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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(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
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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.

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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.

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BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
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Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

TAX NOTICE.
All tax-payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT and notified that the taxes for 1889 are now over due the for 188 any long in arrears. Settlements mus are prompt. I will be at the Court House EVERY TUESDAY, and at home on SATURDAY.
d7-tf. H. M. STUART, COLL.

CALL and examine our celebrated RIVETED SHOE, in Congress, Lace and Button, all sizes.
jl4. THOS. G. WROTH.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES, in Congress, Lace and Button,
jl4. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

CHILDREN'S, LADIES' AND GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS. Choice Country Hams.
may31. WESTCOTT & DODD

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

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. Fayter'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 75¢c. per yard, worth 90c. 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.

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 years after by the most prominent growers and canners in the country, as well as by the largest and most successful truckers in New Jersey. Materials being considerably off this spring, we are prepared to sell you lower this season than ever before. Please, therefore, write or see us concerning it before making your purchases.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MR. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, Md.—Used our goods alongside of high grade. The result was the Sugar Corn was better and larger 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 it 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.

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MABEL'S GRANDMA.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

This was the sentiment of an old lady to her grandchild Mabel. And many a Mabel has found it to be true, and she has taken care of her health. She keeps on hand a supply of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and so is not troubled with those wasting diseases, weaknesses, "dragging-down" sensations and functional irregularities that so many women endure. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

"Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate *medicine, not a beverage.* Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion. As *peculiar* in its remedial results as in its composition.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, particularly to the womb and its appendages. For feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon; being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver.

A Book of 160 pages, on Woman and Her Diseases, their Nature, and How to Cure them," sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purely Vegetable. Gently Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size of Dose. By druggists, 25 cents a vial.

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 VEILED WOMAN.

A Mystery Which Was Solved in an Unexpected Manner.

Who was she? I had heard of the strange doings of a mysterious woman who flitted like a shadow through the city's streets at nighfall, entering the dwellings of the sick, a voluntary watcher by the shrouded forms of the dead, a dark-robed follower of funerals. I had heard of her, and I confess that the tales that were told me by my garrulous landlady were not greatly in her favor.

"There's lots of mystery about that woman," said Mrs. Hodge as she poured my coffee one morning, "for they do say that she sees sperrits, an' is never so much enjoyin' of herself as when she is settin' up with a corpse. An' then that long black veil she wears! They say it's a sign that she belongs to some secret society o' sperrits that nobody knows nuthin' about, and they don't low her to show her face, though I don't believe the poor soul does any harm."

My curiosity was aroused, but though I plied my landlady with questions I failed to elicit any more definite information regarding this strange woman than is contained in the foregoing paragraph.

But I inwardly resolved to know more about her when I became better acquainted in the town. I was even bold and curious enough to wish for a meeting with her—a meeting that came when I least expected.

I had but recently arrived in the town; I knew no one save my landlady and the man who roomed with me, and I saw the latter so seldom that I can hardly say we were very well acquainted. The little I saw of him, however, convinced me that he was a gambler. He never confided his affairs to me, but his habit of spending his nights away from home, his buoyant spirits when he would enter the room one morning, and the gloom which seemed to possess him the next, plainly betrayed his character.

I remember that he knocked at the door somewhat earlier than usual one night. I had been reading and was just preparing to retire. Without a word he drew a chair near the fire, sat down, and, looking steadfastly at the coals in the grate, seemed lost in meditation. I rudely broke his reverie with a question:

"Did you ever see this mysterious woman about whom there is so much talk, who goes about in mourning and wears a sad face the year round?" I asked.

He frowned and seemed annoyed at the question. "Yes," he answered, "a crazy hag that haunts the streets at night, frightening little children and furnishing old women a theme for gossip over their teacups."

"Then there is nothing remarkable about her after all," I said, in a tone of inquiry.

"I don't care to discuss her," he replied. "I have other things to think about just now. I lost five hundred dollars tonight."

"In the street?"

