Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890. No. 7.

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.

Professional Cards.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. W. E. BARNARD,

DENTIST,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,)

STILL POND, MD.

Maple Ave., at G. B. Kruzen's old stand.

Having procured all the latest conveniences for my office I am prepared to give my patients all the comfort possible during the operations. A call solicited Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. may31.

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.)

tc2. *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.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, 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.

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.

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 Grain 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 Produce

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.

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. je12-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.

PHILADELPHIA.

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,

324 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.

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

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 356 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Returns sent promptly. tf.

TAX NOTICE.

All tax-payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT and notified that the taxes for 1889 are now over due and for 1888 are long in arrears. Settlements must be prompt. I will be at the Court House EVERY TUESDAY, and at home on SATURDAY.

d7-tf. H. M. STUART, COLL.

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.

Spring and Summer!

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

SHOES,

STRAW HATS,

Straw Matting,

At Lowest Prices!

J. H. SIMPERS.

April 19, 1890.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,

KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN,

COAL, FERTILIZERS

—and all kinds of—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAYER 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,

d7-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD

Established 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.

New CORN Wanted

EITHER ON COB OR SHELLED,

in 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

Watches.

Jan. 25, 1890.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

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

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

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.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Limited, Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, YORK, PA.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

LOWEST —— PRICES

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.

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 stock. We have just received a full line of H. Fayette's goods, among which is the CELEBRATED RIVETED SHOE, formerly sold by Mr. Goslee. Boy's $2.65, Men's $3. Also his hand-made shoes. Measures to order. We keep a SHOE STORE exclusively.

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, 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 50c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 50c.; 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. ALLABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says:—I used your Fertilizer on Tomatoes by the side of Green Bone and 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 them 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 whe 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.

The story is told of a German, who took the *hands* of his clock to the maker to have them fixed, because they did not keep proper time. Of course, the clock-maker demanded the *works*, as in them lay the trouble. Boils and blotches, pimples and other eruptions on the exterior tell of a disordered condition of the *blood* within. If you have these indications, be wise in time, and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the liver and kidneys in good working order, purifies the blood, cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising, and tones up the functions generally.

"Golden Medical Discovery" checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula, and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Consumption of the Lungs (which is Lung-scrofula), purifies and enriches the blood, thereby curing all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, and kindred ailments. It is powerfully tonic as well as alterative, or blood-cleansing, in its effects, hence it strengthens the system and restores vitality, thereby dispelling all those languid, "tired feelings" experienced by the debilitated. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood and lung remedy, sold by druggists, and *guaranteed* by its manufacturers, to do all that it is claimed to accomplish, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

BEST QUALITY. BEST WORK. BOTTOM PRICES.

The blind-folded party has all the anxiety, the others all the fun; but a blind-folded man (or boy) can buy as accurately and as confidently at

OEHM'S ACME HALL

as the keenest and most wide awake purchaser.

Why? Because it is our way to treat every customer liberally and more than satisfactorily. As to stock? We're showing the largest, the choicest and the richest in Baltimore. All that is best in

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits,
Furnishings and Head-Wear

will be found in royal stock at

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Observe the swing in price and style of

MEN'S SUITS: $5, $6.50, $8.50, $10, $12, $15 to $30.

OVERCOATS: $5, $7.50, $10, $12, $15, $30.

PANTS: $2, $3, $4, $6 up.

At $10, $12 and $15, we show more Suits perhaps than any three houses in Baltimore this season, nor do we neglect the Boys by any means.

Knee Pants Suits $2.00 to $15.00.
Long Pants Suits $5.00 to $20.00.

Many colorings and patterns in Boys' attire we control, which cannot even be seen elsewhere.

Like a bush without flowers is a man or boy without stylish furnishings. This season's Furnishings combine style with service to a marked degree and at lower prices than ever before.

Neckwear.
Shirts.
Underwear.
Hosiery.
All London and Paris Novelties represented.

Hats are Hats when you pay hatters' price; but we are selling the finest Hats made at ¼ to ½ off the fancy tariff of exclusive head-wear dealers.

