Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890. No. 3.

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 article must be accompanied by responsible names.

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.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

No. 206 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. jel2-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore. Md.

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

ANDREW W. WOODALL.

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale of Green Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

JAMES W. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, WOOL and Country Produce Generally.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF GRAIN AND FRUITS.

20 East Camden Street, (*Near Light St. Wharf*), Baltimore, Maryland.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Procuce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt Street, Balto., Md.

We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA.

G. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Returns sent promptly. tf.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)

FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

334 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.

Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

Professional Cards.

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.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD*

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Ellason, Jr.'s

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets

BALTIMORE.

Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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

BARGAINS in SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE,

(STORE NEXT DOOR TO J. K. ALDRIDGE'S HARDWARE STORE.)

WE HAVE A COMPLETE and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, including Challies, Satteens, Percals, Ginghams, Outing Cloths and all kinds of Dry Goods. A very large and fine line of White, Plaid and Striped Muslins, Hamburg Edging and Insertings, Flouncing for Ladies' dresses, Straw Mattings in White and Colored, 12½c. to 40c.; Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, 10c. to $2.00. We will continue to keep a full line of Shoes for Boys, Girls, Men and Women, ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. We have a lot of Ladies and Misses Shoes and Slippers which we will sell very cheap. A nice line of FLANNEL SHIRTS from 50c. to $2.50. Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.

I will be glad to welcome my old friends and the public generally.

May 17, 1890. WILLIAM R. ALDRIDGE.

Premeditated Resolution!

AN IRREVOKABLE DECISION!

I HAVE too many Goods; we are getting too little money cash; cash is a mighty lever; I am going to make a clearing sale; the knife is ground sharp; cutting is being done; Down, Down Go Prices.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c., any stock and all of Our Stock Must Move. I am going to offer Unprecedented Bargains, one of which is Thirty Dozen Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, ranging from 4c. to 12c. each, many of them worth actually 25c. each. Another, a genuine German Linen Table Damask, at 52½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost 8, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7½c. per yard up; other Dress Goods at Reduced Prices.

Shoes, Slippers! Shoes, Slippers!

Ladies' Shoes, Misses Shoes, Men's Shoes, Children's Shoes and Slippers at the CLOSEST CASH PRICES. I defy competition. Give us a call, it is to your interest.

R. F. PARKS,

May 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

Under New Management!

I HAVE BOUGHT OUT the Stock of GOODS formerly belonging to M. T. Goslee and purpose keeping a GOOD STOCK of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, at the LOWEST NO-PEACHES PRICES.

For the Next Sixty Days!

I will offer all broken lots from 20 to 75 per cent. lower than price asked by Mr. Goslee so as to make room for arriving stock. We will sell lot of Misses Foxed Gaiter, former price $2.00, for 75c.; Men's Low Shoes, which sold at $1.50 and $2.00, for $1.00; Lot of Baby Shoes, which formerly sold for 50 and 75 cents, for 25c.; about 150 pairs of Ladies' Slippers, which formerly sold for 75c. to $2.00, at 50c.; Children's Slippers, formerly sold at 50c. and $1.00, for 25 cents; and other goods in same proportion.

NEW GOODS, NOW ARRIVING,

suitable for Boys, Girls, Men and Women. Call in and examine my stock. I will be glad to see my old friends and the public generally.

THOS. G. WROTH,

May 10, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

Artistic Offerings in SHOES!

Saturday, April 26th, We Add a Fine Selection of Men's, Youth's and Boys' SHOES.

EFFORTS HAVE BEEN MADE to make this display unusually attractive. Bought direct from the manufacturer at the Lowest Cash Price, we will be able to offer some Special Bargains. Our customers have so often suggested that we should keep Shoes, they can now realize the fact that we can fit them up, from the sole of the feet to the crown of the head.