"I suppose so," was his reply. "It amounts to the same thing. My cursed luck was—"

But the sentence was unfinished. There was a knock at the door—a quick, excited rap I might call it—and my companion arose and opened it—opened it, and the full, bright light from within revealed to my astonished gaze the black-robed form of a woman. I leaned forward to get a glimpse of her face, but a black veil hid it from view. But I noticed the face of the man who had opened the door on this dreary figure. It was livid with rage. Great knotted lines deformed his brow, and I thought I heard a muffled oath escape his lips. Then the woman, stepping back into the shadow and whispering hoarsely, said: "I thought you were alone. You wanted to see me. For God's sake, come into the street!"

He closed the door, and without addressing a word of explanation to me, seized his hat and went out into the night.

I could not have sat still in that room after that if my life had depended on it. The mystery of that meeting completely mastered me, and I was determined to fathom it.

Out into the dark I followed them, my slipped feet making no sound upon the stony street. On they went—strange, dark figures, darker than the night whose few feeble stars shone indistinctly in a gloomy sky. On they went, and still I followed, with step as noiseless as that of fate. I could faintly hear their voices in the distance, but could distinguish no word that was said.

How far I followed them I know not. Once or twice I saw the woman pause, but the man motioned her on, and she continued at his side until a grove, which served the city as a park, lying still and gloomy on the outskirts, was reached and they entered and stood under the shadow of the trees.

I crouched behind a hedge and listened. "Once for all," said the man, "will you leave this town and swear to follow me no more?"

"I can not," said the woman, piteously, "because I love you. Oh, John," she cried, as she fell on her knees at his feet, "have mercy on me! Think of all I have suffered for you and take me into the shelter of your love again!"

"A curse on your love," he cried. "It has been a curse to me. You are a blight to my life. What are you kneeling there for?" And he spurned her with his feet.

She rose weeping. Then the man, grasping her arm and hissing the words in her ear, said:

"I swear I will kill you if you cross my path again!"

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "my burden is heavie than I can bear! Only let me see my children once more and you can take my life if you will!"

"You shall never see them!" said the man. "You have disgraced them as you disgraced me. They are dead to you forever."

She uttered a cry like that of a lost soul, and fell heavily to the ground.

She lay there moaning and motionless. I saw the man glance furtively around, as if fearful that he was seen. Then he bent down.

I saw his fingers on the woman's throat—there was a struggle and a stifled cry, and—I sprang from my hiding place with a cry of horror on my lips, the blood in my veins boiling with rage and indignation. I rushed forward. The wretch fled at my approach, stooping to shield himself from detection as he ran. I raised the woman in my arms; the print of his cruel fingers was on her whole throat; but the villain had not killed her, though she lay in my arms as one dead.

"Help! Murder!" I shouted, and an echo came back through the gloomy woods: "Help! Murder!"

I heard the sound of hurried footsteps approaching. Was the would-be murderer coming back to try his strength with me! The figure of a man came rapidly towards us. I caught the gleam of a silver badge on his breast, and I knew that help was at hand.

"What's up?" asked the almost breathless officer, as he peered first in the woman's face and then in mine.

In a quick, excited manner I told him the story. He listened, and looked at me suspiciously.

The woman was breathing hard. "Loosen her dress at the throat," he cried, as he tugged at it nervously. "But, good God! we are a mile from the station, and she may die before we get there!"

Tenderly, but swiftly we bore her along until we reached our destination. We laid her gently down upon a cot in one of the officers' rooms. As the chief came forward and saw the woman's face he exclaimed: "Why, I should know this woman. She is the mysterious creature of whom there has been so much talk in the city. Go for a physician—quick! Is this the wretch who did this devil's work?"

He grasped me by the wrist and peered into my face.

"No!" I cried, indignantly. "It was owing to my efforts that the woman lives now. I was only a witness to it."

Here the office briefly recounted the circumstances with his meeting with me.

