THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.
WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 will be charged.
SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS.
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE, solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory price.

AMERICAN
PHOSPHATE AND CHEMICAL COMPANY,
227 East German Street, P. O. Box 437,
BALTIMORE, - - MARYLAND.
OFFER THEIR HIGH GRADE ACID PHOSPHATES
MANUFACTURED BY PROCESS PATENTED,
To Large Consumers at Wholesale Figures!
GOODS ANALYZE:
20 to 22 per Cent., 25 to 30 per cent., 35 to 40 per cent., of Aavail. Phosphoric Acid,
(Almost All Soluable in Water), or Any Intermediate Analysis.
STRICTEST PURITY GUARANTEED.
APPLY FOR QUOTATIONS AT OFFICE.
jy11-8t. Agricultural Plaster.

1837. 1891.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
Agent for R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
Special Fertilizers for particular crops are claiming general attention, as practica experimental farmers and planters have demonstrated that Fertilizers for each crop are necessary to insure such returns as will pay them for their labor and care. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities, to suit purchasers, every article used in fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order, according to any formula which may be required. We were the First House in Baltimore who furnished this facility for obtaining either the Unmixed Chemicals or the Compounding of Special Formulas.
OUR SPECIAL WHEAT PHOSPHATE
we can confidently recommend as an excellent wheat producer. It has been used for years, and the general satisfaction it has given warrants us in making the statement. We have also constantly in stock our carefully prepared brands of
Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates,
Fine Ground Raw Bone, Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,
Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash,
Sulphate Potash, Kainit,
and in fact anything farmers may want in the form of Fertilizers or Fertilizing Material, at Bottom Prices. Orders solicited. We do not publish certificates, our goods speak for themselves. Correspondence by mail promptly attended to.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agt.,
June 27, 1891. Chestertown, Maryland.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE --- READ!
LIME. LIME. LIME.
For Sale---200,000 Bushels of Schuylkill Lime. Delivered by Rail or Water, and 50,000 Bushels of Wrightsville Lime, Delivered by Rail only. Send for Prices and Terms. Farmers! Corn, Wheat and Oats have reached their minimum, hence we may all look for
Good Paying Prices for the Next Seven Years!
The prospect for Peaches is most excellent, therefore improve your land now by ordering Our Lime early. You will not regret it.
BENJ. F. FLEMING,
March 21, 1891—6m. Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

A. F. HUEY,
MASSEYS, MD.
A. W. Stevens & Son's Engines and Threshers,
REEVES & CO.'S STACKERS,
EUREKA WIND MILLS,
Also, a Full Line of Agricultural Implements
always on hand.

JOSHUA HORNER, JR., & CO., Bowly's Wharf Baltimore, Md.
Valuable Circulars and Samples Free on application.
ANIMAL BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.
Pure ANIMAL BONE, Dissolved ANIMAL BONE, and
FOR RYE, WHEAT, GRASS
And Permanent
JUST OUT—A New and Splendid Companion
FOR FARMERS.
AN IMPROVED SPRING-TOOTH HARROW!
Steel Frame, elevated throughout its entire length and every tooth riding on a saddle, thus making it the LIGHTEST DRAUGHT HARROW on the market. No two teeth following each other and thereby thoroughly pulverizing the ground. The new Pivoting Frictional Tooth-holder permits the wearing of the Entire Length of the Tooth. Upon an examination we feel the most skeptical will be convinced that we have the FINEST HARROW YET INVENTED.
PLOWS and PLOW CASTINGS.
We are Agents for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with the Improved Jointer. We furnish Castings for the South Bend and the Remington Plows. Ropes, Traces, Chain Traces, Hames, Hame Strings, Straps, Plow Lines, Back bands. Don't forget we are prepared to do Roofing, Spouting, Repairing and all kinds Tin Work at short notice and at prices AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.
J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.,
March 28, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

USE only the BREAKWATER CHURN, it is the best. LAMBERT & BROWN.
ASK for our No. 9 Unlaundried SHIRT at 50c. WESTCOTT & DODD.

