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 article must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

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

LOWEST

MEN'S FINE CLOTHING.

We sell the best-fitting, the best-wearing and the most reliable clothing in the United States; we carry double the stock of any store in the South, and our prices we guarantee to be from 20 to 25 per cent. below the market. Our FIVE DOLLAR SUITS sell for seven and eight everywhere, our EIGHT and TEN DOLLAR SUITS cannot be matched for a couple of dollars more by any store in the State; and our TWELVE, FIFTEEN and EIGHTEEN DOLLAR SUITS are the equal of made-to-order suits that cost double. No matter what you want in the line of clothing, it's dollars and cents to buy it here.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

TOMATO GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

READ THIS CAREFULLY:

We have been manufacturing for years a SPECIAL TOMATO MANURE that is particularly adapted to the growth of that crop. It has been used year after by the most prominent growers and canners in the country, as well as by the largest and most successful truckers in New Jersey. Materials being considerably off this spring, we are prepared to sell you lower this season than ever before. Please, therefore, write or see us concerning it before making your purchases.

MR. WM. R. ALLABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says:—I used your Fertilizer on Tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next, and the last, Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of Tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all. I have used it on other crops with the same results, and believe it to be the best Phosphate on the market.

MR. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, Md., says:—He used 400 lbs. per acre of Hubbard's alongside of other tandard brands on his Tomatoes, and that there was a perceptible difference in favor of yours. The plants kept greener, bore prettier and consequently more fruit, and that is why I use it again.

MR. PHIL. PARKER, Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—He used ours alongside of Mapes that cost $44 per ton, and that our was equal in every respect.

MR. J. B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford, Md.—Used the first year 8 tons; next, 24 tons; next, 55 tons; and the next he and his brother used and sold together 98 tons, and it not only gave satisfaction last season, but wherever used.

MR. EDWARD PLUMMER, near Worton says:—He put his young peach orchard in Tomatoes; used our goods: sold to Lynch's cannery in 1888, and they netted him $47 per acre.

MR. JOHN F. COPPER, near Chestertown, has been using it for years with satisfaction.

MR. JAS. MASSEY, of Darlington, Harford, Md., says:—He grew for the canners. Used our goods alongside of Dis. Animal Bone and Oriole Phosphate and that his product netted him $14 more per acre.

MR. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, Md.:—Used our goods alongside of high grade. The result was the Sugar Corn was better and larger cared; Tomatoes fuller and smoother and the vines kept green till the frost killed them.

OUR CORN FERTILIZER!

MR. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—I could tell to the very row where I used your Fertilizer on my Corn, and when I came to mow my grass wke the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of my field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your Phosphate made the grass five or six inches higher. It was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff; that is why I continue it use.

MESSRS. ANDREW HALL & SON, of Harford say:—The 15 tons used on their Corn did as well as any ever used, and whatever they use this year, will be our goods; think it will be 20 or 25 tons.

GEORGE W. BAKER'S SONS, Wm. B. and J. B., say:—That it has compared favorably with anything they used.

WE COULD GIVE THE NAMES of Hundreds who have used our Goods on their various crops, and should you want to plant Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, or anything in the Vegetable line, write for one of our circulars.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
April 5, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. GALENA, KENT CO., MD

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite 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.

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.

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.

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.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

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

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.
For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

REMOVAL!

R. BERGEN

WHO HAS BEEN OCCUPYING THE CORNER STORE in the BURCHINAL BUILDING, now belonging to Charless S. Smith, has REMOVED to the

Store-Room Adjoining,

formerly occupied by W. T. Wright, where can be found a LARGE and VARIED assortment of

Dry Goods, Notions, and Millinery.

Spring opening of Silks, Henriettas, Serges, Cashmeres, Cloths and flannels. Also a Beautiful line of

Trimming Silks!

to match all shades of Dress Goods. Also a complete line of

Notions and Fashionable Millinery.

Remember, I have removed NEXT DOOR to the store I did occupy.

