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.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1890. No. 43.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, 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. B. 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 3 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 $3.00 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. N. M. JETER,

Late Resident Physician for the Houston Coal and Coke Company, of West Virginia,

HAS LOCATED IN MILLINGTON,

and offers his services to the people.

Feb. 22—6m.

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.)

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

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.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, 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.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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.

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

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

BY THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

STATEMENT

SHOWING THE CONDITION OF

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company

—OF—

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

DECEMBER 31, 1889.

ASSETS:

Value of real estate owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$ 2,781 04
Loans on Bond and Mortgage	84,950 00
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)	6,000 00
Amount of all Loans (except Mortgages) secured by stocks, Bonds, and other securities hypothecated to the Company for cash actually loaned by the Company	2,488 21
Interest due and accrued on Stocks, Bonds and other securities	5,340 63
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in Bank	14,150 58
Premiums due and in course of collection	772 75
Premium Notes in force $172,000 32	
Total Cash Assets	$116,483 21

LIABILITIES:

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	$ 2,731 28	
Insurance Policies being 95 per cent. of the premium or deposit received thereon—amount reclaimable by the insured on perpetual	50,021 47	
Premium Notes in force $172,000 32		
All other claims	1,132 48	
Total Liabilities		$53,885 23
Surplus as regards policyholders		$62,597 98
Total income		$ 12,324 66
Total expenditures		5,394 85
Amount of policies in force in Maryland on 31st December, 1889		2,562,480 17
Amount of policies written in Maryland during the year 1889		99,827 50
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1889		6,863 61
Losses paid in Maryland during 1889		2,484 34
Losses incurred in Maryland dur'g 1889		5,152 34

STATE OF MARYLAND,
INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 11, 1890.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent county, Md., to December 31st, 1889, now on file in this Department.

J. FRED. C. TALBOTT,
INSURANCE COMMISSIONER.

fe22-3t.

NOW is the time to buy GUNS cheap at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S.

RAPID HARNESS MENDERS, laid Rivets in the shade. Sold by J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

Miss Dolly's Destiny.

"I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggin tying his horse at your gate," said Mr. Blount, roguishly, gathering up the reins.

"Nonsense, brother! Anything the matter with his own hitching post?" retorted Miss Dolly turning in the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crispy sayings which had kept her friends in good humor these forty years.

"And when David does call on you," pursued Mr. Blount more seriously, "I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more than fair, and the man wouldn't be easy till he has freed his mind."

"What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount?" cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. "What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?"

"Well, his wife has been dead a year or more," said Mr. Blount, suggestively, shutting one eye, and squinting with the other down the length of his whipstalk, "and lately he has been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Dolly energetically.

"I shan't say have him or don't have him—though there isn't a likelier man living than Davtd—but I do say, Dolly, you ought to give him a hearing," and having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it and drove away.

"O, my sorrows!" ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there. Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and with it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose. This organ gave tone to her face. But I would not be understood as saying that she talked through a nasal whine. I mean simply in a metaphorical sense, this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had abundant need of energy—else why the nose? Every two years during her childhood she had been tiptoed into the east bed-room to see a new baby, till at her mother's death five little brothers fell to her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood.

"You can't bring up those boys, they'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeda," groaned a dolorous aunt.

"Let them run over me so long as it does not hurt em!" laughed Miss Dolly, skewing her flaxen hair with a goose quill and trying a calico apron over her calico longshort, preparatory to "bring up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of everything, tho' it must be confessed she often had odds and ends to work with, as people usually do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties except matrimony. If that were a duty, it was one she wouldn't and couldn't attend to while her father and the children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them David Wiggin. "Don't be silly, David!" said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her; whereupon he went off and married Olive Searle, the most pleasant girl in the parish.

This happened thirty years ago and David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned towards Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead at the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms and the remaining three had gone West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a place as you'd find on the river, while the Blount cottage was falling into decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal tell against her, for as he looked back, he couldn't really see how she could have married anyone at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and for his part he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount with mock humility whether it would be of any use for him to try and make a bargain with Dolly.

