THE KENT NEWS:
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,

formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price

CLOTHING HOUSE

OF

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,

where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

LOWEST

FOR GENTLEMEN!

Black Cheviots at $10, $12, $15 and $18, in Single and Double-Breasted Sacks and Cutaways, guaranteed to fit to perfection. Selling Imported Worsteds and Fancy Cassimere Suits, beautifully tailored, for $18, $20, $22 and $25; also, Corkscrews and Diagonals in Prince Alberts and Cutaways. To order they would cost nearly double.

Silk-Lined Overcoats as Low as $15. Very Handsome Coats with Silk Facings for $8, $8.50, $10 and $12. Strong-Wear Overcoats as Low as $6, but the better grades go faster. English Styles come under the $15 class—the finest Meltons, Kerseys and Cheviots cost only $20 to $25. Our $10, $12 and $15 qualities are decidedly popular. Extra effort put into Light-Weight Overcoats intended for dress. Doing an enormous business in Light Overcoats. Showing styles not usually found in clothing stores.

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ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

HAVE BEEN REACHED AT

A. FRIEDMAN'S.

HAVING studied the wants of the people for the past years we feel confident that their most sanguine expectations can be gratified both in regard to Choice Line selected with great care and at a PRICE IN KEEPING WITH THE TIMES, for we know you must get your money's worth, and having bought our stock lower than ever direct from the largest manufacturers in the country, we can and will give you every dollar that belongs to you in a Suit of Clothes, for any age from 5-year-suit to the plain, substantial one of 90 summers. We have a CHOICE LINE OF YOUNG MEN'S SUITINGS in Plain and Fancy Cheviots, Double-Breasted Coat and Vest, Diagonals, Wide Wales, Corkscrews, and all the Leading Styles in Cassimeres and Worsted. A Grand Line of Nice, Plain, Neat, Serviceable patterns such as will suit the middle-aged man, and stand the test of time without a change in color. Then you can bring the Boy along; we have a Suit for him also among a line of goods manufactured especially for us in new and exclusive designs, and can fit him correctly in any grade you want.

FURNISHINGS.—We also have a Choice Line of Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear and Hats, all new and Choice Designs.

BOOTS and SHOES for MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.

FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

We have them in stock any size, style, or width you want, and also make to measure, of the Finest Stock and Workmanship, and Guarantee a Fit in Every Case. Full line of Men's Boys' and Youths' Boots very low. Can also save you money on this line of goods. THE RIVETED SHOE, Men's $2.75, Boy's $2.50. Come in and get squarely dealt with.

A. FRIEDMAN,
The Leading Clothier, Opposite Stam's Hall.

Oct. 25, 1890.

THOMAS G. WROTH,

UNDER STAM'S HALL. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS

for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.

Very respectfully, THOS. G. WROTH,
Sept. 20, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

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ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

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will receive prompt attention at Prices Guaranteed to be as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Building and Whitewash Lime,
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AT CITY PRICES.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.

Come and see us before buying.

m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.

Office on Cannon St., near Princess.

J. T. TWILLEY.

July 17, 1890—tf.

A VERY OLD FRIEND.

I have just come out of the postoffice, where I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me. It was that of a man about my own age, with bronzed features and somewhat attenuated figure. As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before, our eyes met, and I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual; for he came towards me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saying, "Hello, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" "I don't know why he said this and of course I don't attempt to defend it, but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however I smiled pleasantly and said as I shook hands, "Well, if you come to that, who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

We stood opposite each other for a few seconds; I simpering somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting and struggling to recall his name; and he with his head slightly on one side and an expression of courteously suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable law. I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little embarrassing, I said inconsequently, "Well, what have you been doing all this time?" "Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia, you know." "Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why, you went there"—and I hesitated, as though calculating the exact day of his departure. "Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintance of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion; so to gain time and to gather fresh information I asked, "And what sort of a time have you had?" "Oh, much about the same as before," he answered with a puzzled air.

I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I am one of those painfully constituted people who shrink with nervous horror from any thing in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to cry off without some appearance of sincerity. Besides, he seemed to congratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting that my lips were sealed and I felt confirmed in the idea that if I let things slide a little longer his name would recur to my mind.