—Fashionable Clothing!—

FOR DRESS—Dark Cutaway Coats and Vest and Light Pants continue in favor, our assortment are in Blues and Blacks—in Diagonals, Corkscrews, Wide Wales and Fancy Cassimeres. FOR BUSINESS we predict that the Black, Blue and Fancy Cheviots will take the lead this season—we have them in Cutaways or Sacks—Plain or Patch Pockets. We have a Full Line of PANTS from the Cheapest Working to the Finest Dress Pants—in Checks, Stripes and Plaids. BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS—never did we have a Finer Assortment and the Prices so moderate. French Flannels and Outing-Cloth Shirts.—A fine assortment. Lawn Tennis and Baseball Hats and Caps. NECKWEAR—Light and Dark Effects in all the Latest Styles. STRAW HATS—A Nobby Assortment in White and Black, Plain and Fancy Bands. We carry a Full Line of GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, Trunks, Valises and Handbags.

A. FRIEDMAN,

April 26, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

Copyright, 1889.

"Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!"

"Well; what is it?"

"How is your mother, this morning?"

"Very much better; she had a real restful sleep last night: she is almost rid of her night-sweats, cough and nervousness, and is growing quite cheerful. How grateful we all are to you for that bottle of medicine."

"Don't speak of gratitude. What does the doctor say?"

"He says he never saw so wonderful a change in such a serious lung trouble. He still thinks we are giving his medicines. I don't like to tell him."

"That's right. He's an old friend, you know. I'm sure your mother will get well now; but you won't forget the name of the medicine, will you?"

"Never! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" are household words already, and it has come to stay. Do come and see what sunshine it has brought already, and let us thank you again for it."

"I will. Good bye."

The foregoing is a fair representation of a very common occurrence. "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured severe, lingering coughs and arrested Consumption, or Lung-scrofula, in thousands of cases after doctors have failed and other medicines have been tried and abandoned as useless. The "Discovery" is **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in every case, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money will be refunded.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50 cents, by druggists.

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 accomplished 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.

PARSON BOYLE'S LIMIT.

He Was a Mild Man, but He Could not be Bluffed Too Often.

In some parts of the South it is the custom to preach the funeral of the deceased long after the deceased has been buried. In fact nearly all of the preacher's work consists of funeral orators. Sometimes a new circuit-rider, to endear himself to the people, will first announce himself by declaring that he will entertain his beloved hearers with a few remarks on the life, character and death of old Anderson Lipscomb, who surrendered to the demands of the great high sheriff of death, just forty three years ago yesterday. Then, assuming a serious expression of countenance, he hauls off, strikes the pulpit a jolting blow and for two hours and a half he rants and roars over the virtues and abilities of a man of whom he never heard until a few hours previously.

Recently, Simeon J. Boyle, circuit-rider of the old school, was appointed by conference to take charge of the Black Sulphur Springs circuit. He was known as a powerful agonizer, a man who could raise the soft hair of luxurious sin into the stiff bristles of fear. The day after Boyle had arrived in the neighborhood of his new charge, he was called upon by Wiggs Baily. Wiggs is a well known character of the community—a man of untrembling nerve, of strong arms and an appetite that had never been known to fail.

"What can I do for you?" the preacher asked, when the visitor had introduced himself.

"Jes' called to pay my respecks an' to tell you that if you ever need my sarvases jes' call on me."

"Are you a preacher?" the circuit rider asked.

"Oh, no."

"Then how can you ever be of any service to me? My work, as you know, is with the Lord, and a man whose work is not directly in the Lord's work can't do me any good."

"Wall, all your work in this here community mout not be with the Lord. You'll find some putty tough fellers 'round here, and I 'lowed that they mout want to pull an' haul you about one of these times; an' ef they do, w'y you jest call on me an' we'll make 'em so hot they could stand under a peach tree and made it bloom in January. Understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand, but don't give yourself any uneasiness on my account."

"All right, but that is not all the business I've got with you. I 'preciate the position you hold as a worker fur the Lord and I wanter ask a favor of you."

"All right, brother."

"I want you to preach the funeral of my brother Ike. Best feller you ever seen in your life—died about ten or fifteen years ago. Great big fellow, whipped old Oscar Miles once, an' Os was a power in the land, I tell you. Now you preach his funeral an' I'll make it all right with you."

