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.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s
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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.

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Established 1862.
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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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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.

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

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

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 when ever desired.
CALL and examine our celebrated RIVETED SHOE, in Congress, Lace and Button, all sizes. j14. THOS. G. WROTH.
H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES, in Congress, Lace and Button, j14. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

LOWEST —

MEN'S FINE CLOTHING.

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

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

BARGAINS in SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE,
(STORE NEXT DOOR TO J. K. ALDRIDGE'S HARDWARE STORE.)
WE HAVE A COMPLETE and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, including Challies, Satteens, Percals, Ginghams, Outing Cloths and all kinds of Dry Goods. A very large and fine line of White, Plaid and Striped Muslins, Hamburg Edging and Insertings, Flouncing for Ladies' dresses. Straw Mattings in White and Colored, 12½c. to 40c.; Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, 10c. to $2.00. We will continue to keep a full line of Shoes for Boys, Girls, Men and Women, ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. We have a lot of Ladies and Misses Shoes and Slippers which we will sell very cheap. A nice line of FLANNEL SHIRTS from 50c. to $2.50. Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.
I will be glad to welcome my old friends and the public generally.
May 17, 1890. WILLIAM R. ALDRIDGE.

50 *FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP*
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
1709 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA. (Both Sexes.) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

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.

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 92½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 55c. 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 $, 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.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,
sep3-y. Up Town.

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.

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

A Large Invoice of
CYPRESS FENCING!
Cypress Fence Railing, 2x3 and 2x4
—SAWED—
CYPRESS SHINGLES
RIVED CYPRESS SHINGLES.
Just received direct from Roanoke River
FOR SALE at LOWEST MARKET RATES.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
Feb. 22, 1890.

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.
July 13, 1889—tf. J. T. TWILLEY.

MR. BOWSER BUYS A HARP.

The Cook Leaves and the Neighbors Enter a Vigorous Protest.

When Mr. Bowser unlocked the front door one night last winter he did it so softly, and he made so little noise in the hall, that I suspected something wrong. He came into the sitting room looking rather sheepish and like a man who had something in his mind; but I asked no questions and he volunteered no information until after supper. Then he suddenly asked:

"Do you keep up your piano practice, dear?"

"Oh, yes. You hate music, so I don't play when you are here."

"I hate music! What are you talking about?"

"You have often compared my playing to the sounds of beating on an old tin pan."

"Well, of course, you are a poor player, and your voice is cracked; but as far as music is concerned—real music—it fills my soul with joy."

"But you never sing or play."

"Haven't had time heretofore, but now I——I——"

"You intend to."

"Yes. I feel the need of something to make home more pleasant—to offer more diversions during the long hours of the evening. I think I shall learn to play the harp."

"At your age?"

"That's it! That's what I expected to hear! What's the matter with my age? I am neither blind, speechless or crippled. Pliny went at it and learned six languages after he was seventy."

"Well, I suppose you brought home the harp?"

"Yes, it's a beauty, and I got it cheap. It's a real Givoni, and I bought it of a man who was hard up. Got it for $35 and it's worth $75."

"And you are going to try to play it?"

"Certainly. I had one lesson this afternoon, and in less than a month I will astonish you."

"You will practice in the garret, I suppose?"

"Not by a jugful! I shall practice right here! That is, there won't be much practice about it, I shall be playing tunes by Saturday."

He uncovered and brought in a greasy, ill-shaped harp, which looked as if it had been carried around the country since the days of Columbus, and when he saw me looking at it, he said:

"This harp was made by Givoni himself over 100 years ago."

"Who was Givoni?"

"Who was Givoni? Why don't you ask who George Washington was?"

"Well, it's my opinion that you have been swindled on the instrument, and I fear you are too old to take up such difficult music."

"Do you? That's a nice way to encourage a husband! I see now why so many men run out at night. I not only saved $40 in buying this harp, but I'll make your heart ache with jealousy before the month is over!"

He sat down and began to thrum. He held his head on one side, run out his tongue, and picked away at the scale, and he had been going about five minutes when the cook opened the door, beckoned me out and whispered:

"I give you notice that I shall leave after supper tomorrow!"

"Why; what is it?" I asked.