R. BERGEN.
April 12, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,
Black's - Maryland
—DEALER IN—
Grain, Coal and Wood.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANY QUANTITY,
delivered on the Baltimore & Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or on Chester or Sassafras rivers.

A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.

J. C. SUTTON,
j4-tf. Black's, Md.

Citizen—So you think of locating here?
Physician—Yes. I thought some of practicing among you.
Citizen—See here, young man, there's a good opening here for a man as understands his biz, but we don't want no *practicing*, or experimenting—*doctoring's what we want!*
Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present, alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent or overbusy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his "*practice*" until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.
It's the only medicine for the weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements peculiar to women, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** that it will give satisfaction *in every case*, or price ($1.00) paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists. 25 cents a vial.

SKIN DISEASES.

Skin and Its Diseases

The DERMATOLOGICAL AND NEUROTIC INSTITUTE was established here seven years ago for the special purpose of treating and curing Diseases of the Skin and Nervous Diseases by DR. C. W. BENSON, and his success is well known. Patients come from every county in the State, as well as city, to be cured, and they are not disappointed.
It makes no difference how bad, obstinate or long-standing the case may be, if it is curable, he will cure it, having devoted eighteen years to the treatment and cure of these diseases. Skin diseases and Nervous diseases are hard to diagnose and cure except by an experienced specialist, and people waste much money in advertised medicines and going to doctors, who cannot, in the nature of things, know much about these special diseases, and who, as a rule, are not prepared nor have the remedies for their proper treatment. Dr. Benson at his Institute is thoroughly prepared in every particular to diagnose and treat Skin Diseases and Nervous Diseases successfully, and sufferers from any form of these troubles, whether in adults or children, will save time, money and much suffering by placing themselves under the care and treatment of Dr. Benson, who is a graduate of medicine of the University of Maryland, and who practiced medicine in a general way for ten years; but eighteen years ago gave it up, and became a specialist in these diseases. He has a laboratory his building, and all medicines he prescribes are prepared under his own supervision.

SKIN DISEASES

Includes the treatment of the Hair and Scalp, Loss of Hair, etc., as well as the Eczemas, Tetters and Acne or Pimples, Black-heads and all kinds of Skin troubles, from a roughness of the Skin to the worst form of eruptions and sores.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Dr. Benson permanently removes them from ladies' faces, lips, etc., with the electric needle, and guarantees them never to return. Also, Warts, Moles and all blemishes are permanently and perfectly removed by the Electrolysis without blood or leaving any mark whatever.

Nerves! Nerves! Nerves!

Who is it that does not at times wish they had no nerves? Nothing renders a person more wretched than to be nervous or to suffer from some form of nervous disease, and nothing leads to more trouble and disaster than neglected nervous diseases. They are the origin of insanity and suicide, of paralysis and despondency, loss of power, prostration and exhaustion, and should not be neglected. Why remain wretched and miserable and in danger of worse troubles when you can be cured? There are no classes of disease that yields more promptly to proper treatment in the hands of a specialist who understands them than nervous diseases. Since specialists have devoted their time to the study and cure of nervous diseases, great strides have been made in curing them. Diseases that were a few years ago considered incurable are now cured without difficulty, and many who were hopeless sufferers, as they thought, are now rejoicing in perfect restoration. So much for science and specialists.
Electricity has worked a reformation in the treatment of nervous diseases, and has accomplised wonders. But skill, practice and experience is required to apply it with effect. The different kinds of electricity and batteries vary as much in their effects upon the system as different kinds of medicine do, and the doctor who uses one battery for all kinds of diseases might, with as much property, use one kind of medicine for all diseases. Dr. Benson has every form and kind of battery, and is prepared to use electricity in any and every way; also, Electric Baths. In writing, give full particulars.

Dr. Benson's Institute
AND OFFICES ARE AT
NO. 521 NORTH HOWARD STREET,
Opposite Academy of Music.
Hours from 9 to 5 daily, and every night from 7 to 9 except Wednesday and Friday nights.

