THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN KENT NEWS BUILDING.

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 may be charged.

SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 53. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND; SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893. No. 11.

Our 30th Year!

BRIGHTER THAN EVER!

Carriage Building!

Wheelwrighting!

Blacksmithing!

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

With ample buildings, spacious grounds, the best materials and first-class workmen, are better fitted for the prosecution of their business than ever before in their history. They are yet in their very prime, but with an experience which is invaluable. They give special attention to the MANUFACTURE O

CARRIAGES!

We make in this line principally light work, consisting of SIDE-BAR BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, DAYTONS and FAMILY CARRIAGES of all styles. Our work is all finished first-class. We do no cheap shoddy work. Now is the time to have your Carriages painted and repaired, as we are specially liell fixed in that line. We keep on hand a fine wne of Carriages of other makes.

—IN OUR—

WAGON DEPARTMENT

we are prepared to build the VERY BEST FARM WAGONS, EXPRESS WAGONS and PEACH DEARBORNS that can be produced.

Call and see our Low-down Platform Work, which is so handy to load

WE HAVE OVER 2,000 VEHICLES NOW IN USE.

All kinds of REPAIRING done in the best manner, at the shortest notice, in our Wheelwright and Carriage Departments.

We also keep Cultivators, Harrows, Plows, &c.

—IN OUR—

Blacksmithing Department!

we are prepared to do all kinds of fine light work, such as Mill, Bridge or boat work. All kinds Job Work and Forging also attended to.

HORSE-SHOEING.

We have on the BEST HORSE-SHOERS IN THE STATE, and we invite all owners of horses to give us a trial. Bring along your Forgers and Cutters.

Respectfully,

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,

apr22-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD

1893. 1893.

The Chester Loan Association.

ITS SAVING'S BANK FEATURES AND BENEFITS.

THE CHESTER LOAN ASSOCIATION OF CHESTERTOWN,

offers the best inducements for the deposit of small sums of money, from fifty cents a week, upwards of any institution in the State.

The interest or dividends actually earned and paid to those who have deposited with it, during the past thirteen years, has averaged from five and a-half to six per cent. per year.

The depositors receive as dividends all the earnings of the association, except legitimate expenses, which have never exceeded five hundred and thirty dollars in any one year.

The Chester Loan Association will receive your deposits as deposits, every Monday Evening of each month, or once every six months, as you choose, and every depositor, no matter how small the sum, receives a just proportion of all the earnings and interest made by the association, and the dividends are declared and placed to your credit every six months. If you deposit 50 cents a week, two dollars a month, or 13 in six months, you receive at the end of the series you enter, which runs about six years and three months, all the money you have deposited, and an average of about six per cent., compound interest for the whole time; or, if you choose, you may draw your deposit any time after two years, and receive all the money you have paid in and an average of about six per cent. interest for the time your money has been deposited. So that if you deposit fifty cents a week, or thirteen dollars every six months, for six years and three months, at the end of that period you will receive back all the money you have deposited, namely..... $163.50

Add also dividend amounting to..... 36.50

Making a total of..... $200.00

A careful examination of this result shows that you receive for your deposits rather more than six per cent. compound interest.

The investments are made in the most careful and safe manner, under the care and scrutiny of its Board of Directors, composed of five of the most prudent and successful business men in the county, and the association, during the whole thirteen years of its existance, with its large capital of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars, has not charged off Two Hundred Dollars for losses.

W. MELVIN, PRESID ENT.

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

John D. Urie, Assignee,
versus
Charles E. Comegys, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity.

ORDERED, this 10th day of July, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by JOHN D. URIE, Assignee, trusee under power contained in mortgage from Charles E. Comegys, et al., to Joseph T. Ricards, and duly assigned to said John D. Urie, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of September next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 15th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7656.25.

SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

True copy, Test:
SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

July 15, 1893—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Thomas W. Eliason, Jr.,
versus
Norris Barnard, Martha A. Barnard.