"That's more than I can tell. Dolly's a puzzle; you'll have to find her out yourself," replied James.

Mr. Wiggin smiled in complacent anticipation of acceptance. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage, was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his wife for leaving a vacancy there. Mr. Wiggin had mourned faithfully for Olive one year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering catnip. She had built a chip fire under the kettle, and then whisked off to pick an apronful of the pungent leaves while the water is boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin, sunbonnet on, and humming a lively tunc when Mr. Wiggin drove up.

"Come my beloved, haste away,"

piped Miss Dolly cheerily, snapping away briskly at the stalks.

"Cut the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful"—

"Fly like a youthful"—struck in a wheezy bass.

The sun-bonnet tipped back like a cartbody.

"Sakes alive!" cried Miss Dolly, as Mr. Wiggin strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs.

"I didn't mean to put you out," he laughed, shaking hands heartily; "but it seemed kinder natural to take part with you in 'Invitation.'"

"You always had a way of falling in at the most unheard of time, I remember," retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself and going on gathering catnip.

"You used to say I kept good time, only too much of it, but I tell you what, Dolly, time never did drag with me more than does these days," pursued Mr. Wiggin with a sudden inspiration.

"It is a dull season," said Miss Dolly with exasperating simplicity. "I suppose the grass-hoppers have eaten most of your wheat—haven't they—so it'll hardly pay for reaping?"

"Just so," assented Wiggin, discomfited. He had not traveled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of the crops.

"Walk in and sit down, won't you?" said Dolly with reluctant hospitality. Her apron was crammed to its utmost capacity. She devoutly wished it had been much larger.

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do. I had a little business farther on at the blacksmith shop. No hurry, though, as I know of," and he turned to let down the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped through the fence, catnip and all. "Bless my heart! I don't see but what you are as smart as you ever was. Still, you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offence I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you?"

"O, I never was one of the lonesome kind, and for that matter hardly a day passes without some of James' folk running in to see me."

"Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better, think?"

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains, and intimated that her happiness would be complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden stuff.

"That's just it," continued Mr. Wiggin eagerly; "you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly? A man that will be ready and willing to do for, and make you comfortable?"

"I don't know," said Miss Dolly, dryly.—"The year father died I did have Silas Porter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about double, and when mud-time came, I was glad to send him off and hire by the day. I made up my mind that men folks around the house cost more than they come to."

"I guess we don't understand one another, I wasn't speaking of hiring help, Dolly. Naturally you would get tired of that. It's worrying to a woman. But if you was to have a companion, now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—"

"Shoo! shoo!" cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the doorstep.

Mr. Wiggin drew his red handkerchief from his hat to wipe his glowing face. Certainly he had not felt the heat so bad through haying.

"How's your health, now-a-days?" asked Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconsciousness.

"Very good; remarkably good! I don't know where you'll find a man with a tougher constitution than I have."

"Ah?" and Dolly blushed like a sumac in October.

"Yes, I'm well, and tolerably well to do, with nothing to hinder my marrying again, providing I can see a girl to my mind."

"There's the deacon's widow; she's pious and economical," suggested Miss Dolly officiously.

"She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely. I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on a little woman I want this minute," said Mr. Wiggin.

He had both eyes on her for that matter, and Miss Dolly was forced to recognize the situation, whether she accepted it or not.

"I've managed to sweeten my tea so far, David, without calling upon my neighbors, and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax as some folks would. But there's Martha Dunning; she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take her? She'd appreciate such a nice home as yours, David."

"It would seem as if most any woman might," said Mr. Wiggin in an injured tone; "all finished off complete, painted outside and in—"

"She'd be delighted with it—I'm sure of it!" broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as she darted into the kitchen to lift the boiling kettle from the crane.

"But you don't mean that you won't marry me, Dolly?" pleaded Mr. Wiggin, anxiously following her to the door. "I have been doting on you as the head of things at my house."