OF COURSE WE HAVE THEM
—AS—
LOW as the LOWEST.

PRICES to SUIT THAT of CORN AND WHEAT!

CHAIN and ROPE TRACES,
PLOW LINES, BACKBANDS,
HAMES, SHOVELS, SPADES,
FORKS, RAKES, &c., &c.,

Building Hardware!

Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds Tinwork
DONE AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We have an experienced and first-class workman.
Give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.
mar20. ADJOINING THE BANK.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

MR. & MRS. BOWSER.

Instead of going down to town after breakfast the other morning, Mr. Bowser slipped upstairs, and when he came down again he had on his old clothes. Some changes had been made in the house by which we had gained a new bedroom, and it at once occurred to me that Mr. Bowser and his old clothes and that bedroom were in some way connected.

"You—you are not going to the office this morning?" I queried.

"No, ma'am."

"You are not going to make garden?"

"Hardly, I propose to finish up that bedroom."

"How."

"Well, I shall paper the walls to begin with."

"Mr. Bowser, I wish you wouldn't. I telephoned for a paper-hanger yesterday and he will be here to-morrow."

"And I stopped last evening and told him not to come up. I propose to have that job done in style."

"But you can't hang paper?"

"Oh I can't? Prepare yourself for a surprise party. Mrs. Bowser, I don't propose to have no wild-eyed paper artist around here for ten days to do what I can accomplish in one."

"Mr. Bowser, I solemnly warn you not to attempt it. You will only make a failure of it and then blame me."

"There will be neither failure nor blame about it. I'll show you the paper."

He had it hidden in the barn. When he brought it in and displayed it I felt like crying. It was a dark, cheap paper, of a pattern several years old, and I was prepared for his announcemant that it was a job lot which he had secured at five cents a roll.

"Mr. Bowser, that room ought to have gilt paper."

"Had I rushed off as you do Mrs. Bowser I should have got gilt. Do you know what the most eminent chemists of the day declare? They say that gilt paper in a bedroom shortens life by many years."

"And this stuff will most probably prolong it?"

"Very likely."

"Well, it ought to. Any one who would select such paper ought to live 500 years and be ashamed of himself every day."

"Mrs. Bowser, if you happen to have outrageous tastes in these matters I am not to blame. I don't propose to have my house turned into a museum just because you have no idea of harmony. Wait until the room is done, and then if you don't agree with me that it is the prettiest bedroom you ever stepped into I'll buy you a new spring hat."

He went ahead of course, and I left him alone for a couple of hours. When I went up he had two strips on, and was standing back to survey them. Two more strips, which had been pasted and stuck on and then pulled off again lay on the floor.

"The corner of the room is not exactly plumb you know, he said."

"Those bricklayers and carpenters never get a corner within two inches of true."

"No, I suppose not. I have read all paper-hangers make this same discovery. What's this paper doing on the floor?"

"Oh, I got enough so that I could experiment a little. There is no great rush, you know. It isn't a case of life and death, and I propose to develop some artistic ideas as I go along."

"Well, you have made a good start at it. That second strip is on wrong side up."

"What?"

"Look for yourself. Here is the vine and here the leaves. The leaves on one strip are at the top and on the other at the very bottom."

"Not much! your eyes are not true, and one of them sees higher than the other. If you will now be so kind as to disappear I will work out some new ideas."

An hour later there was a crash upstairs which awoke the baby, frightening the cat into falling off the window-sill, and caused the cook to fly into the sitting room and call out that a "siclone" had struck the house and brought down every chimney. I hurried upstairs to Mr. Bowser. He sat in a chair trying to smile and look unconcerned, but one of the steps of the ladder was gone and I knew that he had come down like a load of stone.

"Did you call?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, no. I am studying on an idea."

There was paste on his hair and pieces of wall paper sticking to his back, but I withdrew without further remark. When he came down at noon I was in hopes he had abandoned the work. It was evident he had a lame back, and he dragged one leg as he walked, and I thought it a fitting opportunity to say:

"I wouldn't bother with that room any more if I were you. I presume you are wanted at the office."