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity,

ORDERED, this 6th day of July, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate made and reported by THOMAS W. ELIASON, JR., under the power contained in a mortgage from Norris Barnard and Martha A. Barnard, his wife, to the said Thomas W. Eliason, Jr., dated on or about the 10th day of June, 1890, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 13, folios 408, &c., a Land Record Book for Kent county, aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of September next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 6th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $8,862 50.

SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

True Copy, Test:
SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

July 8, 1893—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Hope H. Barroll, Attorney,
versus
Edgar H. Strong, et. al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, Md.

ORDERED, this 29th day of June, 1893, that the sale of the personal estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by HOPE H. BARROLL, Trustee, by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county passed in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 29th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,265.45.

SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

True copy, Test—
SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.

July 1, 1893—4t.

ACTUAL VIEW OF STUDENTS' BANK IN

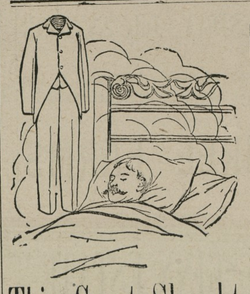
Goldey Wilmington Commercial College and School of Short-Hand

8th and Market Sts., Wilmington, Del.

One of the five built up Business Offices of the College, conducted by the students. 364 students (126 ladies), from 107 places and 7 States last year. Every year larger. Everything practical. Teaches self-support. Graduates aided to situations. Individual instruction, therefore enter at any time. Expenses low. Eighth year. One of the most costly and magnificent Catalogues ever issued in America, mailed free; beautifully illustrated. Write for it.

H. S. GOLDEY, Principal.

Reference: Any citizen and any minister of Wilmington.



DON'T SLEEP!

—AND LET THE—

Immense Bargains

PASS THAT WE ARE OFFERING IN

This Great Slaughter Sale of Fine Clothing!

which we will begin today and continue until every garment in our establishment is offered. Chestertown has never known the like before. OWING TO CERTAIN CHANGES THAT WE SHALL MAKE leads us to adopt this means of unloading our immense stock

We Make No Quotations Here as it is Useless

but suffice to say we will give substantial demonstration by a look at the goods for yourself, and it will take little argument to convince even a poor judge that we have discarded profit entirely. We have had a good season, still have a complete line of MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SUITS, ODD PANTS, HATS and FURNISHING GOODS, all reduced likewise. Look and judge for yourself. They must be sold and we will not stand on price as the goods must be turned into cash.

All indebted to us will please call and settle as all accounts must be closed by August 25th.

Respectfully,

Few Doors Below Postoffiee.

Moody & Perkins
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

E. W. F. SIMPERS!

OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

LADIES', MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Dry Goods and Notions, Muslins, Bed Ticking, Shirtings, Dress Ginghams,

COTTONADES, "LOT OF HAMBURG EDGINGS AT COST,"

PLAIN AND FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Canned goods, Teas, Coffees, Pure Spices, Hominy Grits, Rolled Oats, Oat Meal, Corn Starch, Fruit Puddine, New Orleans and Porto Ricco Molasses, Gold Dust Washing Powder, and everything in this line, in fact the MOST COMPLETE STOCK in town. New styles in Table Cloth, Fancy China and White Ware. "LOWEST PRICES FOR THE CASH."

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

April 22, 1893.

DON'T Neglect the EYES.

Have them Scientifically Examined, FREE OF CHARGE,

—WHEN IN BALTIMORE, AT—

F. W. McALLISTER'S,

No. 8 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore Coal Tar and Manufacturing Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Roofing Materials, Building Paper,

TARRED FELT, COAL TAR, TWO and THREE-PLY FELT, RED ROSIN, SIZED PAPER, ROOFING PAINT, CONCRETE BLOCK PAVEMENT FOR CELLARS, &C., &C.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST.

16 West Camden Street, Baltimore, Md. je17-y.

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone FERTILIZERS, FOR All Crops AND Permanent Grass.

WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS.

Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market.

WE WILL SELL EITHER BY ANALYSIS, OR WEIGHT.

