THE KENT NEWS:
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
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August 2, 1890 CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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THAN EVER BEFORE
and have determined to give you the advantage of it. After an experience of over fifteen years' dilligent study in our business, coupled with the best mechanical devices that could be procured, we now offer you our own brands of

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from crude stock of our own selection and for mechanical condition and quality are unsurpassed, our goods are nothing new, and our efforts in the seasons that have passed to give the farmer a strictly honest and reliable fertilizer, have been rewarded by the knowledge of universal satisfaction and a permanent trade.

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patrons for past favors we now promise to continue to exercise the same skillfull care in the manufacture of our own celebrated brands that we always have, and to keep them up to their present high standard of quality and mechanical condition.

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The Lost Baby Boy!

THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE PITILESS RAIN.

To the Astonishment of His Rescuer He Was Alive and Playing With a Tin Can, With His Only Companion, a Dog, by His Side—The Story of the Search.

A dispatch dated Hudson, New York, September 19, says:

George Weaver, a spinner in the knitting mill of William Harder, lives in Greenport township, about two miles from here. His is a shabby, small house, a hundred feet from the road, and but a few hundred yards from the wild rough and tangled forests of the "mountains," as the more heavily rolling upland in this region is called. He has a wife and two children. The younger child is a six weeks' baby. The older is a boy born on Aug. 15, 1887, and therefore three years old. His name is Dayton Weaver. Until six weeks ago he was the only child in the family, and as there were no children in the neighborhood his life was lonely. So when a boy down the road offered Mr. Weaver a mongrel puppy, three months ago, Mr. Weaver accepted the offer because he thought it would be a companion for his child. The dog was called Frank, and soon became domesticated at Weaver's.

The little boy was always fond of animals, and before long made Frank his inseparable companion. As soon as he would get up in the morning he would ask for Frank, and he would not go to sleep unless the dog was near him. Frank was not very pretty to look at, plainly betraying his base origin and having a low look about his black hanging ears, and pinkish white muzzle. The short hair on his body was white, except a large black spot on his back, near the root of his tail, and a few smaller spots scattered among his ribs. But he made up in affection what he lacked in beauty. As for Dayton, he was a handsome boy, not so handsome as a year ago, when he had long, golden curls, but still a comely two-headed child with big hazel eyes and a mouth that was always laughing, to show some white, even teeth. He and the dog played in the open air all summer, and Dayton was, therefore, tanned in the face, while his chubby legs were burned quite brown. There never was a better natured child or one less given to weeping. Having been so alone, he had learned to amuse himself. Early in the summer he began to make long trips of exploration and discovery. Frank, of course, was always with him. These trips were towards the cultivated and settled parts of the country, and after a few hours some neighbor would bring him back. Since the birth of the baby Mrs. Weaver has not been able to look after him closely. Last Saturday Dayton and Frank disappeared in the morning. At noon Lawyer William Brownell, living a mile from the Weavers, found the boy and the dog fast asleep on a pile of hay in his barnyard. The boy had watched and talked to the chickens that went clucking and chirping about. Then he fell asleep. His arm was about the dog's neck and one of the dog's big, drooping ears shielded his eyes from the light.

Tuesday morning was clear and bright. Frank was up early playing about the yard. Dayton's mother partly dressed him at 7 o'clock, and then gave him his breakfast. He was still trying to swallow the last mouthful when he left the table and ran out to see Frank. He was bareheaded and barefooted. Mrs. Weaver was clearing away the breakfast table when she saw from the kitchen window the boy and the dog down at the fence along the front of the lot. "Dayton!" she called. Dayton did not answer. Generally he replies to this call with "Here I be mamma!" But when his brain is busy with the plan for a tour of exploration he refrains from answering. Mrs. Weaver knows this, and when she called again she added a threat of punishment. Just then there was a wild wail of rage and hunger from the crib, and Mrs. Weaver had no furthur time to talk to Dayton.