"Him—Mr. Bowser! He'll bring spooks and ghosts about! I have already been taken with palpitation of the heart. Mercy! but listen to those voices of the dead calling out to each other across their graves. Mrs. Bowser, it's the wonder of the people that you don't commit suicide!"

Mr. Bowser thrummed until I had to carry baby upstairs to quiet his howls, and until the ends of his fingers were sore, and he wouldn't have quit when he did, had not a voice in front of the house shouted:

"Why don't some one throw a rock through the window or ring for the patrol wagon?"

Next day a dark-skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni, came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook, who had almost consented to stay, suddenly rose up and rushed after her bundle. When ready to go she whispered to me:

"I'm soory, mum; sorry for you that's left! If the child dies, send me word and I'll come and do all in my power."

Mr. Bowser took four lessons in all and then told his teacher that his services would be no longer required. He took the last two lessons in the barn, in order, as he said, to surprise me. On the evening of the last lesson he brought in the harp just as a couple of the neighbors came in. He promptly responded to an invitation to show off, but had not labored two minutes when one of the gentlemen asked:

"Have you any particular object in that Mr. Bowser?"

"Of course he has," replied the other. "It is an imitation of a great calamity in Japan — buildings shaken down by an earthquake—flames devouring the ruins—husbands shouting—wives praying—children sobbing, dogs barking, etc. Is it your own composition, Mr. Bowser?"

"Why—why, don't I play all right? The teacher said I was making wonderful fast progress."

"They beckoned him out in the alley and held a conference. What was said I do not know, but when Mr. Bowser came in he looked very pale, and the first thing he did was to give the harp a kick which opened all the joints and prepared it for the crash which came when he flung it out doors.

"Mr. Bowser, have you gone crazy?" I demanded.

"No, ma'am, but I've got a few words to say to you!"

"What have I done?"

"Done! Done! Who coaxed me into buying a harp?"

"The grandson of Givoni. He had an old harp he wanted to get rid of, and he struck you for a flat and got twice its real worth."

"Struck me for a flat!" he shouted as he walked around on the cat. "And why? Because I was willing to be swindled to keep peace in the family. You had your mind set on a harp, and harp you must have."

"Mr. Bowser! What did I want with a harp?"

"Heaven only knows. But for you I should never have thought of trying to play on it. What do you suppose Greene and Davis said?"

"That you were a dunce."

"That if their wives led them around by the nose as you do me that they'd wipe the family out and then commit suicide! I must have looked sweet dawdling over that old harp!"

"You did. I told you that it was nonsense your trying to learn music at your age."

"My age! There you go! Am I 1000 years old? Am I 500? Am I even 100, that you keep flinging it at me! Music! Why, I've more music in my little finger than you have in your whole body. Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit. You have gone far enough. Now beware! The worm is ready to turn!"

But next morning the worm was as pleasant as June, and when a crowd of a dozen boys paraded up and down, each harping on a piece of that harp, Mr. Bowser never let on that he saw or heard anything.

A Sermon in Five Lines.

"It takes so little to make a child happy that it is a pity, in a world full of sunshine and pleasant things, that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely young hearts."

I found these words in an old newspaper the other day. They were headed "A Sermon in Five Lines," and they came home to me with all the force of a personal appeal.

It takes so little to make a child happy. How many times I had seen the most trivial incident lift my own little boy into the very ecstacy of happiness. How often would some simple gift or a story chase the tears from his eyes and bring the bright smiles to his face. And yet, I thought with a pang of regret, how many times I had chided him needlessly; how many times I had refused to exert myself at all for his sake. That very night he had gone to bed with a heavy heart because I would not romp with him. I was too tired, I said.

I stepped into the boy's room before I went to bed that night, and passing my hand over his flaxen hair as he lay asleep, I resolved that in the future I would be a better father to him.

"It is a pity that there should be any wistful faces, empty hands, or lonely young hearts," I thought, as I dropped asleep. I remember that later in the night I was dreaming of visiting a great factory and inspecting the machinery. "Be careful!" I heard some one say, and then to my horror I saw that I had approached too near to some belting. My beard had been caught and I was frantically trying to extricate myself when I awoke.

"Hello, papa," said a voice beside my bed in the darkness.

"Let go of papa's whiskers," I cried. "What on earth are you doing in here anyway, Dick?" I continued, sitting up.