Mail orders receive immediate attention. Samples, Catalogues, Self-Measurements, and Price Lists free on application.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Baltimore's Greatest Clothing and Furnishing House,

Nos. 5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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 the 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 goods are good and cheap. Country produce wanted

N. C. CROW,

m7. UP TOWN.

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.

THE SWEETHEARTS.

A Delightful Chicago Variation of the Old, Old Story.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"So this winds the thing up, does it, Miss Pankey?"

"It does, Mrs. Swackhammer."

"And you haven't any explanation to give?"

"What explanation do you want? I have told you I wished to break off the engagement because it has become irksome to me. Isn't that enough?"

The young man uncrossed his legs, got up, and reached for his hat.

"Seems strange," he said, as a yearning look came into his eyes, "that the engagement didn't become irksome to you until the oyster season was over."

Miss Pankey did not deign any reply, and Algernon Swackhammer, with a low bow, turned upon his heel and walked out.

When the door had closed upon his retreating form she sank nervelessly into a chair.

"The stupid wretch," she exclaimed. "He ought to have had more sense than to take me at my word!"

Suddenly she stooped to the floor, picked up a small ivory tablet that had dropped from Algernon's pocked, pressed it passionately to her lips, bowed her head upon her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Years had passed. The afternoon sun was gilding the pretentious spires and cupolas of an ambitious Western town, and the soft, weird music of the fish peddler's horn was heard in the street when a middle-aged man with a valise in his hand opened the gate in front of a modest but neat and well-built cottage, walked briskly up the steps, and knocked at the door.

A lady answered the knock, a lady well preserved but no longer young.

The stranger bared his head. His hair was beginning to turn gray, but time had evidently dealt with him leniently, and care had left no deep traces on his brow. He spoke:

"Is the gentleman of the house——Am I dreaming? Isn't this Cassimere Pankey? Or rather"—and he smiled—"isn't this the lady who has once Miss Cassimere Pankey?"

"I am Miss Pankey," she answered, "and you are Algernon Swackhammer. I recognized you as soon as I saw you. Won't you come in?"

"Well, well," said the middle-aged traveller, as he sat in an easy chair in the front parlor a few moments later and looked with interest at the face of the lady. "Who would have thought of meeting you here? And you tell me you are still Miss Pankey? Isn't this your home?"

"It is my brother's. He is a widower, I keep house for him."

"And you have never married?"

"No."

"How have you prospered?"

"I—I have no reason for complaint. And you?"

"I have had a great many hard knocks, Cassimere—Miss Pankey—since we met last. By the way, we parted rather unceremoniously, didn't we?"

The lady sighed.

"And I have always felt that I owed you an apology," he continued, "for not sending your photograph back after you had returned mine; but the fact is," he went on awkwardly. "I—er—couldn't find it. It had got lost somehow."

Miss Pankey sighed again.

"That reminds," pursued Mr. Swackhammer, "that I lost a little book slate the last evening I was at your house. I must have dropped it out of my pocket in some way. It wasn't of any particular value, and I don't know when I have thought of it before, but the recollection of it happened to occur to me just now. It was a little black book-slate, with——"

"I think it was an ivory tablet."

"No. I am quite positive it was a little black book-slate."

"I am sure it was a white tablet."

Going to the mantel she opened a plush-lined jewel casket and took out a little ivory tablet.

"Here it is," she said.

"And you have kept it all these years!" exclaimed Mr. Swackhammer.

"Yes."

"I see I was mistaken. But to change the subject. Do you consider yourself—aw—fixed in life? Have you no—no plans for the future?"

"Why, I——"

She paused, and her visitor proceeded:

"In a sense, I suppose, you are a fixture here? your brothers children are to some extent dependent upon you?"