At 10 o'clock she thought of him again, but he was nowhere to be seen. She started in search of him, but gave it up at noon and decided to wait until one of the neighbors brought him. The afternoon wore on, but Dayton and his dog did not return. The sky clouded, and at 5 o'clock rain began to fall. Mrs. Weaver was alone in the house, and, althought frantic with anxiety, could do nothing until her husband returned. He came at 8 o'clock, and at once started in search of the missing boy. He inquired at every house withing a radius of half a mile, but no one had seen Dayton or Frank. The night was perfectly dark, and the rain was falling in torrents. At 11 o'clock Mr. Weaver returned and began to upbraid his wife. After a while he went to bed. She sat all night by the window, sleepless and without weeping. In the gray of the morning she awoke her husband and he started forth. The rain was still falling as it had fallen all night. The roads were miry and half covered with water. All the creeks and brooks were swollen beyond their banks. Mr. Weaver went to the mill and told Mr. Harder that the boy was lost. Mr. Harder shut down the mill and started thirty-five men out with Weaver. They were joined by a number of men from the neighborhood. All day Wednesday and until far in the night they scoured the country around, but found no trace of boy or dog. Stories of bands of gypsies were soon afloat, and wild rumors of all kinds. But no band of gypsies could be found or traced reliably, and no rumor developed anything.

Again Mr. Weaver returned to his home weary and wet to the skin. Mrs. Weaver was still sitting by the window, and not a tear had fallen from her eyes.

"The boy must be dead," said the husband. "The rain would kill him, even if he wasn't scared to death or if he isn't dead from hunger."

The mother neither moved nor spoke. All the night she sat listening to the falling rain. When with the approach of morning it ceased, she awoke her husband again, gave him his breakfast, and sent him out. The day cleared, but the two days and nights of rain had made the woods and fields swamps. The creeks were now running rivers, and were not fordable.

"It's no use to search," said one of the men. "He couldn't 'alived through this rain and without food."

So most of them went home. But in the afternoon Mr. Harden offered a reward of $50 for the child, dead or alive. Handbills were distributed throughout Greenport township and Hudson. Another night passed and this morning there came a great gathering of men from all districts. They came in wagons, on horseback, on foot. All wore rubber boots, and many carried horns and guns. The search was organized under Mr. Harden and Mr. Brownell. It was directed towards Jones, back mountains, which lies to the east of Weaver's place. This was once quarried, and is now full of water holes, as the deep, narrow scoops were blasting has been done are called. These holes are the terror of the hunter. The water in them looks shallow, and is thus a pitfall into which he often plunges to his neck.

"Watch the water holes," said Mr. Harden. "He may have fallen into one of them."

The search was continued all the morning, while Mrs. Weaver sat at home surrounded by the kind women of the neighborhood. She is a young woman, with a slight and delicate beauty of face. Her features are regular and her head well poised. Her eyes are large and expressive. As she sat waiting her mouth was tightly drawn, and in her eyes was a strange and strained look. She was thinking always of the bright, laughter-loving, mischief making boy, who could only speak a little and called her name with a lisp. She was wondering where that boy was after the four days and three nights of absence. The women were wondering why she did not cry.

Among those who started out, partly to search and partly to hunt were Fred Coon, son of the grocer of Greenport, and his friend, Giles D. Van Deusen, an electrician, living in Brooklyn. They separated from the 100 and more who were searching Jones' back mountain. They went west to Newman's woods, two miles from Weaver's. They searched through Newnam's, and then began to look into the dense and tangled swamp woods belonging to Mr. Delamatyr. There is not a wilder or more untrodden place about Hudson. The light scarcely penetrates the thick foliage. The ground is rough and closely covered with brush and trailing vines. Van Deusen and Coon had penetrated some distance into this forest and came to the edge of the swamp surrounded by cedars. They were now 3 miles from Weaver's house.

"Let's look in here," said Van Deusen.

He handed Coons his gun and began to make his way through the edge of the swamp. All at once he stopped in astonishment. There was a clear bit of firm ground a few yards in front of him. In the midst of it was a cedar tree. Under the tree, seated upon the ground, was the lost boy. His bare, brown legs, torn and bleeding, were stretched straight in front of him. His bare feet were bruised and cut. His brown gingham apron was wet and dirty, as was also the blue gingham dress under it. His hands were torn and smeared with blood. He was quietly sitting there, playing with a tin can. He had put a stone in it and it was making a great rattling. Frank, the dog, was running to and fro about him, seemingly enjoying the noise. The boy's face was tear-stained and his eyes were swollen. But he was not crying then, and there was a littte laughter lurking in his face, which was thin and hollow and flushed with fever. His head was bare and his hair was badly mussed.

