THE KENT NEWS:
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WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00
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Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a onger period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

We Commence Today

—WITH OUR—

GREAT CLEARING SALES

—OF—

Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits.

WE begin little sooner this year with Our Reduction Sales, as We are Determined to GET RID of OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN at PRICES YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. They Must Go. We Don't Want to Carry any Winter Stock Over. Come and See for Yourself.

Respectfully,

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,

Opposite Stam's Hall. **Chestertown, Md.**

THIS IS THE SEASON

—FOR—

HEAVY FOOT WEAR!

Now is the time to get the best, and get it cheap from our grand new stock of popular goods, new styles, seasonable attractions and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

A clean fresh stock of desirable gopds at fairest figures. We show the latest novelties; keep strictly first-class goods and make the lowest prices, quality considered.

Patronize a safe, sure and reliable house, and you will get the worth of your money always.

The stove, table and chair will be given away January 1st, '93. Each pair of shoes one guess.

Stop in and have your measure taken for a nice pair of hand made shoes. Get you up any style you want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,

Nov. 19, 1892. **The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall.**

WHAT KIND OF STOVES

ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?

---LOOK OUT FOR---

J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S

Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!

SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.

Have your Old Fire-Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,

at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

Sept. 17, 1892.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,

144 Light St. Wharf — Baltimore, Md.

JOB-PRINTING

DEPARTMENT.

We are now giving Special Attention to Job-Printing. Our Job Department is supplied with New and Modern Types and Presses, and we are prepared to execute on short notice and in the most approved style every description of

JOB -:- WORK,

—SUCH AS—

Bills, Posters,
Dodgers, Programs,
Circulars, Cards,
Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Envelopes.

REASONABLE RATES.

All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

WM. B. USILTON & SON,
Printers and Publishers.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HO! FOR

THE NEW YEAR!

WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!

Want to Accommodate Everybody!

Now We are Ready for the Trade!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

WE HAVE PRESENTS IN ABUNDANCE
From OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT,
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT,
Ladies', Misses and Children's
WRAP DEPARTMENT,
FUR DEPARTMENT,
CARPETAN D OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND
LAMP DEPARTMENT,
RUG AND HASSOCK DEPARTMENT.

You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen. from 3c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!

R. F. PARKS.

Dec. 17, 1892.

New Year Goods

OUR OPENING DAY WILL BE THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1892.

WE propose to have the FINEST DIPLAY of Christmas Goods ever seen in Chestertown, and we cordially extend an invitation to the good people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to visit our store on that evening. We want them to come from far and near. We will have a comfortable room for their reception. The opening day will continue from the 8th until the close of the season, but the first day we want to make our store a marvel of beauty and attraction, so do not miss coming in on that day. Our stock will embrace

BOOKS, FINE STATIONERY,

Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen,

FANCY BOXES PERFUMERY,

LAMPS for the PARLOR and DINING-ROOM,

ALBUMS,

in Plush and Wood. Fine, Beautiful Vases and articles of Ceramic Ware from England, Germany and France. These latter are the most artistic goods seen in town. In PICTURES we have some beautiful Pastels, which show the fine delicate hand of the artist. You will have to give them more than a passing glance, as they are very beautiful.

CHILDREN, the fresh little Powers who touch our hearts at the sweet Christmas time, have not been forgotten by us, as you will see when you look over the stock of goods we have selected in remembrance of them. In closing our notice we again extend you a kind invitation to be with us on our special opening day.

COLIN F. STAM,
STAM'S HALL.

Dec. 3, 1892.

GOOD CHEER!

W. R. ALDRIDGE

HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

Christmas Novelties!

HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF

Neckwear in Town,

and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.

GLASS AND CHINAWARE,

all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.

Groceries, Flannels,
Dry Goods, Etc.

UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

LILLY'S MYSTERY.

The slant sunshine that had climbed slowly up the gray stone walls of the cottage was pausing an instant on the low eaves before it died out into golden twilight. The Widow Morrison began to wonder why her absent boy did not come.

A shadow fell on the carpet, and a tall, handsome young man entered the room.