"I must place you under arrest," said the chief, "until we can get better evidence of your innocence than you have given. Take him to a cell and lock him up."

"I am not guilty of this foul crime!" I cried. "Come with me and I will lay my hands upon the guilty man."

By this time a physician had arrived, and accompanied by the same officer who had answered my call in the grove, I went to the house where I lodged.

The first gray streaks of dawn were in the east when we reached it. We entered the outer door with the night key which I carried in my pocket. The door of my room was locked. That was enough; the man we wanted was within.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

"It is I—your room-mate," I answered.

The door was opened. The officer stood behind me in the shadow. He entered with me. "There is the man," I said, pointing at him, "and I am a witness against him."

He sprang forward and raised his hand to strike me, but the officer leveled a pistol at his head and bade him hold up his hands. In the twinkiing of an eye the steel bracelets were on his wrists, and, cursing and denying all knowledge of the crime with which I accused him, he was marched to the station.

The woman lay there, moaning and raving in delirium. He was brought to her side. She shrieked as she caught a wild glimpse of his face: "Don't kill me, John, don't kill me! Don't kill me, because I love you!" she cried.

"It is enough," said the chief. "Take him to a cell."

"I didn't mean to kill her," he said, as he cast one remorseful glance upon the pale face, before he was led away, "but she deserves to die."

My story is quickly told: The woman died that night; on that cot of straw in the station house. Died raving, but blessing the hand that had sought her life. As I knelt by her side when the breath had left her lips forever, I asked the physician to explain the mystery of her life.

"Few know," he said, "the story of her life, but it is familiar to me, and has been for months past. She volunteered to nurse the sick at the hospital, and while there she confided to me her melancholy story. The man who murdered her is her husband. He is a gambler. He made her young life miserable—treated her like a dog. She was beautiful, as you can see now. Driven to despair by his cruelty, she listened to the persuasions of a man who had known and loved her before her marriage with this fellow, and finally fled with him to a distant State. Her old love for this brute returning, and perhaps the desire to see her children again, she returned and sought forgiveness. Few know what she has suffered; few know what good she has accomplished. To those who did not know her she was a woman of mystery, and her somber habiliments, her visits to the sick, her vigils by the dead, her hidden life aroused the fear and superstition of the ignorant. She has kept as close to this man as she could for two years past, for he had hidden away her two children and she doubtless hoped to obtain from him some information of them. Besides, as I said, she loved him. It is a strange tale of sin and suffering and love and sorrow."

He ceased, and as we folded the white hands prayer-wise over the silent bosom, I said: "She has loved and suffered much, and should be much forgiven."—*F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

Old Newspapers in the Household.

The real value of old newspapers about a house is fully comprehended by but a few. Many people in wrapping up woolen goods to put away for the summer use clear brown paper. Old newspapers are far preferable, for the ink on them has been observed to be very obnoxious to moths, insects, &c. A great benefit can also be derived by placing a layer of old newspapers upon the carpet paper spread under carpets, as it is a preventive to encroachments by vermin, is so often the case.

Another useful attribute of paper not generally known is for preserving ice in a pitcher of water. Fill the pitcher with ice and water and place in the centre of a piece of paper; then gather the paper up together at the top and twist the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around the coil to hold it close so as to exclude the air. A pitcher of ice water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice.—*New York Telegram.*

THE AFTER GLOW.

The clouds in glory swept to heaven;
The mellow landscape glowed,
Reflecting all the light and warmth
That from their radiance flowed.

The world was very beautiful;
A keen pang smote my heart—
Must all this matchless loveliness
With somber night depart?

And nevermore, through years to come,
Will I behold the skies,
Filled with the same bright mountain clouds
That dazzle now mine eyes?

Somehow I cannot think them lost;
Perhaps in some far land,
Ranged in an endless gallery,
We yet shall see them stand;

And we may gaze with raptured eyes
On some fair sunset glow,
That brings a tender memory
Of days we spent below.