"I will do it, brother. What was the cause of his death?"

"Lack of licker."

"What, was he so addicted to the use of liquor that when it gave out and he could not get any more he died?"

"Oh, no, he never was much of a hand to drink."

"Then how did he die on account of the lack of liquor?"

"W'y he was bit by a rattlesnake an' as he didn't have no licker he jest nachually died."

"And you want me to preach his funeral?"

"Yes, an' you ken git in some powerful work when you git down inter the facks of his lyin' thar sufferin' fur licker. You ken fetch the tears outen mighty nigh ever' eye in the house."

"I see, but a description of his death, no matter how vivid, will not be quite enough. Tell me something of his life."

"Wall, he was the powerfullest feller in the country. Reckon he could lift more at a handspike than any man about here."

"But what were his strongest points?"

"Rasslin', brother, rasslin' with the ketch as ketch can rule."

"But had he not some moral quality?"

"Oh, yes. He didn't swear 'cept when he couldn't help hisself."

"Well, I will do the best I can. Will next Sunday do?"

"Yes; suits me all right. Thar'll be a big crowd out, specially as this is your fust 'pearance, an' I want you to paint Ike as bright as a rose."

"Yes," said the preacher, scratching his head, "I'll do that. Your brother was a—a—a popular man, was he?"

"Popular as a basket of ginger cakes at a county fair."

"All right, brother. I'll be on hand next Sunday."

The house was crowded on the following Sunday. Wiggs took a seat near the pulpit, and, taking out an immense handkerchief—it must have been the half of a table cloth—made himself appear as a man of deep-seated sorrow. The new circuit-rider preached a powerful sermon—he painted a pathetic picture of a man, wallowing on the ground, wringing his hands and crying in an agonized voice: "Licker, oh! bring me licker or I will perish!"

After services were over, Wiggs shook hands with the preacher, and then, breaking down with the weight of his emotion, wheeled about and disappeared in the woods.

On the following Saturday Wiggs called on the preacher again. "I have come," said the visitor, when the minister had shaken hands with him, "to tell you that not only me, but everybody, is delighted with the brother Ike sermon."

"I am highly pleased to hear it."

"Not at all. Say, I've got another favor to ask."

"What is it brother?"

"I want you to preach the sermon of my brother Ike again next Sunday."

"Why, that wouldn't do at all."

"Why not."

"Because I preached it last Sunday."

"Brother, let me tell you that I come mighty nigh runin' this here community. I put five of the main logs in that church you preached in last Sunday, and unless you preach Ike's funeral again next Sunday, w'y, I'll take the logs that b'long to me an' split them up for fire-wood. Oh, don't you think the folks will take your part. They know me—know that it won't do to fool with me. What do you say?"

"Oh rather than have any trouble, brother, I will do as you suggest."

"Will you make it as powerful as the other one was?"

"I will try," the preacher answered.

"All right, but mind that you do try."

The next Sunday the people were somewhat surprised to hear another sermon on the virtues and graces of brother Ike, but no objections were raised. Wiggs was again deeply affected, and again with overpowering emotion he disappeared in the woods.

Early the following Friday morning, the preacher was surprised to receive another call from Wiggs.

"What can I do for you this time, brother?" the minister asked.

"Nothin' only to preach the funeral of my brother Ike next Sunday."

"Absurd," exclaimed the preacher. "I have set up the sermons twice and think that I have done my duty."

"Look here, cap'n—call you cap'n because you air about to go inter a war—my brother Ike has been lyin' thar for ten or fifteen years with nary a funeral sermon till the other day, while lots of old fellers that never done nothin' fur the country have had more funerals than they knowd what to do with, so I think it's time fur Ike to have a chance. Hear me."

"I hear, but I do not hearken. The fact that your brother has been neglected is no fault of mine. There are hundreds of men that have never had a funeral, but am I to be held responsible?"

"In regard to other folks, no; in regard to Ike, yes."

"All right. I'll wallow you awhile and then I'll go over and take them logs out of the church. Wanter be wallered?"

"I don't want any trouble with you."