PREFERABLY THE FORMER WAY. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
26 SOUTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE LATEST and BEST ASSORTMENT

—OF—

New Goods for Spring and Summer

PLENTY of them. Full up in all grades and styles. Few can meet and none can beat our Prices. Let us call your attention to sensible facts about Buying Nice Goods Cheap this season. We open with as fine an assortment of NEW and STYLISH GOODS as any one could ask to see. They are the best money buys. The value is in them. The result is Bargains for you all. We are selling honest goods, bought right at prices as close to the jobbers' figures as we can make them, and live. Nobody can do more. Most won't do as well, but no matter about that the fact stands that we offer reliable goods as close as anybody can sell an honest article.

WE KEEP THE LATEST SHAPES IN:

WALKING SHOES,
HOUSE SHOES,
DRESS SHOES,
LACE SHOES,
LOW SHOES,
RUSSETT SHOES,
PATENT LEATHER SHOES,
OXFORD TIES, SLIPPERS.

Our Stock is Complete in all Sizes and Grades of:

YOUTH'S SHOES,
MISSES SHOES,
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
BABY SHOES.

We show the very newest and most popular styles and guarantee a first-class fit in every department. All grades constantly in stock. Will TAKE YOUR MEASURE for any kind of Shoe you may want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,

April22, 1893. THE SHOE MAN, UNDER STAM'S HALL.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

OUR SPLENDID

SPRING STOCK

is bigger, better, brighter than ever before and equal in variety and extent to the combined stocks of any three houses, and what is best of all—Prices are lower than ever before. A man with a slim pocketbook this year can dress like a king.

MEN'S SUITS.

Ours are perfect marvels of the tailor's art, full of superior style and durability, yet they cost less than the same qualities are sold for elsewhere. Extensive lines at $10, $12, $15, $18.

Gems for Juveniles.

Boy's and Children's Suits, Hats and Furnishings in the most charming styles, cutely and prettily trimmed, and made with all the careful attention devoted to gentlemen's fine garments. Boys' Suits from $1.98 up to the finest at $15.

WE ARE ON TOP

again with the Largest Line of Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps ever displayed. All the leading shapes and new colors represented in our colossal stock. Men's Hats from 59 cents to $3. Boys' Hats from 14 cents to $2.50.

FINE FIXINGS.

Everything that is bright and new is shown in our Immense Furnishing Department. Many exclusive novelties in Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Underwear, &c., to be seen here at full 25 per cent. less than elsewhere.

Write for Samples and Price List.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,

5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,

ANNEX,

86 and South Charles Street.

THE MERITS OF

HULL'S

Horse, Cattle & Poultry POWDER

s attested and endorsed by the best citizens of the county and State. Farmers, Cattle Raisers and Poultry Raisers give their testimony in every package of the powders. The demand for the powder is ever on the increase, and bespeaks its popularity. The powders are manufactured by a regularly incorporated company, which has recently enlarged its manufacturing facilities, and is prepared to meet the largest orders, for its goods. The Powder is manufactured under the immediate supervision of the original discoverer of the ingredients and mixture of the Powder.

This powder is guaranteed to cure Roup, Gapes and Cholera in Chickens.

AGENTS WANTED in every county and State in the Union. All orders filled from the Company's office and factory in Westminster, Md. Address

Hull Horse, Cattle and Poultry Powder Company.

Chas. E. Goodwin, Sec'y and Treas.; William B. Thomas, Prest.; F. J. Bennett, Geo. M. Parke, Chas. E. Goodwin, J. P. Hull, Directors.

M. A. TOULSON, Chestertown,

AGENT FOR KENT COUNTY.

FOR SALE BY—J. A. CASEY, Rock Hall; S. BURGESS & BROS., Edesville. a28-3m.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

—o—

Lightning! Lightning!

Those desiring protection from FIRE or LIGHTNING call on or address

H. L. BOYD,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—AGENT FOR—

ÆTNA OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
Assets $11,000,000.

PHŒNIX, of Hartford, Conn.,
Assets $6,000,000.

Where the lowest rates consistent with honest protection will be given.

Don't wait until you are burned out.

H. L. BOYD,
apr1. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

VANDEGRIFT'S

ERADICATOR

—FOR—

For Cleansing Grease Spots from Clothing

IT NEVER FAILS.

