Kent News.

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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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Feb. 22—6m.

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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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Returns sent promptly. tf.

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DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
SHOES,
STRAW HATS,
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At Lowest Prices!

J. H. SIMPERS.
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—AS—
LOW as the LOWEST.

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PLOW LINES, BACKBANDS,
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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.

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GRAIN,
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A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

Wanted: Corn, Either on Cob or Shelled
IN ANY QUANTITY.
Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. J. HERMAN IRELAND,
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Established 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
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New CORN Wanted
EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,
n any quantity, delivered at any point convenient to farmers. As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, I CAN PAY MORE FOR GRAIN than those who buy on the market. Nov. 23, 1889.

—GO TO—
C. M. LUCAS'
—FOR—
WALTHAM and ELGIN
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IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in
Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.
Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

THRESHING MACHINES A Specialty.
Simplest, Most Durable, Economical and Perfect in use—wastes no grain; cleans it ready for market.
Threshing Engines and Horse Powers,
Saw Mills, Shingle Machines, Hay Presses, and Standard Implements generally.
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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

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.

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, Flouneing 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. 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.

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. ALLADAND, 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 eared; 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 why 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 same 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.

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AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb.

Dr. PIERCE'S PELLETS

regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. 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 or 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 propriety, 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 it may 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.

COAL and WOOD!

WE WILL call the attention of the community to our stock of COAL and WOOD. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the

LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
WHICH IS THE BEST COAL

for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days interest will be charged from the day of sale. We also give

2240 Pounds for One Ton.
Office on Cannon St., near Princess.

J. T. TWILLEY.
July 13, 1889—tf.

N. C. CROW

Is Still on the Corner of Kent and High Streets, Up Town,

Where you can at all times find a seasonable line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's Shoes
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR for sale by he barrel or sack, we think as cheap as you can get from the city, and we think their flour has no superior. Come and see us and be convinced that our ood's are good and cheap. Country produce wanted

N. C. CROW,
m7. Up Town.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

THE STRANGER.

BY S. WALTER NORRIS.

"'Taint the way an honest man 'uld act nohow," said old "Dad" Tangle, with a decisive shake of his unkept head. "There in that old shanty he's lived for three weeks now, and, barrin' wheu he's bought grub here in the store, nary word hez he said to me since the night he come."

"Ner me."

"Ner me."

Then a speculative silence fell on the smoke-enveloped group around the stove.

"Like ez not," continued the old man between his puffs, "we're a-harborin' a runaway crim'nal from the East or a hosthief."

"He don't look 'zactly like a crim'nal spoke out a prominent citizen, known as Fizzletop. We didn' s'picion nothin' when he drove up in that big wagon o' his'n and asked if there was a cabin he could rent."

"That's jes' it," interrupted Dad with emphasis. "Pearances is deceiving. Would a man shut hisself up alone in-doors all day if he wasn't a sharp or sump'in'? Would a man live three weeks in th' town without minglin' with the boys er inwitin' 'em up to his place, if he knew ther war'nt nothin' agin him?"

These unanswerable arguments had hardly been unburdened, when there came a gentle knock at the door, and, a moment later the subject of their conversation stood within the room.

He was a man of perhaps 35, tall and slight, with skin of effeminate whiteness, and deep-set eyes which reflected the quiet earnestness of an unusually thoughtful and sensitive mind. An intensely black, drooping mustache seemed rather to assist in the prevailing tone of sadness in the face.

With an easy self-possession, the newcomer removed his hat, an act evidently of natural and unconscious courtesy, and, with a slight inclination of the head, which seemed to include all in the room, he greeted the loungers with a low spoken "good-evening."

There was a long awkward pause. A bright spot flashed into each of his pale cheeks as his greeting passed unanswered but he still retained his thorough self-possession. Replacing his hat with a firm motion and keeping his eyes unflinchingly on the crowd, he proceeded to explain calmly what he wanted. His horse had died the day before in the shed at the cabin. If some one could be gotten to remove the body he would be well paid for the trouble.

It required a strong prejudice to out-balance an offer of this kind, but popular feeling seemed to be decidedly against the stranger, and, in Saddletown, popular feeling was very likely ts prevail.

Finally one of the men removed a corncob pipe for a sufficient length of time to drawl out, with mock gravity:

"Reckon you'll have ter get rid o' the hoss meat yerself, mister. Foneo' the boys seem to cotton to the job."

This speech was hailed with a round of guffaws from the Saddletown citizens, and before these had died away, the stranger with a slight bow, had disappeared as quietly as he had come.

