The Kent News.

Terms: $1 Per Annum in Advance.

SATURDAY MORNING..... JAN. 2, 1892

John and Mary.

John Evarts was an honest, good-natured fellow, with a bright face always, and a cheerful smile for everyone. Yet he had a sad tale to tell to those who took enough interest in him to ask his story.

He had been an English farmer until he was 26 years old, and was happy. Then came temptation in the form of a well-dressed man with huge stories of that wonderful country, California. He said that fortunes were struck there in a day; that gold lay exposed upon the ground; that riches came for the asking. Then he drew out his fine watch, and displayed his big diamonds, and jingled a pocket full of coins and called on those around to see the wealth he had amassed in a single year.

All this served to make John dissatisfied with his quiet life, and by-and-by his pretty little wife, to whom he had been married only a few short weeks, grew dissatisfied also. She could not see why her husband should rise with the lark, and go whistling to the field, coming home hungry and with ruddy cheeks to his frugal fare, while other men, just by turning over a clod or two of earth, grew rich, lived in noble style, drank champagne and had the gout.

So they decided to sell the little free-hold farm which had been in the family for generations, and go to the gold-fields.

There has been a customer covetous of John's few acres. This man snatched at the chance, and bought them for two hundred pounds, cash down. With this sum tied securely around his waist when he started for the gold fields, Evarts lived in the happy consciousness that he was in no danger of "want" before he should make his fortune.

Alas for his hopes! One night, as he slept, a scoundrel cut the belt from his waist and with that and other property made his escape.

This was a fearful blow, but there was worse in store.

San Francisco, in these early days of which we write, was a small place, with sandy, unpaved streets, and buildings little better than hovels. John looked about him with wonder as to why the miserably-clad, hard-working men he saw weren't rich.

He consoled himself by thinking, "perhaps they haven't pluck."

He knew he had.

But Evarts soon found that pluck alone could not bring wealth, and he went to work as a common laborer. His toil brought him good returns, but the cost of living swallowed them up. With difficult he paid the rent of his small, uncomfortable cabin. Mary was uncomplaining, but her health failed; she grew weaker and weaker under privations and had a hacking cough.

At last John found misfortune unbearable. He came home one day and said to Mary. "This cannot go on; I must try mines."

Whenever he had proposed this subject before, she had opposed him with tears. To-day she neither uttered assent or dissent. John was relieved. He did not see that she was too ill for argument.

So he went to Gold Gulf, and proved to be not phenomenally lucky, but unfortunate. Each week he converted his gold dust—so hardly gathered—into crisp bank notes—there was a man in Gold Gulch, who, for a commission, made a business of this—and sent them to an address in San Francisco. Men jeered and rallied him upon his sweetheart; but those who knew his secret were silent, and honored him as a noble man.

Thus affairs continued for a year. Each week John said to himself, with a smile, "I'm a-going soon to see my Mary. She must a' saved up quite a pile by this time."

Then he would fall to wondering why he did not hear from her, and think it very strange. But never a doubt as to her loyalty crossed his mind; nor did he think of her as dead or ill.

"In such a case," he would say, "I should have heard."

One night, a whole year after John's appearance in Gold Gulch, Ted Brown sat chatting with him in his lonely cabin, when suddenly a loud knock sounded upon the door. They looked at each other, and Ted drew a revolver—it was best to be prepared for anything in these wild regions. Then Evarts opened the door, gave a great cry and fell plump into the arms of a stalwart man who stood upon the threshold. The two embraced each other with bear-like hugs, and presently John came striding back into the cabin, looking a little shame-faced and followed by the stranger.

"This here's Jim Herne." he said, and the ceremony of introduction was over. He added, as if in apology for his effusion of a few minutes before, "You see, he's from my native town in England, and passed through San Francisco on his way here."

They all sat down together and had a chat. It grew darker and darker, but toward nine o'clock the moon arose and shed her calm luster all about. It was late in the winter.

Suddenly John said:

"Yer from 'Frisco, Jim? Say, did ye see anything of my wife thar?"

A shadow fell on Herne's face.

"Yes, Jack, I saw her" he answered, constrainedly.

"How is she?" cried John, radiant. "Well?"

Jim hesitated.

"Well?" cried Evarts.

"Jack," said the other, "she's poorly. She's having a hard struggle to get along. I helped her a little, an——"

"You helped her!" cried Evarts. "She don't need no help! I'm her husband. I'll help her—you let her alone!"

