Kent News.

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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.

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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.

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Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
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FRANK WRIGHT & CO.,
(formerly of Wright & Loney,)
Commission Merchants
FRUIT AND PRODUCE,
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Between Pratt and Lombard Streets.

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REFERENCE:—Drovers, Mechanics & National Bank. j14-tf.

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WITH
CLIFTON & WOODLAND,
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Members of the Corn and Flour Exchange.

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FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, WOOL and Country Produce Generally.
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE SALE OF GRAIN AND FRUITS.
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ESTABLISHED 1863.
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Wholesale Commission Merchants
AND DEALERS IN
EGGS, POULTRY and CALVES,
New Market & Callowhill Sts., Phila.
The old house solicits your shipments of Eggs, Poultry, Calves and all kinds of Produce. Returns made as soon as sold.
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R. A. BRICE,
Late of and Successor to J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.
Fruit, Poultry, Eggs, &c.,
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
QUICK SALES, PROMPT RETURNS.
If you want top prices and quick returns ship your Poultry to me.

ESTABLISHED IN 1882.
E. C. CROW & CO.,
121 Callowhill St., Phila., Pa.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
ALL KINDS FARM PRODUCE.

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—GENERAL PRODUCE—
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Prompt attention will be given to all consignments and communications. s16-tf.

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REFERENCES:—Taylor Bros., Camden, N. J.; Citizens' National Bank, S. M. Reynolds & Co., Middletown, Del.; L. M. Price, Smyrna, Del.; J. F. M. Woodall, B. F. Fleming, Wm. A. Hyland, and others of Kent. jy15-6m.

WILLIAM CLAYTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Country Produce
STALLS NOS. 121 AND 122, THIRD AVE., SOUTH-WESTERN MARKET,
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WILLIAM B. STEPHENS
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—WITH—
R. C. GARRETT & CO.,
Fruit & Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, LIVE STOCK PORK, ETC., ETC.,
323 S. Front and 322 S. Water Sts., Phila, Pa
MR. STEPHENS is our authorized agent, and is fully empowered to engage agents at the various shipping points for soliciting consignments.
jy11-6m. R. C. GARRETT & CO.

FITZGERALD'S
Dental Parlors,
109 N. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.
Best Set of Teeth, $8.00; Good Set of Teeth, $5.00; Gold Fillings, $1 and up; Silver, 75c.; Amalgam, 50c. Teeth extracted, 25c.; Vitalized Air, 50c. Teeth extracted without pain. a23-6m.*

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Annes' Counties

Marked Down Prices!
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
HAVING DETERMINED TO MAKE A CHANGE IN OUR BUSINESS WE OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS
At Greatly Reduced Prices!
DRY GOODS:
MUSLINS, CANTON FLANNELS, KERSEYS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, BLANKETS, GRAY and RED FLANNELS, WHITE FLANNELS, TOWELS, &c.
MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.
We want room for other lines of goods, hence the above offer.
E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Nov. 4, 1893. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