TRUCK FARMING.

How Farm Lands are Made to Pay in Other Sections.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, under date of Norfolk, Virginia, says:

"Three dollars a barrel for spinach in Boston today." Such was the remark of one of the big market gardeners of Norfolk a few days ago, as he tore the envelope containing the welcome telegram and put its contents on file. Then he added:

"I have 450 barrels in Boston this morning and 245 barrels in New York. It hardly seems like making money in the ordinary sense. It's like finding it," and he gleefully entered the items in a ponderous ledger.

The market gardener, or to speak more properly, the truck farmer, who spoke thus cultivates 650 acres of land in the truck-growing belt which lies along the Princess Anne road leading westward out of Norfolk, and which comprises a section about ten miles square. It is not generally known that this tract, which is owned by about 160 men, is the source upon which all of the great seaboard cities draw just at this season for its supply of spinach and kale, and a little later for its strawberries, early cabbage, potatoes, green corn and tomatoes—all of which esteemed esculents are so necessary to the well ordered dinner table.

Already the season for the early vegetables from Florida and Georgia is on the wane. Very soon now the rainy season sets in for the Floridian truckers and washes away the last remnants of their products. Their season runs from Christmas through the chill months of January and February. The gardeners around Savannah can keep it up a little longer, but bad weather sets in for that region also about the first of April, and the large fields in the peculiar isothermal belt around Norfolk pick up the burden of filling the vast Northern mouth with vegetables until the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the strip of truck farming land stretching from Baltimore into Delaware are able respond to the never ending appeal for "more."

Let the many readers of the Sun take a stroll over a typical truck farm about two miles from Norfolk in company with the writer. You emerge from the purlieus, so to speak, of the city on a very dodbtful and puddly wagon track called the Princess Anne road. This road was created in the time that William and Mary reigned on the throne of Great Britain and Anne was yet to hold the sceptre of sovereignty. It may have been repaired since then, but its present condition warrants a grave doubt on the subject. You look ahead and around you. Not a fence is to be seen. Not a head of stock, and the only trees to relieve the monotonous landscape are some stunted ones that stick their shaggy heads out of the scrub fringe along the little arms of the Hampton Roads that wriggle their ways inland and whose tides rise and fall at the impulse of the mighty waters of the Chesapeake. This apparently deserted and arid tract before you and around you is the great truck farming tract whose annual yield is millions, and without which the epicures of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore would linger many moons in anticipation of the culinary delights of early peas, potatoes, cabbages, corn, tomatoes and strawberries before they would enjoy them. As far as the eye can see the plain is as level as a billard table, dotted here and there with a frame house or so, plank barns of great or small dimensions and at intervals a jaunty little cottage or chalet, which betokens that the proprietor lives on his domain.

Looking at the soil along the edges of the road where it has never known fertilizer, you see that it is of that light, clayey character which is characterized by farmers generally as "purty poor." As a matter of fact, the land is poor. In its native state it is utterly unable to produce anything but black-jack scrub, but the scientific farmer—not in all cases an aboriginal one, either—has taken it in hand and has tilled and fertilized it into a state of generous richness.

For every crop he uses tons of stable manure, well decomposed and strong in ammonical properties. For some special crop she used a special fertiilizer, generally compounded for him after his own formula, for each one of these farmers know just what his land needs and can tell to what extent certain crops will impoverish it and what will be needed to build up tis stamina again.

If you desire to become more intimate with the exact plan on which one of these farms is run, (and with slight variations they are all run alike,) you turn into a small side road leading through the farm straight as an arrow up to a small frame house. The road is so narrow that two teams could not possibly pass each other on it. The house is the superintendent's, and you are bidden to find that gentleman across the fields, where he is watching the operation of planting 50 acres of potatoes. Six colored laborers, with six mules and six single shovel plows, are laying off the rows, while two more colored deputies are filling in the trenches with stable manure, which they fork out of two carts that are driven over the rows. The work is progressing rapidly.