STEAM FROM ELECTRICITY.

A Wonderful Machine Which Has Been Constructed in Chattanooga.

Machinery for generating steam by electricity has been set up in Chattanooga and jealously guarded, but a reporter managed to get into room in which the plant is located and guarded, and this is what he found:

To a battery of two 20-horse tubular boilers, a 10-horse engine and boiler is temporarily connected to head the water in them; steam is first raised in the small boiler, and a dynamo used to produce electricity. The flues in the large boiler are filed with asbestos, the ends are connected with the dynamo, and the passage of the electricity through the asbestos heats it to an intense degree, causing a rapid raising of steam. When the required pressure in the large boilers has been attained, the engine driving the dynamo is attached to the lare boiler, and the work goes on as before.

In this way it is claimed that but 25 per cent. of the power of the large boilers will be required to furnish 40-horse power, leaving three-fourths of the power to be applied to other purposes. It is claimed that the power can be supplied in this manner to any required amount. The 40-horse power could be used after starting to start up a 160-horse power and keep it moving without any cost whatever outside of keeping up the machinery.

This is the first instance on record where power could be increased; nature has always worked the other way and demanded that a stronger should work the weaker, as the 40-horse power drive 10; and if this proves a success, as is claimed, the company have the biggest discovery ever made in America, that will rank next to the discovery of steam power itself.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Picture of a Pretty Woman.

A pretty woman must, first of all, have clear cut, regular features.

She must have full, clear eyes.

She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge or powder.

She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye.

She must have a good figure, plump enough, yet slender enough, though never suggestive of an angle.

She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of necessity, if it is well kept and white.

She must have small ears and a throat that is like a marble column for her head.

She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty.

She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair dressing and cling closely to that.

A woman may have all these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact it dawns on you after you have seen her once or twice that she is not a pretty woman, but a pretty doll.

A CHICAGO JUDGE has discovered a law which forbids firemen to enter a burning building.

GUTTENBERG, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade mark.

THE present national colors of the United States were not adopted by Congress until 1777.

IT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

Hid Between the Springs of a Bed and the Mattress.

A few years ago I was taking an after dinner smoke in a hotel in Chicago with a gentleman who had been a Colonel in the Confederate army.

"I was in Chicago during the war, in 1862 or '63," he said, "and I had a decidedly narrow escape. Do you want to hear a thrilling episode, as the newspapers tell it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I came through the lines—no matter how—on special business, the exact nature of which don't care to divulge even at this late hour. I had to be cautious in my movements. The Federal authorities were on the lookout for secret emissaries. I came to meet some parties from Canada, and I met them, transacted some business, and went around town for several days enjoying myself.

"One morning I received a note from a lady of my acquaintance, who had a kindly feeling for the South and who was well posted on current movements. She wrote: 'I learned undoubted authority that you are known to be in Chicago and that they are on the lookout for you. When you get this stay where you are until night and then go to Mrs. X, —— street, and show her this note and I think you will be all right.'

"'Here's a pretty mess,' I said to myself. "However I determined to weather the gale. I had been through many a big battle, but to get in a tight place like this was calculated to make man nervous, as I might be arrested as a spy and shot. I wasn't a spy, however, but couldn't prove I wasn't.

"I wasn't molested during the day. I stuck close to my quarters, and changing my clothes and putting on a slouch hat and putting it down over my eyes, I launched out on the street and pursued my way to the address indicated in the lady's note. The streets were pretty lively with people, and a regiment of soldiers were marching down Lake street to the Illinois Central depot to take a train to the front. I got to the house all right and found the lady to be an old Southern friend, but a very young and handsome lady, the wife of a very agreeable Chicago gentleman. 'You'll be all right here,' she said, and I thought so, too. She, her husband and I had a very pleasant evening together, and parted for the night in high spirits. I was tired and went to sleep very quickly. Don't known how long I slept, but I was awakened by a thundering knock at my door. I sprang up and found my friend, the master of the household, pale as a ghost, standing in the hall. 'An officer and a guard are at the door and you must hide—I don't know where—or we shall all be ruined.'

"'Go ahead,' I said, 'and let them in. I'll take care of myself and you shan't be compromised.'