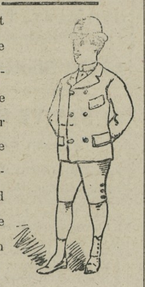
Straight From Headquarters!
MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, THAT WE ARE OFFERING
—SOME OF THE—
Greatest Bargains!
OF THE SEASON.
Doing only cash business and buying with cash in hand, in these times of Depression, we are enabled to secure many lots of goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.
NOTE OUR PRICES:
Pins, full count, 1 to 3 cents per paper; Best Needles, 1 cent per paper; Spool Silk, 3 cents; Darning Needles 5 for 1 cent; Carpet Tacks, dozen papers, 9 cents; 25 Good Envelopes, 35 cents; 120 sheets Note Paper, 8 cents; 5 Slate Pencils, 1 cent; Shoe Strings, 2 cents per dozen; school Slates, 2 to 8 cents; Lamp Wickes, 5 for 1 cent; Watch Keys, 1 cent; Shirt Buttons, 12 dozen, 3 cents; Bone Collar Buttons, 4 cents per dozen; Safety Pins, 5 cents per dozen; 2,500 yards of Lace, 1 to 15 cents per yard; 2,000 yards of Ribbon, 6 cents per yard, worth 15; 400 Dozen Dress Buttons, 1 to 5 cents; Best Calico, 5 and 6 cents per yard; Large Line of Blankets, all kinds, from 75 cents up; 50 Dozen Men's and Boys' Suspenders, 7 to 49 cents; 20 Dozen Ladies' Corsets, 23 to 46 cents; P. N. Corsets, 95 cents; 50 Dozen Children's Black Hose, 8 cents; Men's Extra Heavy Hose, 6 cents; Gent's Fine Hose, 10 to 25 cents; Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2 cents; Raleigh Thread, 3 cents; Hair Pins, 12 cents per Bundle; P. N. Corset Steels, 8 cents; Men's Linen Collars, 8 cents; 24 Dozen Boys' Over Shirts, 19 to 50 cents; Extra Heavy Buckskin Shirts, 50 cents; 100 Pair of Boy's Knee Pants, 10 to 90 cents; 300 Odd Coats, 75 cents to $2.90;
350 Men's and Boys' Overcoats, 95c. to $7;
Boys' Suits, Jackets and Knee Pants, 95c. to $5;
Men's Suits, $3.00 t o$3.75;
100 Dozen Men's and Boys' Overalls, 39 to 63 cents; a Large Line of Men's and Boys' Gloves, 25 cents to $1.23; Extra Heavy Floor Oil-Cloth, 25 cents per yard; Best Table Oil-Cloth, 19 cents per yard. TINWARE:—4 Quart Coffee Pots, 18 cents; 3 Quart, 14 cents; 2 Quart, 10 cents; ½ Gallon Tin Cups, 5 cents. HARDWARE:—Cut Nails, 2½ cents per pounds; Man's Axes, 56 cents; Carriage Bolts, 3 and 4x5-16, 8 cents per dozen; Padlocks, 5 to 18 cents; Auger Bits, ¾ inch, 5 cents; 5-16 inch, 8 cents; Hand Saws, 25 cents to 11.67; Hatchets, 8 to 42 cents; Saw Handles, 8 cents; Spring Balance, 24 Pound, 8 cents; Two-foot Rule, 7 cents; Half Soles, 10 cents; Headlight, 8 cents.
LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, all kinds;
MEN'S KNIT UNDERSHIRTS, 40 CENTS, sold everywhere for fifty;
FULL LINE OF LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR;
CHILDREN'S VESTS, 9 to 28c.; LADIES' VESTS, 25 to 46c.
MESSICK & CO.,
Successors to HILYARD & CO.,
Millington, Maryland.
W. N. DONOVAN, Manager.

INVITATION TO THE PUBLIC!
YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR
—IMMENSE LINE OF MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S—
SUITS and OVERCOATS
AND A COMPARATIVELY LARGE LINE OF PANTS.
We have this season placed upon our counters, for public inspection, more clothing than heretofore, consequently are enabled to show a more complete line than was ever exhibited in Chestertown. In connection with this we also have constantly on hand a complete line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, consisting of
Hats, Caps, Ties, Hosiery, Underwear, &c., &c.,
and are always first to show you the newest novelties.
It is useless to quote prices here but the extreme low figure that has been put on them will be immediate satisfaction to the purchaser upon examining.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
A constant increase in this department points forward to actual success, and don't forget about our TRUNKS, SATCHELS and TELESCOPES, such a beautiful assortment. Avail yourself of this opportunity of looking over such a large line of goods, it will be money in your pocket. Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting a continuance, I am yours respectfully,
A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,
Opposite Stam's Hall. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

STANDS ALONE!