He had slipped his arm through mine as we walked up town, with an easy sense of good fellowship, and said: "Of course you will dine with me this evening. Now, don't you say you are engaged," he added, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk and I join them to-morrow."

I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment and added in a playfully solicitous manner, "And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are tip-top—all except the colonel, after a pause and a slightly subdued air; "I don't think he is ever quite got over that affair."

"Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day; but the others?"

"What others?" he said bluntly.

I hesitated, and rejoined vaguely: "Were there not some others?"

He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying, "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference."

I was just murmuring, "Very likely not," when he turned abruptly and said, "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?"

His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or coldness on my part.

I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and pressed his fingers as I rejoined warmly, "I never heard anyone speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in the matter."

He stopped and said shortly: "Why, who knows anything about it? I thought you and I had it all to ourselves."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, and added, inconsequently, "you know you have been away for sometime, old fellow."

It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument and said:

"There is something in that, but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me."

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown that a glow of sympathetic affection warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Come what might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me.—Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea table tittle tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth, the unworthy ambitions of manhood, and the selfish jealousies of old age. Who is there that can stand up and say there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said, more easily, "Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family."

Before I had time to reflect on what might be the result of my disclosure I blurted the simple truth, "I have no wife."

He looked intensely surprised as he said: "My dear fellow, I am very sorry. I never heard——"

He paused inquiringly, and again I said that I never had one.

A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine said, with infinite sympathy: "I see it all I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I said those words."

I gave him a clammy hand and turned away lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There were no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank.

My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the suppositious mother of my children, a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blush to think of the people I married, the old friends buried, and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated, "You don't tell me so!" as I conveyed some specially startling pieces of news.

However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

"You'll come and see us?" he said cordially, as we parted.

"Yes, certainly," I replied; "but where are you putting up now?"

"Oh, the same old quarters," he returned.

"What is the best way to get there?" I asked as a last hope.

"You can't do better than take a cab," he said, and we parted never to meet again.

Through Ignorance.

Animals must frequently be surprised at receiving punishment, "for their good," when they are innocent of intentional wrong doing. Puss, in her kitten days, steals a dish of tempting fish from the table, and had her ears boxed. She is a wiser cat from that time, as well as a sadder one at the moment. One can imagine her retreating to the woodshed to think it over after the blow has fallen. Perhaps she bewails her sad fate, and exclaims against its cruelty, as we do when we have sinned through ignorance, and not escaped the penalty.

"Oh, what a homely picture!" cried a little girl, who was visiting a severe aunt, for the first time. "I am sorry you think so," said that lady, frigidly. "That is my own portrait, painted when I was sixteen."

"But need she have embittered my visit by telling me so!" exclaimed the offender, long years after. I was punished as much as if I had wished to be rude."

A little boy who did not know what it was to feel the effects of poison ivy, one day carried an armful of its autumn-tinted leaves to his teacher, and laid them on her desk, as a pleasant surprise. That morning she came late to school, and approached her chair just as the headmaster had finished conducting devotions. She glanced at the offering on her desk, started back, and put her handkerchief to her face.

"Who brought this?" she called, with emphasis.

The little boy rose, proud of receiving public thanks.

"Take it away at once," was the peremptory command. "The smell, the very sight of it poisons me."

Poor Johnnie, very much depressed, gathered it in his arms, and deposited it in the waste-basket.

"Not there," said the teacher, "the janitor might touch it. Go down and put it in the furnace."

Then Johnnie, amid the titter of his fellows, took his embarrassed way out of the room. All his pleasant anticipations had been turned to bitterness by the mortifying fact that he had done the wrong thing.

Perhaps the most simple innocent of all rejoinders from such unwitting culprits, was one made by little Kitty Lee. One day, she was found in the pantry, seated on the floor, and holding a custard pie in her lap. Alas! it had once been a pie, but, now nothing was left but the crust. Kitty looked up, her lips smeared with custard, and smiled serenely upon her discoverer.

"Nice custard pie!" quoth she.

John L. on the Australian Ballot.

John L. Sullivan was playing in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" at the Academy of Music Baltimore, Nov. 11. A correspondent asked him what he thought of the Australian ballot law in vogue in Maryland,

John L.'s countenance brightened up. He laid himself back in a chair and said:

"It is an emphatically [this is changed from the original] good law. You see that to some extent it prevents bribery, 'cause every man has to vote by himself as it were and agin as a man has ter sign his name to his ticket, he ain't agoin' to vote for nobody that he is ashamed to vote for, 'cause the judges can see his name in countin' of the ballots."

Mr. Sullivan was informed that a voter was not required to sign his ticket.

"I say he does," thundered John L. He bristled up and looked angry and appeared mad enough to fight the cylinder of a threshing machine, and said he would be confused (only the real word was harsher) if he didn't know all about Australian laws; that he had been in Australia; had fought Australians, Kilrain, and others, and he could send any man to hades inside of three minutes who would dispute his assertion that a man did have to sign his ticket.

A reporter present timidly drew from his pocket a sample ballot and showed it to Mr. Sullivan. The ticket contained instructions for voting, cross mark included.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said John L. "I said a man had to sign his name, and what in Euroclydon is the difference between signing his name and making his mark?"

And he walked off with the air of a man who had delivered a great lecture to one who didn't know what he was talking about.

From the Frostburg (Md.) Mining Journal.

"THE WOMEN DID IT."

I was one of them fool miners; yes, I'll own it like a man;
There was plenty of us fashioned on the same peculiar plan;
And I've lived in Allegany more than five and twenty years,
A growin' no richer as it certainly appears.

I seldom read the newspapers; I work too hard for that;
And never knew why I got lean while other men got fat;
I didn't fool with politics; I had too much to do;
But I always "voted as I shot," and as they told me to.

The day before election, jest imagine my distress,
When I ketched my wife a readin'—now whatever would you guess?—
A free trade publication, and, to make it worse, she said
She'd read it regular each night before she went to bed.

And do you know that wife of mine jest faced me up and down
That miners work for consumers that live at ease in town;
I always try to get round these warm domestic spats,
But when I praised Protection she laughed and answered "Rats."

I bristled up; It kindled all the sentiment of strife
To think this free trade stuff should be corruptin' of my wife;
I quit her then and there before her argument was through,
As every good Protectionist makes it a rule to do.

That night we had a meeting and our little McC. was there;
We gave him "John's Brown's Body" when he went to take the chair;
I wore my old blue uniform to spite the Democrats,
But all the time I wandered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

Our Congressman was eloquent; he made a stirring speech;
I could almost see the battle's smoke and hear the bullets screech,
And when he bade us "vote as we had shot" at Malvern Hill,
We rose with one accord and cried with one acclaim, "We will!"

When we sang the good old war songs, we ate a mess of beans,
And we passed the evenin' pleasantly recallin' bloody scenes;
And we took the straight-out tickets and pinned 'em on our hats,
But all the time I wandered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

But as time went on I noticed that Mary wore a smile,
Which seemed to me as indicatin' storms ahead, or bile;
To head her off I said: "You'll call me early, mother, dear,
For tomorrer'll be the liveliest day free trade will have this year."

Next mornin' jest at sun-up as I woke and rubbed my eyes,
A wonderin' what she meant by "Rats" I saw to my surprise—
My clothes and hat and boots arranged in order on the floor,
And bearin' each a card I swear I never saw before.

My flannel shirt displayed the sign, "Taxed 95 per cent;"
My trousers, "Taxed 100"—so this was what "Rats" meant;
My vest said "Taxed 100," and my shoes "Taxed 25,"
And coat and hat "200," with "Protection Makes us Thrive."

I went to fill the basin and I noticed as I came
"Taxed 45 per cent"—Great Scott! the towel said the same!
The soap was marked at "20," as I dropped it on the floor
I saw a scuttle full of coal chalked "Tariff—no more."

I passed into the kitchen and it gives me pain to state
That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped "Only 58."
And in shooing out a chicken hen she made a little dive,
Which showed a pair of stockings with a card marked "35."

The baby in his little bed was lyin' fast asleep;
I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap;
But when I saw them cards on pillow, crib and sheet,
I felt a lump rise in my throat; I knew that I was beat.

No matter where I went I struck them pesky little signs;
The stoves, the plates, the knives, the forks, the window sash and blinds,
The scissors, needles, thread, all bore that terrible per cent.
Begosh, didn't dare to ask what card was on the rent.

That was the soberest meal I ever ate in all my life;
And as I left the table in remarkin' to my wife
That I was goin' to the polls, she helped me with my coat,
And said, "I reckon, John, I needn't tell you how to vote."

I walked down to my votin' place; it looked like every yard
Was full of minin' implements which bore a little card,
And seemed to say from pick to spade, from sledger down to axe,
"Good mornin', John, and don't forget the tariff is a tax."

I voted straight—O yes, no doubt of that; I voted straight,
But not exactly in the way expected of my State;
And I showed the boys the little cards provided by my wife;
That night our Congressman took formal leave of public life.

I was one of them fool miner durin' five and twenty years,
You can run and tell McKinley, and—say—don't forget to state
That we voted in Allegany, and voted darned near straight!

ELLENGOWAN.

SHERIDAN'S WIT.

He Organized a Walking Match Between Turkeys and Geese.

When Sheridan was hard up for cash he used to make his wit earn the means of subsistence, and he could accomplish this no better than by laying wagers with the prince regent. A discussion once arose as to the respective walking capabilities of turkeys and geese, and the wit expressed himself very incredulous of the assertion that turkeys would walk twice as far as geese in a given space of time. He affected to believe that geese could be driven as fast on the road as turkeys, and the thing appeared so very absurd that the prince instantly laid him a heavy wager that such was not the case.

Sheridan, however, knowing the "early-to-bed" habits of turkeys, to care to arrange for a long distance to be traversed, and fix the period of trial late in the afternoon. The consequence was that evening set in before the rival flocks had anything like arrived at their destination, and although the turkeys outstripped the geese at first, as the shades of night fell they refused to be driven forward, and got to flying up on to the branches of the tees at the roadside. The geese, however, were driven steadily forward to the goal, and the prince as usual lost his wager.—*Spare Moments.*

ROWNE DE BOUT—"Are you still in the swim?" Upson Downes—"Yes; on my back just at present."—*Puck.*

NECESSITY is the mother of invention; and likewise the father of lies.

The Rabbit Plague in Australia.

A recent report by the United States consul at Sydney, N. S. W., gives a vivid idea of the extent of the rabbit pest in Australia. The extraordinary fecundity of the animals under the climatic conditions there prevailing have caused the country to be completely overrun with them. Vast regions are devastated, and the grass and other herbage is devoured. The government has spent immense sums to destroy and repress them. New South Wales has spent nearly $4,000,000. Several thousand miles of wire fencing has been erected, and large amounts in bounties for scalps have been paid. The bounty has varied from two cents a scalp to twenty-four cents, according to the number of rabbits in the district. The rabbit hunters have earned from $20 up to $50 a week. The natural consequence has been that the extermination of rabbits has been the last thing desired by some of these rabbit hunters, and the bounty began to take the form of a practical subsidy or protection for the very animals it was desired to destroy. The employment of the rabbit hunters was made compulsory on the owners of land. The determination has at last been reached to discontinue the payment of such bounties.

Wire fencing has been found of use. A height of 3 feet, with $1\frac{3}{8}$ mesh and No. 17 wire, has been found effective in excluding them. A wooden picket fence is also noted as giving good results.

The figure of five millions is given as the possible increase of two pairs of rabbits in three years. Yet even this is a low estimate of the possibilities of reproduction of rabbits. The average life of a rabbit is put at about nine years. The doe may have young eight times in a year, averaging eight each time. The first litter is produced when but four months old. The progressions based on these figures lead to astonishing results. For three years the possible progeny of two rabbits has been calculated as over thirteen millions, and for seven years as fifteen hundred millions. Of course these estimates may exceed reality, but they indicate the impossibility of killing off the foreign invader. Fifteen million skins have been exported from New South Wales in one year, yet the rabbits are not diminished. The climate of Australia seems to be such that no extraneous limit is placed to their propagation. In other lands they do not increase to any extent, and in settled places often become extinct. Instances of their destructive power are only too frequent in the antipodes. At a place called Terganynia, in 1890, 60,000 acres of grass was destroyed by them, although a million were killed on this identical tract.

At present the southwestern part of the continent is most afflicted. Curiously enough, tame rabbits will not spread. In the early history of the country they were introduced, but did not thrive. The origin of the present evil is traced to a single pair of wild brown rabbits liberated in Victoria. The first enactments against them were passed in 1879.

While their destruction would seem hopeless, in view not only of the figures given above, but on account of the experience of the past decade, attempts are still in progress. Poisoning is extensively used, of course unfitting the animals for food. This is held to be an advantage, as any utilization of the animal is in the line of opposition to its extermination. It is largely on account of poisoning that many canning factories started to utilize rabbits as a food product have been abandoned. Ferrets are found useful, but they have already done much harm to poultry and some of the interesting indigenous birds. Traps that kill the rabbits kill ferrets also, so the use of wire pounds to capture them in quantities alive is advised.

It will be remembered that a reward was offered by the government of New South Wales for a method for the destruction of rabbits. Up to the end of last year about 1,500 methods had been proposed and examined, but none answered the requirements. No less than 115 were for the destruction by disease. One curious scheme consisting in the killing of the females and letting the males escape. This, it is claimed, will bring about a preponderance of the males, who will worry the females to death. This plan is actually under trial now.

M. Pasteur, the eminent French biologist, proposed to introduce chicken cholera by inoculation. He reserved as his secret the method of preparing the virus, which secret he agreed to divulge only if the reward was given him. The method was tried most carefully under the superintendence of M. Pasteur's own assistants. Rodd Island, near Sydney, was chosen for the work. The commission reported adversely, holding that practically the virus was little or no better than arsenic or other known poison. Thus the reward of $25,000 remains in abeyance, while the rabbits continue to be as bad a plague as ever.

"Bringing Father's Dinner."

It was in the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton depot in Cincinnati one day, when one of the men employed to oil the cars as they came in accidentally fell under the wheels of a moving coach and had his right leg and hip crushed in a horrible manner. He was picked up and laid on some coats spread on the platform, and a doctor was soon on hand. He must have suffered intensely, but after the doctor had examined him he coolly asked:

"Doctor, how bad is it?"

"Very bad, indeed."

"Will I live?"

"Not more than ten minutes, you are bleeding to death."

"What time is it, Jim?" asked the man of a fellow employe.

"Eleven fifty-five," was the answer.

"The children will bring my dinner at sharp 12. Some of you go and stop them. They mus'n't see me die. Poor, motherless children—orphans now!"

I went to the door with others, and we were just in time to stop a boy of 8 and a girl of 6 from coming in. Each had hold of the handle of a basket containing father's dinner and they were smiling in anticipation of the greeting they would receive. We sent them away with a false story about his having gone home, and the eyes of both were filled with tears of disappointment. The echo of their footsteps could still be heard on the pavement when the father breathed his last.—*New York Sun.*

THE most sweeping argument of the irate housewife is the broomstick.

From the Cecil Democrat.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

Can It Be Secured? Why Not?

The importance to the people of the county of the proposed Easton & Northern Railroad was called to the attention of the readers of this paper in August last. It seems now probable that the Lancaster & Southern Railroad from Oxford to Singerly may be built in the near future. In this connection it is a matter of importance that a short line of about eight miles from Quarryville, Pennsylvania, to the Peach Bottom Railway is under contract and will shortly be completed. This gives the Reading Road direct connection with Oxford, and thence, by the new road from Oxford to Singerly, with the Philadelphia branch of the B. & O. The Easton and Northern Railroad, which has already been incorporated, proposes to build a line from Easton, Md., to Singerly. This is a more feasible project than most persons would suppose. From Singerly to Masseys on the Kent Railroad is about 25 miles. Then from Masseys to Chestertown the Kent Road is already laid. From Chestertown through Centreville in a direct line, crossing the Chester river below Chestertown, the distance to Easton is but 32 miles. At Easton connection would be made with the Eastern Shore Road which is already built.

This road would not be expensive to build and running as it would through a rich country would yield good returns to any capitalists who might invest in it. It would be in fact a trunk line over which the fruit and truck of the Eastern Shore could be carried direct to the large towns of Pennsylvania, where they command a ready sale, and where the profits of the grower would not be consumed in the expensive terminal charges of the larger cities of the country, whose markets are so frequently glutted with fruit and produce.

On the other hand it would bring the Shore into direct communication with the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The reciprocal advantages of which to both States is apparent.

The advantage of such a line to our people over a merely local road is clear. The prompt service and larger facilities of such a road would add immensely to the value of our lands, and stimulate every industry that we have, besides bringing new ones to us.