Van Deusen was astounded at this scene, when he with everybody else supposed that the boy was dead after these days and nights of exposure to rain and cold. He went toward the child. The pup ran at him savagely and began to bark and snap. But the boy looked at him with frank, questioning eyes, and said:

"Want mamma. I'se hungwy."

Van Deusen picked up this prodigy of endurance. The gingham apron and dress were soaked through and through.

"You're hungry?" he inquired.

"'Ess. An' I'se wet. It wained an' wained." Then the child began to sob a little, and said, "It was dark and cold I want mamma."

But he soon stopped crying and began to shiver and shake as though cold. The child has always made friends with strangers easily. He was soon at home with the man in shooting clothes, who assured him that he was being taken to his mother. Dayton gave a sigh of relief as they came from the damp, dark forest into the clear sunlight of the afternoon.

Mrs. Weaver's face had not changed as she watched the parties go out to search for her baby boy. Crowds of men stood in the door and stared curiously at her or asked to see the picture, which was the only one she had. Finally she was left with the baby and with a neighbor, Mrs. Kisselburgh. It was well on toward 3 o'clock. Mrs. Kisselburgh walked to the kitchen door, and stood there, looking down the road. Suddenly she screamed. Then she said:

"My God! There's Dayton."

The mother was out of the door at a bound. Yes, there was Dayton in the arms of a man in shooting clothes. Frank was trotting wearily behind.

"Dayton! Dayton!" she called.

The baby boy turned his head quickly and then stretched out his arms. By this time Mrs. Weaver was at the gate, laughing, screaming, crying. The man quickened his pace, and soon the boy was with his mother, safe again after enduring hunger and cold and rain and dampness and fatigue that few grown men would care to risk. His first words were:

"Hungry, mamma!" and then he began to cry softly.

They took off the three thin and wet garments which had been his only protection. They dressed and bandaged the scratched and bleeding legs that had grown so thin. They sent for Dr. Cochran from Hudson. He was astonished at the endurance of the child, and said that, although he seemed to be well aside from a little fever and the scratches, several days would have to pass before the evil efforts could be gauged.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Van Deusen with Dayton and the dog, young Coons fired his gun several times and at intervals. The searchers began to stroll in a few at a time until the yard around the Weaver house was filled. There were tears in the eyes of some of the men as they looked into the kitchen and saw the young mother crying and sobbing over the boy, who sat on her lap and looked about with his eyes wide open and astonished. Frank was running around the chair in which the boy and his mother sat. He would sniff inquiringly at the bandages and then try to leap into Mrs. Weaver's lap beside Dayton. Finally some one thought that perhaps the dog might be hungry. They tried him and found that he was. Both dog and boy were fed on warm milk at first. As the dog is only three months old, its fidelity to the boy is most remarkable. The boy, sitting on his mother's lap, looked at him and said: "Fwank laid wis me!" This was about the only remark he made. The story of his suffering, his fear in the great lonely forest, with the rain falling through the inky darkness of the night, will never be told. But it can be imagined.

All this afternoon the news of the finding of the boy was spreading, and people were coming from every direction to see him. Every one who came was allowed to see him until he became nervous, and then the doctor forbade it. Two hours after his return he fell asleep in his mother's arms. His fingers were clasped about her hand. The dog lay on the door near by, his head resting upon his forepaws.

A Cure for Ingrowing Toe Nails.

The following treatment was prescribed to me thirty years ago by our family physician, and was a permanent cure in my case, and has been in that of several to whom I have recommended it:

1. Wear stockings that are at least one-half inch longer than the foot.

2. Wear broad-toed shoes or boots that will allow the toes to rest without lateral pressure when standing. If possible, have the boots or shoes made over a last which has an elevation—a "knob"—where the great toe comes, so as to stretch the uppers up, thus preventing pressure on the nails.