OUR CLOTHING STANDS ALONE on its own merits. The better judge you are of Cloth, Fit and Workmanship, the more certain are we to have your custom. New goods are arriving daily and never before were we so well prepared to please the most fastidious. An examination will convince you that we can save you money by staying home from the city, and also give you as good line to select from. Beautiful Line of NEW DESIGNS for YOUNG MEN. Complete Line of GRAY and QUIET PATTERNS for Men of more mature years, and the Largest Line of BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING ever seen in Kent County. We have the handsomest CLAY WORSTED SUITS for MEN in the State, for $12.50. Don't fail to see this. And when you mention SEPARATE PANTS we are right at home. The Gray, Blue and Brown effects in neat, narrow stripes, are marvels of neatness, and, without boasting, we stand ready to show you the most dressy and best quality pair of pants you ever looked at for $2.50. All the Newest Shapes in HATS for Men, Boys and Children. Complete Line of
NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR AND FURNISHINGS GENERALLY.
All goods sold by us positively warranted as represented. We make this a positive point and ifan error is made in quality (as none are infallible) we are always ready to make same good to purchaser. Square Representation, Bottom Prices, Good Goods and Plenty of Them is the secret of our growing business.
Respectfully,
MOODY & LUSBY,
Few Doorse Blow Postoffice. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OEHM'S ACME HALL
LOST OPPORTUNITIES
are the cause of more sorrow than any one thing in the world. Don't lose the opportunity now offered to you to purchase your Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings while the assortment is complete.
MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Nothing like them ever known. Our prices! our goods! our specials! Superb Suits and Overcoats at $10, $12, $15, up to finest made $25. An interesting line at $15, well worth $20
FOR THE COMING MAN.

Why should you not take the same pride in the dress and appearance of your little fellows as in your own? Stylish knee Pants Suits and Overcoats at $2.50, $3 and $5. Over fifty choice tyles at $5 from which to choose.
A HURRAH IN HATS.
We come to the front with a stock of Fall Hats absolutely correct in every detail of shape and color. Men's fine Derbys $1.50, exclusive hatters' $2.50 quality. We are sole agents for the Youman Hats, the finest in America.
FURORE IN FURNISHINGS.
This department shows a much larger stock than the combined efforts of any two stores, at prices that make competitors bow their heads in shame. Comfortable Underwear 50c. per garment. Our "Matchless" Dress Shirt at 50c. is a wonder of quality.
Write for Samples and Price List.
OEHM'S ACME HALL,
Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
Baltimore and Charles Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

IN GALENA!
Carpets, Carpets!
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
A complete city assortment, direct from the leading carpet centre, now on exhibition at our store, including every grade from the least expensive
Ingrains to the Finest Brussels!
We can afford to give you the BEST VALUE for your money, having made arrangements with one of the Largest Philadelphia Carpet Houses to supply us with yard samples of all the new designs and to fill all our orders at prices that enable us to
SELL YOU CARPETS AS LOW
as you could buy them at any house in our large cities, thereby saving you all the expenses of going elsewhere for this purpose. We show this immense stock with the aid of Peterson's Patent CARPET EXHIBITOR, so constructed that the effect of a Carpeted Floor Eight Yards Square is produced as each pattern comes into view, the samples revolving on the panorama plan. This enables you to see before purchasing how the carpet will look when matched and fitted to your room, while you can examine and compare qualities as well as from the rolls. As the exhibitor relieves us of the expense of carrying a large stock, saves extra room and labor, interest and insurance on stock, leaves no old unsalable and shopworn goods or remnants on hand to be disposed of before purchasing a new one. We can afford to sell you carpets at HALF THE PROFIT that we otherwise could afford to do. As every carpet is cut and matched before leaving the city you do not lose one inch in matching.
Call and see the Most Beautiful Line ever seen in a country store.
R. HESTON HICKS,
s2-tf. GALENA, MD.

STIEFF PIANOS
GRAND AND UPRIGHT.
Highest grade instruments manufactured. Endorsed and preferred by the best schools and musical authorities. Only Upright Piano on the market today equal to the Grand. Reasonable terms. Old Pianos taken in exchange. Pianos for rent. A large assortment of Organs constantly on hand. Send for Illustrated Piano and Organ Catalogue. Inducements on Second Hand Pianos. Tunin promptly attended to.
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
WAREROOMS { Baltimore, No. 9 N. Liberty St. Washington, 417 11th St., N. W. Chicago, 178 Wabash Avenue, Philadelphia, 1204 N. 5th St.