Look out, O soul! beyond the range
Of narrow, human mind,
God's ways are past our finding out,
But, O, how wondrous kind!

It is not strange to think that He,
Who loves us from our birth,
Will keep for us the blessed things
We cannot keep on earth.

Wise and Weighty.

Gossip is like a high building. Only one story out of a dozen has a foundation.

Those who are honest and earnest in their honesty have no need to proclaim the fact.

Getting into a passion is a good deal like getting into a briar bush. The bush comes out all right, but you don't.

They who tell their own business are not wise; those who tell other people's business intrusted to them are criminals.

Happiness lies concealed in our duties, which, when fulfilled, give it forth as the opening rose gives forth fragrance.

The bread of sorrow is leavened with error, mixed with imprudence, kneaded with perversity and baked in the oven of dissipation.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of our philosophy. Do not imagine a thing is simple because you happen to think it is.

The great men of this world ought not to sneer at the little men. If there were no little men they themselves would not seem great by comparison.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

The capacity for happiness, like every other, needs continual exercise for its growth and development. If it is continually checked and postponed it will wither away.

Hot Weather Advice.

There has already been several hot days this season, and more of the same kind will naturally follow. The following advice for the heated term, from a medical journal, will bear repetition at this time: In hot weather water should be drank cool, but not iced, with the juice of quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral water should also be drank with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach which is dry, but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it through your mouth and throat into your stomach without doing the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly, and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin. If you work in a hot room in hot weather tie a damp cloth around your temples, and you will not experience half the cravings for drink you otherwise would. There is blessing which will serve to carry us through a spell of hot weather without suffering, and that is a good common sense method of going slow and cease worrying at such dangerous times. The mind and the body must not be burdened too heavily when the thermometer is raging up among the figures which denote blood heat, and the calmer the mind is kept during such weather the cooler and healthier will be the body.

Stallions in Mortal Combat.

A fight to the death between two blooded stallions was the trilling spectacle witnessed a few days ago on Captain B. F. Trester's farm at Aurora, Ind. Two three-year-old stallions, spirited and valuable thoroughbreds, were turned into adjoining pastures to feed. The wooden fence that separated their two pastures was soon pawed and kicked down when they set about getting at each other. Half a dozen persons, unable or afraid to try to separate the fierce beasts, witnessed their deadly duel. The colts stood on their hind legs, fiercely pawing and striking at one another with their iron-shod forefeet, and tearing each other's necks and shoulders with their teeth. Their neighing and screams of rage and the sound of their kicks and snorts were heard fully half a mile away. At length the smaller of the two, a bright bay, caught his antagonist by the throat with his teeth and dragged him to the ground, and hung on, and jerked and tore until long after he had thus killed the larger stallion. The victor, though badly cut and bruised from the hoofs and teeth of his foe, may recover.

A Place of Rest.

"Where shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway.

"Well, let's see, last winter we got malaria," replied her husband.

"Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dog."

"And the preceding summer we got rheumatism in the mountains?"

"We did, and the bears got my little Skye terrier."

"And the summer before that we went to the seashore, and got bled by the mosquitoes and the landlord?"

"Yes."

"And the summer before that we went into the country, and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison?"

"I remember."

"Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first-rate to take a vacation this summer; but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest."

I saw Esau kissing Kate;
The fact is, we all three saw;
I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

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The World's Fair.

Mr. Chauncy M. Depew, who has returned to New York from Chicago, was asked Sunday if he thought the Chicago fair would be a success. "If there had been any doubt in my mind as to the success of the fair," he answered, "they would have been dispelled by my trip to Chicago. The people there feel that they live in a different metropolis of a different empire. They feel, with regard to the World's Fair, that that they are on trial; that everything depends on the fair being held and its ultimate success. This feeling is not confined to Chicago alone, but to the entire West. The whole West believes that is the crucial test, and I firmly believe that their enterprise, enthusiasm and pride in their country will spur them on to making the affair a credit to Chicago and to the nation."

"Will they be able to raise sufficient money to make the fair a success?"