"Of course, but——"

"Then permit me, Miss Pankey, for the sake of old times," said Mr. Swackhammer, rapidly, as he opened his valise and took out a number of documents, "to call your attention to, the fact that life is uncertain, disease and death stalk abroad in the land, fatal accidents may happen at any time, and it is the part of wisdom to provide against contingencies be securing those who are or may be dependent upon us against want. In the policies of the Limpinlaxarus Life Insurance Company, which I represent, and for which I have travelled for the last seven years, you will find the most perfect system, the surest guarantee, the most absolute security offered by any company in the field, and either on the ten-years, the endowment, or the life plan, as you may prefer, you will find the premiums smaller in proportion to the gilt-edged character of the insurance offered than in any that has ever come under your notice, while the non-forfeitable feature of the policies, peculiar to our company alone, together with the dividends that accrue after the third year, thus steadily decreasing the annual premiums, while at the same time—"

"Was this your object in calling, Al—Mr. Swackhammer?"

"It was, Miss Pankey. I've just begun to work this town."

Opening the little ivory tablet he began jotting figures down in it with great rapidity.

"Now, you will see," he said, "on the ten-year plan—let me see, what is your age?"

"You will please excuse me, sir. I have some bread in the oven that I must go and look at, and I don't need any life insurance. Neither does my brother. I wish you success, Mr. Swackhammer. Good afternoon."

Miss Cassimere Pankey sat in pensive silence a minute or two after her caller had departed, then picked up the little ivory tablet, put it back into the plush-covered jewel case, took them both out to the kitchen, tossed them into the stove, and went about her work with a firm and decided expression on her face.

Three weeks afterward she married a baldheaded dentist 57 years old, who had been making love to her for about eight years.

A Guileless Peddler.

Peddler (respectfully)—"Madam, I have not called for the purpose of trying to sell you anything, but to inquire if there is a man named Jones living in this vicinity."

Lady of the House—"Mr. Jones lives next door."

"Thanks. He has a boy about 12, has he not?"

"He has."

"I think he is the man I am looking for. I was directed a few moments ago by a friend of his, to call upon him. I am making my last trip as a travelling vender of merchandise and have closed out all my juvenile wares except this brass-tipped drum with ebony sticks which I shall offer to Mr. Jones at such a figue that—but pardon me. I had no intention of detaining you. Thanks for your kindness madam. Good day."

"Hold on! What is that drum worth?"

"It is really worth $5, but I had decided to offer it to Mr. Jones for his boy, at the nominal figure of 75 cents."

"I'll take it."

He Was Great Socially.

An old negro was chopping down sassafras sprouts in a fence corner when a white man came along and asked: "Can you direct me to Cononel Phil Henderson's house?"

"I could do it, sah, if I had de time."

"If you had the time!" the man exclaimed.

"Yes, sah, ef I had the time. Been rainin er good deal an' I couldn' work much an now dat I has got at hit' w'y I hatter make de licks-count.

"That's a strange idea. How long would it take you to tell me?"

"Well, sah, its dis way wid me: I kin talk all along in de sociable widout no trouble, jes' like I am talkin' ter you right but ez soon ez I ginter give d, reckshums ter place, w'y I git ter stutterin' an' it takes er powerful long time fer me to git through and I has got sich er start dat I kain' stop an' long after der man is gone I stan's dar a talkin' an' er losin my mighty valuable time."

"I never heard of anything like that before," said the man.

"No, sah, I reckon not, an' de doctor's demse'fs say dat it is mighty cu'is."

"Try it now and see if you can't tell me."

"Dar ain't no use'n tryin' sah, caze I knows my 'fermity. Like mighty well ter'blidge you, but den's got er wife and chillun ober yander in der cabin' an' ef I doan work, w'y da's gwine suffer, sho'."

"You can talk all right in a sociable way, can you?"

"Oh, I'm as fine as a fiddle den. Nobody kin beat me in sociable. Folks comes fur miles an' miles ter yere me talk in de sociable, but da doan ax me ter gin 'em de d'reckshuns ter er place."

"Well, is there not some way by which we could turn the giving of directions into a sociable talk?"

