FAIRLEE NOTES.

The weather has been a little damp for a week or so, 'tis true, and was just a little too much so last week for the preachers' silk hats. Nevertheless the tulip and peony are coming forth and in a few weeks they will be seen in all their beauty.

We are not fish-hungry any longer—no, oh! no, for they are very plentiful indeed; and do not taste "as much like silver" as they did a few weeks ago—very much cheaper.

Mr. Beecher Lecompt is engaged in selling fish for Mr. Wm. Diehl, and is always glad to sell and to receive orders for future delivery—herring and shad by the large quantities.

Right as the bud was opening into the blossom of physical and spiritual manhood, the life of one of Kent's noblest young men, Mr. Walter Maslin, of Pomona, ebbed away, and his spirit was wafted to its home beyond the skies. How sad! But then to think of Walter's life—a Christian "in whom there was no guile found"—takes away a degree of sadness, for while what was mortal of the exemplary young man rests beneath the sod in Chester cemetery, his spirit is with the blest.

A few days later, and the one whom Walter loved best on earth, the one who taught him by her example in righteousness and everything noble as only a mother can do—yes, his dear mother—answered the call of the Master and her spirit flew away to join that of her dear boy in the "realms of the blest." How distressing to those so near to the departed ones that are left behind. We know words are not adequate to solace the broken heart. Only time will heal the wound and the knowledge of the fact that, while the departed loved ones cannot come to join them again in this world, they may join them up on high. Our whole community join in condolence to the grief-stricken relatives.

J. B. Merritt, D. D., is returned to Salem and Union. This makes his fifth year, we think. We are glad to have him back. He has done a most noble work among us and is one of the most able divines in the conference. We trust and haven't any doubt but what his last days among us, due to the time limit, may be the most successful of his pastorate here.

Col. T. B. Bordley set a hen with 15 eggs and got 17 chickens! He thinks he is in luck along the chicken line. He was 82 years old last Sunday, and says if he had his life to live over again, with his experience, he would be worth one million dollars!

Some one took a blanket from Mr. Arnold Willis a few Sunday nights ago while his team was hitched at the church.

Some one took Examiner Wm. G. Smyth's team on last Saturday evening while he and Mrs. Smyth were hearing Hon. Mr. Wooley. Prof. J. A. Greenwood, Mr. Smyth's uncle, brought them out home.

Very sorry indeed to hear of the death of Mr. Wm. Duyer. We have known him for a long time and always found him a true friend and an upright man. Dr. J. B. Merritt preached his funeral.

A stereopticon entertainment in Fairlee school building this evening.

WEST END.

When Easter Comes.—The question is often asked on what day does Easter occur, and why does it not occur on the same day in each year. In early times this subject gave rise to a controversy, and it was not until the time of Constantine that it was finally settled, the Council of Nice declaring Easter to be always on the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or next after March 21, and if the full moon happens to be on Sunday, Easter is the following Sunday.

GALENA NOTES.

The farmers are quite busy now preparing for their Spring work. Most of them have put in their oat crop, and the acreage sown is much larger than usual in this locality.

It was reported that a mad dog had bitten three of Mr. F. Cochran's dogs one day last week, and several belonging to the colored people on Davis' Hill. The dog was shot on Mr. Spry's farm. Mr. C. has chained his dogs where they can do no harm awaiting results.

There was no services in the M. E. Church here on Sunday last on account of Conference being in session and a good many members attended.

The congregation of the M. E. Church seems to be very much pleased at the return of Rev. Mr. Fletcher for another year. Rumor says the official members were unanimous for his return.

Miss Mary Hughes is visiting her brother, Father Hughes, at the Clergy House.

Misses Winnie Walls and Linda Redding were guests of Mrs. John Hodgkins in Chestertown during conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Hyland and Miss Fannie Lynch, of Galena, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Harry Hyland in Chestertown.