"I do wish, Harry," began the matron, querulously, "that you would try to be a little more punctual evenings. You know how much I depend on having my tea regularly, and—why, Harry, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough, returned the young man, in tones that were almost passionately bitter. Jenkins has made off to Australia."

"Without paying that money?"

"Without paying that money."

"But, Harry—they surely will never expect you to pay it?

"That is just what they will expect me to do, mother! Oh, I wish my hand had been smitten with palsy before I committed such a mad act as to endorse another man's note!"

"I knew how it would be," lamented Mrs. Morrison, who was undoubtedly a lineal descendant of one of Job's comforters. "If I've warned you once, Harry Morrison, I've warned you 50 times."

Harry was silent.

"How soon does the note come due?" whimpered the old lady.

"Next week."

"And can't you raise the money?"

"By converting everything into ready cash, and by parting with this house—not otherwise."

Mrs. Morrison relapsed into fresh torrents of tears, and began to rock herself to and fro.

"You cannot be more tenderly attached to the dear old place than I am, mother," groaned the young man, in bitterness of spirit. "You know that I had hoped this month to see Lily Brooker's face lighting up the familiar room, and——"

"She won't marry you now," said Mrs. Morrison, nodding her cap-borders sagely. "She ain't calculated for a poor man's wife, with her French, and her guitar, and her fine ways!"

Harry winced involuntarily.

"Mother, I cannot hear you speak so of my betrothed wife. Lily Brooker is as good and true as an angel; if she deserts me in this strait, I may well lose all faith in humanity."

"Well, you'll see," groaned Mrs. Morrison.

Lily Brooker was sitting alone the next day when Morrison's card was brought in—it would have done his inmost heart good to see the rain of rosy blood that came over her cheeks as she read the name.

"I have brought you bad news, darling," said the young lover, looking sadly down at the sweet face whose smile spoke "Welcome" so plainly.

And then he told her the whole story.

"And now, Lily, you know it all," he said, with a deep, shuddering sigh. "Can you still become a poor man's wife?"

She put both her hands trustingly in his.

"What can it possibly matter to me, Harry, whether my husband be rich or poor as long as I hold the wealth of his love."

"Then you will marry me?"

"Yes."

"My dearest! If I could only have taken you home to the little cottage where I was born. For, next to you, Lily, I loved that better than anything this world contains!"

They were married in spite of old Mrs. Morrison's doubts and scruples! It was no stately apartment where Henry Morrison sat two years after the simple wedding, but a very cosy little room, with red curtains, and red fire-light tossing bars of ruddy brightness against the wall.

He was leaning back in his chair, all alone in the magic blending dusk and fire-glimmer, the scarlet tip of his cigar, brightening and fading, as he smoked or pondered by turns.

Hush! The door was creaking on its hinges with an ominous, grating sound. Not Lily. Lily never opened a door like that!

He lifted his eyes slowly to encounter a pair of fluttering white cap-ribbons and very bright gold spectacles.

"Well, mother," he said, kindly.

Mrs. Morrison, senior, sat down in the cushioned rocking chair.

"What has become of Lily?" he asked, mechanically.

"I do not know," responded the matron, stiffly. "She never favors me with much of her company.

"What do you mean?" said Henry, raising himself from his reverie.

"Ah, my boy," groaned Mrs. Morrison, "looks are not everything in this vanishing world of ours. Your wife is very pretty to look at, with her pink and white skin, and red mouth, and long eyelashes—and she has very coaxing ways, too—ah, me!"

"I'm quite aware of that," said Harry, a little shortly; "but why should all these indisputable facts make you look so solemn, mother?"

"Henry," returned the old lady in a sepulchral whisper, "did it ever occur to you that this soft-voiced, pretty creature was deceitful?"

"Deceitful nonsense! she is as open as the day."

Mrs. Morrison set her thin lips close together and gave her cap-strings an emphatic toss.

"Why does she shut herself up three hours every morning with bolted doors?"

"Does she?"

Mrs. Morrison nodded.

"Her time is her own, I suppose."

"O, of course, I knew you would side with her. All I can say is that I dislike these deceitful, silent sort of people. But if you are satisfied——"

And the old lady closed her lips resolutely.