Over in a shed near by eight colored women are seated in a row cutting up the potatoes for planting, leaving one or two eyes in each piece. There will be 150 acres planted in potatoes, which will mature about June 1, and 70 of these will also be set out with adult strawberry vines, which will bear a little later than those in the 50 acre plot of vines, which have not been disturbed.

The writer states his conviction that this is making every edge cut with a vengeance, and the superintendent opines that the science of market gardening lies almost altogether in making every edge cut.

"We cut both ways and buzz saw in the middle," is his sententious rejoinder.

The potatoes are planted in the trenches, the pieces being placed ten inches apart, and are covered with an old fashioned double shoveled plow, guided by a colored man and drawn by a mule. Mr. Superintendent was asked if any special chemicals were used in the top dressing fertilizer. He replied that a mixture of phosphoric acid, potash and ammonia is the formula used on that farm, and is especially manufactured for the owner by a well known fertilizer firm, but in what proportions he declined to state. The changes are that he did not know. Plaster is also used, but in very small quantities. The same mixture, having phosphoric acid and ammonia as its base, was used at the roots of the transplanted strawberry vines. These flourish best in the potato fields, although they thrive very well with the early cabbage.

The proprietor of the farm drove up in his buggy at this point and was as jolly and hospitable as possible. He took the farm, explaining every why and wherefore with the utmost patience and good humor. He pointed with pride to a fifty-acre lot of early cabbages. They were fine, sturdy plants, well into the second leaf.

"I don't set my plants out. I sow the seed and thin out the stragglers," he explained. "This lot of cabbages will mature about the first of May. Early for new cabbages, that, hey? Old March did not go out like the proverbial lamb, but there is no danger of frost. On some of the other places you will find tomato plants well advanced and peas and beans sprouting. I never raise delicate vegetables because I farm on a large scale. I tried corn and tomatoes, too, but I concluded they didn't pay as well as cabbage, kale and spinach. I have 4,000 barrels of spinach to cut and market yet, but I don't want to glut the market. I let it go gradually."

He pointed to a vast field of spinach while driving by, through which one or two long lanes, representing a thousand barrelsful, had been cut, and he chukled as he recalled the present market price.

"I bought this farm sixteen years ago," continued the genial trucking 'magnate,' "it was then a waste of scrub and very little of it had been under the plow. I calculate that I have spent on it from $20,000 to $40,000 a year ever since." The writer suggested that such a statement would make some of the up-country farmers of Maryland and Virginia open their eyes. "Maybe it would," coolly continued the farmer, "but I did not go in blindfolded."

Referring to a note book he gave the following figures as receipts and disbursements for the past three years:

Year to July 31, 1889, expenditures, $20,913.27; receipts, $23,730.98.

1890—Expenditures, $29,976.92; receipts, $48,062.53.

1891—Expenditures, $34,291.20; receipts, $43,452.08.

"It's been all along like that. This year it will probably do better. Now you often hear of men who, while they talk of making big profits, are at the same time eternally hard up. I have built one big office building in Norfolk and am now building a market on the corner of Church and Green streets. I hope you will believe that my figures are correct."

The writer confessed that he could not doubt what his eyes had seen, and taking leave of the farmer went his way toward the rancheros of some of those who had raised delicate vegetables. At one of these places there were acres of asparagus beds "just ripe." The proprietor said that the market for the succulent stalk was not so good as formerly, because it is raised so easily and with such little expense in the hot houses of the North. He said he treated his asparagus after the old-fashioned methods, and the result was always satisfactory. He kept stable manure constantly on hand for them, and in the early spring watered the beds with a strong brine, such as he could get from an old pork or mackerel barrel. He had laid out his beds with roots three years old, and that was ten years ago. They were thirteen years old, and some of the stalks were as big as a baseball bat and soft and marrowy for a good ten inches. Tomatoes pay, he said, when they are raised in small quantities—something like thirty acres of vines, but the fruit is so perishable that a bad market means a big loss.