Commission Cards.
Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
No. 206 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD
FRANK R. BIEDLER. RALPH S. JACKSON.
W. H. BEACHAM,
—WITH—
BIEDLER & JACKSON,
Successors to Biedler Brothers,
Produce Commission Merchants,
WAREHOUSE AND OFFICE,
No. 113 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md
REFERENCE:—People's Bank, Baltimore.
W. R. PARKS,
—WITH—
ROWE & JURNEY,
WHOLESALE GRAIN, FRUIT AND GENERAL —PRODUCE—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
(Peaches a Specialty.)
No. 305 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
REFERENCE:—Citizens' National Bank. j20-6m.
WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayettests. ja29.
ESTABLISHED 1836.
R. GROVES,
—WITH—
THOMAS BOND & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 216 Light Street, - Baltimore, Maryland.
D. B. STEWART CO.,
of Baltimore, (Incorporated,)
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchants
118 EAST PRATT STREET.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
DAIL & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
Fruit, Grain, Hay, Poultry, Eggs, Etc., Also, all Kinds of Produce.
117 Cheapside, - - Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all sales and Prompt Returns made. a18.
JAMES W. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.
JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, WOOL and Country Produce Generally.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF GRAIN AND FRUITS.
18 East Camden Street, *Near Light St. Wharf),* Baltimore, Maryland.
WM. H. SPEDDEN. EDWD. SPEDDEN.
ESTABLISHED IN 1873.
WM. H. SPEDDEN & BRO.,
Grocers and Commission Merchants,
510 Light St. Wharf, Balto., Md.,
Offer a Full Line of Groceries at prices as Low as any house in the city, and solicit consignments of Grain, Fruit, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs and all kinds of Country Produce. Prompt returns made for all sales.
REFER BY PERMISSION TO
Tolchester Steamboat Company, Richard Cornelius, Cashier National Farmers' and Planters' Bank, of Baltimore, Maryland. m21.
ESTABLISHED 1876.
E. T. COMEGYS,
Member of the Corn and Flour Exchange,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
GRAIN, FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, &c.
No. 222 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE:—Honest Returns and Personal Attention. a18.
O. CLIFTON. S. H. WOODLAND. J. W. WOODLAND.
A. P. CREW
—WITH—
CLIFTON & WOODLAND,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
217 South Charles St., Balto., Md.,
GRAIN and FRUITS a SPECIALTY.
REFERENCE:—National Exchange Bank.
JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

FARMERS, NOTICE!
IN STOCK AT STAM'S DRUG STORE
Lubricating Oils!
HARVESTER, WEST VIRGINIA, LARD, CASTOR, CASTORINE, ENGINE and LARDINE.
BEST QUALITY!
Lowest Prices! Largest Stock!
Also, LINSEED OIL, TURPENTINE, NEAD'S FOOT OIL, HARNESS OIL,
FOR SALE AT
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
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.
A NICE assortment of GLOVES for both Men and Ladies, just received and very low.
n8. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.
SHOVELS, Forks, Spades, Rakes and Hoes.
J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

PHILADELPHIA.
S. F. CREW, of Kent County, Md. M. L. COULBOURN, of Caroline County, Md.
CREW & COULBOURN,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
Fruit and Produce,
No. 318 North Front Street, Phila.
Account of sales and check daily if required. Communications solicited and promptly answered.
E. C. CROW. CHAS. W. WILKINSON.
Established 1882.
E. C. CROW & CO.,
124 Dock Street, Phila., Pa.,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—SPECIALTIES:—
BERRIES, PEACHES, PEARS.
REFERENCES:—Produce National Bank, Bradstreet's Report, the Trade, and by request, responsible growers in different localities. fe21-6m.
R. A. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y
P. E. CREW & CO.,
(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)
FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sale if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

