Kent News

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Subscription - - - $1 Per Year

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WM. B. USILTON'S SONS, Publishers.

Nice Way to Serve Eggplant.

As a variety in serving eggplant, try boiling it. Boil it whole for ten minutes, and then cut it into halves lengthwise. Take out the meat, chop it rather fine, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of chopped onion. To this add an equal quantity of finely chopped cooked chicken or lamb. The mixture is then put back into the shells, spread with bread crumbs, or cracker dust and bits of butter before being put into a moderate oven to bake for an hour. The dish should be basted frequently to prevent becoming too dry.

A Small Boy's Birthday Cake.

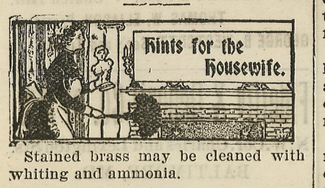
A small boy, whose birthday was recently celebrated, was particularly delighted with the decoration of his birthday cake. It was first iced with a frosting colored a pale green with a harmless vegetable coloring. On this were strewn a dozen or more tiny turtles. These were made of large plump raisins, in which had been inserted slivers of almonds for legs, with a pin head bit for the head of the turtle. The almonds, of which only two or three were needed, were first blanched and the skin pulled off, then the little strips cut lengthwise.

How to Cook Mushrooms.

Many foods are simply mediums for added flavors. Not so the mushroom; it has a decided, exquisite flavor of its own. It should not be made in cooking to taste like something else. Put the mushrooms in a stew-pan with a little water, cover them and stew slowly for twenty minutes, adding butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cream or milk may be added. Another very good way is to butter well a medium hot pan; cut the mushrooms into equal sized pieces, put them in it, cover and fry. Stir them from time to time, and when quite done season with salt and pepper. A good gravy is made for them by using water, milk or cream. Now if you must have a meat of some sort put the meat on one dish and the mushrooms on another. By doing this you spoil the taste of neither.—Woman's Home Companion.

Glass and China.

Just how much glass and china a housekeeper needs is a problem. There are few more complete satisfactions in a matron's life, and, too, in the life of young girls, than those of presiding at a well-appointed table. The woman who does not care, is satisfied to have the service put on "every which way," and breakfast, lunch and dinner look monotonously the same day following day, is a woman who has missed much. Change in table arrangements, as in food itself, is one of the marks of refinement. While the depth of the purse signifies much, this is not all. On little means and on a small stock a great deal can be done. The china and glass closet should have its corner of appropriation in the family purse, for however modest an amount. The clever housekeeper picks up bits now and again. Her wants are constant, for by means of slight changes, a little purchase here, another there, she can reach if not the ideal, at least a high standard.—Woman's Home Companion.



Stained brass may be cleaned with whiting and ammonia.

To make a cake flavored with coffee, use strong coffee in place of milk in mixing the batter.

Always strain a custard to take out the spiral spring which balances the yolk in the white.

Cold boiled potatoes are more appetizing if a little flour is sprinkled over them while frying.

In cleaning papier mache articles use a sponge moistened with cold water. They may be polished with flour and a flannel cloth.

New triple dressing mirrors come in oval shapes, instead of the square style so long in vogue. Those in black are extremely effective.

A new idea in serving poached eggs is to pour brown butter over the toast before putting the eggs on it, and then sprinkle the whole with finely chopped pickle.

An excellent salad may be made with a foundation of string beans. Cut them in short lengths, sprinkle them with chopped chives, season with salt and pepper and cover with French dressing.

A chamois skin dyed in any of the rich dark tints, red, green or a certain deep peacock blue, makes the best sort of lamp mat for a polished table. If the lamp is of some Egyptian or Indian design the piece of colored leather suits it particularly well.

To protect the work-table from hot kettles and pans make a mat or rack with lath. Cut pieces the length of the table, then cross-pieces and nail together about an inch apart. This secures a circulation of air underneath and protects the table from the heat.

Miriam Nesbitt opened at Detroit Sept. 23 as leading woman with William H. Crane as Mary Blake in "David Harum."

The Circus at Templeton.