"It takes the Eastern Shore of Maryland farmers to handle and market tomatoes, though," he said. "They are chain lightning on perishable fruit, and you'll notice that tomatoes are never plentiful in the city markets until the truck farmers of the Eastern Shore begin to ship. By that time we farmers down here begin to drop out of the business for the season."

In going through the big truck farms about Norfolk you are struck by the absolute absence of any of the "improved" farm implements. There are no buggy plows, no sub-soiler, no patent droppers, nor cultivators, nor any of those new fangled machines which are deemed so essential to the success of the northern and western farmer. The old fashioned, cast-steel, two-horse plow is used for the fallow, and the old diamond harrow and the shovel plows do the rest with "mule and man" power. Yea, verily, even the hoe is used, and a dozen colored women will hoe fifty acres of cabbage plants in two days. The shriek of the stationary engine is never heard on the vast plain. The methods come as near being primitive as they well could, but there is the spirit of science and "gie thar" behind these old methods which directs them in a way that would certainly make some of the old-timers catch their breaths and stare should they come in contact with it.

It all proves that the old ways are good ways after all, if energy and good sense handle the hoe and direct the plow.

To Be Buried Alive.

A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, dated July 5th, says.

Seymore, the mind reader, accompanied by his son, Arthur, has arrived in Toledo on his way to Chicago, where he is to be buried alive after the alleged manner of the East Indians, who say they can suspend animation for any period by swallowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind.

"My coffin has gone on ahead," said Mr. Seymore. "It was made in Syracuse. It is a fac-simile of the one in which Gen. Grant's body now rests and it cost $3,000. It is made in three sections—one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet under ground. Signals will be so arranged that if things don't go right I can communicate with the soldiers on the outside, who will guard the grave.

"Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried until the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I won't come back to earth until September 24. I am postive that I can do it, and the scientific men who are assisting me to conduct the experiment are commencing to think so, too."

A Phosphate Mine on His Farm.

Mr. John D. Kirby, a farmer in Piney Neck, this county, made a valuable phosphate discovery while cutting a ditch through a meadow on his farm. About 6 inches below the surface of the ground a blue earth was found, seemingly full of oil. The color runs from a light to a very dark blue, and underlies at considerable depth in the entire meadow. Last year Mr. Kirby, as an experiment, dried a quantity of the earth and mixed it with kainit, and used it on a portion of his wheat acreage, with the result of a very large crop. A specimen of the earth was recently analyzed by Prof. H. B. McDonnell, of the Maryland Agricultural College, and was found to contain 25 per cent. bone phosphate and 0.39 per cent. potash, disclosing the fact that Mr. Kirby has a very valuable mine, if properly developed. Further tests of the virtue of this earth will be made and steps taken to use it more extensively as a fertilizer.—*Queenstown News.*

Men Killed by a Train While Fighting.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., July 14—The 8 o'clock express train from Springfield on the New Haven Road this morning struck and instantly killed two men on the track, opposite Holler's icehouse, near Pelhamville. The men were apparently fighting, as they were seen to strike each other. The engineer blew the whistle repeatedly, but neither of the men paid any heed to it. The engineer finally reversed his engine and did all he could to stop the train, but to no effect.

As the locomotive struck the two men they were clinching and were engaged in a desperate struggle. Their bodies were thrown ahead of the locomotive on the track and the entire train passed over them. Both men were mangled in ahorrible manner. Both smelled strongly of whiskey. It is thought they were employed on the Mt. Vernon public improvements as laborers. The men there were paid off last night.

Specimen Casses.

S. H Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Buckler's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at M. A. Toulson's Drug store.

THE CALM OF DESPERATION.

How the Passengers and Crew of a Doomed Vessel Sat Quietly awaiting Death.

"It was about seven o'clock in the evening when the captain passed through the cabin and quietly informed the passengers gathered there that he had abandoned all hope of saving the steamship. After that one of the mates who had been toiling with the crew for the last three hours came to us and said that further effort was useless. There must have been seventy of us passengers in the cabin a quarter of an hour later. The engines had broken down, she was all a-leak and was then drifting in the sea. At four o'clock, when every man aboard had been put to work, most of the women were weeping and their children moaning with a fright. There were two old men and two cripple who could do nothing, and I had noticed that while they were very pale and their lips bloodless they did not seem to be excited.