200,000
PEACH TREES!
—FOR THE—
Coming FALL, and SPRING of 1892.
These trees are grown from seed guaranteed to be Natural, procured from districts where there are no signs of disease. An inspection of my stock is cordially invited.
PEAR TREES
OF ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES.
Also, Asparagus Crowns,
Small Fruits, Vegetable Plants,
Quicks, &c., &c.
There being a prospect of a large demand for trees, it would be well for planters to place their orders early. Address
R. G. NICHOLSON,
m30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.
PEACHES ARE SAFE!
AND SO IS THE PURCHASER WHO ENTERS
—THE STORE OF—
WM. R. ALDRIDGE.
—I HAVE A—
Complete Stock!
IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
MATTINGS, 18c. to 45c. per yard.
Ginghams, 10c. to 25c. per yard.
Plaid Muslins, Sateens, Embroidery.
We make a specialty of
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.
Straw Hats, Glassware, Gentlemen's Flannel Shirts from 50 cents to $2.50. Nice line of Handkerchiefs, etc. Call and see our new line of goods.
WM. R. ALDRIDGE.
a25. CHESTERTOWN.
ICE-COLD
SODA WATER!
Rock Candy Syrups and Fruit Juices used in dispensing our Soda Water.
TOULSON'S DRUG STORE.
Paint and Oils
We have laid in a Stock of Paint and Oils. Persons contemplating building will find it to their advantage to get our prices.
at M. A. TOULSON'S
m23. DRUG STORE.
WHEN
You Want a Carpet Made
Or want to BUY one,
Or MATTING and OIL-CLOTH, WALL PAPER or WINDOW SHADES, CURTAIN POLES, DRAPERY
Chains and Pins, Picture Hooks, your Furniture Upholstered, Chairs Recaned, Chair Seats and Backs, or a First-Class Sewing Machine, try
BARTLEY,
IN CHESTERTOWN, MD.
A good many customers will attest
That there the Prices are not High!
That the quality is the Best!
That the Service is Prompt!
That to make a profit off our patrons is secondary to pleasing them.

A Terrible Ride.

I began life on one of the big railways of the States as "cleaner" in an engine shed.

I had been employed in the shed at Louisville for about fifteen or sixteen months when I went on my first trip as a fireman.

It was very near being my last.

I firmly believe all the years of flying about in an express since I was made an engineer have not taken as much out of me as that single turn of an hour and a half. It occurred in this way:

One evening the superintendent at Louisville received a wire from Weston—a station about seventy miles down the line—to send an engine to replace one which had broke down. He came to the shed and selected the General Grant, one of the finest on the road. Then he sent word to the engineer and fireman to come on duty and start on their journey at 7 o'clock.

The driver, Ben Norris, was there in good time, and busied himself with his oil can. But Jim West, the fireman, did not turn up punctually.

At last, when it was near the hour for starting, he came to the shed.

One glance at his bloodshot eyes and unsteady walk showed me that he was the worse for drink. Poor fellow! I knew the cause of this, and from the bottom of my heart pitied him. The week before he had lost his little daughter Kate, and to drown his grief he had taken to liquor.

I knew he was utterly incapable of going on duty, and I also knew that if he was discovered in this state it would mean instant dismissal.

There was only one thing for it—another fireman must be found immediately. If the matter was referred to the superintendent it would be all up with my friend Jim. From that moment I made up my mind to take his place myself.

I gave him in charge of one of my mates, who promised to take him home quietly. I thought that in a few hours he would have slept off the effects of the liquor, and I left word to have him come on by the night train to Weston. I had to explain matters to the engineer, but he made no objections to my plan. It struck me at the time that he took matters very coolly; in fact, he seemed perfectly indifferent as to who went with him.

Time was up. I took my place in the cab. Norris set to work at once and we moved slowly out of the shed. We were off!

When in the station I took care to keep bending down as if examining the fire, so that I should not be recognized, but once clear of the town I stood upright and looked around.

It was a glorious summer evening. We skimmed rapidly past meadows and cornfields and then dashed along the bridge over the river. I began to think I would enjoy the run immensely.

I next turned my attention to the engine. As I ran my eye over the shining machinery I felt gratified to think that its neat order was chiefly owing to my care. I was proud of the Grant, and wondered if the time would ever come when I should have charge of it myself.

I was so elated that I thought my companion ought to be more lively. Ben seemed to think of nothing but his work. He stood with his hand on the throttle and his eyes steadily fixed upon the track ahead. I made one or two remarks, but he scarcely answered me. When I was wondering at his silence he suddenly appeared to rouse himself. He glanced at the steam gauge, muttered something which I did not understand, but bent down and examined the fire box.

"More coal!" he cried, in a voice which almost startled me.