"They have now," said Mr. Depew, "fully five million dollars. A special session of the Illinois legislature is to be called soon, and they will ask for five millions more, and this with the government appropriation will make sufficient. As yet the fight still continues to rage in the selection of a site, but I have no doubt that it will be amicably settled."

Of the probable action of foreign governments he said: "It depends on the stand taken by our government. There is a great deal of sentiment in Europe concerning the Columbian fair.

"I don't think the fact that we are going to have a world's fair would attract any attention in Europe, but a Columbian fair would. It would be necessary for our government to take control of the foreign exhibits, and promise on the sovereignty of this republic that the government will put its official hand on an exhibit the moment it gets here, see that it is well taken care of and see it sent safely back home."

Gave It Up.

The following droll incident is related as having taken place in one of the municipal courts of Boston on the trial of a prisoner, charged with theft, who pleaded drunkenness in extenuation:

Court (to the policeman, who was a witness)—"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness—"He said he was drunk."

Court—"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them. He didn't use the pronoun 'he,' did he?"

Witness—"Oh, yes he did. He said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting rather impatient at the witness' stupidity) you don't understand me at all. I want the words as he uttered them. Didn't he say "I was drunk?"

Witness (deprecatingly)—Oh, no your Honor. He didn't say you were drunk. I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor—"Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all. His Honor means did not the prisoner say to you 'I was drunk?"

Witness (reflectively)—"Well, he might said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him say so."

Attorney for prisoner—"What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use in reply. Was it the first person I; second person thou or third person he, she or it? Now then (with severity), upon your oath, didn't my client say 'I was drunk?"

Witness (getting mad): "No, he didn't say you was drunk, either; but if he had, I reckon he wouldn't a lied any. Do you suppose the poor fellow charged this whole court with being drunk?" And then they gave it up.

Take Care of the Little Ones.

The *Christain at Work* contains the following suggestion for the care of little ones during the hot season. It says: "Keep the baby in comfort. Dress him loosely and simply with soft, thin woolen garments next the skin. Give him a sponge bath when he cries uneasily and fretfully. See that there is no chafing of the soft flesh, and that no pins are pricking him in unsuspected places. Let his food be properly cooked and given at regular intervals, and attend to it either yourself or let it be prepared by a trustworthy person. Let the little one be out doors much of the time, and if he is ill and a physician is to be had, send for one promptly. Frail as the life of an infant is, and quickly as the silver thread may be snapped, yet a young child rallies in a way impossible to an adult. A child very sick, indeed, to-day, be frisking about merry to-morrow. Never despair of the recovery of a little one while life lasts, but do not trifle with the beginnings of disease. Prompt measures at first are often half the battle."

The Care of Teeth in Childhood.

The importance of attention to the teeth of children, not only for their immediate comfort, but in view of their future benefit—an importance we have repeatedly urged—was again emphasied in a valuable paper read by Mr. Fox before a Medical Association. He said that doubtless many of the dental troubles of adult life are due to a careless disregard of the teeth when first erupted and during the earlier years of life, and that much might be done to combat deleterious influences, especially at that important epoch, the time of second dentition. A point which Mr. Fox especially insisted upon was the too frequent neglect of irregularities of the permanent teeth, which are not only disfiguring but from the increased and continuous pressure upon contiguous teeth, and the difficulty of keeping their surfaces clean, constitute a most frequent cause of decay and early loss of teeth.

"DON'T forget to insert an advertisement about poor lost Fido."

Husband—"Fear not." Exit.

Wife reads in the paper the following morning:—"10 cents reward. Lost last Monday, a measly, hair-lipped, cross-eyed old yellow pup, answering to the name of Fido. He has no tail, is wild with fleas, has a glass eye, and his whines would make a rhinocerous shudder.—Knows how to bite. $50 reward if he is returned in a hearse." (Wife faints.)

DON'T adopt affection of speech or manners—the monkey and dudes have the inside track on that business.

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