"Then agree to preach about Ike or I'll give you the wust wallerin' a white man ever seed."

"Brother—"

"Goin' to preach that funeral?" The visitor began to take off his coat. A distressed expression settled upon the preacher's face.

"Brother, I do not wish to have any trouble with you. I am a man of peace and gentleness."

"But I ain't," Wiggs replied. "I am a snorter from B'ar Holiar! I ain't the man that butted the bull offen the bridge, but I am the man that rid the bay steer through the soft ooze of the swamp of despair. Ef you don't wanter git that coat dirty, w'y, off with it."

"Brother, at the risk of displeasing the people whom it is my duty to please, I will preach for you again next Sunday."

On the following Sunday the people were still further surprised at the great virtues of Brother Ike, but, being indulgent, made no complaint. Three days later Wiggs rode up to the preacher's house, and, seeing the minister in the yard, dismounted.

"Come out here a minit," Wiggs called.

"What can you possibly want with me now?" the preacher asked, as he climbed over the fence.

"I have come on mighty distressin' business. You know that you preached my brother's funeral three times?"

"Yes, and you can not possibly want me to preach it again?"

"No; fur frum it. I have jest found out that Ike wa'n't nothin' but my half brother, and I don't propose to do so much fur a feller that ain't no more kin to me than that. So, brother, well have to fix it."

"But how can we? The funerals have been preached."

"I know that, an' that's why I have come. I want you to go the church next Sunday an' take them sermons back. I ain't havin' no half brother puffed. Thar ain't none of the half way business about me. Will you take them sermons back next Sunday?"

"Such a thing would be ridiculous, my friend. I cannot comply with your wish."

"Then I'll have to waller you."

"I have accommodated you three times and I now beg you to go away."

"I lowd that I'd have to waller you."

"I tell you that I am a man of peace and gentleness."

"Lowd that I'd have to waller you."

"Well, come on then, you trifling scoundrel."

The preacher took off his coat and hung it on the fence. Wiggs looked up and down the road. The preacher rolled up his sleeves, and turning toward his house, lifted his hands and said: "Lord, Thou knowest that when I killed old Lige Moore, and Sam Tillotson and Calvin Green and Dock Vance, that I prayed that all such cups might forever pass from me, but Thou seest that I am compelled to defend myself."

The preacher turned about. Dust was rising down the lane. Wiggs had taken to his heels.—*Opie P. Read.*

The Love of Novelty and Change.

The residents of old Athens gained an enduring fame from their never ending search for 'some new thing.' In this respect Athens of old does not seem to have differed very widely from the average community of today.

People tire of life's dull monotony, and the fellow who comes along and gives them something to talk and think about is hailed with delight, even though he may sometimes be laughed at.

If you can both interest and amuse people, you can make money out of them. This is a calculating way of putting the case, but it's a fact.

If you're a merchant, make your advertisement different, in some respect, from that of any other merchant who uses the same medium. And change your advertisement frequently—the oftener the better. The merchant who never allows the same ad. to appear twice in succession will find that the labor of getting up new copy is splendidly rewarded by the results.

Throw variety into your stock, too. Don't buy a certain line of goods this year just because you did last. Perhaps you can do better this year. Shift your stock about. Bright colors, new goods and a new ad. every day or week will make things go.

Let the other fellow get into the rut; you keep out!

THE life of a true man cannot be the life of mere pleasure; it must be, above all things, a life of duty.

WHEN you hear a man say he has a bad wife, just ask him what he done to make her a good one.

My Deliverer.

A BIG BLACK BEAR SAVES HIS LIFE.

BY JIM BUCKHUNTER.

The following story was told by on old settler of the White Hills, many years ago. His name was Damon Clark, and he, and his father before him, well into a hundred years made the region north of the mountains their home.

I will give the story as near as I can remember in his own words, as he told it one evening when we sat out in front of the farm-house, with the great Presidential Range—Washington, Jefferson, Adams and others—rising before us bathed in bright moonlight.