3. Cease cutting the nail in any manner, but allow it to grow until it is from one-half inch to three-quarters inch beyond the "quick," bearing the soreness and pain that will come while growing to that length, with as much patience as possible, but on no consideration cutting any part of the nail. Putting cloth or cotton under it will usually add to the pain, because increasing the pressure.

4. Three or four times a week (every day is not too often), before retiring, soak the feet for half an hour in soap suds as hot as can readily be borne, and with a small blunt knife blade carefully remove from under and around the nail any dirt or matter that may have accumulated. Soaking the feet will do much toward removing the soreness. After the nail has grown to the required length, it may be trimmed as occasion requires, but always in such a manner as to leave the end of the nail about the shape of the end of the toe, with the corners at least ¼ inch beyond the flesh, until the cure is effected; and even then the nail should never be cut back of the end of the toe.

Soaking the feet as often as once each week, and cleaning the nails as prescribed, will do much toward preventing a return of the malady.

I may add that frequent soaking the feet and scraping with a dull knife the callous places while moist, with easy-fitting shoes or boots, will remove and prevent corns and bunions.

I have not the space to give reasons for the above treatment, but they will become apparent to any whe use it.

Norwich, N. Y. C. R. J.

Something About Diphtheria.

This is the season of the year when diphtheria's ravages are most to be feared. No precautions against it should be considered too great or too troublesome. It is a dangerous contagious disease, and with a view to posting the public as to the proper course to pursue to prevent its encroachment and check its spread Dr. C. W. Chancellor, the executive officer of the State Board of Health, has prepared a document which is to be commended for general reading. Dr. Chancellor lays down the following important rules:

"First—When a child or a young person has a sore throat, and especially if it has fever, it should immediately be kept separated from all other persons, except necessary attendants, until it be ascertained whether or not it has diphtheria or some other communicable disease.

"Second—Every person known to be sick with diphtheria should be promptly and thoroughly isolated from the public; no more persons than are actually necessary should have charge of or visit the patient, and they should be restricted in their intercourse with other persons.

"Third—Plain and distinct notices should be placed upon the premises or house in which there is a person sick with diphtheria, and no child should be allowed to enter.

"Fourth—Householders or physicians should immediately give notice of the first case and of every case of diphtheria to the local health officer or to the secretary of the State Board of Health. This is required by law of 1890, chapter 622."

Only a Mistake.

Little a-year-old Tom Gibson, of California, ought to make a good lawyer if he keeps on. One day not long ago his father said to him:

"Tom, get my slippers. They are under the bed."

Pretty soon Tom came back empty handed.

"Fader," said he, "you told a big lie."

"How is that?" said his father.

"Well," replied Tom, "I looked under the bed and no slippers there. No slippers there, fader."

"That wasn't a lie, my son," replied his father. "That was a mistake."

The slippers were found and the incident was forgotten until a few days afterward. Tom came running into the house with his lips betraying visible evidence that he had been eating.

"Tom, what have you been eating?"

"Nothing."

"Why Tom, there are crumbs all over your mouth. Don't you know you have told me a story," said his mother.

"No, that was a mistake," replied Tom.

A LIGHT and effective movable fence is a desideratum.

By trying to do too much, many farmers do too little.

Keeping the weeds out is better than pulling them out.

The Chemist's Story.

I am a chemist. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P——.

It was about 1 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory at the south end of the college buildings.

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college, and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory I took down a glass jar from the shelf and sat down behind my sink to examine it. An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had labored hard to discover traces of the position in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good-hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when, among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to try a well known test for that poison.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him."

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long before his hands like a molasses candy stick. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

I was police surgeon as well as coroner.

"Don't bother, professor; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Brain disorder, I mean something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said: "Ay, as I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station tomorrow to take a look and see if it is post mortem or not. Besides I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, and while his eyes wandered about like one who felt himself called upon to say something, he said:

"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon—terrible, too."

"What was it?"

"Nitro glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—100 fellow mortals busted."

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Professor what is that nitro glycerine?"

"It's a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy."

"You don't mean to say so," said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it goes off. If the fire won't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"

I told him if it were pressed or anything fell on it, it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let weight fall on it from a height"——

"Yes," said the man, "and that rouses its volcaner, does it?"