The Galena Creamery Company elected a Board of Directors on Monday last the old board re-elected, with the addition of Mr. S. T. Caldwell. They talk very positive of putting in the butter making machine in the near future. They think it will pay them better by having the whole plant themselves and make their own butter and avoid the expense of carrying the cream to Sassafras.

The Road Supervisors are very anxious to go to work on the public roads; they think the first of April is too long off to keep them idle for they are a very industrious set of people when working for the county.

The Odd Fellows of Kent Lodge, are thinking of celebrating the anniversary of the order on the 26th of April next; how, we have not heard as yet whether by public parade or otherwise, but they will decide shortly.

Politics are exceedingly quiet this year, no scrambling for nominations now among the Democrats.

OBS.

A New Order.—A Council of the Jr. Order Uuited American Mechanics was instituted in Kennedyville Wednesday night. The following officers were installed: Councilor, E.T. Othoson; V. Councilor, Howard Clendaniel; Rec. sect'y, W. W. Hurlock; Ass't Sect'y, Edward Wallis; Fin. Sect'y, J. H. Weer; Treasurer, W. S. Hurlock; Conductor, P. G. Wilmer; Warden, W. H. H. King; I. Sen., Robert Kennedy; O. Sen., Harry Meredith; Chaplain, W. B. Jarrell; Past Councilor, W. E. Sanders; Trustees, W. R. Crow, J. R. Copper, P. G. Wilmer. Their psospects of success are very flattering as many others will join soon. A place of meeting has not yet been decided upon, for the present they will meet in the town hall.

Kansas Market.—It may be interesting to our farmers at this time to see what prices farm produce bring in the State of Kansas. We therefore quote from the Beloil (Kansas) *Gazette* of March 19th, the following market prices at which produce was selling in that State on that day: Old wheat, 60 to 70c.; No. 2. new wheat, 55 to 65; corn 10; oats 9 to 10: hogs $3.50 per hundred; fat steers, $4.25 per hundred; butter. 8; eggs, 6. And yet the Kansas farmer is not happy, although he gets 10 cents a bushel for his corn, and 10 cents for his oats, 8 cents for his butter and and six cents for his eggs. Why should he be?

Spot Cash Quotations.

SATURDAY and TUESDAY, March 27th and 30th.

NOTE:

$1.99 buys one of those Fine Decorated Chamber Sets.

$1.65 buys 10 yards Bleached Sheeting, 10-4 wide.

58 cents buys 10 yards Androscoggin Bleached Muslin.

6¼c. buys 8 and 10c. Dark Dress Ginghams.

3¾c. buys Light Calicoes (Shirting Style.)

20c, buys Basket White Potatoes.

25c. buys 1 Gallon 150 test Oil, 1 Box Matches, 1 Box Lye, 1 Box Coffee Essence, 1 Quire Good Writing Paper and 1 Bar Good Soap.

Try our 16, 18 and 25c. Flat Plug Chewing Tobacco. Have the Best 25c. Tobacco in town.

23c. buys one Large Sack of Flour.

30c. buys one Large Sack Flour, GOOD.

$5.59 buys 1 Barrel of Clifton Flour.

75c. buys 1 Pair of a Lot of $1.25 Shoes, Ladies' Buttoned, Tips Little Defaced.

48c. buys one Pair Men's 60c. Gum Shoes.

31c. buys one Pair of Women's Gum Shoes.

$1.90 buys one pair Extra Size Boston or Woonsocket Gum Boots, sizes 9, 10, and 11 left.

$1.25 buys 10 yards Good Bed Tick, holds feathers.

65c. buys 10 yards Good Straw Tick.

Jobs in White Bed Spreads from 58c. each, up to $2.00.

Jobs in Table Linens, Napkins, Towels.

Look at our 23½c. Table Linen.

Granulated Sugar 4½c.

Bridles, Collars, Traces and Lines—Lines 9c., Traces 9½c., Collars 75c.

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, must go.

Blankets for 49c. per Pair.