"Do you?" The office is locked up and I have the key in my pocket."

"But why not get a paper-hanger."

"Because I am going to do it myself. I find that I am a little short of paper, and I guess I'll telephone for more."

He gave an order for four double rolls and after dinner he went back to his labors, locking the door so that I could not see his work. About mid-afternoon, however, as I listened at the door, I heard him growling:

"Hang that carpenter! He didn't get this wall within two feet of straight, and that last strip has got to come off!"

Just before supper he came down and telephoned for two more rolls of paper and forty feet more of border, but he looked so pale-faced and stoop-shouldered and done out that I hadn't the heart to say anything about the room. He fell asleep in his chair while reading the paper, and every few moments uttered a groan or a sigh. He was paste and paper from head to heels and back again, and could hardly get upstairs from the lameness in his legs and back. Next morning, as he seemed undecided whether to go to the office or go upstairs, I asked if I shouldn't telephone for the paper hanger. That decided him and he replied quickly:

"I wouldn't be as jealous-minded as you are, Mrs. Bowser, for all the money in the world! You are shaking in your shoes for fear that I will do a nice bit of work."

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he would allow me to enter the room and and then he announced its completion.

"Just give me a fair and honest opinion of it without reference to relationship," he said, as he stood in the center of the room and looked around.

If he had been armed with a knife to cut my throat I should have been compelled to laugh. Seven of the strips were wrong end up. Four or five of them were on crooked. He had lapped the paper on to the base and window casings, and his border was upside down like the waves of the sea.

'Have you escaped from Kalamazoo?' he demanded, as I laughed until I had to sit down on the floor.

"Mr. Bowser I have a request to make of you—perhaps a dying request. Let me bring in some of the neighbors to see this job?"

"Certainly and if they don't say it is one of the neatest jobs they ever saw I'll give in."

I sent the cook out and got three of the nearest ladies, and when they entered the menagerie Mr. Bowser retired to dress himself. He wouldn't come out until shey had departed, but he must have heard all that was said. At supper time he came down and quietly remarked:

"I suppose you want the custody of the child, Mrs. Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, after encouraging me to spend two days of my time in papering that room that you might criticise my work, it will be best that we separate. During the evening you had better make out a list of the things you want to reserve."

Next day the paper hanger came up and put on other paper. Mr. Bowser bought a pint of liniment and four porous plasters, and there is no happier household in Detroit than that of Bowser.

TRUE FAITH.

"You tell me that your child is dead;
And yet you greet me with a smile,
And let the sunshine flood your rooms
And with a song your grief beguile."

"And why not smile? If she had gone
To dwell in sunny Italy,
To gaze upon those palaced slopes
And wander by that summer sea.

"Would I not joy to follow her
In thought beneath those classic skies,
To note with every changing scene
The rapture in her glad young eyes!

"Yet with my winging joy, alas!
Always a brooding fear would mate,
Not knowing when along the way
Some nameless woe might lie in wait.

"But for her with love ensphered,
No evil thing can work its spell;
Safe talismaned from ill she treads
The fields where living fountains well.

"Then why not smile and open wide
My windows to the blessed light,
Since she forevermore abides
In that fair land that knows no night!"

A Farmer's First Deposit.

They had opened a bank at Medina, the first one in the history of the town, and one day after it was in good running order Farmer Adams hitched his horse and wagon in front of the building, looked to see if the crock of butter and basket of eggs were safe, and then entered the building. He was well known to all of the officials, and each had a word for him as he entered. He looked around him in wonder, and then addressed himself to the president.

"Well, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened a bank, eh?"

"Yes."

"Git a reg'lar charter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Got things so that robbers can't git the money?"

"Yes."

"Waal, now, look-a-here Steve, I've knowed you a long time, haven't I?"

"You have, Mr. Adams."