"Martha is a good manager," said Miss Dolly, coolly. "David need't think he can buy me with a new set of buildings!" added she mentally, snapping down the lid of the pug-nosed teapot. "I never did have the name of being croping."

"I tell you, Dolly, I won't have Martha; I don't like her turn!" cried Mr. Wiggin, testily balancing himself on the threshold, yet not daring to step over it.

Miss Dolly gave her undivided attention to winging the hearth.

"You know you was always the woman of my choice, Doll, and when we were both young—"

"Psha w!" snapped Dolly, scorching her wing, "that's beyond the memory of man."

Mr. Wiggin's position was becoming painful. Miss Dolly was not to be won by the attractions of wealth and position, nor even by tender allusions to the past. He would appeal to her kindnes of heart.

"I used to believe you had some feelin' Dolly," said he, tremulously; "but you don't seem to have any for me. Here I am left here all alone in the world; children all paired off, 'thout's Matilda, and she'll go before the snow flies; house empty—"

"I suppose you can have a home with any of your boys and welcome," put in Miss Dolly, still fluttering about the chimney like a swallow.

"Yes, if worse comes to worse, I suppose I can," assented Mr. Wiggin, mournfully, anything but consoled by this reflection. "It would break me up terribly, though, you may depend, to give up my place that I set so much by and crowd myself on my children."

No response save the clattering of the tongs.

"And it's a dreadfully melancholy business for a man at my time of life to drag along without a partner. I'm getting to be old, Dolly," and Mr. Wiggin brushed his sleeve across his eyes as a ferruled schoolboy might have done. "Yes I'm getting to be old, Dolly, and it stands to reason that I havn't many years to live; but I did hope that we might go down hill together, Dolly, you chirkin' me up with that spry way of your'n that I always took to, and I carrying, the heft of—"

Here Miss Dolly gave a little sniff, nothing worth mentioning only for the effect it produced on Mr. Wiggin.

"Can't you make up your mind to have me, Miss Dolly?" pleaded Mr. Wiggin, "I don't see how I am going to stand it if you can't."

"Then Miss Martha wouldn't suit," said Miss Dolly, archly. "What a shame now, when she needs property so much."

"Hang the property! I'd mortgage the whole of it rather than not get you!" cried Mr. Wiggin, with a vehemence that quite closed her mouth.

"Well, David, when I come to consider it all over, it is a little lonely for both of us, and though I never dreamed of a change any more, seems if I can't help myself, and if you think I'm worth having you can take me. But mind, you musn't grumble if my ways are not like yours and I'm a bit hard to manage. But I'll do the best I can and will try to make a good wife, knowing as we both do that we liked one another some when we were younger and hard to please."

And in a week, good, satisfied Dolly, had charge of her home and was as happy as the day was long.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb,
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest-fields shall I cease to glean
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-day sheen,
Since the dew of the morn hath speed?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past:
Serene as in armor of faith I stand,
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He will never let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

TALMAGE'S CELESTIAL DREAM.

One night, lying on my lounage when very tired, my children all around me in full romp and hilarity and laughter, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuries crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise and I watched to see it set, but it set not. And I saw people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine, or swelter at the forge?" but they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but no mausoleum or a monument or a white slab was to be seen. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? and where are benches on which they sit?" and the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country."

And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory, and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered; and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven.

And I looked around, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their weloome, we altogether began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home, home!"

Some Points About Men.

A man's smile is either his conviction or his acquittal.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes for a fool.

Man, like the fire, is apt to torment the women by going out at night.

If you want to flatter a man talk to him about his great reserve force.

A good many men are unable to prove that the world owes them a living.

No boy believes that the oil that calmed the troubled waters was castor oil.

Somehow we never like the man whose ambition is satisfied with the fact that he writes a good "hand."

You can't depend on a man. The best of them will chew plug tobacco when they get away from home.

A lucky man—one who marries a widow whose first husband was mean to her.

Even though a man does not deserve assistance he feels the need of it just the same.

The poorer the man is the more apt he is to refuse the pennies you give him in change.