VANDEGRIFT'S
ERADICATOR
—FOR—
For Cleansing Grease Spots from Clothing
IT NEVER FAILS.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN ALASKA.

Among Yawning Crevasses and Glasiers —The Intelligence of a Little Collie Saves the Life of the Explorer.

A writer in the *Youth's Companion* tells the following story as drawn from the experience of John Muir, of California:

Roger and I left the Indian camp at 4 o'clock in the morning in order to have a long day on the glaciers.

Roger was a small dog with a strain of collie blood in his veins. He belonged to the clergyman in our party, but he showed a preference for my company during the whole trip.

For many miles we tramped, stopping once in a while to rest for a moment or to enjoy the rich glow of color along the edge of the innumerable crevasses, where the sun poured through the cracks of the disintegrating ice and caused countless prisms to burst into a blaze of color.

Presently a dark cloud swept across the sky, and in a few moments the snow was falling heavily, while the wind whistled and shrieked fiercely. We beat our way against the snow for some miles, until our progress was stopped by a yawning crevasse some 8 feet wide.

We could not retrace our steps; I feared that if we turned back I should lose my bearings. The crevasse must be crossed.

The edges of the chasm were rounding and as smooth as glass. I could make a running leap of more than 8 feet, but if I attempted to leap this gulf and my heel should glance on the other side, I should be hurled down a thousand feet at least.

Old mountaineer though I was, I was frightened as I looked at that chasm. Roger, too, felt danger, and rushed wiedly along the banks looking for a better place, but he came back without finding one.

There was nothing to do but jump it. At last I cut a socket for my heel, gauged my distance carefully and sprang.

I tell you a man does not know what elasticity he has until it stands between him and death. I was successful, and Roger, though frightened, plumped across after me.

For perhaps six miles we pushed on without encountering any serious difficulty. I had just begun to think that we were bearing a little too much to the eastward when I was confronted by a yawning abyss at least 40 feet wide.

Roger cast an appealing blink up into my face, as much as to say: "Wasn't the last one bad enough, master? Surely you won't risk this."

I bent down and patted him reassuringly and then we reconnoitered.

For 12 miles, more or less, we followed the bank without finding any way of escape. Then we came to a place where a diagonal silver of ice spanned the crevasse, but it was six feet below the bank on one side and the bank rose precipitously fully 20 feet on the other side.

It could not be crossed, so we pushed on.

After mile upon mile of labored tramping I found that we were on an island with but two exits—one by the leap I had taken at first and which I could not be induced to repeat, the other by that silver of ice which, as far as I could see, was not over a foot in width, and which came to a sharp edge along the top.

It would have been simple enough had the bridge been flush with the banks, but one misstep in the descent of the almost perpendicular incline would have shot us down to death.

Roger could not believe that I would try it. When I had painfully bent over and chipped out the first socket for my heel his voice rose in bitter lamentations.

For a few moments he would wail; then in desperation he would gallop along to see if by some hook or crook there might be a better way that we had overlooked.

Shivering and disheartened he would at last return, and, falling down on his haunches and tossing his nose up in the air, would reveal his howls. When the last socket had been cut I said to him:

"Now, Roger, don't be silly. If I can do it, you can. If we both fail we die together, and God help us."

"I am going over first, Roger," said I, "and I will make the way as easy as I can. So, here goes."

I made the first step. Roger sprang forward to snatch me back by the trousers; but, as if realizing the danger of so doing, threw himself suddenly on his haunches and became dumb.

Painfully, breathlessly, fearfully I planted my heel in each successive socket, and at last slipped down astride upon that awful silver of smooth, slippery, treacherous ice. The cold sweat bathed my brow: I dared not ever breathed. I felt as if the falling snowflakes might make me lose my balance.

