Kent News

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Subscription - - - $1 Per Year

Fred. G. Usilton. - - Wm. B. Usilton, Jr

WM. B. USILTON'S SONS, Publishers.

Lampshades of Shells.

An adaptable woman has applied with success the shell-stringing idea, popular almost to a craze at the Florida hotels last winter, to a lampshade. The strands, closely shell hung, were fitted to the top circle of a wire frame, which was first covered with silk put on in close pleats. They were caught loosely over the shade and fell a little below the edge to form a fringe.

The Care of Mirrors.

If mirrors are subjected to very strong sunlight or any artificial light the quicksilver will often dissolve, ruining the mirror's usefulness until it is resilvered, for there is no other way of correcting the blemish. A strong heat on a mirror will also make the quicksilver peel. Never let the light shine directly on mirrors for any length of time, and never let them get unduly heated by being too near a gas jet.

Fading Rugs Renovated.

Like many other housekeepers who love the sunshine and decline to exclude it from living rooms, I have been greatly troubled by the fading of rugs and upholstery. At last this annoyance has been triumphantly obviated. I take a good dye of the same shade as that of the bleached fabric, and, mixing a little with cold water in a cup, apply the liquid to the faded surface with the help of an old clean brush. Thus the ugly faded red of a valuable Oriental rug was well rubbed over, a little at a time, with a nail-brush, until the surface matched the pile underneath and handsomely contrasted with the other colors. With a toothbrush I have restored the rich colorings of gimps, cords and bindings, which invariably lose their tints and look old and shabby while the upholstery they edge still retains its pristine freshness. In fact, I have found this to be a valuable discovery, and one with varied applications.—Philadelphia Record.

The Care of Cut Glass.

Cut glass should have the greatest possible care in handling. A wooden tub should be used for washing, and the water in which it is cleared should never be too warm for the hands. The deeper the cutting, the more liable it is to be broken. Cut glass should never be left upon stone or marble, and in rinsing the water should be of nearly the same temperature as that used for the washing. It should always be drained on a soft towel or cloth. Decanters and water bottles often get discolored, but a soft cloth guided by a wire will generally remove the sediment. When this is obstinate bits of paper with shot and strong soapsuds will do the work. Beans are sometimes used instead of shot. Glass that is ornamented with gold should be washed with castile or a good white soap—that is, a suds—and should be wiped as dry as possible. All fine glass should be kept in a closed cabinet and handled very little. A damp place is not advisable for glass, especially that with gold decorations.—Woman's Home Companion.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Stuffed Quinces—Pare and core six or eight quinces (if nice size), place in a deep dish with half a pint each of water and sugar; fill cavities with chopped nuts and raisins. Cover and bake until tender. Set away in a cool place to chill thoroughly. Then carefully heap a meringue or whipped cream on top and serve.

Cinderella Fingers—Prepare an angel cake mixture, using the whites of six eggs, three-fourths a cup of fine granulated sugar, one cup of flour, one-third a cup of cornstarch, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and the same of vanilla extract. Shape like small ladyfingers; dust with sugar, and bake about ten minutes in a slow oven.

Creamed Liver—Cut one pound of calf's liver in inch-square pieces and cover with cold water; add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and one whole clove and simmer gently for one hour; add one-half teaspoonful of salt after half an hour; pour off water and add one-half pint of rich milk or thin cream; mix a heaping teaspoonful of flour with one tablespoonful of salt, a pinch of white pepper and let boil up once. Serve on small squares of crisp toast. This is an ideal luncheon dish and easily prepared.

Rice Buns—Put one-quarter pound ground rice into a basin with one-fourth pound pounded loaf sugar, one tablespoonful flour, one-half teaspoonful baking powder, a little grated lemon peel and two ounces of butter; mix thoroughly with a small wooden spoon; add two well-beaten eggs and beat all lightly together for five or six minutes. Butter some small patty pans, rather more than half fill them with the paste, and bake for about one-quarter of an hour in a moderately hot oven.

Civil.

The Sheriff—You say that fellow who broke jail left a message behind? The Keeper—Yes, sir; here it is on this paper. "Excuse the liberty I take."

AT THE TABLE.

The years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you sat over there alone
And I sat smiling here.

A year or two flew past and you
No longer sat alone;
A little one was in your arms,
Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,
And some one else was there,
And Willie sat near me, you know,
While Trottie claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led
You to the table, dear,
And you looked queenly at the foot,
And I felt kingly here.

To-day as I look down at you
On either side I see
A row of hungry little ones
All gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one,
And you are far away—
Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on
That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—
You there and I up here—
Two rows of hearts from my fond heart
Stretch down to you, my dear.