Herne seemed surprised at the outburst.

"Why, Jack," he said, "If I hadn't lent her a little money, she'd have starved to death—she would, indeed! I'm poor enough, Heaven knows, but I wouldn't see her starve for want of food. I—why, what's the matter?"

He might well ask this, for Evarts was sitting as though paralized, staring at him stupidly, with sunken eyes and ashen lips. Now he uttered a wild cry.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, don't tell me she ain't got it! Don't tell me that—anything but that."

"Got what, man?"

"Why, the money I've been a sending of her every week—the money for which I've been a toilin' an' a slavin' o' my life away—all for her—all for her!"

There was something wofully pathetic in this last plaintive wail.

"I'm afraid she's never received it," said Jim. "She hadn't a penny when I saw her, and looked bad."

John rose and moved to a corner of the hut, and took from a nail on the wall his hat and heavy coat.

"Here, lend me a hand with these," he said, impatiently.

"Where are you going?" cried Ted.

"To find my wife," was all he answered.

When he was equipped he stepped to a corner of the cabin and lifted a loose board. A cavity lay exposed, and from this he drew forth a canvas bag. It was nearly full of something.

"Gold," said Jack, "all gold. It war for her and me. I'd nearly enough to start on. I war a going to leave the digging next week."

With this he left the house. There was a stable in Gold Gulch. Hither he repaired to demand of the keeper, "Give me the best team you've got. I must catch the five minutes past twelve train from Silver City."

"Kin ye pay?" was the cautious query.

For answer John drew his bag of gold from his pocket and shook it in the man's face. A flow-bowed, dark-skinned fellow, standing near, saw the action and moved silently away.

In a very short time the team was ready and waiting. John clambered to the seat and took the lines. The low-bowed man strolled into sight as if quite by accident.

"I want a team," he said. "I've business in Silver City that can't wait."

"Ain't a pair of horses in the place," declared the proprietor of the so-called stable, "but this 'ere gentleman's going that way. Perhaps he'll give you a lift."

"Hullo, pare!" drawled the man. "Ye might as well take two as one. I'll pay half."

"Jump up," said John, shortly.

They were off. The darkness closed around them, and they could be seen no more. The scattered lights of Gold Gulch lay in the rear. Ahead, the dry, sandy, barren road stretched out and shown white in the ghastly moonlight. Here and there a tall tree, pointing like a specter finger to the sky, stretched out its fantastic limbs on every side and shook them in the breeze.

The horses fell into a swift, regular trot. On they went. John sat moodily holding the lines. He was an indifferent driver at best, however, the steeds needed little guiding.

For a long time neither of the men spoke. Then said the low-browed fellow, breaking in with his rasping voice upon the silence, "Chilly, tonight."

John made no answer. So quiet was he that he might have been carved for marble.

They entered Gold Gulch Pass. The railroad was only eight miles distant. Intence darkness reigned everywhere, and in eyes of the low-browed man gleamed like a leopard's. Presently his hand swiftly, but stealthily sought his inside pocket. A moment later John was aroused from his reverie by the pressure of cold steel against his forehead and the hiss of a voice in his ear.

"That bag of gold—quick!"

"What!" cried Evart. "Would you rob me?"

"Call it by what name you please—I want that gold."

Evarts made a motion with his hand. Instantly the pressure of the pistol was increased.

"Make one attempt at defence," whispered the voice, "and, by heaven, I'll shoot."

"Oh, man, man, don't take the gold. It's to save the life of my wife—my Mary—to bring her back to health. Don't take it!" pleaded John.

But he spoke to a man of stone.

"You fool, would you have me kill you? Quick, the gold!"

"You won't leave it?"

"No."

"Will nothing else do?"

"No."

"Then———"

A violent lash from the whip, a furious plunge from the frightened steed, a sharp crack from a pistol, the whistling of a bullet through mid air, and the robber fell from the wagon, dead.

Two hours afterward a white-faced man sprang upon the platform of a moving train, and John Evarts, safe and sound was on his way to San Francisco.

Arrived there, he hastened to the house in which he and his wife had lived when they first came to the city. But the shanty had disappeared, and a finer house had been reared on its site. He inquired of the present residents if they knew what had become of the woman who had formerly lived there, but received only a shake of the head and a short "no" in answer.