"It was a desperate rough situation. Just then my friend's wife came quickly to me and said: 'Come in here; we must do the best we can and adopt heroic means. Get in there and don't breathe or we are lost.'

"She pointed to her bed.

"'Get under the mattress and be still as death, and get air when you can.'

"In an instant I saw her plan. The bed was a large one. The springs were large. I pulled up the mattress, jumped in on the springs and pulled the mattress over me. The lady turned to her bed and quickly laid down as naturally as you please over me. She wasn't very heavy, but the mattress was, and the springs seemed to have edges cutting into my legs and side.

"Hardly had we disposed ourselves in this unique manner when the lieutenant and his men were admitted to the house. We could hear loud talking as they explored the house from cellar to garret and looked in every closet, ran their bayonets into piles of clothes. At last the door of the room opened. The officer touched his hat and remarked that he couldn't use much ceremony, as the case was urgent. He had been informed and was convinced that Col.——was in the house, and he meant to have him.

"Mrs. X— pleaded sickness as an excuse for not rising and aiding in the search, and said: 'Look everywhere, sir, over the house. There's nobody here except myself, my husband and the servants. All the closets and coal bins are at your disposal. We have nothing to conceal.'

"'Oh!' said the officer, 'I've heard all that many a time. I shall have to look all through your room, madam.'

"He did."

"He looked in each closet: called his men in and made them run their bayonets into the wall to be sure there were no secret closets anywhere. He stooped down, looked under the bed within four feet of me. Jove! but I was in a cold sweat. One movement, one creak of a spring, one sneeze or hard breath would have betrayed me. But after three minutes of suppressed vitality the lieutenant withdrew, muttering: 'This is strange.'

"Still he lingered down stairs; went into the cellar again, into the back yard, tore up boards from the floors, and ran his bayonet into the parlor sofas. At last the gang cleared out thoroughly disgusted. They did their duty certainly and deserved promotion.

"I waited on those infernal springs two hours before I moved. I was afraid they would suddenly come back. But they didn't. The guard was kept around the house until 10 o'clock next morning, and then they withdrew. I spent the day with my friends, borrowed a suit of clothes and a hat from my friend, shaved my mustache off, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, taking leave of my kind protectors, I lighted a cigar, stepped bold into the street, and before midnight was a good many miles on my way to the Confederacy. That is what I call a pretty close shave."

DIPLOMATIC TRAMP.—"Please, can you give a poor old man a little something to eat? But I don't want no bread, please."

Woman—"You don't want no bread eh? I guess you ain't starving. You can jist get along out of here."

"Wait till I explain, madam. You see, the woman next door just now give me a piece of paving stone for bread, and as she said she was the best bread maker on this street—"

"The best bread maker on this street? Jist come right in here, my poor man, and I'll show you what good bread really is Lor', how some people does brag!"

The Woman of the Future.

BY M. G. SHIRLEY.

Oh! the woman of the future—I can see her through a haze;
She is coming minus bustle, she is coming minus stays;
I can see her through the shadows of the present misty light;
She is coming, she is coming, like an angel of delight.

The woman of the future—oh! how beautiful she seems,
As in fancy I behold her, in the brightest of my dreams;
In fancy I behold her, and I long to hear her voice
Ringing down the pleasant valleys: "I am coming; oh! rejoice."

The woman of the future will not trifle with our hearts;
She will find more time to study into sciences and arts;
She will not be too disdainful, irreverent and proud,
But with all the highest virtues and attainments be endowed.

The woman of the future will be modest in her looks,
She will sing the sweetest ballads and peruse the choicest books;
Her sympathies will widen and her goodness will extend,
Until the poor shall bless her, and the weak shall call her friend.

The woman of the future will not throw herself away
For the ball room's giddy pleasures, bringing wrinkles and decay;
Nor drink the honeyed nectar of enchantment, long and deep,
Sowing seeds of dissipation that in anguish she must reap.

The woman of the future will come to us as pure
As the fragrant Easter lillies, and her fame will rest secure;
When she comes to dwell among us, in her eyes that will be,
That we have never seen on land, nor yet upon the sea.

Oh! the woman of the future will be generous and brave,
And her honor she will cherish without blemish to the grave.
In joy I wait her coming, she will blossom like a rose,
And her heart will find a lover who is worthy to propose.