Thank God for every extra leaf
The table holds to-day,
And may we never know the grief
Of putting one away.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE COURAGE OF A COWARD

WHEN James Herrick entered West Point he promised his mother that he would behave himself. "Jimmie," she had said as he was parting with her for the first time in his life on that June morning when the train was to bear him away to new life and new scenes, "Do what is right by your father's memory. He was a good man, a religious man, and because of it he was the better soldier."

The boy stooped, kissed his mother and promised. His father had been killed four years before on that awful day when the swarming hosts of the Sioux had slain to the last man the little band of the gallant Custer. Jimmie had been appointed to the military academy by the President, as a recognition by the Government of his father's gallant services. He was a manly lad, but of a grave temperament and a rather retiring nature, characteristics that were the more marked on account of the fact that Jimmie had led only a home life.

A year passed away, and Jimmie Herrick was a third classman. He stood well in his studies, and his record for discipline was of the best. His position among his fellow cadets, however, was strange. The majority of the boys, those who worked hard and walked the strict line of discipline, respected this shy, retiring lad, who worked like a Trojan early and late to master his lessons and to overcome deficiencies in early schooling, for much of Jimmie's life had been passed at frontier posts, where the mother at the odd moments taken from household duties was the only teacher.

Some of Jimmie's classmates rather sneered at the boy and called him a milksop. His room-mate, "Jack" Harvey, was always glad to avail himself of Jimmie's knowledge of mathematical problems earned by hard study, but he was ever ready with a shy joke at Jimmie's steadfast refusals to join in any of the cadet pranks. Jimmie found that the hard infantry drill, the artillery evolutions and the dashing cavalry movements in the riding hall and on the plain gave him plenty of physical exercise and formed a vent for pent-up animal spirits.

Jack Harvey, Jimmie's room-mate, had gathered about him a number of reckless spirits, who were bent on almost any breach of discipline which would bring them what they called fun. When Jack's chums found out that Jimmie would take no part in their larks they dubbed him a weakling. One evening before "call to quarters," when a lot of them had followed Jack to his room and a discussion of a proposed trip beyond cadet limits after "taps" was being held, one of the visitors, with a look at Jimmie, said: "Guess we hadn't better talk about this thing before the parson; he might squeal on us."

Jimmie felt the blood rush to his face. He sprang to his feet with clinched fists. He was about to hurl himself at the one who dared accuse him of being a tale bearer. Then a memory framed itself in his mind and he stood still, his arms at his sides, and looked calmly in the face of his accuser. "I am no tale bearer, Jennings," he said quietly and then resumed his seat.

The other cadets looked at one another and a sneer appeared on the faces of many. To them nothing could explain how a man could submit to being called a tale bearer without resenting it with a blow. One by one they left the room, and Jack Harvey was left alone with Jimmie. "Why didn't you thrash Jennings when he called you that name, Herrick?" said Harvey. "The boys have always thought you a weakling, and now they'll think you a coward."

Jimmie looked his room-mate in the eye. "If I had struck Jennings," he said, "it would have convinced nobody that I was not a tale bearer. I've settled this thing with my own conscience. That's all I care to say about it."

The story that Jimmie Herrick had submited tamely to being called a tale bearer went through the corps. Jimmie found some of his best friends falling away. Many of his classmates passed him with averted heads. The story went abroad that he was a coward. Jimmie's heart was heavy. He was fighting a braver battle with himself than any he could fight with another. "They call me coward," he said to himself. "I wish that I could show them."

June came and the cadets went into camp just beyond the great cavalry plain. Visitors poured into the post from all parts of the country. Jimmie's mother came to see him. She knew the story of his trouble and knew that it was for her sake that the boy had restrained his hand when taunted with being a tale bearer. She told him that in the end all would be right. During the first two weeks of the summer encampment Jimmie Herrick's sole companion was his mother.

Jack Harvey's parents and his sister were visiting West Point. Clara Harvey was seventeen years old and Jack's only sister. With his parents, he idolized Clara. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, with Clara and two or three of her friends who were staying at the hotel, had asked a number of cadets to join them one afternoon just after drill at a picnic to be given at Gee's Point, a little peninsula that juts into the Hudson from the edge of the path which runs along the bluff just below Battery Knox with its frowning guns. A little lighthouse surmounts the end of Gee's Point. The river where it sweeps around the base of the light has a treacherous current. The tide backs up into the Hudson for many miles above West Point, and when tide and current meet at the jutting rocks of Gee's Point the waters seethe and swirl in a perfect maelstrom.

"I AM NO TALE BEARER, JENNINGS," SAID HERRICK.

The little party of picnickers was seated on the rocks at the extremity of the point with the rushing waters chafing the light's foundation ten feet below. It was a jolly party and the fun was running high when Clara Harvey said: "This is a good place for 'follow your leader,'" and before any one could interfere she had jumped lightly to a narrow shelving rock that jutted out just below the railing of the tower. Along this she picked her way until nearly half-way round the light. Then without an instant's warning her foot slipped and she was thrown into the rushing water below.