There is always something for a man to do; when everything else fails him he can worry.

It is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.

Some men enjoy the habit so much that they would pick their teeth carefully if they had nothing but soup for dinner.—*The Memphis Avalanche.*

The Deacon's Wooing.

The sun had sank beyond the hills lights of New Bethany and the lingering on the mountain tops were changing from rose to purple, when Deacon Pinch stopped his melancholy old mare in front of the village postoffice. It was Saturday night, the only time when New Bethany roused itself from its lethargy and showed any signs of life and energy. The rest of the week it drowsed and languished after the fashion of small country towns remote from railway and manufacturing centres.

"Whoa, Mary Jane!" said the deacon with unnecessary emphasis, throwing the reins on the mare's broad back, and springing to the ground.

But the despondent Mary had already ceased her shambling gait from sheer force of habit. A ten years' service with the deacon had made her perfectly familiar with the accustomed round of stopping places. Wednesday night it was prayer meeting; Sunday the church service; and Saturday night invariably the postoffice, and as a light variation, an after pause at the house of Mrs. Betsy Hill, the milliner, who for a quarter of a century had supplied the women of New Bethany with head-gear fearfully and wonderfully made.

The moment the deacon stepped inside the office he knew, from the unusual buzz of conversation, that something extraordinary had happened.

"Heard the news—eh, deacon?" asked one of the village loungers.

The deacon looked up inquiringly.

"Miss Keziah's had an amazin' streak of luck."

"It's been nothing but an amazin' streak of luck ever since she was born," returned the deacon. "If ownin' the best farm in town and havin' money at interest isn't luck, like to know what it is."

"But this is something out of common. You used to know her brother who died years ago and left his only child for Miss Keziah to bring up? Wa'al, when the old man Mead died, Miss Keziah took the farm as her share of the property, her brother, bein' of a rovin' turn of mind, took a few thousand of personal property as his'n, and invested 'em in western lands, which turned out to be worthless, and he lost every cent he put in. Folks always blamed him for bein' so foolish and hasty, and they say grief and mortification alike hastened his death. Wa'al, it turns out that they put a railroad square thro' the lands, and it's sent real estate way up, nobody knows where. Miss Keziah's been offered nigh onto $8,000 for the lands, and they say sh'll get ever so much more if she only holds on."

"You don't mean it?"

"I dew; it's as as true as Scripture."

"She hold out, never fear," said the deacon, "and I hold it to be our bounden duty as neighbors to advise her to that end."

Instead of lingering as usual for the village gossip—for New Bethany postoffice on Saturday night answered the purpose of a weekly paper—the deacon seemed in a great hurry to get home.

It was the night of the choir rehearsal, and in driving by the church he saw Mary Mead, Miss Keziah's niece, going up the steps. He suddenly whipped up his sleepy old mare and drove home at a breakneck rate of speed.

"Now's your time, Solomon Pinch," he muttered to himself. "It's mebbe a long while afore ye'll hev such a good chance agin. She'll be sure to be alone for a couple of hours or so—hi, old lady! no stoppin' here tonight," he added, giving the lines a sudden twist as Mary Jane showed an inclination to stop before Betsey Hill's house; "we've other fish to fry, now, old gal."

When he reached home he drove the mare under the horse shed, and tied her there, instead of unharnessing her as usual. Then he entered the house and hastily swallowing the scanty supper which the hired woman placed before him, donned his best clothes and drove off again at a rapid pace.

"Law sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman, amazed. "The deacon's got sumthin' on his mind sure! It's the first time I ever knew him to disremember to ask a blessing."

Ever since the death of his wife Deacon Pinch had looked on Miss Keziah as her probable successor. For years he had gazed with covetous eyes on the fine Mead farm, with its substantial buildings, but he never could screw courage up to the point of facing the snapping black eyes of its owner. Of late he had been seen several times, knocking at the door of Mrs Betsey Hill's little brown house, and the worthy milliner was overjoyed at the opening of the brilliant prospect before her. But the news of the sudden rise in western lands caused Mrs. Hill, with her small possessions, to sink into insignificance by the side of the rich woman with her titled acres, her overflowing barns and other prospective thousands of dollars.