I complied without a word. Instead of throwing in the coal recklessly, which I knew would only deaden the fire, I piled it up carefully around the sides. Very soon the speed of the engine increased. We were rattling along at a grand rate. I examined the gauge and saw that the hand pointed to 124. I could not see the necessity for this rapid traveling.

My companion's attention was again fixed upon the road before him. Presently he turned toward me and exclaimed, excitedly:

"Who says that the Grant is not the fastest engine on the road?"

"Moxly declared that the President was faster," I replied.

Then he lied!" cried Norris. "The President faster—we shall see, we shall see!"

I thought his manner very strange, to say the least of it. But I knew his ways and said nothing. He was always considered rather eccentric. Besides, he was easily excited and could not bear to be contradicted. Still, there was not a driver on the line better acquainted with his business.

And, by the way, I have forgotten to say a word as to his appearance. Well, then, he was a big, powerful fellow, with a broad, red face and a busby beard. It was hard to deal with such a man. If he once put his foot down there was no getting him to budge until his humor changed.

We were now coming close upon Waterford station, and had already done about five-and-twenty miles of the journey. Ben's eyes were still upon the track. It was all clear ahead, yet I expected to see him close the throttle and slow down while passing through the station.

But I was mistaken. With a roar and a rush we dashed right through, and the next minute we were tearing through a level stretch on the other side.

"More coal!" Not only the words themselves, but the manner in which they were uttered, caused me serious alarm. I began to suspect that something was wrong. Still, if I hesitated it might only aggravate him, so I flung in a small quantity.

"Go on—go on!"

What was I to do? I didn't dare to refuse. The wild look in Norris' eyes frightened me, and I went on shoveling in the fuel. I glanced at the gauge. Great heavens! It marked 230. This pressure of steam, where no cars were attached to the engine, meant a fearful rate of speed.

The engineer's manner was strangely altered. Instead of being silent and morose he was now excited and talkative.

"That's it!" he cried, and I could barely catch the words above the roaring of the engine. "Now we're traveling! Ha! Ha! The President faster than Grant? Not likely! I'll catch up to her yet, see if I don't!"

Shall I ever forget those terrible words! They actually seem to paralyze me. As I stood there, clinging for support to the side of the cab, the awful truth flashed through my mind. The engineer was mad. And, worse still, he was under the delusion that the President was on in front. With this insane idea in his head he determined to try the speed of the two engines.

My first impulse, when I partly recovered from the shock, was to spring forward and grasp the reversing rod. But a moment's reflection showed me that this might instantly seal my doom. Norris would have grappled with me, and if it came to a struggle I was lost. He would fling me headlong from the engine.

Then another thought occurred to me. Heaven forgive me!—but I must strike him from behind in order to save my life. I looked around for a weapon. As I did so he seemed to guess what I was at and turning round thurst his hand into his breast. The next moment he held a revolver toward me, while his blazing eyes threatened instant death if I did not desist.

After that I gave myself up for lost. Unless Providence interposed on my behalf a horrible end awaited me. Up to this I had felt the heat oppressive, but now I shivered. My hands were cold and clammy. A band of iron seemed to encircle my head.

On we tore, the engine swaying fearfully. Every moment I expected to be blown to atoms by the bursting of the boiler. Norris never ceased to rave about the race with the President. And yet, though he was too absorbed in this work, he kept his eye on me the whole time.

Then it was that an idea flashed acrossed me. A faint hope sprung up in my mind. I must overcome him by cunning, it was my only chance.

I advanced to examine the indicator, and though my heart sank when I saw the hand quivering at 250, I made it appear as though I were delighted.

"Good," I cried, "we'll beat her yet! But we want more coal."

I made toward the tender, placed my left hand upon a lump of coal and struck it across the back with the sharp edge of the shovel. The blow left a gash from which the blood flowed freely, I gave a cry and Norris instantly turned round.

I held up my right hand that he might see the blood dripping from it. Then I stood with my back toward him and pretended to bind up the wound. But I only wrapped a handkerchief round it and quick as lightning drew out my pocketbook. I tore away the leaves which were written on, and placing the book upon my knee scrawled these words across the first page:

"Driver mad, wire, grease rails."