There was one wild scream from Mrs. Harvey. A strong current caught Clara and shot her out into the stream. Once she disappeared, and then her white face was seen above the waters. Jack Harvey plunged in. He was a poor swimmer, and a sweep of the tide sent him helplessly toward the shore at the foot of the cliff. The other cadets stood momentarily panic-stricken, looking at the helpless girl in the water.

At that instant a gray clad form dashed by them like a passage of light. A figure shot clear of the lighthouse railing and headlong clove the waters of the Hudson. In a moment it reappeared above the surface, and the watchers saw a strong athletic form battling with mighty arm strokes the cross current of tide and river. It did not need a second glance to recognize in the swimmer Jimmie Herrick. The boy was an experienced swimmer, having been taught the exercise to perfection by his father in the waters of the Yellowstone and the Missouri. He saw the direction in which the tide had swept Clara, and striking into the current, to be swept with it, and adding to its force all the strength of his swimming he managed to reach the girl just as she was sinking for the third time.

To go back with his burden against the body of that rushing water was impossible. Jimmie knew that the only hope for the girl's life and for his own was to husband his strength, to keep above the surface, and to let the Hudson sweep them on until help should arrive.

The cries of Mrs. Harvey had been heard by some men at the north pier. They jumped into a boat and struck out for the place where the sturdy cadet was battling with the waters for two lives. They reached him just in time, and drew him and the unconscious girl into the boat. In a moment the boy had sunk into insensibility. A surgeon was summoned, but it was an hour before he could pronounce both rescued and rescuer out of danger.

Jack Harvey had tried his best to reach his struggling sister, but the water at the point where he had jumped in had simply driven him back to the shore. With his mother and father he watched the efforts of the surgeon to bring his sister's rescuer back to life. When Jimmie finally opened his eyes Jack bent over him and said: "Herrick, I thought you a coward; you are the bravest boy that ever lived, and in an hour the whole corps of cadets shall know it."—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

BEET SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Farmers Do Not Seem to Appreciate Its Value.

By every mail we receive letters informing us of new beet sugar enterprises. If such conditions continue, there will certainly be a reaction, and the existing beet sugar industry will suffer. There are many facts which we consider very important to call attention to. The average existing beet sugar factory of the country is at a great disadvantage owing to the fact that the raw material is not furnished in sufficient quantities. Who is to blame? We fear the tillers are responsible for existing conditions. There are a very few soils devoted to sugar beet cultivation that will not yield an average of ten tons to the acre and in some cases twice that amount. If the yield has fallen short, it is generally through neglect of the farmer. According to the Tenth Census there were during 1900, 135,000 acres planted in beets, yet the total yield was only 794,600 tons, or an average of less than six tons per acre. This average was reduced by the reason that thousands of acres in certain districts were abandoned after seeding. The fact, however, remains that for Germany during 1897, 1898 and 1899, the average to the acre was thirteen, twelve and one-half and eleven and three-tenth tons respectively. We notice also that the normal daily capacity of the American beet sugar factories was 22,000 tons; if we admit that the average campaign is 100 days, there should have been at the disposal of the thirty-seven then existing factories 2,200,000 tons of beets, if they had all worked at their maximum. This would mean 220,000 acres planted in beets, or an area of 65,000 acres more than were actually devoted to this special crop. We have always insisted upon it that the farmers and manufacturers should work together; the farmers alone appear to be neglecting the opportunity they have within reach. If the crash occurs, it will be due to a want of supply of raw material and in no way to defective method of machinery used. We fear the only solution is for the manufacturers to take hold of this most important agricultural problem, and actually cultivate the beets they require for an average campaign.—The Sugar Beet.

Thibetan Skull Drums.

A drum of an extreme repulsiveness of nature is one used by the Lamas of Thibet at some of their church ceremonies. For this the craniums of two skulls, preferably children's, are taken, and over the concave side of each is stretched the skin of a snake. The two skulls are then cemented at their vertices to either side of a wooden disk covered with a cotton cloth, the stretched skins being outermost. These drums are often ornamented by having the heads of devils and such-like horrors, the more repulsive the better, painted upon them in red and blue colors. The method employed in playing them is rather curious. To the wooden disk between the two halves a cord is fastened by which the drum can be suspended and then rapidly rotated; two short cords with knobs at their ends hang down in such a way that as the drum revolves they strike alternately on either face and thus produce a regular "tum, tum."—Good Words.

"Where the Woodbine Twineth."