"Knowed you when your father run off and left the family as hard up as a spring coon with a broken leg?"

"Yes."

"Knowed you when you growed up and married Hanner Taylor?"

"Yes."

"How is Hanner and the young 'uns?"

"Well, thank you."

"That's proper, but what I was goin' to say was that I guess I'll put some money in your bank—not a great deal, but just 'nuff fur a nest egg, like."

"We shall be glad to number you with our patrons."

"Yaas, but look-a-here, Steve, I don't want no foolin' about this bizness. When I want my money I want to find it right here."

"Certainly."

"And I want to find you here."

"Of course."

"And if you bust up the bank and run off with the cash, as some of 'em hev done, do you know what I'll do? I'll hitch up the old mare and foller you to the end of the airth, and when I overhaul you I'll give you the allfiredest drubbing any man on this globe ever got."

"You need have no fears, Mr. Adams."

"Waal, you hear me, and now here is $4 to begin on. It's to sort o' try you, and if everything is all right I may put in four more when I sell that steer. That's all, onless you bust up and run away."

Milwaukee's Funny Mayor.

"The day after I was inaugurated an old black number poked his head into my office and asked if I was the mayor. I pleaded guilty, and he came right in. He looked like an old-time freak. He had long hair, sand-paper complexion and a lower lip which hung down like the tailboard of an express wagon.

"'Well, you be the mayor?' he remarked.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I jess came in.'

"'Yes, I noticed it.'

"'Then you are the chap what printed them comical books what were funny?"

"'Yes.'

"'And you be the mayor besides?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, I swan. Them boys' pranks was funny.'

"'You liked them?'

"'Well, I should blow out the gas. Say, you be the funniest man I ever heard tell of, and I just dropped in to see you. Nuthin' special. Suppose you could make me laugh right now if you wanted to.'"—*Geo. W. Peck, in Chicago Tribune.*

Don't know about the pen being mightier than the sword, but the blonde type writer is a mighty sight mightier.

WAR ON THE FARMER!

Shall His Surplus Products be Taxed Forty-Five Per Cent.?

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

That any citizen of the United States who shall, within the territory thereof, manufacture or produce any article or articles of commerce, and shall sell or send the same for use in any place outside the territory of the United States, shall be entitled to receive from the collector of any port of entry where such articles may be shipped a certificate setting forth the value or values thereof, all such values to be verified and determined in a similar manner to that by which imports subject to duty are now determined; and upon the production of such certificate at any port of entry such citizen shall be entitled to the admission free of duty, of any article or articles of commerce which he may desire to use in the conduct of his business, personally or otherwise, to the extent or value set forth in such certificate. *The benefit of this act shall extend and apply to the heirs, executors, administrators and assigns of such citizen. It shall be the duty of the collectors and other customs officers of the United States to appraise articles and furnish certificates in pursuance of the provisions of this act.*

[House of Representatives, 8,526. Introduced by Mr. Breckinridge March 22, 1890. Read twice and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.]

We exported last year for sale abroad products of our farms, which could not be sold here, valued at $532,141,490. In payment our farmers received through agents dutiable goods valued at $488,644,574, on which they were compelled to pay unnecessary taxes at the Custom Houses, amounting to $218,701,773—a pretty heavy load for the farmers to carry. This was an average tax of 45 per cent. on all they exchanged for anything which interfered with the "protected" class—numbering less than 14,500.

It is perfectly true that there is a free list, and that the farm surplus might have been exchanged for things that would not be taxed when they enter our ports. The free list is a very long one. The farmers might have exchanged all their corn and all their cotton, all their wheat and all their provisions, which their countrymen could not eat, for agates, amber beads, art works, asbestos, stuffed birds, bismuth, dried blood, crude bones, rough pebbles, crude champhor, jalap, tonca beans, coffee, curling-stones, and 500 other things not taxed. They did exchange some of their surplus farm products for some of these things—because the people wanted a few dollars' worth of them; but what the people wanted most, what the people were willing to pay the most for, was clothing, manufactures of iron and steel, raw material for the employment of American labor; in short, all the things which enter into direct competition with 14,500 mill owners who are "protected" by law in charging their countrymen 45 per cent. more than they charge foreigners for the same identical goods.