San Francisco has grown wonderfully in the year of absence; many substantial buildings had been raised, streets were laid out, and though the city did not present the appearance of thorough prosperity, nevertheless, it had improved surprisingly.

John roamed aimlessly about the streets looking into the doors of open houses, and peering up dark flights of stairs, hoping against hope that he might find his Mary.

At last he turned into a little lane darker and dingier than he had seen before. He had proceeded but a short distance when he saw a ragged boy standing on the curb-stone staring at him.

Some impulse prompted John to say, "Do you know any one round here by the name of Evarts?"

"Thar's a woman lives in that there house named Evarts."

"Which one?" cried John.

The boy particularized.

John darted off.

The place indicated turned out to be little more than a miserable kennel, filed with cracks and holes, through which the wind howled dismally.

"No!" said John sturdily; "no! my Mary can never come to this."

Nevertheless, he entered. Almost the first object his eyes fell upon was Mary, lying upon a bed of rags, her white face up-turned. He threw himself upon his knees and clasped her slight form in his strong arms.

"Mary!" he cried. "Mary!"

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

"John!" she wispered.

And a wasted hand stole out from under the thin coverlets, and went around his neck.

John broke down and cried like a child, but the smile never left Mary's lips; it never would leave them again—she was dead.

For hours John sat beside her. The dawn broke gently, and the city was up to a new day, and it was Sunday. The church bells rang out merrily, the children shouted in glee, for the darkness was gone, and the sky was bright and blue.

The sun poured down its warmth and cheer on every living thing; but on that old and gloomy room not a single ray found entrance, for no living thing was there.

A WOMAN in Hancock county, Me., who was afraid to drive her horse across a railroad track was bitterly disappointed in attempting to go around it.

A WOMAN is never as apt to wish she was a man as when she sees one get up from the table, and walk away without a backward look or thought of the dishes.

The Man Whc Was Consoled.

He came up to me as I stood eating roasted chestnuts in Bleecker street, and after a remark about the weather he led off with this:

"Say! Is there any place in this town where a fellow can be made to feel at home?"

"That's according to the feller."

"Well, a feller like me. Say! I've been here a whole week today, and this town makes me tired. I thought a feller could have a heap of fun here, but he can't. It's just a big old town without any ruffles or lace trimmings. Have you been here a great while?"

"About six months."

"Come from the West?"

"Yes."

"And you are living yet! Well, I declare! Say! Don't you miss something here—don't you miss that hilarious good-naturedness of the great and glorious West?"

"How do you mean?"

"How? Why, man, I'd give a ten-dollar bill for the privilege of walking up to somebody and slapping him on the back and asking him to go and take a nip with me! I'm just aching to call somebody 'old man' and to find a place where all the boys get together in the evening and lie about how many Injuns they've killed, and how cold it was up in the mountains last winter. How do you manage to stand it?"

"Oh, I get along all right."

"But I'll bet it worries you; of course it does. Bet you've lost two pounds a week since you came here. You don't know of any such place as I spoke of, do you?"

"I can't say that I do."

"I expect not. People altogether different, you know. Have to keep a restraint on themselves all the time, I suppose. Lands! but how I would like to stand out on the corner and yell just once! Will you back me up if I do?"

"I wouldn't try it if I were you."

"No. I don't dare to. I suppose it would start a riot. Say! You are from the West?"

"Yes."

"Shake! You probably drew a pop and killed somebody out West and dasn't go back. That's why you are here; that's why you stay. Feel mighty sorry for you old man. If there's anything I can do let me know."

"I don't think of anything."

"Well, I do. Say! I know you are just dying for that hilarious freedom of the great West. You look as lonesome as a coyote forty miles from home. Turn around and purtend not to see me."

"What are you going to do?"

"Bring the glad old days back to you fur about a minute—make you think you've taken a sudden fly back to old Montana. Stand still. Now, then, whoop! old man—let's licker!"

He brought the flat of his right hand down upon my back in a way to loosen a dozen pairs of lungs and to knock me clean over a barrel of oil, and his yell brought twenty men around us before I could get up. He uttered two more whoops, picked me up, extended his hand with a grin, and said:

"I feel like a new man! Seems like old times agin! Come on around the corner and thump me and yell in my ear, and I'll warrant it'll make a new man of you! Whoop! Thump me hard and yell like all creation!"

The Mother and Her Baby.

BY M. E. CARMICHAEL.

She sat there in her gladness
And lying her arms
There smiled a little baby
Alive with infant charms.