Perhaps it was the laugh that had so mollifying an effect on the assemblage. Perhaps it was the ever-increasing tobacco fumes that soothed it into better mood. Be that as it may, there certainly was a reaction in favor of the Stranger after his departue.

The western miner of a dozen years ago was a curious mixture of good and evil, swayed by the slighest of impulses, and perhaps, only this can account for the flood of good feeling which rolled into Lan Tangle's little shop as the evening progressed. Fizzletop declared, with more good humor than respect, that "the old bone bag seemed gamey," and even Dad himself allowed that "he mightn't be so bad arter all." This was the state affairs when one of the boys suggested, with a laugh, that they should go over and "cart the old hoss away before morning."

The idea had been offered as a joke, and yet, fifteen minutes later the crowd was straggling through the moonlight toward the Stranger's cabin.

It was decided that Fizzletop's team should be used, as his shanty was nearest that of the stranger's, and the boys had almost reached the old shed, when suddenly there was a quick exclamation from Fizzletop, a clatter of horse's hoofs, the sharp crack, crack of a derringer, and in another moment some of the party were chasing a riderless horse, while the others bent over a motionless figure in the road.

The figure was that of the Stranger. The horse was Fizzletop's.

The change from good humor to indignation was extreme. Even before the unconscious man was pronounced still alive several were making toward the shed in search of a rope. The report of Fizzletop's pistol had quickly attracted a number of spectators, and Dad Tangle was expounding on the keenness of his perception of character, and his ability in particular to detect a horse-thief "at first squint."

Strange to say, Fizzletop seemed to take the affair more calmly than the others. "Give the man a chance," he said, as the rope was brought up, ready noosed. "He can't escape. Let's carry him over to his cabin and give him a trial."

After a good deal of grumbling at "puttin' the thing off," this was finally agreed to, and Dad insisted on taking the rope along so that it would be on hand when wanted.

It was only a few steps to the Stranger's cabin, and when Fizzletop's horse had been returned to the shed, there the still unconscious man was borne.

After forcing open the door and depositing the limp figure in the already lighted room, the men proceeded to examine carfully the interior, and many were the expressions of surprise at the shelves of books, the great lamp, and the general air of neatness. But the supreme sense of Saddletown justice was not to be shaken by mere sentimentality.

Dad Tangle had just delivered himself of the opinion that as the Stranger had been seen making off with the horse no trial was needed when one of the men suddenly interrupted him with:

"Hello! what's this?"

In a moment the crowd was clustered spellbound around the speaker.

On a peg hung a little frock, while beneath rested a pair of tiny shoes.

The rough, hard faces were studies in their varied expressions.

It was Fizzletop who broke the spell. Without a word he stepped quickly to the bedside and pushed aside the curtain. On the pillow lay a flushed little face, amind a tingle of golden curls.

One or two of the miners turned away with heads bent forward on their breasts. Fizzletop's hand trembled strangely as he held aside the curtain, and old Dan Tangle essayed to speak, and got as far as "Well, I'll be blowed," when something seemed to choke him, and after swallowing suspiciously two or three times, he made his way uncertainly out of doors.

The light on the tiny face awakened the little sleeper, and the blue eyes opened wonderingly.

"Where is papa?"

Several more of the group, with silent and unsteady steps, passed out through the open doorway.

"He's a—a—sleep now," Fizzletop answered, huskily; and the curtain dropped to conceal the motionless figure on the floor.

"He said he was going to bring a doctor for me," said the childish voice.

"A doctor here in town?" he asked with quick earnestness.

"Oh, on," answered the little one simply. "The people in town wouldn't help us."

"But have you no mammy, deary?"

"Mamma is dead," said the child, gravely.

Without another word Fizzletop turned. With one bound he placed his ear to the figure on the floor.

"Off with his coat, boys," he whispered hoarsely, as he dashed through the doorway, and a moment later there was a clatter of flying hoofs.

* * * * * * * *

So the little flushed face had a doctor after all, and the doctor had two patients instead of one.

"They'll both be all right in a few days," he said to the circle of anxious faces as he rode away. "I knew the man over in 'Frisco. He's heart-broken and despondent over the loss of his wife, but he's a first-rate fellow."

It would be untrue to say that in after days the tall, slight figure was the most popular one in town; for the most popular was not a man at all; but next to the little golden-haired girl came the Stranger.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Conduct was Considered Onery Mean.

There was to be a hanging in a South Carolina town, and the people came from far and near to witness it. An hour before the time set for the execution the crowd numbered fully fifteen hundred. Half an hour later word was given out that the condemned had been reprieved and that there would be no hanging. A very few expressed their satisfaction that the Governor had interfered, but the majority were greatly disappointed. One man, after considerable loud talk, pushed his way through the crowd to the jail, and called to the Sheriff, who stood on the steps:

'Yau thar! Jim Reeves!'