She had said enough, however—and she was quite aware of it—to make her son thoroughly uncomfortable. All that evening Harry Morrison pondered over his mother's enigmatical words. Days went by. Lily saw that he was changed, and at length he mustered courage to ask the reason.

"Harry, are you ill? Why do you look so grave?"

"Did I? For, I'm not ill."

"And, as Henry lifted his eyes they encountered the tightly-shut mouth and spectacled eyes of old Mrs. Morrison, who was shaking her head significantly. One morning he returned from the store to look for some missing paper at an unwontedly early hour. It was as his mother had said—the door of the room was fastened. He knocked impatiently.

"Lily! Lily! it is I. Let me in."

There was a moment's silence—a hurried rustling of papers—and then the door was opened. Lily's face was flushed and there was some hesitation in her manner. He would not notice it, but went straight to his desk for the desired document.

"Why do you keep the door locked?" he said, as he passed his wife in going out.

"I—I don't know," she stammered; "I like to be alone sometimes."

It is strange how slight a thing will suffice to disturb the peace of a man's heart. Heretofore Harry Morrison had been uninterruptedly happy—now he was miserable. Lily watched him wistfully, but she said nothing; and so the winter passed by.

It was a lovely evening in early June when old Mrs. Morrison descended to the room where her children were sitting, wiping her spectacle glasses.

"Well," she began, "I've finished that book at last, and I declare I've nearly cried my eyes out over Leona's death."

"I do not wonder," said Harry, good-humoredly, "the descriptions are very graphic. You have not yet given us your opinion of this fashionable novel, Lily."

"I—think—it is pretty good," said Lily, who was counting the stitches in her crochet work.

"I told you so!" whispered the old lady, nudging her son's elbow; "not a bit of literary appreciation."

When the mother-in-law had gone upstairs for the night, Lily stole closer to her husband's chair, and leaned her cheek on his shoulder.

"Harry shall you be particularly engaged to-morrow?"

"Not particularly—why?"

"Would you take me out riding, just for once?"

"Where do you wish to go?"

"You have never taken me out to see the little brown cottage you loved so dearly."

He shrank involuntarily.

"I had rather go in some other direction, Lily."

"Ah, but I want to go there. You will take me, dearest?"

"If you insist upon it."

And Lily's face was like a sunbeam—strange lack of sympathy in her husband's words. The wild roses were sprinkling their petals all along the country road, as they drove through its green windings, in the next day's balmy sunshine, and the brown cottage looked marvelously rural in the shadow the of old, old trees.

"Let us go in, Harry," pleaded the young wife, as the carriage paused a moment before the iron gate in the old stone wall.

"Would not it be nice if we could come here and live?" said Lily, softly pressing her husband's arm.

His brow contracted with some strong inward pang.

"Lily!" he said, reproachfully, "why do you thus tempt me with impossibility?"

"But it is not an impossibility," said Lily, in glad, incoherent accents. "Oh, Harry, this is our home—our own dear home, now and forever! The lawyer is within with the papers and the title-deeds—you will not refuse to take this gift from your own little Lily?"

"Lily! you have not bought the old cottage?"

"I bought it, dearert; but it is yours, not mine. Is not everything I have yours? Am I not yours?"

"But, Lily, where did you get the money?" demanded the bewildered husband.

"From my book, 'Lenora!' Now you have both my secrets. You will not scold me, dearest?"

"Scold you!"

He caught her to his heart with a proud, indescribable thrill of new-born happiness—the sweet, slender being, who was at once wife and angel.

Poor Mrs. Morrison, senior—she had to go through woman's severest ordeal—to own that she had been in the wrong from beginning to end.

But from that day henceforward she was a model mother-in-law, and never once said, "I told you so."

What the Future has in Store.

Westminister Advocate.

Annexation of Canda to the United States.

Completion of the Nicaragua canal.

Completion of the Northwestern canal from the lakes to the Atlantic ocean.

Division of Texas into five or more States.

Purging of the pension list of two-thirds of its members.

Ærial navigation.

Electricity upon all main railways.

Pneumatic tubes between all the great cities.

One cent postage and free delivery.

Election of the President and of the Senate directly by the people.

Female suffrage, maybe.