The 14,500 mill-owners do not always charge their countrymen the full 45 per cent. the law gives them a right to. They are sometimes satisfied with 40 or even 35. But they always sell to the foreigner at the foreign price, or below it. They must. Their protection ends at the water's edge, at the Canadian and Mexican line. Beyond that they have no "protection," for it is only from the competition of the people of the United States that the American Congress can protect them, and in the United States the only persons whose competition can hurt them are the farmers who make this enormous surplus for exchange abroad.

The Illinois farmer who raises 1,000 bushels of corn must sell it or burn it for fuel. All the farmers raise more corn than we can eat. There is no market here for the surplus, so the Illinois farmer ships his surplus to France and receives a slip crediting him with the value. The price of silk is 70 cents a yard here, but only 50 cents in France, so the farmer, through his agent, takes up his credit in 1,000 yards of silk, on which he can make a good profit here, for his neighbors wants his silk, if he can supply it, although they do not want his corn.

His silk is stopped at the Custom House. It may not enter the country until he has paid a fine of $250. What for? Because he is competing with a man in Patterson, N. J., who charges his American countrymen 70 cents for silk worth only 50, and the Republican party says that the American farmer shall not work and make silk to sell in competition with a mill owner.

If the farmer should be permited to exchange a bushel of corn for a yard of silk, by selling the silk for 65 cents, he would undersell the Patterson mill owner; and he would be getting 65 cents for his bushel of corn, instead of 50 cents. This protection will not permit. If farmers raises more corn than can be sold here he shall not be permitted to exchange it for something he can sell here at a profit.

From the beginning to the end of all foreign trade, the only competition that there can be in this country must be between the citizens of this country. That a foreigner can compete in any way, shape or form is a lie. That any foreigner works for us is a lie. That any product of foreign labor was ever in the possession of any American is a lie. There never was one cent's worth of anything ever eaten, used, worn or enjoyed by any American that was not the product of American labor solely, and the mind of man cannot conceive of any process by which the product of any foreign labor could enter into the possession of any American citizen except by gift or theft.

That the silk the Illinois farmer receives in exchange for his corn is the final product of his labor on the illinois farm the re is not even a Republican member of Congress sufficiently lost to shame and decency to deny directly. He will not meet the question. He will dodge it and run away from it. But he will not put himself in the pillory of public opinion by denying it.

There is not one Republican member of Congress who dare meet this issue, fairly or unfairly, or who dare even attempt a reply to it.

Whether the Illinois farmer weaves the silk from corn tassels or obtains it in exchange for ears, it is the product of his labor and of his labor alone. It is upon the product of his labor alone that the 50 per cent. tax is laid.

Whether the American farmers dug from the ground or obtained in exchange for corn and cotton the $488,644,574 of dutiable goods received last year, the goods were the final product of their labor on their farms. The only labor the goods represented was American farm labor. It was upon the product of this American farm labor alone, and the tax of 45 per cent. and $218,701,773 was last year imposed.

And it was imposed solely to "protect" 14,500 American mill-owners from the competition of 8,000,000 American farmers. If there was no farm surplus, there could be no "competition," and no protection would be asked for.

Do you know of any Republican farmer who will deny this, or who can deny it? Let every Democrat who reads The *World* try to find one, and when found, let him send that Republican farmer's name to The *World*.

The bill which begins this article puts the question to the proof. If the mill-owner is not to be protected from the farmer, and the farmer alone, why may not the farmer exchange the surplus products of his labor which he cannot sell here, without payment of a tax of 45 per cent. upon the final product of his labor?