Best Cotton Crash 3¾c.

1 Pound Black Tea, 1 Pound Washing Soda, 1 box Coffee Essence, all for 25c.

Coal Oil 9c. Gallon, 3 Gallons for 25c., Saturday and Tuesday.

Molasses per Gallon 12½c.

Men's Good Work Shirts 16¾c.

Clover, Timothy and Orchard Grass Seeds,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Seed Oats, 32 Pounds for 25 cents.

Very truly,

R. F. PARKS.

☞Would like to have some NICE TURKEYS, CHICKENS and DUCKS about the 17th or 18th of this month.

RANDOM SHOTS ALONG THE ROUTE TO MEXICO!

SPEEEDING THROUGH TEXAS TO GALVESTON.

It was a merry company that left the Queen City of the West for the Lone Star State on the night of the 13th, and they at once began to prepare for the long trip before them. Snug quarters were provided in well equipped Pullman cars and at 11 P. M. nearly all had retired and were as still as mice. While sweet sleep locked us in her embrace we were speeding over the well-balanced road bed of the St. Louis and San Francisco railway at forty-five and fifty miles per hour, to awake early next morning at Monett, a live, progressive town, very near the Arkansas line. This was St. Valentine's Day and each delegate in our car, the Ascalon, was presented with a comic valentine—picture of a yellow kid—by Dr. Capeller, of Ohio. Of course this picture in some instances was a very appropriate valentine as there were a number who invariably purloined some of the kid's English, notably "Gee Whiz!" We now cross the Ozark mountain range and view the picturesque mountain slopes and steep declivities which are the huntsman's paradise. Down in the valleys we see snug homes which boast of rich delta lands and pure mountain air. We are soon to pass out of this commonwealth of Missouri which is no longer spoken of as one of the young States, for it is well provided with railways, factories, large cities and other elements of progress and growth. Between Monett, where we see passengers getting aboard the California bound train, and our next stop Fort Smith, we cross the Boston mountains, and further south the Kiamichi Highlands, whose scenery is bewitching and in some spots wild in its grandeur. The streams we were told teamed with fish while the mountains abounded in wild fowl, deer and smaller game. Quail on toast was served as cheap and as plentiful as fried chicken in Kent. As we journey from the Missouri line, where we left the snow, into the Sunny South, we see a world of wealth and behold many old things that have become new. Where the North, South and West build together one common nest in the cannon's mouth, we find the old the new Fort Smith. Before we arrive at this city a delegation of citizens meet our train and distribute a souvenir card to each delegate and a bottle of wine to each *lady*.. The card among other lines contains the following:

You, who drive the quill and push the pencil
Stamp the stamp and rub the stencil;
Who write with every known machine
Travelled writer hath ever seen,
Consider yourselves in the Sunny South
And doomed to live from hand to mouth.
Conditioned thus for a week or two,
Do as Rome and the Romans do:
That is to say, make yourselves at home
Just as the Romans do in Rome.
Accept a bottle of native wine,
Fresh from the cellar, but old from the vine;
Then try the hand and try the mouth,
And do as they do in the Sunny South.

The Mayor, a band of music, and a large delegation of business men met the train at the depot and welcomed the editors. We go up into the town, visit the old fort, the prison, the gallows and other points of interest. We were struck with the wide streets and large stone pavements. The city has 17,000 inhabitants an increase of 14000 in seventeen years, water works, gas and electric light plants, and has not a dollar of debt, neither has the county in which it is located. We were struck with the excellent school buildings and learned that the public school fund amounted to $700,000 in cash and property, also eight modern buildings and a $50,000 High school now in course of construction. It is in the centre of the richest forest of hardwood timber now standing in the U. S. and has 28 prosperous wood-working plants. Leaving the fort we are soon skirting along across the Eastern portion of the Indian territory aud watch intently for the first red man. He appears at the railway stations but he has become so civilized and Americanized that we can hardly distinguish him from many of the colored natives. Under the gentle but powerful influence of church and State in their separate and distinct spheres, he has been brought up to a higher place and we are reminded of the prosperous Indian School at Carlisle, Pa., in which there are a number of boys from this territory. Men who once subsisted on wild animals and fowls, who fought with bows and arrows, and weapons of flint and who killed each other and carved their own bodies have disappeared over into the happy hunting grounds. By gradual stages the brute has been merged into the man of affairs. If any of the untamed sort remain they are speedily hanged by the Federal courts, a process that made a judge in Fort Smith famous—Honored Judge Parker—and that spread a salutary warning so effectively.