Its starry eyes were laughing,
It cooed aloud in glee;
That baby and its mother
Were beutiful to see.

Its soft, small hands were stealing
Within her snowy breast,
And all its cunning dimples
Were lost within that nest.

Oh, Father, watch that baby,
Shielding it from foul sin,
And may its growing spirit
Keep thoughts of Thee, within.

New Year Thoughts.

Renewed feelings of ambition are synonymous with the opening of the new year. More resolutions are made than at any other time, and as often are they alas! broken. But with some the resolutions made with the dawn of a new year have been carried through to its close. Numerous lives of honor and achievement can be traced to some determination of purpose made upon an occasion such as the first day of the year affords for a fresh start in the journey of life We all desire success; the problem of life is its winning. Every person carries in his or her own hand the key that unlocks either the door of success or failure.

The true key of success is labor, and it requires a strong, resolute will to turn it. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that insures success, and never was this truth more potent than at the present time. Positions of trust and eminence are no longer secured at a single leap. Men and women have ceased to succeed in a hurry. Occasionally there will be an exception, but the instances are rare. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never was the meaning of a word more clearly defined. The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken.

An excellent maxim is that which counsels us never to put our hands to anything into which we can not throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is essential to success, since it is often achieved only through a succession of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us all to do the best we can under all circumstances, bearing in mind that races are not always won by the swiftest feet nor triumph in battle secured by the strongest arms- It is not so much the possession of swiftness or strength as it is right application of them by which success is insured.

In starting out upon the journey of life it is well:

First, to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.

Read books for what they can teach you. Next, see what your temperament best suits you for.

Mark your tendencies and apply them.

Be sure you have not mistaken your calling.

Once certain, apply yourself to your chosen work.

To work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

Don't consider anything beneath you.

Be patient, honest and pleasant in manner.

Treat all persons alike, high or low.

Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.

Success may not come at first, but it will not be far off, and when it does come it will be the sweeter for its delay.

Senator Gibson Has $17,000 for Some one.

From New York Sun.

Charles H. Gibson, of Maryland, the recently appointed Senator from that State registered at the Shoreham, on his arrival in Washington. Andy Tuttle, the handsome Jap, head clerk of the hotel, handed him a pack of letters, among them, one in a common brown envelope, on which all the postage had been prepaid. Imagine the Senator's surprise, on opening it, to find over $17,000 therein. He had not yet taken his seat, and was beginning to wonder if Senators were accustomed to receiving such liberal donations from the government or elsewhere, when he read the note, accompanying the money, and discovered that it was intedned for another Charles Gibson, treasurer of the Yellowstone Park Association. The packgae was put into the safe, and a few days later Senator Gibson learned that a Charles Gibson was stopping at the Arlington; he thereupon had the package sent over to him, but it was as promptly returned, with a note saying that if it belonged to any one it unquestionably belonged to the distinguished gentleman from Maryland.

The Senator is in a quandary over the matter. He declares the money could not possibly have been intended for him, as he is not treasurer of he Yellowstone Park Association. Meanwhile, he is earnestly praying for the rightful owner to turn up and claim the valuable package, as he has had charge of it long enough.

Fate.

Folding one's hands—to wait,
God gives no harder task than this—
To watch the turning tides of fate,
Whose law is his.

To sit upon the shore
And see the great barks set their sails and go,
Far past the willing breaker's flash and roar,
And where the trade winds blow.

To see the great life there,
One endless rhythm of sound and strife;
To seek to attain, to win and wear,
The law of each man's life.

And still to sit alone,
And, year by year, count from the same low shore
The rolling waves, and watch the sea weeds strewn,
And gather shells—no more!

This is the hardest fate—
This is the saddest pain that hearts can know;
The dull, cold pressure of life's iron weight,
As from the dark shore, dumb and desolate,
We watch life's ebb and flow.

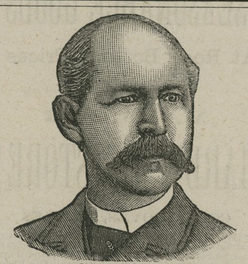
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Stamped out —blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It's a medicine that starts from the beginning. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's an unequaled remedy.

Don't think it's like the sarsaparillas. They claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May. "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. And it not only *claims* to do good—it *guarantees* it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get.



WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, a stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If dealer on local advertised dealers supplying you, W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by WESTCOTT & DODD.