Then holding it in my injured hand I thrust it under my jacket and returned to the engineer's side.

We were now rapidly approaching Weston, but I know that Norris did not intend to stop. And I was right. He blew a long whistle, as if to startle the officials, and the engine shot through the station like a rocket.

But I had managed to drop my pocketbook at the side of the track.

I did not dare to look back or make the slightest sign to the Weston officials. If I had done so I certainly would have got a bullet through me. Still I fancied I had caught a glimpse of a man hurrying forward to where the book had fallen.

The suspense was terrible. Even if they noticed the pocketbook, they might not be able to understand what was written inside; for it may be imagined that under the circumstances the scrawl was barely legible.

I had made up my mind what to expect. The next station was Red Fork, but fifteen miles further on. I was sure the track would be clear as far as this place, but once past it we might encounter an up train at any moment.

If the Weston people discovered my message they would wire at once to Red Fork, and there would be time enough for the officials at that station to grease a portion of the rails before we came on the scene. Should this be done on any sort of an incline the wheels would slip on the track and the engine soon come to a standstill. It was with such a piece of road just outside of Red Fork station.

But if it turned out otherwise, and we passed the place without being stopped, I resolved to lose no time in grappling with the engineer. Come what might, I would spring upon him and try to wrench the revolver from his hand. The case would then be desperate, and it was as well to die in a fight for life as to wait patiently and be mangled in a collison.

When I arranged all this in my mind I endeavored to resign myself to fate. I could do no more at present. But the agonies I suffered during that short run from Weston to Red Fork I can never describe. The terrible train of suspense, the wild rush, the swaying from side to side made me feel sick and faint. I clung on, without daring to look on either hand; if I had done so I think I could not have resisted the temptation to fling myself from the engine.

It was getting dusk. I was dimly conscious of hedges, telegraph poles and bridges skimming past me like so many flashes. The hoarse shouts of the madman made my blood run cold. He seemed to be working himself into a regular frenzy.

Red Fork one mile ahead!

One minute more would decide the question of life or death.

I drew my breath hard; I trembled like a child. We had reached the incline. The engine went at it with a dash. I glanced out to see if any friendly figures were on the track.

Not a soul was in sight. I groaned and almost fell on the floor of the cab. The surrounding objects seemed to fade from my view, and in their place rose up a picture of the old home away in England. I saw the little cottage, I looked into my mother's face——

"Oh, thank God!"

Never before or since did such a cry of joy escape me, for at that moment I felt the wheels of the engine slip.

Gradually the furious speed declined. Norris dashed about the cab storming and swearing. Very soon we were almost at a standstill. The next second I had jumped to the ground.

Only just in time. The madman had turned savagely upon me, I suppose suspecting I had something to do with the stoppage. I saw his purpose and ducked my head as a bullet from his revolver whizzed over it. Then I ran for dear life down the track.

When I was out of range I sat upon the bank completely overcome. The reaction was too much for me, and I believe for a minute or two I was quite unconscious. But before I became insensible I heard another report from the pistol. I knew what had happened.

I was aroused by a confused hum of voices. Upon opening my eyes I found four men standing around me. I got up at once and we hurried back to the engine.

There stood the Grant upon the track with full speep up, the wheels revolving with frightful rapidity, but without making the least headway.

One of my companions sprang on board and shut off the steam. Then he came to the side, looked down, and exclaimed:

"I say, boys, Norris has put a bullet through his brain!"—*Chicago Globe.*

Advice on Repairing Men's Clothes.

From the American Agriculturalist,

Rip out the old sleeve linings; press and cut new ones by them. If the sleeves are frayed around the hand, you can either turn up the cloth for an inch or less, or if, which is likely, they are not long enough to allow of this, you can rip the hem or facing loose, cut it in two where it is frayed, and then put it on a new facing, which will only shorten the sleeve by a single seam. Of course a machine is an essential article for all such work. Baste the facing carefully in peace, turn the sleeve wrong side out, and steam-press the seam by laying a wet cloth over it, and using a heavy iron, hot as may be without scorching. You cannot do the pressing too well. It is not sufficient to pass the iron over it. You must lean your weight on the iron with patient firmness. Now seam up the linings, and put them in, felling neatly around the shoulders before blind-stitching the hem about the hand.