'What is it?'

'Hain't Jim Renfoe gwine to be hung?'

'No.'

'Is that squar?'

'Yes.'

'Did Jim hev anything to be with it?'

'Well, he didn't want to be hung, and he encouraged his lawyers to do their best.'

'He knowed thar' was a big crowd yere?'

'Yes.'

'He knowed what we cum fur?'

'Yes.'

'Lookhere, Jim: I've driv fo'teen miles to see this yere, and I've got the ole woman and the three children yere, and my five niggers hev got a holiday, and who's gwine to pay the damages?'

'Thar' ain't no damages.'

'Thar' ain't, eh! Don't you twitter that thar's hain't! Somebody has got make up to me fur this. I'll sue the whole parcel of ye, from the Governor down, and if I can't git satisfaction then Jim Renfoe had better look out for me! A man as will go 'and pizen his grand-mother and git all ready to be hung and then kick agin it and leave a big crowd in the lurch is too onery for this section, and I'm gwine to camp on his trial. Tell Jim he'd better grow wings afore he comes out o' that, and they want to be wings big 'nuff to carry nim off at the rate of a mile a minute!'

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Editorial Enterprise Peculiar to the Wide-Awake West.

We extract the following from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker:*

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.—Last week we established a new department in the *Kicker*—that of answering questions concerning disputed points on games of chance as well as making decisions thereon. These games will include euchre, old sledge, seven up, pedro, whist, keno, faro, roulette, &c., taking in, in fact, each and every game known to the sporting world.

This department will be edited by an old gambler of thirty years experience; and who carries seven knife wounds and the scars of four bullets as proofs of his literary calibre.

The fact that such a department hit the bull's-eye is evidenced by the fact that we have added twenty-one new subscribers within a week and they are still coming. We were intending to devote this space to religious news, but after looking the ground over, and discovering that there was none to chronicle, we gave way to the urgent demands of the boys and instituted the new departure. It is the general belief that this will do more to boom our town than if we had secured $50,000 for a new government building. All communications intended for this department should be addressed: "Gambling Department of the *Kicker.*" Write only on one side of the paper, and do not attempt to write with blood.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.—Col. Obadiah Shaw, our popular Register of Deeds, has presented us with a new 30-calibre revolver of Smith & Wesson make as a token of his esteem and affection, and we feel as proud as a boy with his first pair of boots.

We have been, as some of our friends know, greatly hampered in our editorial work during the past year by an old fashioned revolver which could never be depended on in an emergency. It was out of repair all along the line, and when we brought it down on a man we never felt sure which of us would get the contents.

It was also too large for our pistol pocket, and on three or four occasions the other man had opened fire before we could get it out. When Arkansas Bill met us in front of Taylor's bank one day last summer and opened fire, he had pulled the trigger three times before we could get our old shooting iron on line with his left lung. We didn't much expect to drop him then as the hammer was out of true, but when we pulled he tumbled, and he lived long enough to tell us that he made the mistake of this life when he set out to remove the editorial head of Arizona's great weekly newspaper.

This new weapon adds to our editorial zeal and enterprise, and puts the *Kicker* on a more certain foundation. We have had only one week's practice, and yet we can draw it and send two bullets ripping through a fellow-being's carcass while an average schoolboy can get his mouth puckered to begin the first line of Henry Clay's great speech. We shall not be satisfied until we have done a little better than that—five seconds better. Meanwhile, any one hankering for our scalp can find us at the usual place, prepared to do the best we can under the circumstances.

The Price of the Bible.

IN the reign of King Edward I of England, the price of a fairly well written Bible was $350. The hire of a laborer was three half-pence per day, and the purchase of a copy would have taken such a person the earnings of 4,800 days, or thirteen years and fifty days; and, excluding the Sundays something more than fifteen years and three months of constant labor would have been required to compass the price. It is quite within the limits, then, to say that to the man who now receives one dollar a day for his labor the Bible costs twenty-two thousand times less than it did in the days of Edward I.

England produces the majority of the Bibles used in Europe. In the past year the Bible Society issued 3,932,678 Bibles and testaments. Fifty years ago the annual issue amounted to 600,00; now it generally exceeds 4,000,000. At the former period the cheapest Bible was 50 cents, and the testament 20 cents. Now the prices are 12 cents and 2 cents, respectively, and all this wonderful production without grinding down the producers.

Abreast With the Times.

Detroit Free Press.

"I saw your ma this morning," said the first little girl as they met in Woodware avenue.

"Did you?"

"Yes, and I see that her hair is different from what it was."