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

House Established Aug. 1834.
THE REESE GROCERY COMPANY
Successors to THOMAS L. REESE.
FAMILY GROCERS,
107 and 109 W. Pratt Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

The very Choicest TEAS and Rare COFFEES. The celebrated LAKESIDE FAMILY FLOUR without doubt the whitest and best Winter Wheat Flour made, which has come out far ahead in every competition; and all other

Fancy and Staple Groceries,
at prices as low as the lowest, quality of goods being considered. Send for price list.

NO WINES NOR LIQUORS.

ACME BLACKING is cheaper at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS

because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.

It is the cheapest blacking considering its quality, and yet we want to sell it cheaper if it can be done. We will pay

$10,000 Reward

for a recipe that will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. This offer is open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Old furniture painted with
PIK-RON
(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture*. One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

THE SUN.

HAS SECURED DURING 1892:

W. D. Howells, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Rudyard Kipling, R. Louis Stevenson, W. Clark Russell, H. Rider Haggard, Norman Lockyer, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, J. Chandler Harris, William Black, Mrs E. Wilkins, Frances Hodgson Burnett,

And many other distinguished writers.

The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail $2 a year.
Address THE SUN, New York.

THE NEW YORK
Weekly World.
One Dollar a Year.

Contains the best features of any Weekly printed. M. QUAD, late of the Detroit Free Press, writes a page of matter every week.

Send for Sample Copy.

THE WEEKLY WORLD, New York City.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

To *Users* of "Fish-Brand" *Goods.*

The cloth used in our Fish Brand Jackets and Pants has always been of unexcelled strength and durability, but we have just discovered that the mill which has made the cloth for the past ten years has, thro' a mistake, delivered us a small quantity of cloth which is far below our standard. This defect was not known to us until some of the goods had been placed upon the market, and as we intend that the Fish Brand goods shall be the standard for strength, durability and water-proof qualities, we hereby inform all users of these goods that we have authorized every store-keeper handling Fish Brand Oiled Clothing to give at once a new and perfect garment for any that have been torn and are not of the usual strength.

A. J. TOWER, Sole Manfr., Boston, Mass.

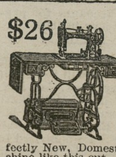
WE EXAMINE EYES FREE!

OCULISTS' ORDERS FILLED.

YOU THINK YOUR EYES ARE GOOD! If you have then examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We use inimitable "DIA MANTA" lenses, which are made only by us, and recommended by leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision. Solid Gold Spectacles $3.00; usual price $5.00
Steel Spectacles .50; usual price 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted 4.00; usual price 10.00

M. ZINEMAN & BRO. OPTICIANS. 130 S. Ninth St. PHILADELPHIA. Between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.

$26  **$26** FOR A $55 MACHINE!

$26 Cash buys from us a High Arm, Perfectly New, Domestic Style of Sewing Machine like this cut. Wager $10,000 same machine can't be bought less than $55. Send your money and get a $55 High Arm, Nickel Front, 3-Drawer, Elegant Machine for $26. Low Arm Singer, $16; High Arm Singer, $20; New Homes, $26; White, $29. All kinds sold.

$100,000 invested in machine business in Baltimore. Don't compare us to the Sewing Machine Agents you see going about. We are NEW STYLE men with NEW IDEAS, selling machines to go all over the world. Address, MILLINGTON & CO., 505 E. Baltimore St., near Gay, 743 W. Baltimore St., BALTIMORE.

PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL

ABSOLUTELY SAFE!
PERFECTLY ODERLESS!

Burns in any Lamp without danger of Exploding or taking fire. See that you get the genuine. For sale by

Baltimore United Oil Company, Balto., Md.

JERMAN & COSGRIFF,
(Successors to W. M. Bell)
MANUFACTURERS OF
Porous Drain Tile!

Egg-Shaped, 2 to 8 inches Calibre. Round, with Collar, 2, 2½ and 3 inches Calibre.

Send for price list and circular.

Address, JERMAN & COSGRIFF, SMYRNA, DEL., or T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Agents at Chestertown, Md.

jy9.

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.

March 28, 1891. J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO., CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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.

In SHOES and SLIPPERS, ah! here we are right home. We cannot and will not be undersold. Our stock is one of the Largest, and our Goods are Standard. Come and see them.

Upon a Solid Basis!
BOUGHT FOR CASH!
Discount Off!