The idea of failure in his matrimonial venture never entered his head. "The way afore ye is as plain and straight as a pipe stem, Solomon Pinch," he murmured, rubbing the palms of his hands together, as he walked towards Miss Keziah's side door. "Women is mostly alike—eager and willin' to embrace matrimonial opportunities. They'll snap at an offer like a hungry trout at a worm. She has got the money, and I hev got the prominence and influence; that's a p'int not to be over-looked; and deacons isn't to be had every day. Put her money and my influence together, and I rather guess we'll stand about top of the heap in New Bethany."

Miss Keziah was sitting by the table knitting as usual. She had just begun to narrow for the whole of the stocking, when a step sounded on the walk. She threw down the stocking and opened the door, and holding the lamp high above her head, her eyes rested upon the amazing spectacle of the deacon in all the Sunday magnificence of white shirt and shiny black broadcloth. "Well, I never!" she ejaculated, and then, feeling that her reception had been hospitable, she lowered the lamp and said kindly:

"Come in, deacon—come in."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew.'

"Take a seat, deacon."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I dew."

The deacon surveyed the attractive room, which, with it's cherry fire and comfortable cushioned chair, seemed a veritable paradise in comparison with his untidy, ill-kept home. He placed his hat on the floor beside his chair, displaying his scanty gray locks ingeniously plastered over the top of his head so as to cover as much of the bald surface as possible. There was a long pause.

"Anything going on deacon?" asked Miss Keziah, resuming her knitting. She was greatly puzzled to account for those Sunday clothes.

"Nothin' within the range of my observation. There won't be much more a-goin' now till election time; things 'ill be pretty lively then."

"Wan't to buy any hay this year?" chirped Miss Keziah. "Mine is extra good this season; my hired man says it's the best harvest yield in town."

"I rather guess I'll have enough to carry me thro' the winter. If I don't I shall know where ter come fur hay as is hay. I declare, your farm does beat all! I feel kind o' rigged like when I think the best farm in town is managed by a woman."

Miss Keziah smiled graciously, and the deacon drew his chair a little nearer his hostess. "It must be a great load for ye to carry alone. Such a large farm is a tremendous responsibility for a lone woman."

"Oh, I don't mind it; it keeps me proper busy."

The deacon hitched his chair along a few inches farther. "Ye'd ought to have a brother or cousin, or some relative like, to share the burden with ye."

"My shoulders are plenty strong," returned Miss Keziah, good naturedly. "I'm glad to show the folks that there are women good for something besides giddy-gaddying and tattling."

"Yis, yis," answered the deacon, "we can all testify to your valley and worth. You're a real honor to your sex. You're—you're a bright and shinin' beacon light to the triflin' and vain minded women of the world;" and the speaker waved his hand at the conclusion of this little oratorical flourish.

Then hitch, hitch, hitch went the chair Miss Keziahward. "Don't you feel sort o' lonely at spells?" he asked, insinuatingly.

Miss Keziah glanced suspiciously at the rapidly advancing chair. She dropped her knitting and went to the fire and piled up the blazing sticks of wood. Then she came back to the table and sat her chair on the farther side of it, thus putting a barrier between her and the visitor. "I'm never lonely, deacon; plenty to do is the best medicine for loneliness."

"But woman's a tender, independent creatur'. Woman's a vine," here the deacon took up the weekly prayer meeting drawl, "and needs suthin' to cling to when the troubles, desolatin' waves and winds o' affliction and sorrow roll over her."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, with a contemptuous sniff. "I shouldn't have expected that a man of your sense, deacon, would repeat such silly trash. I have no patience with the people who are always talking as if women could't stand alone, and needed propping up like a rag doll that hadn't any backbone. I'm no vine, or creeping, helpless thing, I can tell you. I can stand alone as well as everybody, if the Lord so wills it, although I admit, deacon, that it's pleasanter to have some one keep you company."