The linings of coats are generally loose around the bottoms, which will greatly facilitate on the pockets, if not, you must rip them loose. If the pockets are very much worn, cut off the bad places and seam on pieces of stout muslin of the exact pattern, allowing for the seams. Sometimes the corners of the pockets are torn loose from the coat. Fasten them down to strong stays on the wrong side and press well from both sides with a wet cloth laid over, as before. Now stitch down on the right side with the machine, following the same line of stitching. Where the pocket joints the coat, which is generally faced with farmer's satin, or cloth like the garment, the facing sometimes becomes worn; rip it off and fell on a new piece neatly. Buttons tear out, taking bits of cloth with them. Here is a chance for your very neatest work. Lay pieces of the cloth on the wrong side, matching stripe or plaid, if any, and fell down on the wrong side with stitches that do not go through, turn on the right side, and blind-stitch down all around the worn place, press, and sew the buttons on, and even if the patch is slightly larger than the button, it will not be noticed. There is a black rubber button ribbed exactly like the silk and cloth buttons which are so much used on men's suits, and which give such poor wear. They cost from 10 to 15 cents a dozen, and never wear out. Whenever the lining is worn, baste under a piece of goods as near like it as possible, cut out the worn place, turn in the seam and fell around neatly; press from the worn side of the lining. Don't hurry with any part of your work. Neatness is worth more than despatch in work of this kind. In sewing the buttons on down the front you must not let the stitches show on the wrong side. Don't knot your thread, but draw the ends through between the lining and the outside, and then pass the needle through the eye of the button and then through the outside cloth and the interlining only. I always pity a man whose buttons, although they may be sewed on, show a great knot of thread when his coat is opened. Rework the button-holes with twist. It is much easier to work over an old button-hole than to make a new one. So much for the coat, which is now ready for cleaning. The mode of operation is the same of the vest. You will probably have much patching of linings to do.

To repair trousers is the most difficult of all. They will doubtless be frayed at the bottom, in which case proceed exactly as you did with the sleeves of the coat at the hand. If the seat is broken, rip the seam, cut out the worn place and cut a new piece by it, allowing for seam, bottom and top. Baste in place, seam on the machine and press. You must be careful to cut the worn place straight across, and in setting in the new piece try to have the cloth run exactly the same way. The pressing is the most essential part. If the knees are broken, rip the leg seam and fix in the same way, but of course trousers thus patched cannot be worn to business, as they can be on the farm. If these spots are simply worn, and not broken, lay a piece of new cloth under on the wrong side, and fell down, then on the right side, and with silk of the same shade, darn the thin places. If this is done neatly, and well pressed, it will not be noticed. Stitch up the seams again, and press on the wrong side. Give the final pressing, after cleaning with warm water, to every quart of which you should add a tablespoonful each of ammonia and alcohol. You can make the fold down the front by laying the legs on a board, right side out, with the seams exactly corresponding; place a wet cloth over and press with a hot iron. Clean and press the coat and the vest, and you will be surprised (and so will your John) by the new look of the whole suit.

Written for the Kent News.

For You and Me.

For you and me the future lies asleep,
Beyond a dream-like mist of joy and woe;
A hidden harvest we may never reap,
A silent story we may never know.
A fair exisence that may never be
For you and me.

The present mocks us with a hope that does,
With joy untasted, happiness unknown;
In our dear past so sweet, so slender, lies
A little love-land that is all our own.
And only there, dear heart, can love be free
For you and me.

A MAN who jumped overboard to save his wife, has explained the affair satisfactorily to his friends. It seems she had a good deal of jewelry about her person.

MILLIONS OF BUSHELS.

Heavy Purchases of Wheat by France in the Baltimore Market.

"France has ordered wheat this year in Baltimore, up to the present time, to the extent of about twenty-five millions francs ($5,000,000.")

This statement was made to a reporter Friday by a man on Baltimore 'Change.

The expenditure of $5,000,000 means the purchase through firms in this city of, roughly estimated, five million bushels of wheat. The purchase money alone does not by any means represent the benefit accruing to this city from such expenditure, for you must take into consideration the vast number of hands that must necessarily be employed to handle the grain, both on the railroad, at the piers, and on shipboard.