Several correspondents give versions of the origin of the expression, "Where the woodbine twineth," etc. This is Jim Fisk's own, as remembered by an old friend, Jim Webber: "When the affairs of the Erie road were under investigation," said Fisk, "I was asked by a committee what had been done with certain securities. During my experiences as a peddler I had often noticed in traveling through New England that farmers of more than usual taste had woodbine climbing up around and partly hiding the rain-water spouts on their houses. No, I didn't want to tell that dignified committee that the securities had 'gone up the spout,' which was a fact, and, remembering what I had so often noticed in New England, I replied that they had 'gone where the woodbine twineth.'" Mr. Webber says the story can be easily verified. I take his word for it.—New York Press.

A Weakness of Lord Roberts.

The best of men have their little weaknesses, says London Truth, and both in India and in South Africa Lord Roberts showed, according to all reports, an amazing weakness for officers more or less connected with "society," and his personal staff was entirely composed of them.

LIME! LIME!

KERR'S WRIGHTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL, & -H. C. LIME.--

Delivered by Rail to Any Station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad.

Standard Lime & Stone Company's Lime,

Delivered by Boat to Any Wharf or Landing on the Chesapeake Bay or Tributaries.

GROUND LIME.

Delivered by rail or boat on reasonable notice. The lime you drill in your land the same as fertilizer and is getting to be very popular because of the way in which it can be used and the good results.

COAL and WOOD.

UNDER COVER.

The only yard in the County where you can buy COAL free from snow and water. This is a stride forward and to the advantage of Coal buyers.

Best Coals, Lowest Prices, Quick Delivery

Come and see us before buying and let us see what we can do for you.

Very Respectfully,

J. D. BACCHUS.

Jan. 27, 1900. CHESTERTOWN MD

FARMERS! FARMERS!

Now is the time to look to your own interest and now is the time to use LIME on your Land.

DANIEL HILL and SON,

are prepared to furnish you the Best Magnesia Lime on this market. It is known as the old Rambo Schuylkill Lime. It has been in use for the last 50 years, in this and other counties and has made land grow grass where there never was any. Will guarantee to kill sheep sorel or any other obnoxious weed or briers. It will sweeten the land and raise Wheat or Corn with any fertilizer. There is no other fertilizer on the market to equal it but barn yard manure.

This lime is now known as the McCOY LIME CO., formerly by Mr. Wm. Rambo and Nathan, his father, of the Schuylkill Valley, of Montgomery county, Pa.

This lime runs 45 per cent. Magnesia and is what the land wants. Any and all good old Kent farmers can tell you it is what is wanted on this or any other land.

We can deliver this lime by R. R. at any station. We would be pleased for you to call or write before placing your orders.

Respectfully,

DANIEL HILL & SON,
KENNEDYVILLE MD

SAMUEL HICKS,

—DEALER IN—

Carriages, Wagons, Dearborns,

All ready to show you. Come and you will see bargains for yourself. The timber in our Wagons has been sawed ten years. *SECOND-HAND JOBS ON HAND.* Special attention to Carriage Repairing, and Repairing of All Kinds.

Horse Shoeing: In the Neatest Manner.

Goldey College

The **CELEBRATED** Business and Shorthand Training School, specially noted for the great success of its graduates, and the interest it takes in their welfare. Organized 1886; incorporated 1895; attendance increases year by year; last year it was 452, including students from Ga., N. C., Va., Md., N. J., Pa., S. Dak., Mass., Conn., Del.— a college of **NATIONAL REPUTATION.**

The new, free, illustrated 62-page catalogue is now ready to mail; its contents will interest and delight you; gives full information about **BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES**, new and improved methods, **"HOMES"** for students, etc., etc. Mainly **individual** instruction; students enter **every week;** rates reasonable; cost of living low. In a comparatively **few months** at "Goldey" you are ready for a position. Demand for graduates during past year quite frequently exceeded supply. Write to-day for the catalogue to H. S. Goldey, Principal, Wilmington, Del.

LOUDS RESTAURANT

MRS. J. CORDRAY LOUD

(Successor to MRS. JOHN L. SHUSTER.)

Respectfully informs the public that she is prepared to accommodate one and all with the very best the markets can afford in DINNERS SUPPERS and SPECIAL ORDERS.

ICE-CREAM FOR FESTIVALS A SPECIALTY

ICE-CREAM, CUSTARDS, CAKE, Etc., of the finest quality and at the lowest prices. COMPANIES, large or small, furnished with any of the above at short notice.

TABLE BOARDERS accommodated.

I shall give constant personal attention to the business and use every effort to please

Respectfully,

14. an ANNIE B. LOUD.

TRY A BOX OF "CORN KING." Sold by all drug stores. Sure cure for Corns and Bunions.

AT MRS. D. GRUBER'S, Up-town

May be found at all times,

THE BEST—THE FRESHEST—
THE MOST WHOLESOME—
AND THE CHEAPEST

Bread, Buns, Cakes.

PIES, &c., &c.,

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT.

We also have a nice line of

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY

Don't forget the place.

MRS. D. GRUBER,
Jan. 2, 1901 UP TOWN

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_5_1-0218.jpg