Colonization of the negroes in a country and government of their own.

Pneumatic tubes across the Atlantic.

The middle wall of partition broken down between warring secretaries.

The civilization and annexation of Mexicon and Central America.

The annexation of Cuba.

A ship canal across the Maryland and Delaware peninsula.

The public debt in Maryland paid off and taxation abolished, by leasing the oyster beds of the Chesapeake.

FROZEN potatoes can be stored to palatableness by peeling them and letting them lie in a cool place, with plenty of cold water poured over them. In twenty-four hours all the sugar which has been formed during the freezing process will have been removed, and the potatoes can be boiled in fresh water, and will be perfectly palatable.

WOOD for tenis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning; that is to say, it requires to be kept for five years in the rough timber state before being cut up for use. Wood for pianos is kept, as a rule, for 40 years before it is considered sufficiently in condition to be used.

AN apple grown near Portersville, Cal., is reported to weigh almost two pounds and measure 15 inches in circumference.

SOCIETY AT THE CAPITAL.

A Brilliant Reception Given by Senator and Mrs. Gibbson.

The reception given by Senator and Mrs. Gibson at the Shoreham Friday night of last week was appropriately the crowning event of one of the gayest days of the season. The palm-decorated ball room was filled with one of the most fashionable throngs ever gathered within those walls, wherein elegant entertainments are the rule rather than the exception. The mantels were banked with ferns, the recessess filled with palms and the many lights burned under rose colored shades. The Marine Band played in the balcony above the entrance, behind an arrangement of palms. A buffet supper was served at 11 o'clock.

The hostess received in a Worth gown of black velvet, bordered on the edge of the skirt with alteenate narrow bands of heliotrope velvet and white satin. The corsage of ivory satin was finished about the low neck with a bertha of jetted lace in butterfly effect, the creamy folds of satin over the bust fastened in front with a butterfly bow of the same material. The short sleeves were formed of a full puff of satin, from beneath which, over a smaller puff of white crepe, was a fall of honiton lace. A gridle of orange velvet finished the edge of the short corsage.

Mrs. Semple, of Louisville, daughter of the hostess, wore a gown of blue cotelle silk, the low-neck corsage, finished with reveres of white satin, of which material the large puffed sleeves were also formed. Mrs. Wm. Wirt Dixon assisted in receiving in an elegant gown of rose-pink satin brocade. Over the high buffed sleeves and Watteau back was a fall of rare old lace. Diamond ornaments were worn. The other ladies of the receiving party were Miss Wright, of St. Louis, in blue brocade and diamonds; Mrs. McGuire, of Winchester, in black velvet over a petticoat of white satin brocade, and Mrs. Williams, of Winchester, in white satin and diamonds.

Among the guests from Maryland were: Governor Brown, Mayor Latrobe, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Raisin, of Baltimore; Mrs. Norris, of Easton; Col. James Hodges, Mr. Owen Norris, Mr. Hopper Gibson, Miss McKenney, Miss Brown.

Among the other guests were: Vice-President and Mrs. Morton, Secretary and Mrs. Elkins, Seretary and Mrs. Noble, Secretary and Mrs. Foster, Secretary and Mrs. Rusk, Postmaster General, Mrs. and Miss Wannamaker, Secretary Tracy, Mrs. Wilmerding Chief and Mrs. Fuller, Justice and Mrs. Field, Hon. and Mrs. John Lee Carroll, Miss Carroll, Senator, Mrs. and the Misses Gorman, the ministers of France, Belgium, Austria, Turkey, the Netherlands, Portugal, China, Japan, Prince von Isenburg, Madam Romero, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. May, Senator and Mrs. Hale, Senator Mrs. and the Misses Birce, Senator, Mrs. and the Misses Blackburn, Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Senator and Mrs. Call, Representative and Mrs. Hansbrough, Senator Sawyer, Mrs. Howard Ganson White, Hon. and Mrs. Albert A. Wilson, Lieutenant adn Mrs. Davis, Mrs. L. B. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Barbour, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whittemore, Miss Olive Wilcox, Miss Berry, of Kentucky; Representative and the Misses Faulkner, and hundreds of others.

Remarkable Bicycling Tour.