"Yes she's bleached it again."

"What for?"

"Why, she kept it maple sugar color all winter, but now that strawberries have come in she has changed it to keep up with the times."

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

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SOME LEGAL ANECDOTES.

Rough and Ready Methods Giving Way to Eastern Formality.

Several lawyers were chatting over a good bottle of wine in an up-town restaurant the other night, and as one of them was from from Montana and another had spent some years of his younger days in Nevada, the conversation naturally drifted into a reminiscent channel. "I suppose your judges out West are of a different class of men from what they used to be years ago, when the country was more uncivilized," said one. "I remember once we had great difficulty in securing a jury in a newly laid out town in Nevada. Nobody seemed willing to serve, that counsel on one side or other had not serious objections to. Finally a desirable-looking stranger was called.

"Your honor," said he "I am not qualified to serve. I am not a freeholder."

"Where do you live?" asked the judge.

"In my tent out on Washington Boulevard," was the reply.

"Married?"

"No."

"Living all alone?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Six weeks."

"You'll do," said the judge decisively. "I never knew a tenderfoot yet to keep bachelor's hall in a tent for six weeks but he had accumulated enough dirt to be a freeholder." So the man served.

"That's a pretty fair sample," said the Westerner, of the rough-and-ready style of the old time justice, and it has not all died out yet by any means. Not long ago a miner, who had experienced all kinds of fortune, from the hardest up, struck it very rich in his old age, married a young wife and started in a prolonged spree which ended in his death. A will executed a few hours before he died left all to his wife. His relatives in the east began suit on the ground that the testator was out of his mind when he made the will. The case came before a good liver and a gallant man. Certainly some remarkable freaks were proved to have performed by the old miser in the last few weeks of his life and the widow was put upon the stand.

"What were your husband's last words?" said her counsel.

"I'd rather not tell," said she, blushing prettily and hesitating.

"Why not?" said her counsel. "You must tell. The judge will think you are afraid it will damage your case."

"Still blushing the pretty widow declined to tell. Finally the judge himself argued with her and told her that if she persisted in refusing, it would go far toward confirming his suspicions that the man was insane.

"Well," said the widow reluctantly, "he said, 'Kiss me, Puss, and open another bottle of champagne.'

"Sensible to the very last," blurted out the judge. And so he decided and would hear no more evidence.

"The most severe rebuke I ever got from the bench," said the first speaker, was from one of those typical Western judges who had determined it was time to introduce a little more formality of the East in his court than he had formerly insisted on. It was my first case in that court anyway. I had gone out there about as green as they make them and had purchased a half interest in the practice of a sharp lawyer, who immediately retired from practice in that town and made me a present of the remainder of his business, when he felt my money safe in his pocket. So I was thrown on my own resources and was soon floundering so deep in legal quagmires that the judge was called on to interpose. A few months before he would probably have poured out some choice abuse on my head, and would have offered to fight me if I did not like it. But now he was standing on formality.

"'Young man,' he said impressively, 'the best thing you can do for yourself and for your client would be to hire a lawyer.' I did so."

"That reminds me," said the other, "of a rebuke administered by one of our old justices to a fly young lawyer who came out there from the East with a determination to show everybody how things should be done. He was well connected and well introduced, but soon got into debt, and was an inveterate borrower from his friends and even from chance acquaintances. One day three justices were sitting on the bench together, and had also united in sitting on our young friend, who forthwith tried to get off the old gag about contempt of court.

"I wish your honors to fine me $5 for contempt of court," said he.

"Why so, Mr. Smith?" said one of the justices, who did not at once tumble to the point; "you have not displayed any contempt."

"But I cheerish a decided contempt for this court and am willing to pay for it," said Smith with a rhetorical flourish.

"Your contempt for this court is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the court's contempt for you," said the second justice.

"And we won't fine you, Mr. Smith," said the third with a triumph in his eye, "because we can't tell which of us you would borrow the money from to pay it with."

"While the ushers were trying to restore quiet in court out of the tumult of laughter that followed this neat and cutting reply, Mr. Smith got away in bad order."

The Practical Extinction of Smallpox.

About 30,000 children are vaccinated annually by the physicians of the board of health in New York city. Adults who request it are also vaccinated. The operation is performed upon from 80,000 to 90,000 persons every year. The vaccinating corps of the health department was organized in 1874. The result of its work was not apparent until 1876. The deaths from smallpox previous to 1876 averaged 59 57 per 100,000 per year; since 1876 they have averaged 8 38 per 100,000 per year, and this average is being yearly reduced. During the past sixteen months we have had only two causes of the disease in New York city. One of these cases occurred in the most thickly-