"I was born on this farm here," he said, by way of beginning. "The old cabin stood out yonder, where you can see those big maples. My father was one of the first to find his way up here, coming through the notch from the neighborhood of the seashore down by Porthmouth. I was about 25 years old, and had been married four years, when the adventure I am about to relate chanced to me.

"One morning in the month of September, I told my wife that I was going into the woods for a day's hunting."

"I am afraid you will get wet before you return, Damon," she said. "Unless all signs fail, we shall have rain before night, certain."

"A little water won't hurt me if it comes, Mandy. There ain't much that I can do if I stay at home, and I feel as though I'd like a bear steak, or one of venison, for a change. It has been some time since I had one of your cooking. You know you can't be beat in that line. I was lucky in gettig a wife who knew how to cook. One that don't, ain't fit to cumber the earth."

"There! enough of that, Damon. I'll spoil the next steak you bring in to pay you for this praise, which you know you do not mean."

"In spite of her words, I knew that she was pleased. A woman likes to be praised once in awhile whether she deserves it or not.

"I took my rifle and started off for the forest. I thought myself there would be rain before nightfall. Great masses of black clouds hung over the mountains, and came a long distance down their sides. They seemed to be so full of water that it was impossible for them to rise up and float away.

"When I wanted to make sure of all the game I could carry, I went straight to the foot of the mountains, and then taking one of the narrow ravines which led up among them, I would in a little time be loaded down with all the game I could carry home.

"I went in this direction now. As I neared the foot of the mountains, the sun disappeared behind the clouds, and soon after the air commenced to grow cooler, while at the same time it grew darker amid the trees as though the night was coming on.

"The clouds increased fast and looking up at the summit of the great mountains above my head, I could see the great mass of vapor rollihg away into what clear sky still remained to the northwest. A storm was surely coming, but whether it would hold off until nightfall was more than I could determine.

"Be that as it would, I had no thought of turning back. If I got wet to the skin, I was not at all fearful that it would do me harm.

"I entered the narrow valley and slowly made my way up, keeping now a sharp lookout for game, which I expected now to come upon at any moment, as the ravine was a great place for it.

"The deer, feeding on the coarse grass and stunted shrubs high up on the rocks, came down hither to find the shade and and to slake their thirst in the sparkling water of the brook which leaped and gurgled in the bottom of the valley.

"Suddenly I saw a noble buck standing on a rock, with head aloft, and gazing in my direction as though he already scented me.

"I raised my rifle and fired.

"The buck leaped high in the air, and then fell headlong down among the many rocks.

"After reloading my rifle, I went up to him, and found that he was motionless, the bullet having entered his head between the eyes.

"I was bending over the deer, feasting my eyes on the prize I had got, when suddenly a vivid flash of lightning almost blinded me, followed by a peal of thunder which shook the rocks beneath my feet. A moment later great drops of rain began to fall. One of those tempests and rainfalls so common among the mountains was close upon me. I could hear it roaring like a waterfall as it come rushing down from the lofty heights above me.

"I knew that I should be drenched to the skin in a minute after it struck, and I glanced hastily about me in search of a place of shelter from its fury.

"I was close to the foot of the mountain where on one side it came down into the ravine, and I glanced up and down along its base, my eyes fell upon a dark aperture which seemed to lead in among the rocks. Within might be a cavern large enough to give me shelter.

"Another remendous peal of thunder hastened my steps, although I was mindful of the errand on which I had come.

"I dragged the carcass of the dear after me, and in a few minutes had it in the cavern, where I could prepare it in shape for carrying home when the storm should be over.

"I did not seek to fathom the depths of the cavern. Behind me all was blackness which no eye could penetrate.

"I thought I had seen terrific storms in the mountains, but I had to admit that nothing in my recollection came near to this.

"Instead of drops, the rain seemed to come down by the bucketful. There was almost a continual flash of lightning, while the roll of the thunder was deafening.

"But safe and dry, and intent upon my work of skinning the deer and quartering it up, I did not pay much heed to the tempest, whose roaring filled my ears with a terrible din.

"But suddenly I started up, with something very like fright tugging at my heart.