"I expected to find the cabin a scene of mad excitement when I entered it, but the picture presented was so quiet and peaceful that I could hardly credit my vision. A dozen men and women were praying, but none of them aloud. Some of the children were on their parents' knees, and while none were weeping it was grievous to notice what an old look had come to their faces. They looked pinched and haggard, as if suffering physical pain for days. As I stood looking about me a women who had a boy about six years old on her knee beckoned to me and asked:

"'Do you think there is any hope?'

"'None whatever.'

"'Very well. Don't be afraid, Harry, Mamma will put her arms about you."

"Three or four of the men who had neither wives nor children aboard paced up and down the long cabin, though the steamer was flung widely about at times. Not one single person put on a life preserver, though plenty of them were at hand. You would have expected the women to sob and lament, but there was not a single instance of it. True, half a dozen of them were lying on the divans with their faces hidden, but if they weep no one knew it. Others sat in pairs, hands clasped or arms around each other. The faces of the women were marble white, those of the men ashen. Every women whose face I could see had a wild, startled expression, but the men scowled and looked sullen.

"I saw only one message written. A young man stood at one of the cabin doors and wrote in a pencil on a panel his name, the name of the steamer, and date, and added: "We have given up all hope and are preparing for the end." There was much jewelry and considerable money scattered about on the tables and the floor, but every man, women and child had the head covered. Indeed I saw one man put on a spring overcoat and sit down with a cane in his hand, while several of the women readjusted their hats from time to time:

"I looked into the captain's room through a broken pane and saw him sitting with his head in his hands. I could see several men crouched under the lee of the pilot-house, but where the bulk of the crew had stowed themselves away I could not determine. I had just started to work my way back to the cabin when the steamer settled away like a water-soaked log and a great wave rolled over her carrying away her upper works and sending her battered hull to the bottom of the sea at one blow. I had wondered if we would shriek and scream and cry to God when the awful moment came. There was just one cry—one cry made up of the voices of men, women and children—prssengers and crew. It rose above the awful roar of the storm as you might have heard the clang of a great bell, and then death's finger clutched every throat. I listened for a second cry, even as I thought death had come to me, but there was none. A hundred human beings had cried out in mighty throes for mercy, but wind and wave had mocked them."—*Chicago Times.*

Fighting the Gypsy Moth.

The Massachusetts Agricultural Society employs one hundred men in fighting the gypsy moth. Each man has charge of a district about a mile square. Whenever moth clusters and nests are found, they are collected by the wagon load and burned. Paris green in large quantities has been used in spraying the infected trees and grass. The work of extermination has been going on for the last five years, and until this year the results were far from encouraging. The pets had spread over 200 square miles in the northeastern part of the State, causing desolation equal to that by fire or flood, and $275,000 had been appropiated by the State legislature for their destruction. The moths are said to have been introduced in this way: M. Trouvellot came to this country from France about twenty years ago, and, settling at Medford, studied the cultivation of the silkworm. One day he placed a half dozen eggs on the window ledge of his home. During a brief absence the eggs were blown off and scattered through the yard, so that their recovery was impossible. From these eggs were produced the army of moths that have done much to depopulate a large part of Massachusetts. Professor Linter has suggested the discovery and introduction of a parasite that would feed upon and so destoy the moth.

Love's Sacrifice.

With a cry she threw herself upon her father's bosom.

The old man stroked her golden brown tresses, but dared not press her for her motives.

"Oh, papa," she murmured ecstatically.

"What is it, my child?"

"Only think. Charley—"

Her eyes grew moist at the mention of the name.

—"has arranged so that we can—can—"

She faltered, and in her confusion she was lovely.

"—be married."

The parent's lips moved but gave no sound.

"Pa."

"My child."

"Would you believe the sacrifice he has made for love of me? He has just told me that he would try, oh, so hard, to live within your income."

It were a captions nature that would longer withhold paternal sanction.

Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medical point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were persevered in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physicians are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as scarcely to shorten life.