Taking my hatchet from my belt, I proceeded to knock off the top of the ice bridge, leaving a level ribbon on top, not more than three inches across. This was for Roger.

Sixty feet of this, and then before me an almost perpendicular ascent of 20 feet more.

When I had reached the other side Roger had set up another continuous howl. I dared not speak to reassure him. Every nerve was strained to the utmost.

How was I to get my feet to the top of the ice bridge without losing my balance.

As high up as I could reach while in the sitting posture I clipped sockets for toes and finger tips, and near enough together so that Roger could use them. I drew myself up to my feet by my finger tips, and after hours of patient, breathless labor, found myself in a position of safety.

Roger was hoarse with terror. He knew he had to follow me, and yet he would not start.

"Roger," I said, "you must come, and quickly, too. I cannot wait for you; we must get back to camp before night or we shall freeze as well as starve. Don't be afraid. Put your feet just where mine were.

Roger peered carefully over the ridge of the incline. Then, burying his nose between his paws, he howled some more.

"Pah!" I growled, as though disgusted. "I am going. Good-by!"

As I turned on my heel Roger gave a yelp like a death-knell. Tears were in my eyes. I turned toward him and almost roared:

"Come along! I'll wait."

He braced his little paws together, took the line of direction to the silver, and with a superhuman effort at self-control, began to slide toward the bridge.

Thank God! the dear little fellow reached it safely. Then such a studied passage across the 3-inch wide surface.

He seemed to have ceased breathing. One foot was carefully, painfully, slowly pushed out in an exact line with the one already planted, with all the precision of an Indian I dared not speak, yet I knew he must have heard my heart beat for him.

He was across the silver, but a horrible, straight mass of ice confronted him with overwhelming despair.

"Come, Roger!" I urged. "You must do it. I cannot wait for you all night. I did it; you can. Come, sir, up, up!"

With a sigh I can never forget he began that upward ascent, digging his nails into the glistening ice with the tension of last despair.

Bravo! he was up at last.

When he left the ground beneath his poor little feet once more he rushed around two or three times as if bereft of sense, then leaped at my breast, and my arms closed around him.

He yelped, he whined, he cried, he howled, he jumped away from me and rolled over and over in the snow, and then sprang back to my arms. It was the most human expression of joy I have ever seen in an animal. Poor little laddie!

Written for the KENT NEWS.

A STORM.

BY MAMIE A. STRONG, BELLE VIEW, MD.

Wider and deeper the shadows grow.
Longer and stronger the dread winds blow.
Darker and denser the clouds pass on,
And the world stands now of its beauty shorn.
Faster and heavier the cold rain pours.
Wilder and fiercer the tempest roars.
The elements form in a wrathful band,
And a raging storm sweeps over the land.

All light is gone from the sunless sky.
Loud rumbles the thunder from on high,
Not from one alone, but from many a cloud.
And the lightning answers through a misty shroud.
Hark, hark! deep sounds, yet deeper still
They grow, and the echo comes back o'er the hill,
Quivers every leaf in its high abode,
The earth trembles as if under a heavy load.

The winds rush forth with a hollow moan.
From the forest remote comes an answering groan.
Great branches are torn from the grand old trees
That e'en now have braved many an angry breeze.
How weak, in the storm's mad fury and rage
Stand wrecked and bare in their good old age.
Little barks speed on in their busy way
To their destination, on the foam-flecked bay.

The tempest-loving raven scarce dares his flight
O'er the storm-tossed sea, at his utmost height.
The driven spray from the dashing waves
The hoary bark in the distance laves.
Dark, heaving, awful, yet sublime,
The billows roll on with a woeful rhyme,
The rocky cliffs, steep and wide,
Sink lower and lower in the swelling tide.

Boats from their moorings are borne away,
And floats afar o'er the bay.
Down from the gloomy, ancient mill
The waters roar in a gushing rill.
Seething and boiling, they rush away
To join in the storm's tumultuous fray.
And now at its height, in its fearful glee,
Far-reaching and awesome, yet majestic it be.