Democrats and tariff reformers, here is your opportunity to teach the Republican farmers of the United States the truth. This bill will not get one Republican vote in the House of Representatives, though every farmer in the United States should ask for it. No Republican speaker, writer, or editor will favor it. They dare not. They must oppose everything which permits any competition by American farmers with their masters, the 14,500 mill lords.

Get up petitions in favor of this bill. Ask every Republican farmer you know to sign it. Flood Congress with petitions for it. Let one go to Washington from every postoffice in the Union, from every grange, from every alliance, from every union.

Begin now. There is not a subscriber to The *World* who cannot do great work in the next thirty days—work which will affect generations to come and for which his neighbors will rise up and call him blessed when the scales fall from their eyes. T. E. WILLSON.

A Sort of Accident.

A man who was in the waiting rooms of the Erie depot, across the river, the other day, came across a farmer-looking man who was nursing two or three skinned knuckles. He was asked how he came to have them.

"Sort o' accident," was the reply.

"I was sittin' here about half an hour ago, when a young fellow came along and wanted me to go look at a trunk full of clothes which was to be sold to pay the railroad charges. I'm allus on the lookout for bargains, and I went."

"Yes."

"He rambled me up the street about a block, and we met another feller, who said he had got to have twenty-five dollars right off quick, to save some machinery from being sold. With that I dropped to the game."

"Confidence."

"Exactly. I kinder looked lamb-like, however, and when number one said I could perhaps loan number two the rhino, and take a check for a hundred dollars on the bank, I reached down into my pocket as if to get the spodulicks."

"I see."

"But I didn't get it. I scraped together a handful of fine dry-cut terbacker, shet my fist up tight and when I pulled it out I swung for No. 2's nose and landed like a ton of bricks. He went a tumbling into the mud and I turned on No. 1. He had slid—dusted out of sight like a rabbit a-gittin' for home ahead of sixteen cur dogs."

"And what became of the one you hit?

"Lyin' right there yet onless the police have taken him away. When I left, five minutes ago, one of them had his head propped up and the other was a asking him what sort of a wagon run over him and he was a sayin' that he wanted to be taken home to his anxious mother. I sort o' calkerlate them two won't bother me again—not until after the planti' time is over and I let my fall whiskers grow."

The New Dictionary.

Professor Lookatem's new dictionary will very soon be out. The following definitions are from advance sheets of the work:

Receiver—The undertaker for business circles.

Politician—One who hates capital, hates England, hates everything necessary—before election.

Statesman—A man who marks the full of the moon and knows when a boom should be planted.

The Great American Novelist—One in hiding.

Reputation—Something to be torn down.

Pavement—Something to be torn up.

Millionaire—The man who might quit work and go fishing, but doesn't.

Laborer—The man who would like to quit work and go fishing, but can't.

Divine—A minister with a salary exceeding $3,000.

Clergyman—A minister with a salary over $2,000 and under $3,000.

Preacher—A minister with a salary under $2,000.

Fisherman—A liar.

Scum—That which rises to the top.

Creme de la Creme—That which rises to the top.

Word—Something to be given—something to be kept.

Egotism—That which makes a pair of two often win.

What is a Clever Woman?

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is the one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, counsellor and friend.

Laws for a Successful Life.

Just a word to you, young friend! We all envy successful people, but—till it is too late we do learn that there are laws which control a successful life—laws which we all have to obey if we would prevent disastrous failure.

Let us consider a few of those commands to which God and nature have attached the promise of a crown.

First of all, be resolute. Where there is a will, there is a way. Determination makes men giants for good or monsters for evil. Make up your mind what to do, and be sure it is worth doing; and then do it. Do not be dismayed at obstacles. They are stumbling stones to the weak and the vacilating, but stepping stones to the courageous and resolute.

Be persevering. Choosing a lawful, laudable object in life, stick to it.

Be industrious. You can never drift into success, but you can climb to lofty height.

Be thorough. What is worth doing is worth doing well. The peril of all is learning to do too easily what we attempt. We get careless—superficial. We make a show of progress without any real acquisition—it is thin gold plating over common metal; we are tempted to say, over a good deal of brass.