"I suppose, professor, that this can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No?" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so?"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman and the first thing that functionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! It does look like it! But my dear professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well." I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in this brain hatching—was he going to murder me? Was it myself who was to hang, instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. It was altogether too slight a support even for one of my tender frame. It was not to be hanging, then. Under the weight on the floor he placed a can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse and it would burn in six minutes. It would run across the marble slab; there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead. Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, to kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to himself. Slowly the flames crept snake-like around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone." He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's name on it, from the table and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let me see in whose hands thou art the most powerful."

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, heavens! What agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to leave. Joy.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can possibly save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and reached forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rang with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. In an instant a great length burned away. It would just last five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes this villain must die with us. I dare not free him. Help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burned up. The rope is on fire—the nitro-glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards on a midnight visit to the sick has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand, the weight descends indeed, but not on the death dealing oil. No; down it goes through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved.

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

In the Quiet Country.

I had been staying at an Indiana farm house all night, and the next morning the farmer said he would give me a lift into town. When he was ready to go he called to his oldest boy:

"Bill, is that shotgun loaded with salt for tramps?"

"Yes."

"Got the gates shut so that no mad dogs kin get in?"

"Yes."

"Well, keep a lookout for windmill, lightning rod, organ and sewing machine men. Don't have any truck with the peddlers and poultry buyers. Don't let in any patent gate or wire fence men. Keep clear of patent hayforks and don't waste no time on churns, force pumps, ice cream freezers, bag holders, patent barrels, fruit trees, no old owl traps."

"No."

"And say Bill!" called the old man after we had driven forty or fifty rods, "don't buy no cure for the heaves, no fireproof paint, no patent gate hinges, pitchforks nor encyclopedias."

"No."

We had driven about three miles when he suddenly pulled up with an explanation of disgust.

"What is it?"

"Hang my hide if I didn't forget to warn Bill agin Bohemian oats, New England clover, and them pesky insurance agents! Well, it is too late now, but I guess I kin git back home afore the mob overpowers him."

THEY have queer lightning out in Ohio, if we are to believe the papers of that section. A flash that killed a man near Springfield made a cross on his back and dug a hole behind him just like a grave. It is also reported that it paid the funeral expenses, collected the life insurance and married the widow. But there may be liars in Ohio.

PARSON BLUETT—Brother Richard will please take up the collection.

Deadwood Dick (the converted road agent, reaching for his hip pocket)—Throw up yer hands, gent! Er—hold on—I mean, be liberal, brethen, for the good cause!—*Puck.*

WALDO F. BROWN says that the best fairs are the small district or county fairs, controlled by farmers and managed at little expense.

MAKE a note of it now. Save everything you can on your farm, utilize all the products of your field, orchard and gardens.

KEEP a variety of stock as well as cultivate a variety of crops.

ALL kinds of fowl should have a clean shelter and good range.

PAINT over or wax over all considerable wounds on your trees.

As a rule, it is best to market your crop as soon as it is ready.

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.

What Will Be Worn This Fall.

Probably the most welcome news to merchants is, that this is to be a "trimming season." While the styles of making garments are rather of a plain order, the dress or cloak must be elaborately garnitured. Certainly most attractive goods are offered for this purpose, as will be found upon reading "Trimmings," in which the jeweled passementeries and other novelties are described. As the season advances, fur will be lavishly used in the black, brown, and gray varieties. Boas, capes, and close-fitting jackets are the especial fads in the fur line. Long cloaks have the high, flared collar or boa roll of fur; jackets and shoulder capes, short, and below the waist, have the inevitable high sleeve, yoke, and Medici collar features.

Sleeves must be large, and are generally of a second fabric; many are excessively long, coming really over the hand, but this cannot be called a general fashion. The flared collars also appear on basques, as do yodes, pointed girdles, corselets, V's, round and shaped belts. Skirts may be lifted up to fit over the bodice, giving a round-waisted appearance, with the fullness corded at the top in place of sewing it to a band. Basques are opened diagonally down the left side, centre front, and some have no visible opening, though the supposition is that there is one somewhere. Plaids, large and small checks, plain and figured goods in combination, silk brocades, heliotrope, blue, and brown shades are all fairly launched for this season's opening in September. Velvit may be used with a profuse hand. In millinery goods velvet effects abound in stripes and figures. Hats may be very large or coquettishly small, with clusters of tips, small birds, many fancy pins and galloons for the trimming. Cut plaids on the bias and put silk or velvet sleeves with them. Fur capes are put on with light dresses when the first chilly days come.