O'er the man-forsaken beach bursts a howling gust,
Where the sea-ores are forming a leathery crust.
Weird, cull sounds from the dark ravine,
Swift darts the lightning with threatening mien.
Brave vessels toil on far out on the deep,
Sea-circled yet boldly they plunge and leap.
The crumbling bark in vain defies,
For the swinging waters like a mountain rise.

So on it goes in a frantic pace,
No respecter of being, of times, or place,
But ruthlessly bearing all before
In a riotous, noisy, continuous roar.
There's a mingling of sounds in a louder key,
And a wild confusion of scattered debris.
The earth seems to tremble its massive form,
And quake, in the watering storm.

But all things must end, and its strength is spent,
Now above, in the clouds appear a rent.
The wind dies low, clamor, and all,
And softer and lighter the rain-drops fall.
Little birds peep out from their sheltering nooks,
And answered each other with knowing looks.
And lo! what a change, in a moment more
The elements rest, and the storm is o'er.

NEW USE FOR CATS.

Here is a Man Who Extracts Electricity from Them to Run a Factory.

"I had a large cork and bung factory in Grand avenue, and I needed power to run my machinery," writes a Milwaukeean in *Harper's Weekly*. "You know, of course, that there is an immense amount of stored up electricity in a cat. The problem for inventors has been to invent a way to extract it profitably. In the rear of my factory I constructed a one-story circular building, some sixty feet in diameter. On the floor of this I coiled a glass pipe six inches in diameter. The first coil ran around the outside of the room, the coils gradually growing smaller, till at last, in the centre, it was no larger than a table. It gave me something like a mile of pipe. The top and sides of this pipe were lined with rather stiff hair brushes, the bristles being a little more than an inch in length.

"At that time Milwaukee was over-run with cats. It was impossible to sleep at nights. I put a notice in the paper that I would pay ten cents a dozen for prime cats, delivered at my factory. I got sixty dozen the first day and stored them in the basement of the power-house. The motor operated thus: Placing in the outer end of glass pipe an imitation rat made of rubber and propelled by a small interior storage battery, I would then adjust a cat immediately behind it. The rubber rat would start of at a terrific rate—it was made to go through the mile of tubing in from two to three minutes—and the cat, of course followed furiously, thinking to catch the supposed animal throughout the entire distance. Gentlemen, it was exciting to watch a healthy, active cat whip about those spirals, with the mechanical rat about a foot ahead and going like a cannon ball. The cat's back and side rubbed against the brushes and her electricity was thus extracted. With a storage battery, and by sending a cat through every five minutes, I generated enough electricity to operate my entire plant, light my factory and sell power to run a neighboring passenger elevators and small machinery. It also took the howl out of the cats and gradually the city became quiet. At the end of a week a cat could be caught and used again."

A NOVEL SWINDLE.

A novel kind of swindle was practiced in a German town the other day. A man struggling along under a heavy burden suddenly stumbled and crushed through a plate glass store window. The proprietor of the store demanded payment. The porter said he had no money. Passers-by advised that he be searched. A thousand mark note was found on him, which he said belonged to his employer. The storekeeper, however, deducted one hundred marks for the value of his window and handed nine hundred marks change to the porter, who went away swearing and protesting. A little later the store-keeper discovered the note was spurious.

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.

HIS MOTHER.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the laden sky, a *basso-eilievo* that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along his feet sounding crisply on the hard frozen earth, he whistled to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, as two or three young men came by.

For upon that special evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you.

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the next evening to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace fold on her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-bisucit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him in her helpless old age and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"*Going with some one else!*" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and much pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C——, and rather a heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress with blue flowers for hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"*Going with some one else!*" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with *his mother*.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery grow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "*perfection!*"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low earnest tone.—

"I don't know what you think of it Nina; *but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother.*"

And almost at the same time, she found herself looking directly in Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd oparated then ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure — and her cheeks glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow, which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me—"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you, and have loved you for a long time."