"Lemme see. I wonders ef dat fack couldn't be done? Oh, yas, I's got it now—jes' happen to recolleck dat dar din,t nothin' dat mecks me feel so sociable ez er few dimes—say twenty-cents."

"All right, here is a quarter. Now, which way must I go?"

"Wait er minit," said the old negro taking the money. "I haster sorter feel my way er long, fur dis is er sorto'er spiryment after all." He looked up and down the fence, wiped his mouth, pulled out his upper lip and worked it around and then said: I gratulates you sah, dat that un-'ertakin' is gwine to be er success. Go right down dar ter de end o'er fence, an' take de lef' han' road—hol' on sah. Yander it is ober on der hill."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Little Birds at Sea.

Every day we see playing around the ship, and skimming up and down the wave hollows, companies of lovely little terns and sea swollows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the air have not by any means followed us from the land, living as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and causual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamships from afar, have sailed close up to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business.

Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who "lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary it is but to settle quietly on the bottom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sealace which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flips past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some namelessss crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

Marvelously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea swallow back to his roost!—*Sir Edward Arnold.*

A $10,000 Thermometer.

"The finest thermometer in this country, and I suppose in the world, is at Johns Hopkins University," remarked Lieutenant Finley, the Government Signal Service Inspector. Lieutenant Finley inspects a great many thermometers every year and knows something about them. "This remarkable instrument," he continued, "is known as Professor Rowland's thermometer, and it is valued at the enormous sum of $10,000. It is absolutely perfect, and so fine are the graduations on the glass that it requires a telescope to read them. There are a number of fine instruments that are rigged with telescopes. But an instrument like that would be of no possible use to an ordinary individual. It requires a scientific education in order to read them. The United States Government don't go in for expensive thermometers," said Lieutenant Finley. "I don't suppose the finest one at the headquarters of the weather bureau in Washington is worth over $100. Thermometers used at the signal stations cost $5. A thoroughly reliable instrument can be purchased for that amount. These thermometers are about twelve inches long. Each station has several of them. It is necessary to have two kinds, the spirit thermometer to measure minimum temperature and the mercurial thermometer to measure the maximum temperature. There are three famous makers in the United States, two of whom are in New York. A thermometer is like wine," Lieutenant Finley remarked: "it improves with age. The older it gets the better it is. It is absolutely necessary for the tube to season. It must be several years old before it becomes reliable."

This is for the Ladies.

You want to keep your skin nice all the summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when your are travelling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then a minute after with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and coming out of the wrinkles and your rest.

THE man who is perpetually hesitating as to which of the two things he will do seldom does either.

COURTEOUS.

Thomas Jefferson was by nature a gentleman; even French courtiers admired his polished manners, while the humblest could not but revere the man whose considerate courtesy put them at ease in his presence. "You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," said the French minister, Count de Vergennes, to Mr. Jefferson, who had been sent to Paris to relieve our most popular representative. "I succeed him; no man can replace him," replied the American. It is not surprising that the man who made this felicitious reply should be esteemed by the most polite court of Europe.

One day, while he was President, as Mr. Jefferson and his grandson were riding in a carriage, they met a slave, who respectfully took off his hat and bowed. The President returned the salutation by raising his hat, but the grandson paid no attention to the negro's civility.

"Thomas," said the grandfather, with a reproachful look, "do not permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself."

When his slaves heard that their considerate master was approaching his home after a long residence in Paris, they met him, dressed in their holiday attire, at the foot of Monticello, surrounded the carriage, detached the horses, and with shouts of joy, dragged the coach to the lawn in front of the house. As "Massa Jefferson" stepped from the carriage, he was caught by the sinewy arms and born up the steps into his house.

On another occasion, while riding horseback, in company with two young men, he came to a creek so swollen by a sudden shower that the water was up to the saddle girths.

A man standing on the bank, with a saddle on his shoulders, looked at the young men as they rode into the stream, but said nothing. As Mr. Jefferson came along the stranger asked if he could not be allowed to mount behind and thus be carried across.