Be systematic. This is the only way to be thorough. Life must be laid out on a definite plan. Method is like a mechanical appliance; it makes up for lack of power by teaching us to use what power we have. Defects of imagination, of memory and even of reasonable power, may be supplied by systematic habits. A certain French minister of great business abilities has been contrasted with a shiftless English statesman thus: One never puts off till the morrow what he could do to-day; the one never did today what he could put off till tomorrow.

Be economical. Economy means wise administration, avoiding waste and using well what we have. Economy of money is at the bottom of personal peace and household plenty. Very few, there are who, if they choose, could not be rich by and by. The five cents a day spent for cigars would, in course of a lifetime, if it were saved, come, by compound interest, to a snug little fortune and bless old age with competency. I heard a sagacious employer say of a gifted salesman: I would make that man a partner, but he spends all his earnings on dress. Economy may be applied to anything which is ours in trust for good uses. We should be saving of time—one of the most valuable of all God's gifts. As money is wasted in pennies, so time is wasted in minutes.

Be self-sacrificing. Do not hesitate to pay the price of success even if it costs much self denial. There is no prize without its price. Palissy, the potter, was so enthusiastic in his study to perfect his porcelain were that he forgot food and drink and sleep. He spent all his money and then burned his garden pailing, household tables and furniture to keep up the furnance fires which were to melt the enamel. He was so absorbed in his work that, like Poussa, the Chinese potter, he would have thrown himself in the furnace rather than fail in his life work. In all life's noblest achievements it is still true that we save life only by losing it. The highest virtue is self-sacrifice, and the grandest results are reached only at the cost of self denial; but when the crown shines on the brow, the way to the cross will be forgotten. A true success will compensate for all the trials through which it has been attained.

Handling a Rat.

A boy employed in a Sixth avenue grocery store appeared on the curb the other morning with a rat trap in his hand, and within the trap was a gray-headed rodent of good size, who evidently believed that a crisis in his life was close at hand. Twenty pedestrians had their attention arrested at once, and three dogs came running up and began barking and leaping around, anxious for the moment when the prisoner should be turned loose.

"Get out in the street!" shouted a voice.

"Give that rat a show!" added a second.

"Hold on till I get my dog!" piped a boy.

"Say, bub," remarked a fat man with a cane, as he pushed his way into the crowd, "have you had much experience with rats. There's only one way of handling 'em rightly. Let me take the trap."

The boy surrendered it with a very bad grace, and the fat man handed his cane to some one and held the trap high over the street. There were six or seven dogs when the spring door was opened, and the rat didn't like the looks of things. He ran down to the door, made a spring and a twist, and a twist, and for about two seconds was seen on top of the trap. Then he jumped to the fat man's right shoulder. As he did so there was a yell and a falling back of the crowd, the dog rushed forward, and the next instant dogs, fat man and rat were all in a heap in the gutter. One dog got the rat and the others began a free fight, and as they circled away from the spot the fat man got up, holding a ruined silk hat in his hand. He was in a hurry to go, but before he could leave a boy counted four dog bites on his legs and recommended nitric acid and a hot poker.

"My cane!" queried the fat man, as he looked about, but cane holder had gone.

"Rats!" shouted three or four of the crowd, followed by a general laugh.

"Rats—yes—um!" responded the fat man. "There's only one way to handle rats. Sorry I can't be with you always, but—yes—um!"

And he broke loose and steamed away down the avenue.—*New York Sun.*

AN IRISHMAN, leaving his situation, asked his employer for a character, which was duly given. Paddy, however, was not satisfied with his "line," and complained to the "gaffer," that no mention was made of sobriety. "Well," said the employer, "you know well, Paddy, I couldn't say, truthfully, you were a 'sober man." "Well, then," replied Pat, "you might have said that I was fraiquently sober."

A WISCONSIN man bought a pickerel that weighed 18 pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good-sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he actually bought four fish instead of one, as he supposed.

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