REV. WILLIAM CONOWAY has been assisting Rev. George W. Bounds in a meeting at Cape Charles. Several converts. A gentleman handed Mr. Conoway some money saying, "Here is your money." Bro. Conoway said he didn't owe him anything. "Yes, said he, I have had this for a long time to give to the first Methodist preacher I saw shout."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Capped Hands, Chilblains Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and postively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. or sale by M. A. Toulson.

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

There are Three Kinds of Thunderbolts, Sheet, Globe and Forked.

The Etruscans of old believed in three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury, another more mischievous in its character and consequently only to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods, and a third carrying mischief in its train and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientists, following the lead taken by Arago, have also decreed that the varieties of lightning are threefold. The first comprehends that in which the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags and vary in complexion from white to blue, purple and red. This is the kind known as forked lightning, because it sometimes divides in two or more branches before leaving the earth. The second differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash was diffused. From this circumstance the discharge is designated as sheet lightning. The third class differs so widely from the more ordinary manifestations that many meteorologists have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings. They neither assume the form of long lines on the one hand nor sheets of flame on the other, but exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire.

A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St. Jacques, in the neighborhood of the Val de Grace was getting his dinner one day during a thunder storm, when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney-board fell down and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quietly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor. The spectators, in conversation afterward with M. Rabbinet, of the Academie des Sciences said it looked like a good sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet, but by moving them aside he avoided the contact. After trying several excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head—which he threw back to prevent it touching him, steered toward a hole in the chimney above the mantlepiece and made its way into the flue. Shortly afrerward—"when I supposed it had time to reach the top," the tailor said—there was a terrible explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney and threw the fragments on to the roof of some adjoining buildings, which they broke through.

In the forest of Nemours a tree was once struck. Two pieces were rent from its trunk. The smaller was tossed to a distance of 50 feet, and the larger, which eighteen men could not move, to a distance of 20 feet or so in an opposite tack. In 1838 the topgallant mast of H. M. S. Rodney, was hit by a stroke and literally cut up into chips, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had swept their shavings overboard. Shortly before the topmasts of H. M. S. Hyacinthe had suffered in a similar manner, and when the Thetis underwent a like visitation in Rio harbor Captain Fitzroy described the foretopmast as "a mere collection of long splinters, almost like reeds."

These are a few examples of the mechanical effects of lightning. It works chemically as well. It has the power of developing a peculiar odor, which has been variously compared to that of phosporous, nitrous gas and most frequently burning sulphur. Wafen mentions a storm on the Isthmus of Darien which diffused such a sulphurous stench through the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarce breathe, particularly when they plunged into the wood. The magnetic effects produced are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks and other cutlery was, not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago, in his "Meteorological Essays," speaks of a shoemaker in Swadia whose tools were thus treated to his indescribable annoyance. "He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers and knife from his nails, needles and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench." The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning among the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north, when, as a matter of fact, he was steering due south.

AN AUTOMATIC MAYOR.

Sergeant McGrew's Invention to Prevent the Mayor from being Bored.

From St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Come here, young man," said the sergeant, as he counted the taps of the fire-gong on his finger. "That's way down in Carondelet. Say, young fellow, an idea struck me this morning."

"What about, McGrew?"

"This. Now, you know as well as I do that Walbridge can't stand that door being opened every morning and seeing every Tom, Dick and Harry. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred who go in there want a job. It's wearing the man out. Saunders can't stand it, either. I'm glad that Reinstadler has got his position. He won't be chasing in here now."

"But the idea, sergeant?"

"If you will hold your horses, as the old woman said, I'll get there. It's this: I think an understudy would be the thing. I've talked it over with Saunders and he's of the same opinion. I'll show you," and the sergeant brought out a piece of paper with drawing on it. "That's a mechanical man. Now, it isn't perfect yet, but you catch the idea, the figure to be wax and made like Walbridge, with a phonograph inside. When the Mayor is tired, use it. All that is necessary would be to touch a spring and have it hold out a hand and say, 'How do you do, old man? I'll fix that mat