W. L. Sachtleben, of Alton, Ill., and Thomas W. Allen, of Ferguson, Mo., have arrived in San Francisco from Vancouver, B. C., after making a tour of the world on bicycles. On June 30, 1890, they finished their course of study at Washington University, St. Louis, and then started. They visited Washington, D. C., on June 23 sailed from New York, landing in Liverpool on July 4. Their bicycles purchased and a tour made of the British Isle, thence to France, their route took them through Rouen, Paris, Chartres, Poitiers, Bordeaux and Marseilles. The Riviera route along the shores of the Mediterranean was followed, and Genoa, Rome and Milan, in Italy, were visited. At Athens the first long halt was made. To Constantinople was the next jaunt, and their preparations for the invasion of Asia were begun.

"Our first exploit, of which we are a little proud," says Sachtleben, "was the scaling of Mt. Ararat. We are the first Americans that reached the top, and the natives could hardly believe we had succeeded. We started on July 2d and reached the summit July 4. There we celebrated the American holiday by waving the American flag and firing off shots from our revolvers. On our return the Governor of Bayazid gave a dinner in our honor.

"Through Turkey in Asia, we rode, and through Persia, visiting Teheran on our way. Our journey was along camel paths, there being no other roads. At Tashkend, the capital of Turkestan, we remained from November, 1891, to May 9, 1892, and spent a good deal of time in studying the Russian language. We often had occasion to notice the eager attitude of Russian sentiment regarding the advance upon British Afghanistan. The Russians are very friendly to the Americas, and on this account we received many courtesies. Our last stopping place in Russian territory was at Vernoe and here the people tried to dissuade us from making the attempt to go to China. Relying on a special pastport which had been given us by a Chinese minister in London, we determined on trying to get through.

"After leaving Kulja the route was taken by way of the Urmpse to the border of the Gobi desert, at Hami, and there we were agreeably surprised at the condition of the roads. In some places the desert had a hard bed, and this enabled the machines to make moderately good progress during the twelve days it took to cross."

Pushing on to Suchew, the western end the Great Wall was reached, leading on to Lan-Choo. Then they proceeded to Singsn, Ping-Yang, Tai-Yuan, and Poting-Fu, arriving at the latter place on the 20th of October, whence they rode to Pekin. The fact that they had already traversed China without personal inconvenience astonished all the diplomatic representatives there.

After resting there they went to Shanghai, where the machines were repaired. Afterward they intended to go to Japan, but received letters asking them to return home, so they left at once, touching at Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, whence they sailed December 9 lasteben. Sachtl stated that while the trip in many respects had been a hard one, they enjoyed it great. They met with no annoyances from the natives in any of the countries passed through, excepting China.

A HOG HUNT IN WORCESTER.

Wild Porkers Corralled in a Field and a Fierce Fight Ensues.

A special dispatch to the *Sunday News* dated Snow Hill, Md., Feb. 4th says: The recent cold weather has been effective in bringing to light knowledge that hogs can be successfully grown without food in Worcester, a fact which enhances the estate of County Commissioner Edward J. Gills to an extent not yet fully known, but certainly several hundred dollars. The facts as elicited by your correspondent from Commissioner Gillis himself are as follows:

Several years ago two or three shoats strayed from the enclosures of Mr. Gillis' farm and took refuge in "Wigwam Swamp," a low tract of swampy land belonging to Mr. Gillis. For weeks after their first escape the shoats were seen on the outer edge of the swamp, but whenever an effort was made to catch them they would again hide themselves in the brambly meadow, and finally all hope of their recovery was abandoned, and not till within ten days past has any hope of getting them been entertained. But, like bread cast upon the waters, they are returning manifold—not voluntarily, but in every instance after a long chase and spirited gaht.

Driven from the swamp in pursuit of food, the herd of swine accidently wandered through an open gate back into their former owner's enclosures one night last week. Unmindful of their way of entrance when Mr. Gillis' foreman first appeared, the hogs with a great grunt took flight toward the woods, but were unable to find the outlet through which they had entered, which had been hastily closed after their discovery was made. Then came the battle, which resulted in bloodshed on all sides.

A posse of men was summoned to the scene, and a pack of hounds that looked fierce enough to eat several of the hogs were mustered and the capture began. It occupied one entire day and a part of the the following. Twenty-two hogs ended the catch of the first day, and five the second, making in all 27 hogs, which will weigh on the average over 200 pounds each. At 8 cents per pound, the price at which live pork is now selling in Worcester, the recovered hogs are worth $472.

In speaking of the catching, Mr. Gillis says he never saw such fighting in his life. The infuriated hogs made several attacks upon the horsemen, for no one dared enter the field of conflict on foot, and a number of the dogs were badly bitten. Two had their throats cut from ear to ear and died on the spot. Many of the hogs' tushes were over four inches long, and when they came in contact with anything injury resulted. An amusing scene was witnessed when one of the hunters fell from his horse a quarter of a mile from the hogs. He hastily remounted his steed, thinking the hogs were after him, when, in fact, it was only a fresh pack of hounds that had been let loose on the battle field.

About 20, or very nearly half of the herd of swine escaped by jumping over a 10-foot board fence, and it is doubtful if they will ever be captured, although Mr. Gillis will hunt for them, as he has sold the swamp recently, and fears that if they are not caught soon he will have to relinquish his title.

What Grandma Used.

The belles of the seventeenth century slept with their hands in chicken-skin gloves to give the skin delicacy and whiteness. To keep the complexion peachy and pink the old time beauties believed there was nothing equal to the juice of strawberries, either fresh or preserved.

Mme. Recamier is said to have bathed her face, neck and arms in fresh buttermilk once a day.

April snow-water, bottled and well corked, was and is used by many a soft-skinned woman for the preservation of her loveliness.

To make waist slender it was the custom of early English ladies to sleep in stays tightly clasped and corded. But this is not to be recommended for beauties nowadays.

When a society belle of our grand mothers' day happened to be afflicted with a foot too long for beauty she shortened its apparent length by wearing very high heels. Sometimes the heels were so high that grandmamma could scarcely walk upon them.

To remove skin blemishes that were too pronounced to serve as beauty marks the unfortunate old time beaties used to bind salt pork upon their offensive spots, and sometimes even eel-shins and chopped frogs' legs were employed.

Slitting the skin at the outer edge of the eye to give greater size to that orb was not an uncommon thing in the good old days.

If a girl happened to be afflicted with stooping shoulders her devoted mother would bind a flat piece of board upon her back to keep the erring shoulders straight.

But there were some very dainty things which were employed to keep themselves lovely. For example, grandmamma used to dip her laces in lavender water to make them smell sweet. She sprinkled her locks with oil of rosemary. Her finger-tips were touched with rose paste and so were her lips, while her skin was fragrant with attar of roses, which old nurse poured into her bath.

THE body is now looked upon as the fit companion of the soul. Even its appetities, in their proper sphere and within their normal limits, are regarded with high respect, not merely as contributors to our pleasure, but as essential to our highest welfare.

LITTLE NELL, dining with the grown up members of the family, gazes contemplatively at each one in turn, then remarks slowly, "All the ladies has they bangs over they noses and all the gentlemen has they bands under they noses."

MANY a man is hurt more in a football fight than he cares to admit, and so he makes light of it and plays on for the sake of the college or team and from self sacrifice.

IN the early days of this century French cooks became rich. Very was a millionaire, Achard had immense wealth, Mme. Sully of the Palais Royal, made $200,000 in three years.

HOBBY HORSES.

No. 2.

Written for the News.

That now familiar song "Down on the farm" echos the many sweet hours and happy days agone. Childish dreams are so vividly recalled even while we write. Yes, there are scenes that memory hold fast to, as they associate with the homage of our intellect and the affections of our hearts. A retrospection of those earl daysy seem to remind us of every surrounding; the very air that we breathed had a fragrance so delightful to all the senses, that one could feel a constant buoyancy of the heart; an experience in the consciousness of his existence; an undefinable and delicious joy. Aye, did not the sun rise with cloudless splendor, soaring high in the heavens, and on in its majestic course, until it would set in golden glory? But then those days have long since past and the intervening ones have in common with the rest of mankind been mingled with pleasures and sorrows, successes and reverses.