"The earth trembled where I stood. There was a terrible, horrible, grinding roar, which seemed to come from up the mountain directly above me.

"In a moment I knew what it was. A landslide coming!

"My first impulse was to rush out of the cavern, and I did take a step in that direction, but in a moment I saw that it would be a rash act on my part.

"Almost stunned by the terrible noise above me, I stood motionless.

"There was a rush and a roar above my head. It lasted for a minute, and then all was still. No sound could be heard, but the blackness of the darkest night was about me.

"In a moment I comprehended my situation. I was buried alive.

"The entrance of the cavern was completely blocked up, and I entombed even more surely than if I had been laid away by human hands.

"What was I to do? How was I to escape from my living grave?

"There was but one way that I could conceive of, and that was to dig out.

"Without tools, this might prove a task more than I could accomplish, as the rocks and dirt heaped up at the mouth of the cavern might be many yards in thickness.

"Hope of escape seemed well-nigh impossible, and my heart sank within me as I realized my terrible condition.

"Another sound startled me, and caused me to turn my head in the direction of the back part of the cavern.

"All I could see was a pair of eyes, glowing dimly in the darkness.

"But the sound I knew well. It was the deep growl of a bear.

"I had company to share with me my living tomb. The sound it made told me that the brute was moving in my direction.

"I raised my rifle and took aim between the shining eyes. Another moment, and I should have pulled the trigger, but a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"A bear can dig well, and it might help me to escape.

"Instead, therefore, of giving it a bullet, I seized one of the quarters of venison and threw it in its direction.

"There was another and deeper growl, and then a munching sound told me that it had commenced its feast.

"It took another quarter to satisfy its appetite, and then it began to approach me. There were some leaves and sticks scattered at my feet. These I scraped together, and to the pile added a tow garment that I wore. Then, with a flint and steel, I struck a light and soon had a flame blazing up which illuminated the interior of the cavern.

"By it I saw that a huge rock had completely filled up the entrance, so that escape was impossible.

"I looked toward my brute companion. For an instant it stared at me and the fire, then turned and retreated rapidly.

"Hope sprang up in my heart. There must be another passage leading through the cavern, through which the bear had gone.

"Making as good a torch as possible out of the burning fuel, I soon discovered that this was the case, and a current of air told me that it led to the outer world. When the bear had gone I could follow, and in a little time I stood outside in the pouring rain and howling wind.

"I looked about for my deliverer, the bear, but it was nowhere to be seen. I would not have harmed a hair in its body for its weight in gold. I bore it too much gratitude for that.

"I had no easy task in getting home, but I reached there by nightfall, thankful for my escape from what might have proved a living tomb."

Gems of Thought.

A good conscience makes an easy couch.

Each day is a little life; our life is but a day repeated.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is required and in saying only what is required.

No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity.

Scandals are like dandelion seeds; they are arrowheaded and stick when they fall, and bring forth and multiply fourfold.

Life is a sacred trust to all. He is at fault who does not take due care of his own, he is guilty who does not take respect the lives of others.

It should seem that indolence itself would induce a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Money to a man is like water to a plant, only useful as long as it promotes growth—like water in the fountain or water in the tank, keep it flowing, and it blesses; keep it stagnant, and it injures.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will which if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits quickly deface it.

A young man must so conduct himself as to command the respect and confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. The way in which he is regarded by other will have a powerful influence on his future. To disregard the opinions of others would be to invite failure.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense and of good feeling. If the law of kindness be written on the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in both great and little things—that desire to oblige, and that attention to the gratification of others, which are the foundation of good manners.

He Was Ready to Be Baptized.

"When I first arrvied in New Zealand," said an Anglican bishop, "a Maori chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult; but he would see what could be done and come to me in two months. 'When he returned he exclaimed: Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' I asked: 'What have your done with our dear sister, your first wife?' He replied, smacking his lips: 'I have eaten her.'"

A CLEAN RECORD—the wash bill.

A DUMB BELL—a mute beauty.

SPOTS ON THE SON—slipper marks.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_1_1-0638.jpg