"That's jest it; ye hev hit the nail squar' on the head! It's pleasanter to hev company in our sojourn on this mortal yearth."

The deacon seized his chair with both hands, and by a circuitous line of hitching he placed it within three feet of Miss Keziah's table. "You're a forehanded woman, Miss Keziah; I'm a man of prominence and influence in the community; it seems to me that it would be a good thing if we could walk hand in hand through this vale of tears. Providence seems to point its finger that way." The deacon was thinking at that very moment of the money he could save by a thrifty manager like Miss Keziah in place of inefficient, wasteful hired woman.

Miss Keziah was dumfounded. She dropped her knitting, and the ball of yarn rolled across the floor. "Mercy!" she finally gasped.

"I'll make ye a first rate husband, and ye'll make me a good wife. We've been members of the same church for thirty years or more, and we've been members of the same spiritooal family, we'll now be members of the same human family."

Miss Keziah straightened herself up in her highbacked chair, and drew in her chin, while her voice rang out shrill and clear:

"I rather guess it'll take two to make that bargain."

A second look at the aged admirer, who was edging up to her with a sheepish simper, exasperated Miss Keziah beyond control.

"The old fool!" she said wrathfully.

The color came into the deacon's thin cheeks and he started to his feet, looking anxiously toward the door, as if meditating a hasty retreat. But the yarn was wound around his boots and he was forced to remain.

Miss Keziah likewise rose, and folding her hands grimly in front of her, remarked gimly:

"When you first began your talking I hadn't the least idea what you were driving at. I thought you were hinting about Betsy Hilly, and wanted to take me into your confidence. I never dreamed that you meant me. Why, I supposed every one in town knew that I would not give up my freedom for the best man living. Betsy Hill is a pious, likely woman, she'll make a good home for you and she needs a home herself."

The deacon was completely withered, and Miss Keziah continued: "If you'll step around a little livelier, deacon, and pick up the stones on your lots and put them into good fences, and mow down those pesky weeds, there's no earthly reason why your farm shouldn't look as well as mine. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, deacon I hope you'll overlook it. Why, you are all tangled up in that yarn; I'll untangle it."

The delay of unwinding the yarn from the deacon's feet gave Miss Keziah a chance for further remark: "One word more, deacon; have you heard about the western lands?"

The deacon wished he was anywhere out of the range of those merciless black eyes.

"I—think I've heern tell suthin' about 'em," he replied meekly.

"I though so! I thought so!" exclaimed Miss Keziah, savagely. "Well, deacon, those lands rightfully belong to my niece, Mary; I only hold them as her guardian."

The deacon began to look upon his rejection as a blessing in disguise, for without the western lands Miss Kezirah's attractions seemed tame compared with those of mild, blue eyed, buxom widow Hill.

"I can trust ye never to mention this?" he asked timidly.

"I shall not mention it. Now follow my advice, deacon; make sure of Betsy Hill before another week goes by. You have my good wishes. See to this at once."

"Thank ye, thank ye; I don't mind if I dew."

The good woman followed her crest-fallen visitor to the door. As a sudden gust of cold night air put out the light, she said:

"The air is snapping to-night; have a frost, eh, deacon?"

And the discomfitted deacon felt that he had been nipped by something sharper than a frost.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Facts About Newspapers.

By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think that it costs little or nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy occasionally they are regular patrons and entitled to unlimited favors. Men ask for a copy of a newspaper for nothing, who would never dream of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry-goods store or a piece of candy from a confectioner, even upon the plea of having done business with them before. One paper is not much, but hundreds at each issue will amount to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the amount of free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some people when they once pay for an advertisement think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. Without being represented in its advertising columns we have had people to request us to gratuitously insert this notice, or draw attention to this article, with the slight suggestion that "it will cost you nothing to put this in," which is just as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your axe on his grindstone, and graciously tell him it won't cost him a cent.

It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business; no paper can succeed financially that carries a dead-head system. Any mention of people's affairs which they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investment of the same amount. The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small; the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the editors, reporters and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession, requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery.