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

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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.

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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 32½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A Lady's Corset at 29c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 65c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost 8, 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.

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.

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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!

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.

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,
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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.

827. WESTCOTT & DODD.

Farmers' Specialties!

WINTER SEASON

STUDEBAKER FARM WAGONS, steel skein, for from one to six horses, both narrow and broad tread; ROAD CARTS, HOCKING VALLEY HAY AND FODDER CUTTERS, with patent double knuckle, roc ing roller feed, direct action, upright and safety fly-wheel. All sizes. CORN SHELLERS, CORN and COB MILLS, SAW MILLS, HORSE POWERS, HAY PRESSES, Etc.

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230 South Charles Street,
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WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE GARDEN?

If so, raise PERFECT VEGETABLES with POWELL'S SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES For GARDENS

which are clean and inodorous. Put up in suitable quantities for small and large gardens. No trouble to use. Not expensive. For sale by general stores, Druggists and Seedsmen. An interesting circular telling how to make a good garden, sent Free. V. S. POWELL & CO. Chemical Fertilizer Mfrs. Baltimore, Md.

WHITE and [illegible] blankets very cheap. J. H. SIMPERS'.

How to Dress.

"THE CORSETS MUST GO!"

"The corsets must go" was the fiat of Miss Lydia Newcomb at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, Baltimore Thursday afternoon, and "the corsets *shall* go" was the resolution of a great many of the women as they left the hall after the lecture on "How to Dress." Miss Newcomb was introduced by Dr. Kate Campbell Hurd, who made a brief address, in which she expressed a hope that the women present would not only apply to themselves the healthful and sensible principles which Miss Newcomb advocated, but would make an especial point of inducing their servants to adopt a dress reform. Thus admonished, the audience settled itself to listen and learn of the disciple of Delsarte.

"A RACE OF DEFORMED BEINGS."

"We are a race of deformed beings," Miss Newcomb said, "for almost without exception we can't find women whose forms are according to God's original design. We have made a great many attempts at reform and if you look back through the ages you will see how we have come up to where we are. In the olden times men and women dressed alike—the long skirt and the long cloak. Coming up through the ages to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we find things changed. The long skirt has been shortened to the frock, the long cloak has become just a little mantle, and gradually women have hampered themselves in dress in many unnecessary ways, while men have adopted a fairly comfortable style of dress. We have felt that there was need of reform, and so reforms were introduced with more or less success.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

"There was the Bloomer costume, for example. Now, that combined the elements of comfort, but it did not look well. It was worn for action, but it was a little conspicuous, so it was thrown aside. I recently met a woman who knew Mrs. Bloomer herself. She said that she was young and beautiful in person, and in the very pretty costumes she wore herself she was quite charming. She gave addresses before audiences, and attracted a great many followers for a little while. But you see all women were not young and beautiful, and poor women did not have pretty costumes. I met one women who said she wore the Bloomer for a while on the streets and then kept it for the kitchen. We do not want the same thing that the men have. All we want is comfort in our own style.

RELICS OF BARBARISM.

"It is only recently that we have had anything of the comfortable, combined with the æsthetic that seems to answer the demand for correct dress. There are some customs among uncivilized nations to which I should like to call your attention. We have read of savages who bore the ears all along the outside and have little sticks, all smooth and beautiful, to put in the holes. Some put a ring through the nose. A very disgusting practice; you don't even like to hear about it. Now come up a little way in civilization. There is a race of people who put jewels all around the edge of the ear. This a little gaudy, so we are content to pierce the ear in one place and put in one jewel, which we consider very good taste indeed. First the savage who bores his ears all around and put in sticks, then the four or five jewels and finally one. Just a relic of barbarism, and yet we are among the most civilized nations on the globe. How long will these relics of barbarism cling to us? You have all seen those little slippers that the missionaries bring home to us from China. They tell us how cruel the parents are to the children of China, and how they break the bones in the heels of the little girls so that when they grow to womanhood they are helpless, and we rejoice at the thought that they are giving up this practice and embracing the customs of Christianity, and that eventually there will be a race of women in China that can walk. We are told about these things, and what do we do? We would not be so cruel as to break any bones in woman-kind. No mother would think of breaking the bones in her child's feet. We wait until the girl has grown up and then we put on the high-heeled shoe and the narrow toe. We let the girls wear these, crippling them, throwing the members into abnormal position and bringing on all sorts of nervous troubles. The main difference between the two is that the Chinese are more considerate of their women, after all, for they wait upon them after they have crippled them. But we make less allowance and expect women to work. I recall just here the lines in Frances Havergal's poem. 'Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for Thee.' Do you think any one's feet would be very useful in the Lord's service in the fashionable apparel of to-day? We cannot do our best work unless our bodies are at their best. But worse than this, while the savage and semi-civilized nations injure the ears or the feet, we attack the vital part of the body. As a Chinese woman said to a missionary, 'We kill the feet,' and pointing to the missionary's waist, 'you kill the life.' She was right. We do kill the life. We put an immense pressure upon all these vital organs. We interfere with breathing, and breathing means blood-making.

REFORM OUTRIGHT.

"The effect of the compression of the corset is to displace the vital organs. If you are going to reform, reform outright. Do not beat about the bush and soothe your consciences by loosening your corsets or getting corset-waists. I do not believe that any corset can be bought that is not injurious. The woman does not exist who wears a tight corset. She can't be found. Each protests that *her* corsets are so loose that she can run her hand right under them. And yet, and yet—. The three ruling principles in correct dress are equalization of weight, equalization of warmth and equalization of pressure. At a blow the corset destroys all three. A celebrated physician once told me that the weight or pressure of a corset was from thirty to ninety pounds. Think of the real meaning of that—ninety pounds of pressure on the organs that give us our life-blood. It prevents equal warmth by putting a heavy, boned covering over a part of our body and leaving the chest and spine, the most delicate parts, exposed. 'Why, what do you depend upon for strength? 'How can you stand up?' said a lady to me once. In my own bones, of course. I have a skeleton inside of me that is strong enough to hold me up; why depend upon any outside bones? It is the greatest mistake to think that you cannot stand up and feel strong without the aid of corsets. Children and men can; why not women? Naturally, after having been encased in a bone covering year after year, one would suffer a little inconvenience at first on discarding it, and perhaps feel as if she were dropping to pieces. Some one suggested that with this reform the reformers should provide a retreat where corsetless women could strengthen themselves. But the weak feeling will not last long, and in the meanwhile let the clothing be adjusted to be as comfortable as possible without making the corset-waist a stepping stone, which would most likely never be crossed. The Lord has given each of us a skeleton for the express purpose of holding ourselves erect, and we have no right to so abuse that skeleton that it loses its power and has to depend upon outside aid.

THE EVILS OF SKIRTS.

"The next question to be considered is the evils of skirts. They, too, destroy the equalization of weight. All the weight is thrown on the hips until they rebel, and weakness and disease follow. The next reform was to put the weight on the shoulders, with the result of weak shoulders and weak backs. I have experimented with every kind of dress reform in trying to solve this problem of skirts. What is to be done? Just this—don't wear them at all, and at the same time do away with the necessity for bands, straps and corsets. I do not mean dress skirts by this, but simply underskirts. There is absolutely no need for skirts. What do I wear in place of them? Well, I will show you;" and Miss Newcomb proceeded to take out of a box near by and hold up before the audience a set of undergarments that excited great interest and delight among the women present and awe and wonderment in the two men in the audience. The main garment was what is known as the union suit, and consists of a complete set of tights extending from the neck to the ankles, made of silk, wool or balbriggan, and manufactured in black or white. The other garments were a vest and separate tights, to be worn over the union suit when additional warmth is required. "The body is evenly clothed in these garments," continued Miss Newcomb, "and skirts are not needed at all." As the tights extend to the ankle there is no need of long stockings and consequently of garters, another evil done away with. And here we have the only style borrowed from the men—socks," and Miss Newcomb displayed a pile of dainty silk socks in white and pale colors, while a ripple of amusement went through the audience. "As these undergarments are made in all kinds of material, they are within every one's reach. One object in their use is their economy, for they do away with the expense of making, of trimming with lace and embroidery, and with much trouble in the laundry. Being ribbed they fit perfectly, and dressmakers who were loth to give up the corset must hail with delight the absence of wrinkles. If you must have a skirt and are not comfortable in your minds when you are so comfortable in your bodies then just as a little concession to custom wear a very light skirt made on a yoke, but never a band.

WHITE SKIRTS AND MUD.

"There is certainly nothing beautiful in a white skirt bespattered with mud, and this must be if white skirts are worn. Why can't we lift them up, you say. You think you can, and mean to, but you never can tell whether or not your skirts are dragging through the mud. With these garments you can hold up your outside skirt and know what you have, and that is all there is about it. The tights were first used only in horseback riding or 'cycling, but they were found to be so comfortable that they are being generally adopted. In the West, where, I think, the people are little in advance of the East in taking up new ideas, this style of dress is quite usual. In Chicago there are hosts of women who never think of putting on skirts but always wear tights, and think them a great luxury.

FASHIONS COULD BE ADAPTED.

"Many persons have an idea that all dress reforms tend in one of two directions—either toward the ridiculous or the extremely æsthetic. There is no reason why all pretty and becoming fashions should not be adapted to the reform. To these fashions two principles should be in one piece, or joined in such a way that they practically amount to one piece; and second, that they should be loose. The most becoming gown is the one made in long, straight lines, with plenty of fullness. The fashions of the present day can be easily adapted, with one exception—the plain basque. I do not see any use in a plain basque, unless it be to show off a fine corset. This it does to perfection, for you can see the steels at the top and the lacings at the back, and the fact nearly the whole corset under these plain waists. There is no reason why there should not be a few bones in the gown to take away the wrinkles, but if the gown is loose enough there will not be many wrinkles. What is most needed is the use of individual ideas, not the blind following of fashion's decrees. We should study what is becoming to each of us, and after a while we can get one gown at a time in which we look well, and wear it until it is worn out without fear of being out of style. What a happy day that will be!"

Feeding Sheep.

Clover and millet make good kinds of hay to feed sheep during the winter. When corn is fed it should be shelled and put into tight troughs to prevent being wasted. It is better in feeding sheep to give small rations at a time, just what they will eat up clean in a few minutes, and feed often than to give so much at once that they will scatter and waste it. They are more wasteful of both grain and hay than any other class of stock unless care is taken to prevent it.

They should have no more grain than they will eat on ten minutes, and should finish their hay or fodder inside of half an hour. Besides the grain troughs sacks should be provided for the hay or fodder so as to keep them from getting it under their feet. It is very important that they should be provided with comfortable dry quarters, where they can be sheltered from storms, but they should be allowed to run out during pleasant days.

SONG OF THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY WILL WATERS.

To-night I sit and listen
To the kettle's dreamy song,
Fresh from the vexing cares of life
That made the day so long;
But sordid thoughts of daily strife
Tonight must keep aloof,
As the rain taps on my window pane
And dances on the roof.

Then listen! listen! listen!
To the kittle's dreamy hum;
It sings the song of sweet content,
Of love for all that come.
Tonight I sit and listen,
With the cares of life aloof,
As the rain taps on my window pane
And dances on the roof.

It must be love's own music,
When my wife sits by my side,
My wandering thoughts come home to rest—
She notes it in her pride.
And the kettle still keeps singing,
While its wreathing vapor cast
Bright fancies for the future,
And sweet memories of the past.

Oft, as I fight life's battle
Beyond my cottage wall,
My heart grows faint, and I long to rest
In the path of duty's call;
But a vision comes of loving eyes
To note my joy or pain—
The kettle's son creeps in my heart,
And I am strong again.

Ambition cannot tarry here,
For in this lowly place
Love takes contentment by the hand—
They nestle face to face.
My little wife, my pretty babes,
Such tears of rapture bring—
I draw my loved ones to my heart,
And hear the kettle sing.

Then listen! listen! listen!
To the kettle's dream y hum;
It sings the song of sweet content,
Of love for all that come.
Tonight I sit and listen,
With the cares of life aloof,
And the rain taps on my window pane
And dances on the roof.

—*From the Tea Kettle and Other Poems.*

"THE NEW SOUTH."

Congressman Breckinridge Eloquently Objects to the Phrase.

The speech which awoke the greatest enthusiasm at the Jackson banquet given by the Young Men's Democratic Association was the response by Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, to the toast, "The New South; in her material and political development are the elements of a successful future."

The audience listened with breathless interest to the rare burst of eloquence, and when Mr. Breckinridge closed the cheering was continuous for ten minutes and the hall was a sea of waving handkerchiefs. He said in substance:

"New South!" I don't altogether fancy the words 'New South.' I haven't taken much stock in this rhetorical phrase. In a sense that is precious there is a new South, a new North and a new Republic. In all essentials it is the same old South. Virginia which gave to immortality Washington and to humanity Jefferson, is the same old Virginia and has worked out her own salvation. Those Carolinas, which raised men who helped to make Jackson, and beautiful Tennessee, which nurtured him, are the same to-day.

"When I recall the South of twenty-five years ago and to-day, my heart is filled with sorrow and with glory over her trials and her poverty. Her hearths destroyed, nothing left but her land, all public credit destroyed, the past full of sorrow, the future of gloom, the present filled with sadness—those people of the old South had only these things left: their courage, their honor and their God. Yet these people of the old—not the new—South went bravely to work, and when I recall their bravery, the piety of their women and their courage, my heart bows low in love and reverence. They have received no pensions, no benefits, but without complaint or repining they have bravely worked. By subtle but omnipotent power of freedom they have conquered, without weapons and cruelty, the autonomy of their States, have made their homes prosperous and have educated their own children and the children of the colored people around them.

"Oh! the South; glorious in her manhood, exquisite in her womanhood—no Aphrodite ever rose from seas of wars and commotion as beautiful as the South. She makes no pledges not from the heart. She knows the gravity of problems given her to solve. She feels the throbbing of the new days in the bosom of her mountains. She sees the highways leading from her seaports crowded with the white wings of commerce. She has no rivalry with other sections of the country but the rivalry of good will. She asks to help you to work out our common salvation. She is greedy of place, but of confidence. She asked of the Democratic party the opportunity to show that her sons could govern as of yore. She hailed Cleveland because he came up to the level of American citizenship and gave her this opportunity.

"Here in Philadelphia, where the South's traditions have so much centred, I say, in her name, she is as true to the principles of America democracy as she was when she gave Andrew Jackson to the nation. I was averse to speaking to a toast to-night that savored of sectionalism, and yet Jackson, like all true men, was in a sense a sectionalist. We are Americans, but the glory of our nation is that every part of our country gives its flavor to a composite photograph, as it were. What we need is Americanism that will give to every section its just due and demand from every section its loyal patriotism."

ROBT. QUINN, of Michigan, asserts that wool growing will pay at 35 cts. per pound for wool and mutton will pay at four and five cents per pound, if the business is well managed. We think that that is true, but the sheep business can not possibly pay at less prices.

THE sheep is an easy animal to fatten and the most of the fat could be laid on with less grain, if there was a little more care given to the matter of feeding. No animal should be recklessly fed, the sheep especially.

"I SHOULD be pleased to have you recommend my house," remarked Mrs. Perkins to the new boarder.

"Thanks," he replied, "I will speak to Signor Succi about it."

JAGWAY—Have you heard the news about Travers? He is training to be come a sprinter.

Kingsley.—What forced him to that?

Jagway.—His creditors.

The Captain's Wife.

The right wing of Sherman's magnificent army rested only a few miles from Blue Rock, a mountain village in Georgia. The simple villagers felt little or no alarm. Blue Rock was a point of no strategic importance to either the Federals or the Confederates.

One fine morning in the early spring John Dickson started out from the little hamlet to visit his farm only a mile or two distant. Dickson was a young man, but a chronic lameness had secured his exemption from military service; and he had a wife and two children entirely dependent upon him, who regarded his disability a blessing.

Still, he was strongly anti-Union and on this particular morning while he was limping slowly along the country road, he paused more than once to listen with a frowning face to the sullen boom of Sherman's guns, several miles away.

"I am not able to do much fighting, but if they come to Blue Rock and cut up any shines, I'll kill some of them, if I have to die for it," he muttered.

He meant what he said. This quiet young farmer had plenty of grit when he was put to the test.

The walk tired him, and he left the road and stretched himself in a grassy place under the shade of a sturdy old oak. He threw himself on his back and closed his eyes for a moment. Then he looked up at the green foliage above him.

A queer expression flitted over his face, but his gaze remained fixed upon one point. In a careless way he raised his hand to his face, and stroked his mustache. Then the hand wandered down over his vest, toying with each button. At last it slipped downward to a hip pocket, and reappeared as a flash of lightning, this time with a pistol aimed upward.

"Now you come down!" said Dickson gruffly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed some one up in the tree. "You have found me, have you?"

The laugh surprised and irritated Dickson. His keen eyes had discovered a man with a blue uniform sitting on one of the topmost limbs of the tree. It had flashed into his head that it would be an easy thing to capture him, and march him into Blue Rock. And now the rascal was laughing at him!

"You'll grin on the wrong side of your mouth pretty soon," said Dickson. "I mean business. Don't you know you are my prisoner?"

"No," was the reply, "I hadn't thought of it in that light. In fact, I was under the impression that you were my prisoner, and I was wondering how to dispose of you."

"Confound you," roared the young farmer. "If you don't come down at once, I'll shoot!"

"See here, my friend," answered the soldier; "you don't understand the situation, exactly."

"Oh, I don't," shouted Dickson.

"No; where are your eyes? Take a good look, but don't move."

Thus appealed to, Dickson allowed his eyes to run over the soldier's entire figure. He gave a start of surprise. The Federal held in his right hand a revolver aimed at the man on the ground.

"I have had you covered ever since you came here," said the man in the tree.

"And what do you think of doing?" asked Dickson, in a tantalizing way.

"I am going to shoot if you try to get up or if you cock your pistol," was the response; "but I expect to persuade you to drop your weapon and go off to the top of that hill yonder."

"You are a fool!" shouted Dickson.—"Don't you know that somebody from town will come along soon and help me capture you?"

"And don't you know," replied the other, "that some of our cavalry are coming this way and may be here any moment?"

Dickson studied the face above him.

It was a dark, clear-cut, handsome face, very youthful and pleasant in its expression.

"Why, you are a boy, ain't you?" was his next question, as he took in the lithe, willowy form.

"Never mind what I am; my captain is satisfied with me, and that is enough."

"You had better drop your pistol and come down. I will see that you are treated well."

"Thanks. Hadn't you better lay down your weapon and march over that hill, and go home to your wife and children, if you have any? I am not particularly anxious to have our boys come along and capture you."

The frank and fearless eyes looking into Dickson's had a kind look, and the angry farmer found that his wrath was gradually melting. After all, he thought there would be little glory in capturing this boy soldier. And then the fellow's story might be true. If the Federals were coming in that direction, it was time for good confederation to hie out.

"What are you doing here, anyhow?" he asked.

"I slipped in Blue Rock last night," was the answer, "and some of your people ran me out. My horse was shot, and I had to take to the woods. I climbed up here to be safe until our cavalry came along."

"I tell you what I'll do," broke in Dickson, "I don't want much to take you prisoner and I don't want to shoot you. On the other hand, I'll admit that I have no fancy for being shot myself. But I am not going to throw down my pistol. I will get up and go down; and when your crowd arrives, if it comes at all, you may expect a hot reception if you are not too many for us."

There was a pause for a moment, and then the soldier in the tree spoke.

"All right; I'll trust you," he said. "Go ahead, and I'll not take the advantage of you. But you may expect to see me in Blue Rock before night."

"We'll take care of Blue Rock," defiantly responded Dickson. "Well, I'm off.—Good-by!"

He rose to his feet, and walked off as briskly as he could. He scorned to look back. If the Federal was mean enough to break his word and fire, it was all right. But his heart bumped against his ribs until he had placed 100 yards between him and the tree.

When the blue jackets swarmed into the village that afternoon, the score or more of male inhabitants saw that resistance was useless against such a force.

"The captain sent me to guard your property," said a soldier, as he passed in front of Dickson's door.

"I am obliged to him," replied Dickson, "but I don't see why."

The man went on duty, and the little family passed the night undisturbed, and with the feeling that they were securely protected.

"The captain requests you to come to his headquarters."

The message made Dickson a little nervous when it was delivered to him the next morning. His wife could not conceal her alarm.

"There is nothing wrong," the messenger assured her. "The captain merely desires to see your husband a moment."

There was nothing to do but to go. Dickson quieted his wife, and proceeded to the dwelling indicated to him as the captain's headquarters.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Dickson," the captain remarked with a peculiar smile. "My wife wishes to thank you for your courteous and sensible conduct yesterday."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the farmer. And then he saw what had escaped his notice, that there was a lady in the room. A very charming little lady, Dickson thought. She looked fresh and bright in her simple traveling dress, and her curly hair, cut short like a boy's, gave her a roguish look. The lady's face was strangely familiar, and when the astonished Confederate gazed into her eyes, he recognized her.

"You were the soldier in the tree!" he cried.

"The same," admitted the captain's wife, with a laugh.

"You see," exclaimed the captain, "my wife would come down to see me in camp, and she would wear a soldier's uniform. She is a head-strong little thing, and I had to yield; but after her adventure of yesterday, I have persuaded her to return home. War is a bad thing, my friend, if the ladies are to go soldiering."

By this time Dickson felt perfectly at home. His hosts were in such a jolly good humor that it was contagious, and the visitor spent a delightful half-hour.

The Federals did not hold Blue Rock long. They moved off with the main body of the army, but before they left, the captain's adventurous wife had been shipped home by her husband.

'Queer things happen in war times,' was Dickson's comment on the affair when he spoke of it afterward to his friends, "and I tell you it is a wonder the captain's wife didn't capture me and march me off. She is a daisy, if there ever was one!"

Presidential School Days.

The father of President James K. Polk was a farmer and surveyor. James was in the habit of assisting him in the management of the farm, and accompanied him on his surveying expedition, when they would be away from home for weeks together. It was the duty of James to take care of the horses and camp utensils, and to cook the meals of the surveying party. There was enough of variety and excitement about these expeditions to make them enjoyable, and we may be sure that little James Polk had "a good time." His father afterward unsuccessfully tried to make a merchant of him, and then allowed him to attend the academy, where he was one of the best scholars in the school. He was noted for his punctuality, and never allowed himself to be absent from a recitation or the morning religious services. One of the wits of the academy, when he wished to prove how sure anything was to happen, was in the habit of saying, "It is as certain as that Polk will get up at the first call."

The boyhood of Zachary Taylor was spent in Kentucky, about 5 miles from what is now the thriving city of Louisville. The Indians abounded in that part of the country in those days, and the hardships of border life were familiar to the people of that section. Zachary attended a school kept by a Yankee school-master. It was a common thing in those days for the Kentuckians to spend a good portion of their time fighting the Indians, and the man who shot a "redskin" was not only looked upon as a public benefactor, but among the boys and girls his popularity was assured; he was looked upon as a "great man." One day little Zachary was obliged to stay at home from school. Do you suppose it was because he had a headache or a cough? No, he stayed at home with his older brother, and helped make bullets for his father, who was a short distance away from the house engaged fighting the Indians. Even the village doctor, when he rode out to see his patients in the surrounding country, carried a brace of pistols attached to his saddle, and he was ready to use them the moment he saw the face of a redskin peep out from behind the trees.

Millard Fillmore, when a small boy picked up what learning he could from the books that fell in his way, and at an early age was sent to a small town in Livingston county to learn the trade of clothier. In the meantime he read all the books he could find in the village library on the subject of history, geography and travel. A distinguished judge, seeing how studious he was, took a great interest in him, induced the tailor for a certain sum to part with his services, took the boy in his office and made a lawyer of him.

Franklin Pierce, when a little boy, was noted for his prettiness; he had curly hair, blue eyes and his manners were so gentle and kindly as to win the favor of all who met him. When he was at school, one of his classmates, much older than the other scholars, found it very difficult to keep up in his studies. Of course he felt very foolish over it. In after years he recalled how little Franklin Pierce had sympathized with him, and how, while the other boys at recess were outside enjoying their sports, Pierce remained for several weeks in the school room and helped the backward scholar to master his lessons. At 16 he attended Bowdoin College, Maine. There he was a bright, good-looking, sunshiny kind of lad, and was very fond of drilling in the college military company, of which he was an officer. He used to say that he wished he could have been a soldier.—*Harper's Young People.*

FOUR hours' active exercise in the open air as one way to break up a fresh cold is a sensible prescription. Such aeration relieves the air passages of the obstructions which clog them and the exercise sets the blood in vigorous motion through the veins.

THE LAYING HEN.

The Kind to Select—How to Manage—How to Feed for Eggs.

Hens differ individually, and they differ as breeds. Knowledge of their individual characteristics can only be gained by constant association with them and careful observation of their traits. The laying hen is one that is active and busy. A good scratching hen—one that is never idle—is, as rule, a good layer, for the reason that her active habits keep her in proper condition for laying. Hence we may advise that, in selecting, let the busy, active hen be retained. A bright, red comb, bright wattles and a happy disposition are indications, while bright eyes and clean feathers also point to success. All hens have bright red combs when beginning to lay, but it is before the hens begin to lay that more information is desired.

The best method is to breed for good layers. Select the best layers every year and mate them with a male from a good laying strain, or breed, and the shortest road will at once be taken. When one finds a lot of drones in a flock, get rid of them and breed from those that are productive. The rule that "like begets like" holds good with poultry as with anything else, and should lead to the production of better stock, but it is important that the male be given some consideration, when selecting a breeding stock, as his influence on the future progeny is greater than any female in the flock, he being the sire of all instead of a few only.

The Black Spanish and the Minorca lay the largest eggs of any breed. They greatly resemble each other in many respects, the Black Spanish, however, having a white face. For winter laying the Leghorn does well, if kept in a warm place, while the Brahma, Wyandotte and Plymouth Rocks are considered excellent winter breeds.

The price of eggs has been larger than usually known at this time of the year, and all the indications, are, as it seems to us, that it will not be much less for some time, which surely means that all possible advantage should be taken by the farmer of possibilities for their increase. There is no department of farm industries which admits of more satisfactory results under judicious management than the care of poultry. We say judicious management, for unless a person is prepared and willing to bestow upon the business exceeding great care and attention, though expecting good paying returns, we do not recommend him to commence the business. It is not enough that a good stock of fowls is secured to start with, though this, of course, is a very important factor of success. Nor is it enough that convenient grounds are allotted, and comfortable feeding and roosting places afforded. These accessories are well and indispensable, but so far as winter management particularly is concerned the secret lies chiefly in the feeding. We often see going the rounds of newspapers many important statements of great profits, secured from poultry raising with very little work. These are set adrift by impracticable persons who are always jumping at conclusions without having the facts to sustain them. To some they are a tempting bait, taking only to bring disappointment and grief in the end. After ample and comfortable roosting places and convenient fooding grounds or apartments have been provided, see that food in plenty and variety is given. Eggs in abundance cannot be had from the meager crumbs of the table, as is often said, nor from a few handfuls of corn or screenings, grudgingly doled out to the layers. Complaints of few or no eggs generally come from those who feed in this way. It is impossible to get something out of nothing, and eggs will not roll in without great attention to the diet. Night and morning, through winter weather, warm (not hot) parched corn should be given without stint. At noon, corn meal and bran mixed with warm water and served in clean troughs.

If wheat or buckwheat are at hand serve occasionally with them. Boil potatoes and turnips or cabbage, and give as much meat of any kind as possible, and all the clabber the birds will drink. Give ground bone and provide bone in some shape, the best probably being burned oyster shells. The "crumbs from the table" which are so often harped on as being a sufficient diet, may be given supplementary to the bill of fare we have commended. Of course none of the feed is to be thrown on ice or snow or muddy places.

After this kind of generous dietic treatment, the warm and convenient roosts will come in to fill the bill. We know a farmer's wife who cares for fowls in this way and her egg basket is always well filled and that is saying enough in its favor. But don't grudge the feed because it will cost something; you cannot have all profit. If you get the cake you can't have the penny.

The fowls often suffer for water when the weather is freezing, and a dish of warm water supplied them twice a day will not only invigorate and warm them but is also a cheap mode of inducing the hens to lay. Being compelled to drink water as cold as ice the warmth of the body is lessened, more food is required, and the hens will have all they can do to keep warm instead of laying eggs.

An English authority on poultry topics remarks that, while highly stimulating food may induce a hen to lay a little earlier, it is always at the expense of health and permanency. He used the word "may" because he inclines to the opinion that health and vigor may induce the early egg quite as successful as forcing diet. The thing to do is to keep fowls well, use food not too fattening, give plenty of green stuff and a sheltered yard.

A GEORGIA EDITOR, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney-at-law, clerk of the town council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Gimme money," said he, without looking up from his work. "Do you want a license?" said yes. "And do you promise to love, honor and obey?" stammered an affirmative. "Gimme money," cried the editor, without looking up. "I have a load of wood to sell, and I must have money to buy provender for my family. Gimme a load of wood, or a load of hay, or a load of corn, or a load of potatoes, or a load of apples, or a load of maple sugar, or a load of ance oak."

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