THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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A Splendid Opportunity

—TO SECURE—

CLOTHING!

—BELOW—

Wholesale Prices

Over $5,000 Worth of Fine and Medium Grade Suits and Overcoats to be Sold Below Cost, During Dec. and Jan.

I can't help but realize the fact that nearly, if not quite *all* the money spent for Clothing this winter will be spent during the month of December, and, therefore, nearly all the stock not sold before Jan. 1, will have to be carried over till next winter. In order to avoid the carrying over of stock, and to rapidly close out all my Winter Goods, I have determined to offer

EVERYTHING AT COST

while people are buying, and not wait till everybody is supplied before I make the offer. I have the Largest and Most Complete Stock of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's

SUITS and OVERCOATS

ever shown in Chestertown, in fact have entirely too many goods, and adopt this method of getting rid of them. It is impossible to enumerate one-half of the Bargains I am offering, but will try to give you some idea of what you can get if you call early:

1st—I will sell you an ALL WOOL OVERCOAT, size 34 to 42, perfectly made and trimmed, for only **$4.50,** this coat was bought to sell for $6.50.

2d—An ALL WOOL HEAVY WEIGHT OVERCOAT, satin-faced, silk sleeve lining, for only **$7.50,** this coat was bought to sell for $11.00.

3d—An ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOAT, splendidly made and perfect fitting, for only **$8.50,** bought to sell for $12.00.

4th—The FINEST KERSEY OVERCOAT on the market, lined with satin throughout, and retailed everywhere for $20.00, I will sell for **$14.00.** In fact, have 500 Overcoats which I cannot describe here, for prices so astonishingly low as to convince you at once that they are offered below cost.

In the Suit Goods Department I have such an array that it is impossible to describe them. Over Two Hundred Suits for **$8.50,** these sold for $10, $11 and $12. The Finest Line of BLACK CHEVIOTS in town, Single-Breasted, Double-Breasted, Square Cut and Round Cut, Sack and Cutaway, beginning at the low price of $7.50 and running up to $16.00 for English Goods. All will be offered BELOW COST.

I have a splendid lot of

Children's Suits and Overcoats!

which I am selling for **$1.25** each, many of which sold for $3.00 and $3.50 each. For **$3.00** I will give you the choice of over One Hundred Styles, ranging in price from $3.50 to $6.00. The only reason I offer for this Sweeping Reduction is that I need money more than I need my stock. It will not cost you one penny to call and see these surprisingly Low Prices, and if you are not thoroughly convinced then don't buy. Resp'y, &c.,

THOS. S. BORDLEY,

Nov. 29, 1890. BORDLEY'S CORNER.

Something New in the Stove Line!

Gauze Door Cook Stoves

AND RANGES.

BAKING Bread in the above will not mould, and Meats cooked are rich and juicy. Call and see the above stoves at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

COAL HODS, SHOVELS, &c.

Coal Hods, Shovels, Pokers, Zinc, Stove Boards, Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Collars, a large stock of all kinds of goods kept in a first-class Hardware and Stove Store, at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

ROOFING, SPOUTING, &c.

Roofing, Spouting, and all kinds of Tin and Iron Work, and Repairing Heaters, Cook and Coal Stoves, at short notice. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

SPORTING GOODS, &c.

Sporting Goods at old prices, purchased last year for cash, and no advance on last year's prices. Single and Double Breech-Loading Guns, Single and Double-Barrel Muzzle-Loading Guns, Shot and Powder Flasks, Gunning Water-Proof Coats, Leggins, Caps, Covers and Cases, Bags, Implement Sets, Loading Boards, Cartridges, Shells, Wards, Powder, Shot, &c. Call and examine our large assortment. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

Spear's Golden Sun and New Golden Sun, The Splendid Heater, The Washington Heater. These Stoves are used in town and country and give perfect satisfaction. Prices from $25 to $48 to heat two rooms. Rupert Heater, New Laurel Bass, Magnet Chrystal, Vulcan Egg, New Farnet, &c.

COOK STOVES and RANGES.

Excelsior Cook, Niagara, Carroll Cook, New Royal Range, Splendid Range, Victor Cook Range, Fortune Range. Would invite an examination of our Stoves and Prices

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,

Nov. 1, 1890. CHESTERTOWN.

Coal and Wood.

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

J. D. BACCHUS' YARD

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

Building and Whitewash Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair,

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.

LADIES use the GILT EDGE SHOE POLISH, the best Shoe Polish made that contains oil. It will not crack or break the leather, and always gives a nice gloss. For sale by

n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

NECKWEAR of all styles and to suit all tastes, made to order and just received. Can't be beat in town. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

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.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

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.

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 22½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost $9, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7¾c. 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.

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.

CORPORATION TAXES.

TOWN TAXES for 1890 are now due and early settlement is now desired. Persons owing taxes previous to July 1, 1890, are notified that I shall collect same by law if not paid within thirty days.

JOS. N. WHEATLEY,
s13-tf. Collector Corporation Taxes

FULL line of UNDERWEAR for Men Women and Children, just received and as low as the lowest. Give me a call and I will convince you.

n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

THE latest styles in Stiff and Soft HATS, also a nice line of CAPS. Call and see them.

n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD.

WESTCOTT & DODD,

(Successors to N. G. WESTCOTT.)

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE YOU TO CALL AND EXAMINE

OUR FALL STOCK

comprising some of the following lines:

DRESS FLANNELS,
COLD and BLACK HENRIETTAS,
STRIPED DRESS GOODS,
AND OTHER LEADING STYLES,
DRESS GINGHAMS, OUTING CLOTH,
FLANNELS OF ALL SHADES,
A TWILL FLANNEL for 15c.,
CHILDREN and MISSES UNDERWEAR,
LADIES and GENT'S UNDERWEAR,
NOTIONS OF EVERY KIND,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

WOONSOCKET GUM BOOTS,
HATS and CAPS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers, our friends and the public generally.

s27. WESTCOTT & DODD.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES in Congress, Lace and Button.

14. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

A CHRISTMAS BLESSING.

"Lionel." Thin fingers fluttered uneasily about a frayed button on an equally frayed and worn overcoat, and a woman's anxious eyes looked deprecatingly into the husband's face.

"What is it, Mary?" his tone was gentle with an undercurrent of sadness and despondency in it. "Christmas comes to-morrow, Lionel." She did not look in his face now, but closely scrutinized the frayed button as if it were the absorbing object of her thoughts.

"I know it, Mary."

"Could—could—you let me have a little money, Lionel? For the children, you know, dear—we have never let the day go past without something for them."

"And we must not now," he said; "they will never be young but once, poor things." He took out an old worn wallet from his pocket.

"I have looked over all the old things in search of bits to make over into garments or fancy things for them," she continued apologetically, "but everything is worn so close, Lionel. I try to be frugal and saving." Her eyes were filled with tears now.

"And you are, Mary. Where would we have been had it not been for your careful management? Will $2 be enough? It is all I have this morning. Heaven knows I wish I could make it twenty or a hundred—there is no limit to the deserts of the good wife you've been to me, Mary. Don't cry, dear, it takes all my courage and strength to see you unhappy."

The faded face was pressed against the frayed button now in a vain attempt to hide the hot tears which would come, and his worn glove, much too thin for the season, smoothed the thin gray hair very tenderly.

"Then I must not cry," she answered, looking up with a forced smile. "Yes, it will be enough—more than I had expected, but I feel so wicked to ask you for money when I know you have so little to spare me."

Yes, debt was the skeleton which danced, not only in the closet but all over the house, in this humble home, and Mary went back to her work, her face drawn up thoughtfully as she calculated just how many pennies could be spared for this or that, and balanced the differences between the strictly useful and the more childlike but less material gifts. Two dollars after all was such a little drop in the bucket of necessities to say nothing of the ornamental or the beautiful. It was not a debt of carelessness or extravagance; she could scarcely have borne the self-reproach and the shame of it if it had been, but was the natural result of long years of sickness and reverse.

Lionel Webb in his younger days had just escaped with his life from an attack of spinal meningitis which had resulted in a partial disability for life. He was very ambitious, and though obliged to accept work which had as little of manual labor in it as possible, still he did it often when stronger men would have been in bed with a physician in attendance, did it in such bodily torture that he hardly realized what he was doing.

Mary had her share of sickness, too; the anxiety and care attendant upon Lionel's disability was enough to break a woman of iron, which she was not, and in addition to it all, three darling children had sickened and died.

Lionel had secured a new situation of late—he was growing better with years and could now take up a different class of work, and his present employer was a man of large wealth, employing many clerks in his great business.

All this day Lionel worked in a maze of perplexity and regret. Mary's face, with the tears on it, was ever before him. To-night was Christmas eve, and all day long a procession of richly dressed mothers and fathers thronged the store buying from full purses, while Mary, his true, faithful wife, whose 17 years of married life had been one long struggle with toil and care, had only a pitiful $2 with which to do her Christmas shopping, and it grieved him to the very heart's core.

The rush was over now, and in a half hour more the great establishment would be closed, when an errand boy tonched his arm. "Mr. Dale would like to see you in the private office, sir," he said respectfully.

Lionel's heart sank in his bosom like lead. Could it be that in addition to his other misfortunes he was going to lose his situation? This engagement had been provisionary, and his employer had made no sign as to whether his service was acceptable. He crawled rather than walked to the office in his nervous dread, for the past had been so persistently unkind to him that he was coming to dread the future.

"Sit down, sir," said Mr. Dale, cheerfully.

Lionel took a seat near the prosperous business man who noticed, as he did so, the look of care and dejection on his employe's thin face.

"It has been my custom, sir, for some years to make my employes a little present on Christmas eve," he proceeded genially, as he took a bill from his desk drawer and laid it in Lionel's hand. "I presume you can find a use for it; or if you can not, no doubt the good wife can, eh!"

Lionel looked at the bill in dumb astonishment; if an angel had come in and clapped him on the shoulder he would not have been more surprised, for it was a $50 note.

"But, sir," he stammered, "I have been with you so short a time I have not merited such consideration."

"That's all right, sir. You'll have ample opportunity to make it up in your future years of service, for I do not intend to part with so faithful an assistant."

There was more in the manner than in the kind deed itself, and Lionel's heart bounded up with gratitude. He thought of Mary and of the many, many uses the money could be put to, warm blankets, the winter cloak Mary had needed for years, and—but his face fell. There was a dunning letter in his pocket at that moment which he had concealed from Mary—from the holder of a note against him for fifty dollars and peremptorily demanding payment.

No, no, it would be wrong to appropriate one dollar of the gift for personal needs. Mr. Dale was a shrewd reader of faces, and Lionel's thin, anxious face had appealed to his sympathies strongly since he had entered the office, and he noted the change of expression.

"What is it, Webb?" he said, kindly. "You look depressed and troubled."

As Lionel heard the kind voice and looked into the kind face an impulse came to him to tell this man his troubles. It was so hard to bear it alone and to wear a smiling face over a heart so filled with anxious care, and hardly knowing what he said, he poured out his story of the past, of Mary and of her pitiful shopping to-day. "It hurts me so, Mr. Dale, that I can not use even a dollar of your generous gift for her," he said in conclusion.

"How much now would cover this entire indebtedness?" asked Mr. Dale. He was drumming thoughtfully on his desk and looking keenly at Lionel, not in blame or in doubt of his story, but in making an effort to put himself in another's place.

"$500 would pay every dollar.

Mr. Dale reflected—in the light of his millions the sum seemed a very trifle; yet here was a man whose strength and happiness were being wasted for the lack of it. "What would you say, then, if I should loan you this money and let you work it out gradually as you can afford it?"

"Say, sir! I should work on wings, it would make my heart so light."

"Then put on your wings," returned Mr. Dale, smiling, "for we'll have the matter arranged at an early date. And now go home and spend this money for Mary and the children with a clear conscience."

Mary was filling the stockings when Lionel came home and, poor soul, she had evidently been shedding tears over the task.

A pretty ruche and ribbon for Jennie, and a pair of stockings and winter gloves for Amy, the merest necessities amid the ocean of lovely, tempting things she had seen that day; a pair of warm gloves for Lionel which he would not buy for himself lay in her bureau drawer, and there had been just enough left to buy a small chicken for the Christmas dinner, for a turkey was not to be thought of this year.

She had not heard him when he opened the outer door softly, and he stood watching her through the glass door which led from the hallway to the little parlor.

She had finished now, and with the stockings on her lap, leaned her head dejectedly upon her hand. It was so hard to give pennies where her warm heart would so gladly lavish pounds.

"Oh, Lionel, how you startled me," as he opened the door and went in. "Why—what has happened, dear?" He was loaded down with packages, and every pocket was bulging out in addition, and she knew that something unusual had occurred.

"The Lord hasn't forgotten us yet, Mary," he said, taking her worn face in his hands and kissing it tenderly. She listened to his recital of the conversation with Mr. Dale with eyes brimming over with happy tears, and she realized that the load of harrassing debt was to be lifted, her face took on a reverent shade of joyful thanksgiving, and taking Lionel's hand in hers, she said gently, "Let us pray."

BARKING UNLAWFUL.

Mayor Davidson Won't Encourage Violations of the Ordinance by Remitting Fines.

Baltimore Herald, Dec. 13th, 1890.

That persons fined for "barking and catching" need not expect to have their fines remitted was settled emphatically yesterday. The custom has become a great nuisance on some of the retail business streets, and the authorities are determined to do all possible to break it up.

A few days ago Jacob Haas, of 425 North Gay street, and his clerk were arrested and fined $10 each by 'Squire Hobbs for violating the city ordinance prohibiting "barking and catching," as the habit of soliciting business on the sidewalk is called. Yesterday Mr. Haas appealed to Mayor Davidson to have the fines remitted.

Col. Louis Strasburger was present to protest against the remission of the fines. He submitted a document signed by himself and some 20 other Gay street business men opposing Mr. Haas' application.

"Tell me something about barking and catching," said the Mayor.

"Well, if a man looks at the goods in your window and you make some gentlemanly remark about them, it's all right. What is wrong is when a man deliberately stops a pedestrian, sticks a card under his nose, begs him to go into the store and if he doesn't comply, follows him along, pushes him to the curbstone perhaps, gets him to a lamp-post and puts his hand on it so that the pedestrian can't pass or get anywhere except into the store door. That's it Your Honor."

His Honor laughed heartily at the description, but Mr. Haas spoke up: "They all do it and I'm no worse than the others."

"Then the police should arrest them all," replied the Mayor.

Jacob Hamburger also denounced the habit, which led Mr. Haas to remark:

"I'm a new beginner in business and there is a good deal of spite against me. The old merchants don't want to see me get along."

The Mayor told Mr. Haas that he had no feeling whatever against him, on the contrary he sympathized with him. However His Honor thought that the law should be strictly and impartially enforced. "Barking and catching" was an evident nuisance; it must be stopped.

"I can't remit the fine," added the Mayor, and Mr. Haas and his opponents retired.

"Every merchant on Gay street knows that barking and catching is against the law," said the colonel. "Yet some of them persist in defeying the law. A man with a big ulster on will stand in their doorway and pull in passers-by and compel them to buy. Gay street is crowded with 'barkers.' It is a nuisance. Respectable merchants are injured by this thing. The fine ought to be $50 instead of $10. By and bye Gay street will be like Harrison street. A man who has 'barkers' shouldn't be allowed to do business in Baltimore, especially on a narrow street like Gay street."

Louis Flaumlachel, of Flaumlacher & Sons, spoke in a similar strain. "We have to put a salesman at our door for self-protection," said he. "Otherwise these 'barkers' would pull customers right off our pavement."

"You still have that man at your door?" said Mayor Davidson.

"Yes, sir."

"Then arn't you liable to be fined, too?" queried His Honor with a smile.

"No, sir; this man is there only for our protection."

UNDER OBLIGATIONS.

A Negro Parson's Christmas Sermon.

I notice dat de weddah's rathah chilsome, mo' or less,
An' I notice dat de back-log so't er crackles, Lo'r bress?—
Ole Crimp is on de tuhn-pike an' de frost is on de faince
An' Sant Claus 'll soon be hyah, so chilun, hab some saince.

I seed 'im on Ole Massa's ruff: ittwar jail de oddah night,
Wid a span ob balky reindyahs, bofe um dapple gray an' white.
Dey war hitched up to a monsus lookin' alligatah sleigh,
An' filled wid gifts fo' de chilun, piled ebery which un way.

Hab any ob yo' chilun bin a sinnin'?
Or a sassin' yo' suppearyahs, or a grinnin'?
Yo' bettah read yo' Bible bout ole Moses an' de laws,
Foh yo's undah obligashuns to Ole Santa Claus.

How many ob yo' chilun' bin a tendin' to de church?
An' done made up yo' minds to leabe de debbil in de lurch.
Hab yo' tended up to Sunday-school, an' listen'd to yo' teachah?
Does yo' alwys drap a nickel in to try an' spote yo' preachah?

Am you willful to yo' faddah or yo' muddah?
Does yuh pertervate yo' sistah or yo' bruddah?
Yo' bettah change yo' tacticks cause, well, jess because
Yo's undah obligashuns now to Ole Santo Claus.

Kin yo' ansuah all dese questions dat yo' pastah has perferd?
Ef yo' kaint, yo' bettah hang yo' haids en nevah say a word;
Foh yo' pastah sort ob reckons dat de debbil's bin bo'n in yuh
An' when Ole Santa Claus comes roun' he'll surely be agin' yuh.

So, ef any ob yo' chilun bin a sinning',
Or a sassin' yo' suppearyah'a, or a grinnin',
Yo' bettah read yo' Bible, don't yo' hesitate or pause,
Kase yo's undah obligashuns now to Ole Santa Claus.

—BOW HACKLEY.

A DISGRACEFUL VERDICT.

That Is What Judge Stewart Termed the Decision of a Jury in the Criminal Court.

Baltimore Herald, Dec. 13th, 1890.

There have been many comments made on verdicts rendered by the jury which has been sitting in the Criminal Court for the past two weeks, but yesterday capped the climax, and Judge Stewart felt called upon to administer a scathing rebuke to the 12 men who sat in the case of Frank Delcher and John Arnold, tried for keeping a gambling house at 18 North Howard street. The evidence was direct. The witnesses, who had been summoned by the Sheriff with great difficulty, were reluctant but were forced to tell what they knew, and a number of them stated positively that they saw Delcher and Arnold dealing faro when they went into the place. The witnesses were James H. Roberts, Benjamin Wells, Ferdinand C. Dugan, Alexander Thompson, Wm. H. Owens and others. The testimony of the first three was very direct and conclusive.

Thomas C. Ruddell, the counsel for the accused, called no witnesses for the defense and all present were surprised that a verdict of guilty was not rendered at once. The jury, however, retired. They were not absent over five minutes when they came back to the court-room. They were not prepared for the reception they were to receive.

"What say you, gentlemen of the jury," asked Chief Deputy Clerk Wilson M. Carey, "are Frank Delcher and John Arnold guilty of the matter of which they stand indicted or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered Henry Schaefer, the foreman. Judge Stewart, who was writing at the time, looked up in surprise.

"What's that you say?" he queried.

"Not guilty," repeated the foreman. The face of the urbane judge became clouded. The jury stood before him expectantly. There was breathless silence in the court-room as His Honor glanced at the men.

"You say not guilty," he said sternly. "I cannot set aside your verdict, but I must say it is a most disgraceful verdict. The evidence all goes to show the guilt of these parties, the witnesses being competent ones, and I must say that Mr. Dugan is one of the most respectable gentlemen in town, and his evidence cannot be impeached. I have nothing more to say, gentlemen, except to repeat that this verdict is a most disgraceful one."

The jurors took their seats very much abashed and feeling smaller than they did when they entered the court-room.

Quiet had hardly been resumed when Lawyer Ruddell, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, entered the court-room. Mr. Ruddell had won a victory, and he felt very complacent over it.

"Well, Mr. Ruddell, your clients have been acquitted," Judge Stewart remarked.

"Yes, your Honor," said the lawyer. "I know they have, and I consider it an eminently proper verdict."

"Oh! you do, do you? Well, I differ from you," curtly said the court, "and I hope hereafter we'll be able to get some jurors who'll be guided by the evidence, and not by their own ideas."

Mr. Ruddell did not attempt to argue the matter. The case against Delcher and Arnold resulted from a communication which was received by the court on November 28, complaining about their places. The letter was signed by F. Lowndes, and purported to be from property-owners and taxpayers in the neighborhood.

The jury which composed the panel consisted of Henry Schaefer, Conrad Ruhl, Henry Ruppel, James J. Byrne, Henry Sheeler, Edward Hunt, James M. Correll, Joseph W. Kent, James H. Lambert, Thos. B. Bell, C. Edward Hines and Owen Ritter.

When the jury retired they stood 11 for not guilty and 1 for guilty. The man for guilty was C. Edward Hines, but, as he expressed it, he did not want to be kept away from his business and joined the majority.

Judge Stewart afterward alluded to the matter and told the Grand Jury when they came in that there was no necessity for them to be in session as long as petit juries undid their work by finding culprits not guilty who had clearly violated the law.

COSTLY VINDICATION.—The party is to be defeated again as it was the other day, only that the Harrisons, the Reeds, the McKinleys, the Lodges may be vindicated. The leaders and the organs who are counseling that the policy of the last two years shall be the policy of the next two years are much like Nero dancing while Rome burned. They are dooming the party to a surer defeat than that of 1890 in 1892, and the probability is that they know they are.—*Philadelphia Telegraph, rep.*

Thoughts About Present Giving.

Sham and show, perplexity, annoyance and extravagance have crept into the custom of gift-giving. Though one may make a gift out of the depth of the heart, and do it becomingly and unassumingly, yet it seems as if a dozen influences were bearing on to force him into a greater expense than he can afford, or to give where he is reluctant to do so, or where he must make a show of the article given. Quiet, unostentatious, spontaneous giving shines brightly, when we find it amid the dreary heartlessness, the guady show and the heartburnings that often accompany the formal giving that is a part of social life.

The reader may call to mind some wedding or birthday anniversary that she is invited to help celebrate. The problem of all problems, even outranking the common "What shall I wear?" then is, "What present shall I send?" It is not enough to go and participate in the social duties and to be cordial in well-wishing and congratulation, for none of this will pardon neglect of oversight of the gift. There will be the question, "Where is Mrs. Jackson's present?" and the unpleasant comment if she has made none. So Mrs. Jackson sets out to find some compromise between pride and purse, perhaps poverty, something that costs more than absolutely compulsory, and yet looks as if it were worth a great deal more; something that the other guests will not look at slightly, if not speak of contemptuously, or at least think of in the same spirit. And then the guests compare their proxies of themselves and put themselves on exhibition, after a fashion, about in the same way that they would do if they were to stand up before a committee of critics and have the style and elegance of their clothing passed upon. The show is at last over, the jealousies and heart-burnings remain, the fear that repectability has been endangered by the insignificance of the gift, or the overtopping consciousness of a few that they each made the best, or one of the best, presents of the lot. Afterward, as is more or less the custom in some parts of the country, the names of the donors and a brief description of their gifts appear in some newspaper, there to undergo further comparison and criticism and all the train of accompaniments. Finally, if the present was valuable enough, it may find its way to a shop, where duplicate presents are bought and sold, so little did the receiver care about the personality of the giver, or to such little use is it to the recipient among several other presents of the same kind.

Gift-extortion and compulsory gift-making are little less than sinful, if they fall short of that. Gifts are by no means always the token of friendship, and, when combined with the abuses that are often made to accompany them, they are demoralizing; they are unpleasant features of what take the form of duties, and are dark spots in social life. Something is wrong when a present is made a test of social standing, or when it is made the prerequisite for performing a social act. There is an opportunity for reform when what is apparently a friendly deed is confessedly empty of honest intent, when it is burdensome, annoying, compulsory, false-hearted or made for show, or evidence of wealth, or merely for social conformity. The only excuse that one can make for these abuses of gift-making is that their compulsory features have the effect of putting people into the habit of making presents at a time when their friendly feelings have not become strong to prompt the act unaided. With the growth of these feelings the custom gradually gets a surer and better foundation and stands more plainly in harmony with civilization. A gift should be an embodiment of sentiment, from which cost should be totally divorced as an element of weight, and with which no social compulsion should be linked, except the compulsion of a spontaneous expression of feeling. The world is not good enough for this yet; but some attempt, if only a feeble one, if general enough, would be a green oasis in the social desert.—*Lancaster Examiner.*

The Secret of Cheap Building.

A man who is resolved to be independent of landlords can build a very comfortable house for from $2,000 to $2,500. He can have sufficient room, and a house with a decent exterior and a plain interior. He ought, first and foremost, provide a bathroom, even if he cannot buy a slate mantel. It will be wisest in the long run to have a bathroom. Ask any woman who has had the care of two or three children how much a bathroom saves them. The larger the family the greater the saving in work and worry—which is more wearing than work. If a man has only $2,000 and a large family, he must sacrifice something, or deny himself something, when he builds. If he is wise, he will contrive closets and cupboards, a style of house that renders running up and down stairs unnecessary (there is nothing so tiresome as going up and down stairs,) make his dining room large enough for a living room, and see that the arrangement of the kitchen is labor-saving. Slate roof, slate mantels, bay windows, and pretty trimmings, can all be dispensed with. There are people who do not seem to have any clear idea of the things that are appropriate in a cheap house. We recall an instance where a gentleman, after looking at a design for a cheap house, expressed surprise at the cost, which was very low, and in the same breath he inquired if it was roofed with slate. A cheap house is not roofed with slate, it is needless to add. His next query had reference to the plumbing. If his ideas were realized, the plumber would charge at least $300. Evidently the gentleman thought that the plumbing would cost about a third of that sum, or less. To sum it all up, have substantial fixtures rather than pretty trimming. Good ventilation, ample room, plenty of light and warmth may be obtained, if a man desires to insure it in building for his own use, at a very moderate outlay. But then he must, as the *Manufacturer and Builder* says, build to please himself, instead of vying with his neighbors.

FORMULA FOR INSECT BITES.—One of the very best applications for the bites of mosquitoes and fleas, also for other eruptions attended with intense itchings, is: Menthol in alcohol, one part to ten. This is very cooling and immediately effectual. It is also an excellent lotion for application to the forehead and temples in headache, often at once subduing the same.—*Weekly Med. Review.*

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HELPFUL ADVICE TO FARMERS.

If there is anything that needs a thorough cleaning occasionally it is the water-trough.

The rats must be kept out of the corn-crib. It is quite expensive to feed a horde of rats every season.

It does not pay to spoil a valuable horse for the sake of making him wear out an old collar. Many horses are injured by old, ill-fitting collars, which cause the horse to become fretful and uneasy, and often produce permanent injuries.

Stables should be cleaned daily and the bedding carefully removed, as it is an absorbent of the liquids, the retention of which results in the liberation of ammonia in the stalls. Clean floors, with clean bedding daily, promote the comfort and thrift of the stock.

When an animal intended for market shows no gain on a proper allowing of food it will be more profitable to sell it rather than to attempt to increase the weight. There are individuals in all herds and flocks that seem to make no increase on any kind of food, even when fed liberally.

One benefit of improved stock is that it is an educating force in farm life. The owner of improved stock will not feel satisfied to see it depreciate, and he studies into stock-breeding and feeding to avoid the reproach. It teaches him to think more than in the past, and thinking farmers are generally successful farmers.

A sporting paper remarks that the direction in which the foot of a horse meets the ground is a matter of great importance. If the foot is thrown well forward and the heel comes first to the ground, the animal will not be likely to stumble or fall. If the toe comes first he must stumble, and is never safe. The forward, well-placed foot gives unanswerable proof that the muscles of the leg can not be far wrong.

Two acres is more than one man can properly cultivate in the crops that pay best, yet there are many instances in which one man cultivates forty acres or more. It is possible for an individual to spread manure on one or two acres, but he cannot do it on forty. The land that pays best is that upon which the manure can be applied to the best advantage. It is a waste of labor to attempt to cultivate more land than can be cultivated well.

It is very much more important to stop the leaks in stable floors than in the roofs. Earth, concrete or tongued-plank flooring should be provided, and kept well littered with absorbents, such as straw, chaff, dry earth and muck, leaves, sawdust, spent tan-bark, damaged hay from stacks and mow-bottoms, etc. Frequent removals of the saturated portions of the bedding to a covered compost heap will increase the bulk of that "bank" amazingly, and eventually add fertility to the soil and cash to the pocket in proportion.

A Love Scrap.

Judge Hyland, of Galena, was rumaging in his pocket-book the other day, and out dropped a torn and worn scrap of print. We picked it up and read it to him, when he admitted that he had carried it for many years. He said he must have hid it away when he was a gay young widower. Here it is:

THE ART OF LOVE-MAKING.

"All women profess to hate men who are jealous," writes a noted belle of this city, "but in this they belie themselves extravagantly. No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to affect with the sting of a green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going and impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate and impulsive men who can drive a woman to distraction. All women are more or less sentimental, and so are all good men, for that matter. Sentiment has nothing to do with complacency. A man must be more or less hot-headed, he must be more or less jealous, and more or less passionate, to inspire a woman with the love that burns. The man who wouldn't kiss a woman when she tells him with her eyes that her lips are yearning is an idiot. I don't mean by this that kissing is at all necessary, or even proper, but it certainly is a part and parcel of the art of love-making. I believe in the rough old verse that dear little Lotta used to sing about kissing:

"'Nobody is above it;
The old maids love it,
And widows have a finger in the pie;
Some people are so haughty
That they say it's very naughty,
But you bet your life they do it on the sly.'"

CHARLIE'S MUSTACHE.

It Was Very Small, But Its Owner Was Very Proud of It.

A young man and his girl were at the People's Theater the other night, says Texas *Siftings.* The young man carried his head on one side, it being forced into that position by the weight of a very tender mustache, which was composed of seven hairs upon one side and eleven upon the other side of his nose. The comedian on the stage had brought a laugh by some allusion to a boy's first shaving encounter with a barber, when the young man leaned over to his girl and whispered:

"That true to life, I can tell you."

"How do you know?" inquired the girl.

"How do I know?" he repeated, in a whisper; "why, by experience, of course; that was the way with me when I first got shaved."

"When was that?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, before I raised my mustache," he returned, moving uneasily.

"What mustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What mustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any mustache. Do you mean—"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man through his front teeth, and became silent. There was lots of fun in the play, but Charlie never laughed again. He took the young woman home, but on the following Sunday night he went to see another girl.

IT has been suggested that the study of the influence of diet and habit upon the color of hair in different nations of men may cause discoveries by which the color of the hair in the human race may be modified by judicious treatment.

"IS THAT cement any good?" asked a prospective purchaser of a peddler. "Any good?" was the reply. "Why you could mend the break of day with the cement."

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