We Show a Nice Line of Worsted Dress Goods, Challies, Cloths, Serges, Cashmeres, &c. Also, Flouncings, Gingham, Prints, and Outings, and of Pine Apple Tissues, Entirely New. A Beautiful Line.

Our Entire Spring and Summer Stock
—OF—
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Shoes, Slippers, Queensware, Glassware, Carpets, Mattings, Oil-Cloths, Groceries, &c.

We Sell GROCERIES on a Small Profit. Get a Pound of our 35 cent TEA. It can't be Beat.

Satteens Reduced from 12½ and 15c. down to 10c. per yard, net cash, best goods.

Very truly yours,
R. F. PARKS.

In CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS and MATTINGS, we have no equal. Best Line in the town and Lowest Prices.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,
Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING.

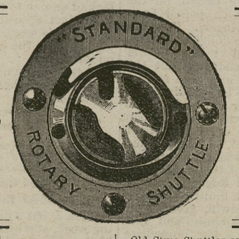
GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,
414 Light St. Wharf — Baltimore, Md.

W. S. TAYLOR & CO.,
424 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE,
LUMBER, SHINGLES,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, | **BUILDING LUMBER!** | Lime, Bricks, Hair,
OF ALL KINDS.
FLOORING, PALES, FENCING, &c.

ROTARY! ROTARY! ROTARY!

STANDARD ROTARY SEWING MACHINE.

REVOLUTION! WONDERFUL GREAT



ADVANCE SUCCESS ACHIEVEMENT

Rotary Motion insures speed.
Old style shuttles are necessarily slow.
Rotary Motion is continuous in one direction.
Old Style Shuttles stop and start twice at every stitch.
Rotary Motion drives the shuttle without the least strain.
Old Style Shuttles are driven by levers whose stop and start in rapid work shake and strain the whole machine.
Rotary Motion insures quietness at all rates of speed.

Old Style Shuttles are noisy and rattling at high speed.
Rotary Motion insures long wear because the friction is slight.
Old Style shuttles wear out quickly at high speed.
Rotary Motion is endorsed by every mechanic as the true method for obtaining best results in any kind of machinery.
Old Style Shuttle movement is behind the age. It ranks with stage coaches and canal boats.

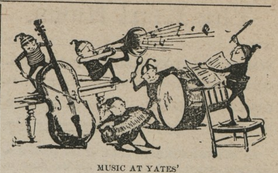
Salesrooms at MRS. SHUSTER'S, HIGH ST., CHESTERTOWN.

s26-3m. STANDARD SEWING MACHINE CO.

1864 SADLER'S BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE BALTO

FOUNDED IN 1864 by the present executive—27 YEARS of continuous and successful management—Increased annual attendance—Now occupying four buildings—Stands unrivaled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. In deciding upon a school for their children, PARENTS should send them to THE BEST, because it pays. It may require the expenditure of a few dollars more at first, but it will prove the cheapest in the end. CHEAP tuition is very dear, because it means cheap teachers, cheap surroundings, inferior facilities, and offers NO opportunities for securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This Institution, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in desirable positions more young men and women from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed on application.

Address, W. H. SADLER, President, and Founder; or F. A. SADLER, Secretary. BUSINESS COLLEGE, 6, 8, 10 & 12 N. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.



MUSIC AT YATES'

There is "music at Yates'," especially in the Overcoat Room and Children's Department. The constant hum of business gives a "snap" and a "go" to the whole establishment.

The choice Clothing of the season is upon our tables—upon its merits principally we rely to advance our reputation. The moderate prices of course will also have their say.

A. C. Yates & Co.
NOW ONLY
Cor. 13th and Chesnut Sts.
Best-Made Clothing in Philadelphia.

FALL ARRANGEMENT!

TOLCHESTER LINE

Steamer EMMA GILES!

BEGINNING SEPT. 15th, 1891.
EVERY SATURDAY.
Will leave Tolchester Beach - 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.
Will leave Baltimore - 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

A new shelter has been put on the wharf and we can the farmers attetion to the fact we are better able this fall to care for their freight than ever before.

W. C. ELIASON, PRES'T,
Sept. 12. 1891. Pier 16 Light St., Balto.

Chester River Steamboat Company
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
MONDAY, Sept. 12, 1891.

Steamer EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 8 A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river, arriving in Balto. at 1 P. M.