As the road from Singerly north to Quarryville seems assured, why cannot the road south from Singerly be built and a new trunk line secured? If capitalists have been induced to build the Eastern Shore road, why cannot capitalists be interested in a road which promises better returns and which will add to the business of the Eastern Shore Road by giving it a valuable connection to the north? The appropriation of $55,000 for the Elkton and Massey's Road could be utilized for the building of the new road, and we believe that an energetic and concerted effort on the part of our people would meet with success in inducing capitalists to take hold of the enterprise; at least, it is worth the effort. What the people of the lower part of this county and the rest of the Shore need for their proper industrial development is additional railroad facilities. Possibly the new road might be of sufficient value as a feeder to the B. & O. Railroad to induce that company to assist the enterprise, if a sufficient local interest were manifested.

From the Mexico Intelligencer of Nov. 20.

A Charming Wedding.

The marriage this morning of Miss Etta Ross and Mr. Wilbur W. Hubbard was one of the most charmimg events in the history of our little city. The ceremony was performed at 11:15, Rev. J. A. Mumpower officiating, assisted by Rev. Elderdice, of Baltimore. The bridal couple on entering the parlors were preceded by Miss Gibson of St. Louis, Miss Ferrill of Fulton, Miss Clark of St. Louis, and Miss Hubbard of Maryland, who with streamers of white ribbon formed the bridal path. Miss Julia Ross was the maid of honor. The Episcopal service was used and the ceremony was specially impressive and beautiful.

The bride, always pretty and popular, never looked more lovely. She wore a charming gown, embroidered clover leaf design muslin de soie, bridal veil, and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Julia Ross wore combination white and gold of silk gauze over white silk, Marechal Neil roses.

Miss Hubbard, sister of the groom, white India silk Princess, white chrysanthemums.

Miss May Ross, cream satin rhadamas trimmed with brocade, flowers chrysanthemums.

Mrs. Hugh Ross wore a pretty gown of Faille Francaise of heliotrope, gauze brocade and gimp.

The spacious parlors were handsomely decorated with white and gold chrysanthemums. After the ceremony an elegant luncheon was served. Only a limited number of special friends were at the marriage. At 12 the bridal reception began and for the succeeding two hours congratulations were showered on the popular couple. At 3 the bridal party took the Wabash east.

The bridal presents were very handsome specially noticeable among the large list being an elaborate solid silver tea service of exquisite design, the offering of the groom.

Mr. Hubbard, the groom, is a prosperous young business man of Chestertown, Md., and a popular and clever gentleman. The bride is a great favorite with our people and richly deserves the high esteem in which she is so universally held. The *Intelligencer* sincerely hopes that the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard may be as bright and cloudless as the day that witnessed their nuptial vows.

EDITH—"It's the little things that tell in this life." Alice—"Well, you'd think so if you had two small brothers, as I have."

IT must be a matter of regret to the man who likes to hear himself talk to be told that he has been talking in his sleep.

BEFORE getting into the "swim" a man should be reasonably sure that he can keep his head above the water.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?" "I think so. All my husband's oath's are very ill-natured."—*Puck.*

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[A little girl in Chestertown sends this story from "The Pansy" with the request to print it in the KENT NEWS. She says it is "real pretty."]

THE MISSIONARY POTATO.

It was a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the wall; just a plain, square, bare, frame building away out in Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together over by the square-box stove, waiting for Sunday-school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were not used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give that day.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around the old church. What should he spy lying in one corner under a seat but a potato!

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought the things here for the poor folks. I say, Stennie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned, and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said, eagerly. "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two, and each put a half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing; "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home, and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them, and they had to shake their heads; they thought of the potato, and looked at each other, and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about the potato. You never saw anything like it. "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: While the boys were picking them up, they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, and wrote out in their very best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring, and give every one of its children to missions. Signed by James and Stephen Holt."

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off, though! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing. They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.

Not Good Enough.

Nothing is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defective task, will become "bad enough" when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planed that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter of an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neatly and as smoothy as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is perfect. If a thing is not perfect it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant, sharply, and then added, in a kinder tone, "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things and boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when first spoken, and it will always be true.

IF the boys don't kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.

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