And Charley went home envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded opera house that night."

A ROYAL RAINMAKER.

From the Review of Reviews.

Mr. Johnson gives one or two stories illustrating the kind of exploit by which the king of the Matabele obtains his reputation:

The king has the reputation of being remarkably good hand at making thunder-storm, and in this he gives way to man. I remember one day in June—the one month in the whole year in which you least expect rain—some natives have brought a large python into the camp and were singing some of their rain songs. It is sudden death to any native in Matabeleland who, who, if he sees a python, does not by some means or other manage to secure it and bring it in alive. The king took possession of the reptile and said he must go and make rain. I laughed at this and said I did not think he could do so, to which the King replied: "You will see." The python was skinned alive, its liver taken out and cooked and the usual rain-making rites performed. Curiously enough, just before sundown the sky clouded over, and soon afterward one of the heaviest thunder-storms I had ever seen broke over the place. Next morning the king asked me if a white man could make a thunder-storm like that. I said: "No, king; if we could get you down among the farmers in the Karoo we could guarantee you a fortune."

He gives us his own explanation of the mystery that Lebengula knew from the fact that the wind had veered around and had blown for three days from the west, which is an almost sure sign that there will be rain on the fourth day. That, however, does not explain the coincidence of the discovery of the python; without it there would have been no attempt at rain-making that time. Besides, Lebengula frequently tries to make rain when drought is persistent, and presents of cattle are brought in and whole karals of suspected subjects are killed.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

What a woman can do?

She can laugh with her lips—make a man think she is the merriest cricket in the world, while her eyes are full of unshed tears and her heart is beating as if it would burst.

She can forgive a great sin like an angel and nag a man about a petty vice like an importation from the lower regions.

She can fix over old frocks and wear them with a cheerful heart that she may help somebody, and she can spend the first money that she really can use for herself in going to a matinee and on sweets, when she knows she needs a new pair of shoes.

She can quiet a baby with one or two reassuring pats, when a man might almost knock the life out of it, give it a whole bottle of soothing syrup, it would still be open eyed and aggressive.

She can employ a whole day looking for a pair of braces for Jack, and yet in the time of trouble, she could buy a mourning outfit in half an hour, and her needle would fly as if guided by electricity in sowing on a bridal gown, or shroud for somebody's baby.

She can carry out her troubles on a man's shoulder and feel a relief that is only possible from masculine help, and ten minutes after she can laugh in that man's face and wonder what men were made for.

She can be brave in time of mental trouble; she can stand by and hold the hand of some one who is suffering from physical trouble, and yet she will scream as if she were about to be killed at the suggestion of a mouse or a beetle.

She can smile over a dinner of bread and butter and tea, when that's all she can get and later on when prosperity is to the fore she can turn up her nose at any game below canvas-back duck, and wonder at the people carrying for anything but the best brand of Burgundy.

What can't she do? I will tell you. She can never wear trousers with any grace, and she will never be able to resist either the man or the baby who has gotten the love of her heart.

Evading the Rules.

An Irishman driving his donkey and cart through a certain town came to a toll-gate. Pat, being somewhat short of cash attempted to "rush" his moke through without payment; but, owing to the vigilance of the gate-keeper, could not succeed.

"Read the rules," said the gate-keeper "there they are."

"For every horse, donkey or other beast of burden drawing a two-wheeled vehicle the driver of such shall pay the sum of 8 cents."

"Sure, and that's a beautiful rule, it is entirely, but it's meself that thinks I'll not pay ye the eight cents."

So, turning the donkey and cart around Patrick retraced his steps. Suddenly al bright idea struck him and chuckling to himself unharnessed the donkey, put the harness on himself and coaxed the donkey in the cart, carefully fastened the reins in the donkey's mouth and again approached the toll-bar and attempted to pass through.

"Hold," said the gate-keeper, "tip up the toll money."

"All right, me good man," said Pat with a grin, "spake to the driver."

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.—It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by M. A. Toulson.

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