The shortage of the wheat crops in European countries, and the heavy crop of wheat and other cereals with which we on this side of the water have been blest, serves to give a boom in shipping at this and other ports of the Atlantic, that makes the hearts of the mariner, the farmer and middleman glad. Russia, upon which the other countries of Europe depend largely for their supply of wheat, has a very short crop this year. She will not have to import any, but her crop is only sufficient for the needs of her own people, so that she cannot, therefore, help her neighbors. France drew largely upon Russia for her wheat supply, as did also Germany, Austria, Portugal, Spain and the other countries. Last year France did not import any grain at all from the United States, because with her own crop, together with what she got from Russia, she waa able to do without us; but this year, with no crop of her own, and Russia having none to spare outside of her own boarders, European countries must come over to our doors.

Tate, Muller & Co. has received from Paris a statement which shows pretty clearly the needs of France in the way of wheat for the season of 1890-91 to tide them over until their next crop is garnered, and shows a deficiency 118,250,000 bushels.

It is a big shortage, and France must fill the gap with American wheat. So must Germany, Spain and Portugal. Germany is behindhand somewhat, but she has now begun to buy at this port, and Portugal and Spain will probably be along to see us shortly,

The Wrong Man.

Here is a story which may involve a prominent Southern railway in heavy damages. A Kentuckian who had been drinking heavily, asked the colored porter at what hour Covington would be reached.

"Two o'clock ter morer morning," answered the darkey.

"Wall" said the traveler. "I've been drinking pretty freely. When we git thar put me off. When you come to call me you may find me remonstrative and fighting drunk, but there are two dol'ars for you to pay for all injuries. Mind, now, I want to get off at Covington—you understand!"

"Guess I do, boss!" said Jeff, as he pocketed the bribe. "Doan't matter how yer kick—off yer goes—sure."

At six o'clock next morning, as the train was entering Cincinnati, the big Kentuckian awoke. He grabbed his gripsack, and with fire in his eye he sought the negro, who was standing at the extreme end of the aisle. When Jeff saw the man he turned almost white, and his eyes dilated until the pupils stood out like butter plates.

"Didn't I give you two dollars to put me off at Covington, hey?" hissed the traveler between his teeth.

"Sartain sure; honest fac'," acquiesced the darkey. "But," he queried, as the perspiration started out all over him, "who was de Igemmen we did fro off at Covin'ton? He kicked wusser nor a mule."

Poultry Pickings.

Often it is better to set a broody hen than to break her.

It is good economy to feed well from the start.

Scalded milk is a good remedy for diarrhea in summer; give them all they will drink.

If necessary to confine young chickens in a coop with a board floor, cover well with soil.

If the ducks and geese are picked regularly during the summer and fall they will not molt.

When disease makes it appearance in the flock it is as important to pay as much attention to the well fowls as the sick ones.

When young chickens are shedding their second feathers they should have a small quantity of carbolic acid in their drinking water.

After young turkeys have passed the period of "shooting the read," which occurs when they are about ten weeks old, they can be given free range.

When through breeding for the season separate the roosters from the hens; the eggs laid will keep better then if they are allowed to remain together.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Henry Clay's Crack Shot.

A story, old but good, is told of Henry Clay's lucky crack shot. Clay was visiting a backwoods county in Kentucky, where the man who could fire the best shot stood highest in esteem, and the man who could not fire at all was looked upon with contempt. He was canvassing for votes, when he was approached by some old hunters, one of whom told him that he would be elected to congress, but that he must first show how good a shot he was.

Clay declared that he never shot with any rifle except his own, which was at home. A target was set up, however, and Mr. Clay aimed at it. He fired faint-heartedly, but the shot struck the bull's eye in the center.

"A chance shot! A chance shot!" cried his opponents.

"Never mind," he answered. "You beat it, and then I will."

No one could beat it, and Mr. Clay had too much sense to try again.—*N. Y. World.*

"RASTUS, you are charged with stealing Mr. Brown's lawn mower. Have you a lawyer?",

"No, sah; I didn't realize 'nuff of de sale ob dat mower, Jedge, to hire a counsel."

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