IN THE BIG STATE.

We enter the biggest State in the Union, Texas, early in the evening, and after traveling at a rapid rate all night, we awake to find ourselves still *entering* the tremendous commonwealth. We look to the East and can see nothing but prairies, we turn to the West and the horizon touches the earth many miles away, we next look to the South but not a fence, tree, shed or house is in view, and at last we gaze off to the North but there cannot even see a broncho or a stray steer grazing on the vast stretch of land. It is a "sea of land" stretching out before our vision and extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach! We are lost amid the vastness and hugeness of this State which has an average length of 800 miles and a breadth of 750 miles. There are 265,780 square miles of 'room' and about ten persons to each square mile. The census shows that 255,000 farmers cultivate their own land, 95,000 are tenants and 56,000 day laborers. The centre of the State through which we passed is an undulating prairie, like those far western States with succulent grasses. We, however, passed through some country broken by hills in whose fertile valleys we saw some very fat cattle grazing. The soil as it was being ploughed looked black and rich and yields abundant harvests without the use of fertilizers. It produces one-fourth of the cotton grown in the U. S., but the people are finding out that there is more money in the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, and the wealth on top the ground will soon be tickled by the plowman into a laughing harvest. The pear is a sure crop, the blight never having appeared. Strawberries bear when one year old and are generally ready for market in March. Figs bear without being cultivated, in about two or three years after set out and stand the severest winters. But we must hasten.

Sometime before reaching Galveston we were met by a reception committee but I think we did the *receiving* as you will soon discover. A special car loaded with good things was attached to our train and these eatables were served out by native Texans to the travel worn and hungry editors. These edibles consisted of tempting sandwiches done up in liberal packages which in abundance and wisdom in selection foretold motherly hearts and womanly neatness; then there were salads, cakes, wines, beer, fruits and boxes of cigars. The beer was a great favorite and with many the fruit punch, a new concoction, was quite popular. It was all thoroughly enjoyed and gave us a foretaste of Southern hospitality.

The next evidence of welcome was from Mrs. Olive B. Lee, a wide-awake newspaper woman, from Dallas, who distributed a pound box of fine French candy to each lady on the train. Of course the gentlemen shared in the treat. It was this way—when the men were given wine they allowed the ladies to sip and when the ladies received candy they permitted the gentleman to taste.

It was about 8 o'clock when our train arrived at this great seaport and in the morning we awoke to the roll of the ocean, to balmy breezes and kindly greetings. We were even allowed to walk on the grass, to play in front yards and halloo down rain barrels. No latch strings were found on the outside but doors wide open and the freedom of the city tendered us. In our next letter we hope to tell something of the sights in Galveston.

F. G. U.

Crumpton Items.

The birthday social held at the hotel last week was a most enjoyable affair. There were present nearly two hundred and the amount realized was sixty-one dollars net. Reception committee, Mrs. W. P. Armstrong and Mrs. Louisa Walls. The following ladies had charge of the tables which were beautifully decorated: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Hendrix, Mrs. Ryland and Mrs. Wiggins. Persons were present from Wilmington, Centreville, Chestertown, Millington, Sudlersville, Church Hill, Ingleside, Locust Grove and Kennedyville. Prof. Brown entertained the audience with his stereoptican views. As the idea of the affair was for the guests to bring or send a penny for each year they were old, it will surprise your readers to tell them that the Hon. George M. Russum was the oldest invited guest heard from, he being 500 years old.