Before the time comes for fall shopping and dressmaking, one can wear various net, lace, and silk skirts with a lace bodice over black surah, selecting the black Louis Quatorze lace in raised figures outlined in gold. Another luxury for mid-season is a white crepon tea-gown lined with white surah, and trimmed with black embroidery laid over white puffings of chiffion, peeping in between the points of the embroidery. A belt of this keeps the soft folds of the bodice in place, and over them is a rolled collar of embroidery.

A lovely evening gown for a brunette is of a deep yellow tone in a rich brocade; the front is veiled with white lisse, on which is embroidered a double lattice-work in the same orange color; each side of the skirt is arranged in a fashion of its own, and the iridescent trimming is caught up with diamonds buckles; the sleeves are three-quarter length, with an over-sleeve of embroidery and lisse. The bodice is trimmed back and front in a V form, outlined with the galloon, the shimmering of which contrasts admirably with the deep yellow. Black silk and lace costumes are lit up in a wonderful manner with gold galloon or jeweled passementerie. The gilt-worked lace for gowns forms a draped front and full sleeves, with the remainder of plain Brussels net or lace skirting.

Pleatings are worn all around skirts, also in clusters of knife pleatings across the front only, as a trimming, and as a jabot panel down one a both sides. A quaint yoke is finished with at knife-pleated frill of surah the shade of the dress, which is also used for the collar and cuffs. These frills appear quite prominently on home dresses of an "old-time" fashion. The heliotrope shades have more of a purplish cast now, and will not prove so ruinous to the generality of complexions. Let brunettes beware of the new bluett blue, which is of a greenish cast like a turquoise.

Silk blouses can be worn until cold weather. Quite the dressiest are of surah or China silk, with the edges of the cuffs, collar, and box-pleat down the front scalloped and worked in wash silks. These waits are laundried well by using care in the washing, ironing on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, and not lining them. Flannel waists are more stylishly made with a yoke in the back like a shirt. Bright waists of tartan surah are worn in the house with woolen skirts. Some China silk waists are shaped around the neck and waist-line, wrists and top of the sleeves with rows of shirring. With a couple of waists and a black silk skirt one may present several changes of costume.

The earliest fall dresses show sleeves yoke, and border of velvet, with silk gimp garniture and dress of faint lines, self plaids or plain goods. Jacket effects remain in good form, and one sleeveless velvet jacket may be worn with different silk blouses or a silk front, collar and sleeves, having a silesia back. Women having pretty necks will adopt the Servian vest of black cloth having a short back, pointed front, and low collarless neck, with silk, braid, and bead embroidery covering the surface, and large red surah sleeves. With a black silk skirt this will prove a striking toilette for house wear.

Dressy gowns of black and white of mourning wear have scalloped edges bound with white braid. Bodice waists or corselets like the skirt are worn, with blouse waists of plain or figured silk. Fan-pleated backs are very fashionable for skirts. Many skirts are fastened up over the bodice in the back to give the appearance of a princesse dress. Modistes claim that the handsomest fitting skirt is obtained by cutting the outside material bais, laying the back in fan-pleats, either side in one box-pleat, and having the front plain over a lining of the usual shape-cut two yards and three-quarters wide. Where the skirt is pleated a lining of crinoline is required.

The ever elegant long ceat, known as the Louis Quatorze, is again brought out to wear with odd silk skirts. The chief features are the large cuffs, high collar, outside pockets, and long vest having divergent points of hadsome brocade or tinsel-worked satin. A lace jabot is worn at the throat. The coat basque of plain silk is long, has a round back, and cutaway fronts fitted with Newmarket or cross-hip seams. The sleeves are coat-shaped and a trifle full at the top.

SAVE all the coarse fodder you can. It works in well with the finer.

ALL animals require shade in summer and warm quarters in winter.

BUY no more machinery than you need and take good care of it.

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