RETURNING will leave Pier 7 Light Street Wharf, at 11 A. M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Chestertown and intermediate landings.

Steamer GRATITUDE

will leave Centreville at 8 A. M., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and Rock Hall at 10.30 A. M., for Baltimore.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7, Light St. Wharf at 11 A. M. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for same points as before.

The United States Express Company Service on board both steamers, affording patrons an opportunity of making through shipments to all points in the United States without delay.

For the convenience of our patrons we have at Rock Hall landing ample accommodations for the care of teams.

GEORGE WARFIELD, PRESIDENT.
May 31, 1891.

Sassafras River Line!

On and after TUESDAY, October 13th, 1891,

Steamer TOCKWOGH

will leave pier 6, Light Street, at 10.30 A. M., on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Returning, will leave Georgetown on alternate days at 7.30 A. M., stopping at landings going and returning. Steamer Trumpeter withdrawn.

WILLIAM CUNDIFF, SUP'T.
Oct. 17, 1891.

Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

On and after November 30, 1891, trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD. EXP. F M	PASS P M	EXP. A M	PASS A M		NORTHWARD. PASS A M	EXP. A M	PASS NOON	EXP. P M
§3.58	§2.02	10.33	§7.27	...Phila...	§9.32	§10.32	§12.01	§7.55
3.05	12.45	9.08	6.30	...Balto....	10.37	11.10	2.00	9.25
4.37	2.50	11.18	8.15	Wilmin'n	8.43	9.42	11.15	7.10
	§2.50		§8.24	Farnh'st	§8.33			
§4.49	3.03		8.30	N. Castle	8.28	9.31	11.02	6.57
	§3.09		§8.36	State Rd'	§8.22		§10.56	§6.51
	§3.14		§8.41	...Bear...	§8.17		§10.51	§6.46
§4.59			8.50	Porter's.	8.12	9.19	10.46	6.40
	3.21	§11.40	8.54	Kirkw'd	8.06		10.42	6.34
	§3.29		9.03	Mt Pleas't	7.57		§10.33	6.24
			§9.05	Armstr' g	§7.53			§6.18
5.24	3.37	11.50	9.11	Middle' n	7.49	9.00	10.25	6.18
5.33	§3.45		9.20	Townse'd	7.40	8.50	10.16	6.05
	§3.49		§9.25	Blackb'd	§7.35		§10.11	§5.59
	§3.55		§9.31	GreenSpg	§7.28			§5.53
5.47	3.59	12.13	9.37	...Clayton.	7.24	8.37	10.01	5.49
5.39	3.50	12.03	9.27	IvySmy'na	7.15	8.28	9.51	5.39
	§10.4		§9.42	Brenford.	§7.19		§9.55	§5.43
	§4.10		§9.46	Cheswold	§7.15		§9.49	§5.38
	§4.13			...Dupont...	§7.09			
6.04	4.19	12.30	9.59	...Dover...	7.06	8.20	9.40	5.29
	4.26	§12.23	10.06	Wyoming	7.00	§8.14	9.33	5.24
	§4.33		§10.13	Woodside		§8.07		§5.17
	§4.37		§10.17	...Viola....		§8.03		§5.13
6.21	4.41	§12.48	10.22	...Felton..		7.59	9.20	5.09
6.31	4.50	12.59	10.35	Harrit'n		7.50	§9.11	5.00
§6.38		§1.05	§10.42	Farm'gn			§9.09	§4.47
§6.46		§1.13	§10.51	Greenw'd			§8.54	§4.38
6.55		§1.21	11.00	Bridgev'e			8.42	4.29
§7.00			11.05	Cannons			§8.36	§4.24
7.08		1.32	11.15	...Seaford..			8.28	4.17
7.19		§1.43	11.27	...Laurel..			8.16	4.06
7.30		1.53	11.40	Delmar..			8.05	3.55

"f" Stops to leave or take passengers on giving notice to conductor or agent, or if tickets be sold for such stations. "§" Stops to leave passengers from Philadelphia or points beyond.

NEW CASTLE ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.—Leave Wilmington 12.06 a. m., and 9.50 p. m. daily, and 11.23 a. m., 3.45 and 6.15 p. m. week-days. Leave New Castle 6.30 a. m. and 10.14 p. m. daily, and 1.20, 7.22 p. m. week days.

Express trains leaving Harrington 7.50 a. m. and arriving at 6.31, p. m