The shells for our sandy roads have arrived at last, and Captain Nickerson wishes all the farmers to send their teams on Monday to haul them out. Come farmers, as this is an opportunity not often had and you will never regret helping, especially when you get to hauling those delicious peaches next summer at a dollar a basket.

The mail route from Catlin to Millington has been sub let to Robert Wilson, near Catlin's.

First shad were caught on Thursday by Jerry Godwin at Piney Shore.

A very pretty wedding occurred in town on Tuesday evening. Now guess who it was?

A new enterprise has been started in town, namely, the Baltimore and Philadelphia dailies for sale at the postoffice.

Mrs. Martha Freeman, a very estimable lady, who kept house for Mr. E. Pleasanton, died last Wednesday. She was 49 years old. Interment near Wyoming, Delaware.

PAULINE, *in Centreville Record.*

A Knock Out!

:OR:

HALF PRICE SALE!

GRANULATED SUGAR!

1 Pound Granulated Sugar and 1 Coffee Strainer, all for			5c.
"	"	1 Spool Cotton	5c.
"	"	1 Box Tacks	5c.
"	"	1 Egg Whip	5c.
"	"	1 Balimore American	5c.
2 "	"	1 Bot each Carter's Ink and Mucilage	10c.
1 "	"	1 Box Rolled Oats	10c.
"	"	1 Box Writing Paper	10c.
3 "	"	6 Boxes Rolled Oats	25c.
"	"	1 Pound Chocolate Drops	25c.
5 "	"	2 Boxes French Shoe Blacking	25c.
"	"	1 10c. Door Stop	25c.
"	"	1 Bag Smith's Family Mixed Tea	25c.
10 "	"	1 Bottle Heinz's Horse Radish	50c.
"	"	Half Dozen Mackerel	50c.
"	"	A Rolling-pin or 6-ft. Carriage Whip	50c.
20 "	"	4 Bars Babbitt's Soap	$1.00
23 "	"	If you bring something to put it in,	1.00

You know Ex-Judge Shallcross don't you? Well, if you don't then call at my place and purchase a BOTTLE OF SHALLCROSS' HORSE RADISH, 10c. bottle. Ask Mr. H. Rickey, W. F. Russell and R. Bergen as to its quality.

HALF PRICE SALE:

CRANBERRIES 2½ cents pint, 5 cents quart, sound as a dollar.

1 Pound Tin Buckets JELLY 2 for 5 cents, for one week only.

CARTER'S INK and MUCILAGE, 1 bottle of ech for 5 cents.

DISH WASH MOP worth 10 cents for 5 cents.

DOOR STOP for 5 cents, worth 10 cents.

THREE BRASS-HOOP BUCKET 19 cents.

FRENCH SHOE BLACKING 3 cents box, 3 boxes for 5 cents.

1 DOZEN GLASS GOBLETS for 39 cents, cheap at 60 cents.

LIMA BEANS 3 cents a pint, 2 pints for 5 cents.

ROLLED OATS 5 cents a package.

Don't forget our VANILLA SYRUP at 25 cents a gallon.

1 four-hole MOUSE TRAP and a BOX of WRITING PAPER for 10c.

THIS WEEK:

BABBITT'S SOAP, 7 Bars for 25 cents Spool Cotton.

1 cent Spool 3 CAKES of BUTTERMILK SOAP for 5c.

Ah, my friend, if you have not tried "TRUE BLUE" YEAST POWDER you are making a mistake. Quality guaranteed, 4c. bottle, 7 bottles for 25 cents.

HARTER'S A NO, 1 FLOUR!

is a Flour that I believe better than any Flour sold in this market. Try it, and you will agree with us.

CHARLES S. SMITH,

Chestertown's Only Cash Merchant.

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