WHAT TICKLED A HOOSIER.

One day I was riding along a driveway in Indiana when I came upon a pile of bedding and articles of crockery and hardware in front of a farm house and seated on the horse block was a corpulent old man with a very red face. Naturally enough I asked him what had happened, and he went off into laughter which lasted a full minute before he could reply.

"Them duds belongs to Ben and Mary."

"But who are Ben and Mary?"

"Ben's my—my—ha! ha! ha! I've lafied till I'm almost dead. Ben's my son and Mary is his wife."

"But who tumbled those things out here?" "I did."

"And where are Ben and Mary?"

"She's gone home and he's broke for the woods. Stranger, excuse me, but I'd have to laff if there was a corpse in the house. It's too durned funny for anything—ha!—ha!—ha!"

And he yelled and whooped until he could have been heard half a mile. When he sobered up a little I asked:

"Is there a joke in this somewhere?"

"Is there? I should say there was! Go into the house and you'll find the old woman nigh dead with lafing."

"Well, what is it?"

"You see. Purty good boy, but inclined to be tricky. He married a purty gal, but she's dreadfully ambitious. They cum home to live, and about a month ago wanted me'n the old woman to deed over the farm to them and be taken keer of the rest of our lives. We didn't like the idea, but they hung to it, and so last week I made out a deed and handed it over. It wasn't a deed discribin' this farm, but some other farm, though it all looked reg'lar nuff."

"You doubted their faith, eh?"

"I kinder did, and so—ha! ha! ha! Say, stranger, don't think hard of me, but I've got to laff or burst. Just tickles way back to my shoulder blades!"

He went off into another fit, and when he got his breath again he continued:

"This mornin' was the sixth day since they got that deed. As soon as breakfast was over Ben said the'd concluded to git along without our valued company, and suggested that as it was nine miles to the poor house we make an early start. He intended to turn us smack out doors without a dollar, but he got left. I told him he'd better look into the deed a bit, and he went to town and diskivered the trick I had played. You orter seen them two when they came back! Why! why—"

And he laughed again until I had to pat him on the back to prevent a catastrophe.

"They were the humblest, down-trodden-est, used up set, gone to pieces pair you ever sot eyes on. Ben got a plug of terbacker and a hoss pistil and left for the woods, and Mary tied a wet towel around her head and hoofed it fur her father's house. I've brought out their duds and piled 'em here, and if they don't send for 'em before noon they kin go to the dogs."

"Well, they deserve it."

"Yes, they do, but it was a narrer escape for me. If that deed had been all right me'n the old woman would be paupers to day. But it wasn't all right, and—and—"

And I had driven at least half a mile before I lost the sounds of his laughter.

Wonderful Surgery.

At the surgical congress at Berlin Professor Gluck, of Berlin, gave an exhibition showing a most valuable advance in surgery—namely, the successful substitution of catgut, ivory and bone freed from chalk for defects in bones, muscless and nerve sinews. The juices of the body are sucked up in the inserted material, thereby establishing the junction of the separated ends, without any shortening of the part. He presented the cases of patients in whom there had been an insertion of from six to ten centimetress of catgut to supply defects in the leaders of the hand, to which complete mobility had been restored. This case had previously been impossible. In the case of another patient Prof. Gluck removed a tumor from the thigh, causing a considerable defect in the bone. He inserted ivory, and no shortening ensued. In another case he removed a large piece of nerve in the groin and inserted catgut, and the functions remained completely satisfactory. These are considered wonderful achievements.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

LOVE KNOTS should be tied with a single beau.

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HOW I RAISE MY COLTS.

A well-known horseman of Chestertown hands us the following article for publication. It is good advise and well worth reading:

Of course, it is understood that I am raising colts and horses for the money there is in them, and therefore endeavor to raise them with the least possible trouble and expense, and still have them cared for and grown well enough to readily sell at a reasonably fair price. I raise both spring and fall colts, and think I can raise the latter easiest and cheapest, especially from work mares; besides, by having rye or other green feed for them after being weaned, their growth is not checked nearly so much as is the case with colts weaned in the fall which must of necessity subsist on dry and artificial food for several months. I do not usually allow my spring colts to follow their mothers when they are at work, but turn them into a box stall with oats and water where they can help themselves or turn into a field with some older colts they are acquainted with, where they soon learn to run quietly between meals. I usually halter-break them by tying beside their mother for a few days while doing some moderate work, and find it much easier than wrestling with them after they have become older and stronger. I prefer not to wean spring colts until cool weather comes in the fall, generally in October, and find that they winter better than those that I buy and am forced to take earlier. I find it much harder to keep colts growing and thrifty the first winter than afterward, and feed them corn, oats, bran, middlings and roots, if I have them, with plenty of good hay; and usually fail to grow as fast or look as well as I wish them to. We do not tie weaning colts, but turn them loose into a warm box stall, and find it easier and more quickly done. I kept 8 head last winter in a stall 14x16 feet, and they got along nicely together; we turn them out pleasant days, and feed corn stalks in the yard at noon. If cold and stormy we leave them out long enough to drink and have a little play; then put them back and water again at night.

We frequently see weaning colts turned out every day, warm or cold, wet or dry, to stand shivering all day in the fence corners; their owners expecting them to grow flesh, muscle and bone from exposure to the elements, and we usually see that they grow more bones than anything else. I am practising sowing winter rye early in the fall for early green feed the following spring, and consider it a most excellent plan. We plow sod or stubble only deep enough to turn over, and sow rye on the furrow at the rate of two bushels to the acre, and drag over once thoroughly; my idea is to do the work as quickly and cheap as possible; besides, when plowed shallow, say 3 or 4 inches, the land is not punched up so badly by colts in early spring, while still soft, and by plowing the usual depth the next time, the sod weeds and stubble are kept beneath the surface. I pasture the rye usually until after corn planting, which gives clover pastures a chance to get well started before being fed. The rye acts as a laxative for the colts, rids them of worms and starts them to shedding their old hair. So that when turned into the clover they are in good shape to grow right along, and the rye fields are in the very best condition to turn over and plant to beans. I feed no grain while colts are on pasture, and hardly think it pays in the long run to do so. The winter after my colts are a year old I usually tie them in stalls, using five-ring halters and tying them short; feed them straw mostly, with a fair amount of grain, with hay or corn fodder at noon, fed in the yard, if pleasant, and in the barn when severely cold and stormy. By putting something they like in their feed boxes when out of doors, as an apple, ear of corn, handful of oats, or a little salt, they quickly learn to come in and each take their proper places when the doors are opened and they are called, which is much easier than trying to drive them in with a club, and less strain on the temper. The winter after they are two years old I feed them about the same, except perhaps, giving them a little more straw, and usually harness and drive them a few times as I may have time.

I have, so far, sold more at this age than any other, and believe it to be the best and most profitable age to sell at, and also to buy at if the purchaser wishes them for immediate work. Some one may ask why I feed straw so much, and I will explain by saying that while I prefer hay, I find straw much the cheapest, and when I feed with a fair amount of grain, I can make them grow and look reasonably well after they are one year old. I usually raise a good deal of hay, but make it a practice to feed out the straw first. I have raised millet a few times, and have found it, when cut early, well cured, and fed with straw, an excellent food to help out with. I have never fed oil meal to any extent, but have found fine middlings excellent. For several years have raised beets, which make good food when it begins to get worm in the spring; colts and horses usually eat them readily, and a large amount can be raised on a small piece of ground. Have also raised turnips and carrots, but prefer beets to turnips for feeding, and carrots require too much labor for the bulk produced per acre.

When a colt does not eat corn well and has lamps—instead of burning down the bars of the mouth, I feed soft food for a few days, and when I notice a colt's eyes running, I look for a chaff in its eye, or a bruise outside, and let its wolf teeth alone. In fact, in raising horses one needs to use a good deal of common sense and judgment, even if it is not in exact accordance with whims that we may have heard from childhood up.

As to the profits of horse raising, from experience I am fully convinced that the same feed and care that will grow a steer old and large enough to sell for $50, will grow a colt that will sell for $200, and believe I can keep a colt nicely on the same feed that would keep five sheep, with even a greater profit in favor of the colt.—*U. J. Woodman.—Dunton's Spirit of the Turf.*

AS HE walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hat rack a reflection of the roguish girl slyly throwing a kiss at him and he turned back. "I must have that in the original package," he answered. He was a Kansas young man and he got it.

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