The President reined his horse up to a stone; the man mounted and when across, dismounted, expressed his thanks and walked away. Several men when who had seen the novel ferry, asked:

"What made you let the young men pass and why did you ask the old gentleman?"

"Wal, if you want to know, I'll tell you. I reckon a man carries 'yes' or 'no' in his face. The young chap's face said 'no;' the old un's 'yes.'"

"It isn't every one," said one of the party "who would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him."

"What! you don't mean to say that was Tom Jefferson, do you? Wal, he's a fine fellow, anyway. What will Polly say when I tell her I've rid behind President Jefferson? She'll say I voted for the right man."

CURED OF STEALING KISSES.

A Sort of Kleptomania that is Likely to Lead to Serious Results.

A good joke is being told on a well-known young Main-street man. He is a great society man. He is handsome, polished and something of a dandy. He is quite good looking, and a pair of glasses balanced on his aristocratic nose give him an intellectual air that he would not otherwise possess. For a year or so he has been devoted to a well-known young society woman. Not a week has ever passed that he has not been at least twice to see her. About a month ago he proposed and was accepted. About two weeks ago the engagement was broken, only to be patched up again shortly afterward.

The cause of the engagement being broken was that the young man made his accustomed visit. He was shown to the parlor. While sitting there he heard his betrothed coming down the stairs. He stepped to the door, and as she passed the door he leaped out and printed a kiss upon her lips. A faint scream above started him. He looked up and saw his sweetheart at the head of the stairs. He looked down and saw that he had the housemaid in his arms. He tried to explain matters, but his sweetheart would not have it, and the engagement was broken. She afterward accepted his explanation and reinstated him.

This experience would have cured most people, but it did not cure him. A few nights ago he called again and entered the parlor. There was no light in the hall or in the parlor. In a short time he heard his girl coming down stairs. He stepped out into the hall and, as she reached the bottom of the stairs, he inclosed her in his arms and imprinted a long, lingering kiss upon her ruby lips. Releasing her, he struck a match and lit the gas, then turning to snatch a kiss he was horrified to see before him the black cook. He gave her a dollar not to say anything about it, but it was to good to keep and she told it. It passed from one person to another until it was known to all his friends, and his life is anything but a happy one. He says that the second experience cured him of stealing kisses.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Types of Tiresome People.

Do you keep a list—a list of the people who are tiresome to you? We used to call them bores, but as this is always suggestive of getting there eventually, the name has been dropped, though the people exist.

The wise woman is the one who has a book on the cover of which is written in large letters and red ink, "Beware of."

The educated young woman who concludes that the alphabet has been invented since her birth.

The frivolous creature who thinks you are "just dying" to know how her underwear is made.

The lovely young man who wears three diamonds rings and thinks you are "just too sweet for anything."

The horrible old hypocrite who talks about her position in society and the use she is to the world at large, when she would best serve it by decorating the inside of a tomb.

The old man who kisses you because he remembers your mother when she was a girl.

The young man who is loud and underbred, but who speaks to you and mortifies you and claims a right of acquaintance because he once lived near you.

The maid servant who wants to talk about the last house in which she lived.

The man, woman, or nondescript, who never tire of telling you that they have seen better days, and who counts on that announcement covering everything in the future, and never making an effort to think how really good this time is after all,

The man with a low-cut shirt, the woman with dyed hair, the boy who hasn't been taught good manners, and the girl who has been educated to believe that impudence and intelligence are synonymous.

The people who flatter, who find fault, and who never know what it is to say a good word for their neighbors.—*Bob in Chicago Journal.*

Educational Item.—First boy. "How do you like your new teacher?" Second boy. "He is not a lightning teacher. He strikes several times in the same place."—*Texas Siftings.*

TEACHER—Tommy, how is the earth divided?

Tommy—Between them that's got it and them that want it.

THERE is no more reason for writing obituaries in dead language than for writing bankruptcy in broken English.

THE man who leads a fast life in this world may find the time hang heavily on his hands in the next.

THE Maryland House of Correction now has 316 inmates.

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