The farmer should surround himself with the very best agricultural literature that can be had. I know as a rule the means for procuring such is quite limited, but the fund of information derived from them is immeasurable in comparison to the dollars and cents necessary to purchase. The successful farmer or true husbandman, (not one who vacates the farm for city or town?) when the cares of the day are over, bears the air of calm majesty enthroned upon the brow, whilst he is profoundly impressed with his heaven-born trust—a tiller of the soil. Most assuredly a farmer should be wedded to his calling, an enthusiast if you please. He should be a man of a philosophical turn of mind, apt to deduce consequences of general utility, furnished with an intellect reasonably cultivated and tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge so that his enthusiasm may be safely guided. That "council" of farmers as I would characterize the Still Pond club of this county, is one of the brainiest organizations that has had existence in the county for many years. They undoubtedly make their business their hobby horse and apparently are riding him to partial success, right in the face of imprudent class legislation. So much for the enthusiasts change and interchange of views on topics that have vital importance in them directly in the line of their vocation. Why may not the farmers' capabilities or mental faculties be as susceptible to the reception of knowledge or improvement by experimental effort as others engaged in the various vocations about us? Indeed such may be his acquirements generally, that he could stand the peer of any man, but he must get away from the usually accepted mental calibre meted out to him. In addition to his being an intelligent farmer, and making such his hobby horse, he may and should be equipped with educational facilities; possessing these and other qualifications no bar should stand against him as an opponent of the trained lawyer or other professional for legislative or other honors within the gift of the people.

Yes, this wide awake hobbyists who is not content to become dwarfed, or shaggy as with barnacles, but is ever thirsting for the unfolding of nature and the solution of the rights and privileges of the common people possesses the competency and is lawyer enough to honestly and faithfully represent his people in any responsible position. Why should our sons, unstable and inexperienced, seek to hold argument with their seniors and long for the glittering (?) paths of city life? Will the youth on whom the fond father desires to let fall his mantel, endeavor to leap with one bound as it were beyond the attainments of perhaps thirty years gathering? As well might he expect to see the wheels of time turn backward, and all creation hurled into nothingness. Their superior intelligence would vastly aid them to careful and pains-taking efforts to secure a higher state of cultivation and productiveness. We have not endeavored to set up a new standard for farming, but so large a part of our energies lie dormant that our quill continues to travel with surprising rapidily as we mentally grasp the unfolding of the "Might-have-been" as well too, future possibilities.

Apart from a pecuniary interest the comparative absence of continual mental grating, is one of the farmers greatest and chief blessings. His contact with the business world as a rule, does not subject him to harassing difficulties, sleepless nights and premature age. In proportion as he makes his business his hobby, in like proportion will his domestic felicity increase. During the winter season, he is locating the spreading of manures accumulated, so as to get the best results for spring crops or seeding as well too, proper treatment of his lands. He knows Providence has filtered said lands with germs that make it inexhaustible, and that, in obedience to the laws of nature it only remains for him to industriously fructify or make fruitful by virtue of an intelligent cultivation. If one should ask us why all farmers are not successful, our answer would be, because all are not hobbyists, and are standing still, while the onward march of the one rib specialist is apparent. Why may there not be a "Hobby" club (farmers) in the old fifth district. UNCLE SAM.

ACCORDING to the records of the mint 19,570 silver dollars were coined in the year 1804. Of this number but eight are known, and they are valued at from $500 to $2,000 each. What became of the remaining 19,562 is one of the greatest numismatical mysteries.—*St. Louis Republican.*

RECENT astronomical calculations have caused the "star gazers" to announce that the surface of the moon is about as great ast that of Africa and Australia combined, or about equal to the area of North and South America without the islands.

THE cultivation of the pine-apple in the Bahamas is a very profitable undertaking At two pence each an acre of pine-apples returns $200 to $250.

A horsefly will live for hours after its head has been pulled off. The head of the mosquito hawk will continue eating its victim when separated from the thorax.

THE honor of the invention of printing has been claimed by Mentz, Strasburg, Haarlem, Venice, Rome, Florence, Basle and Augusburg. The first three are entitled to consideration.

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