondered whether he went right down or died by inches.

The Colored Man's Canaan.

The next census will show a big increase in the colored population of Philadelphia. They are emigrating from the South, but they are not going to Liberia, as Senators Butler and Morgan desire. They are drifting to the North, and many of them are settling in this city. In June of 1880 there were 31,690 colored men, women and children in this city, and good authorities estimate that the census in June of this year will show a colored population of far over 45,000. The most striking feature of the increase is the great number of colored people who are coming here from Southern States. The membership of the colored churches and colored societies of this city has been swelled by Southern men and women, while in the public schools the children of Southern parents are constantly appearing among the colored pupils. In the hotels and restaurants and in private families where colored help is employed the presence of a greatly increased percentage of colored people from the South has been noticed, while along the wharves and in the other places where hardy colored labor finds employment there is a constantly growing representation of the colored men who have come here from below the Mason and Dixon line. In one family, at Eighteenth and Walnut streets, the six servants are all from the South, while in a Chesnut street hotel three-quarters of the waiters are Southern men.—*Phil. Press.*

RAILROAD TO ROCK HALL WANTED.

A Fifth District Man Gives His Views of the Opportunity and the Duty of the Kent County Railroad.

LOCAL MENTION AT EDESVILLE.

One of our fifth district farmers whose habit it has been to pay an occasional visit to his friend, Capt. R. S. Emory, made him a special visit a few days since to again inspect the operation of his incubators and other arrangements for artificial chicken raising, and was greatly impressed with the handsome improvements made since his last visit. He thinks the captain has every facility for successful poultry raising, and that the chicks are as fine and healthy looking as those hatched by the natural mother. He expresses the opinion that if any one wishes to improve their breed of fowls, they could not do better than give Mr. Emory a call. They will ever find him a painstaking and pleasant gentleman.

The enterprising firm of Wm. A. Greenwood & Co. have erected a large two-story building on the lot of Mr. Samuel Burgess in Edesville. These gentlemen will afford every facility for painting, papering, etc. for a large scope of country. They also propose to carry on the carriage painting business, which will indeed supply a long felt need.

By virtue of these enterprises the town grows, and e'er long we hope to hear that the managers of the Kent Railroad Corporation have seen the practicability and feasibility of pushing the road direct to Rock Hall, which line having already been surveyed, touching upon the outskirts of our place. Some years ago when this prospecting was being done our people caused to be paid a considerable amount of money into the enterprise, and it proved to be a *dear prospectus*. It appears now that Tolchester is the objective point. For the life of us we fail to see the business view thus contemplated.

The advantages Rock Hall has over Tolchester in our judgment are many. In the first place, it is an excellent harbor, having an abundance of water; seldom indeed is it that vessels cannot come in during winter no matter how cold the weather, nor how high the wind may be. If the main feature in the traffic is excursions, why may not a steamer land as many, and with as much safety, at the Rock Hall landing? If a steamer can