By J. L. Harbour.

THERE was to be a circus in the little town of Templeton. You can better appreciate the significance of this statement when I tell you that never before had there been a circus there. It will be possible for the boys who read this to understand the frame of mind Lute Caverly and myself were in.

I remember as well as if it had happened yesterday how Lute came running into the cellar where I was sorting over some potatoes that had begun to sprout.

"You don't know what they are putting up on the side of the old mill down by Goose Creek!" he said, as he stood panting before me.

I was a boy who affected exasperating indifference when other boys sought to arouse my curiosity, and I said, quietly:

"Well, I guess it isn't anything worth working oneself into a fit of apoplexy over."

"It is, too!" retorted Lute. "Anyway, boys don't have apoplexy. You wouldn't guess in a month of Sundays what it is! All the boys are wild. And you'll be when I tell you. What would you say if I told you that there were circus bills on the old mill?"

"They often put circus bills there when there is to be a circus over in Redmond."

"But this circus is not to be over in Redmond. It is to be right here in Templeton!"

"Honest Injun?"

"Hope to die if it isn't!"

"A real for-sure circus, Lute Caverly?"

"You'll think so when you see the bills. They cover nearly the whole side of the mill, and they are putting them up on other buildings in town! If they have half the animals they show on the bills, and do half the things they promise, it will be worth the price of admission. Joe Trimpy says that his brother Ed went to this very same circus over in Keene two weeks ago, and he says it is the best one he ever went to in his life, and he has been to more than a dozen! Let's run down to the mill and see the bills. You'll find most of the boys in town there."

Indeed there was a great crowd discussing the gorgeous posters that had been spread over the lower part of the mill. Nearly all the boys were talking at once, and some were generously holding up the little ones who could not very well see over the heads of the crowd.

"I don't believe they've got three elephants or two hippopotamusses!" Dan Ross was saying, his shrill voice pitched several notes higher than the voices of the other boys.

"They have, too!" screamed Joe Trimpy. "My brother Ed saw them! He says they are the biggest hippopotamusses he ever saw, and he's been to eight circuses and animal shows. And they've got an orang-utan and two lady riders, just as the bills say they have. And my brother Ed says the clowns will make you die alaughing. And there is a lady jumps from a trapeze and turns two somersaults and lands on her feet in a big net. Yes, sir! My brother Ed saw it with his own eyes. And that trick mule rears up just like it does in the bills, and they give $5 to any one that can ride it three times around the ring! I wouldn't miss this circus for a $10-bill!"

I think that every boy in Templeton had this feeling, and I know that Lute and I took account of our financial condition on the way home from the mill.

"You see, we will want considerable more than just the fifty cents it will cost us to get in," said Lute. "There will be two or three side-shows, and a grand concert after the regular performance. Then we'll want to buy some lemonade and peanuts and popcorn and candy and maybe some cakes of some kind to eat while the show is going on. We'll want a good dollar and a half apiece. I have thirty-six cents now, and ten cents coming to me from old Mrs. Thayer for weeding out her flower beds. How much have you got?"

"Forty-seven cents and a quarter more if I can catch the weasel that is killing so many of Nancy Trent's little chickens. That's seventy-two cents."

"Then you have just double what I have—when you get it. We'll have to hustle and scare up a dollar and a half each if we want to take in everything. And you know that as this is the first circus that has ever come to Templeton, we ought to patronize it all we can so it will come again."

Nothing but the circus was talked about in the village. The boys gathered in large numbers before the bills every day, and as the day set for the arrival of the circus drew near, the interest and the excitement increased. Lute and I had "hustled," as he had said that we must, and the day before the circus found me in the happy possession of a dollar and sixty cents, while Lute had a dollar and fifty-five cents.

There was no railroad in the town of Templeton, and the circus would have to come in on its own wagons from Rosevale, a railroad station about fifteen miles away. Every boy and some of the girls in Templeton had planned to walk out on the Rosevale road, and meet the circus. Some were going to walk as far as Blue River, which was five miles from Templeton. There was a very shaky and poorly constructed bridge across the river, and it was predicted by some of the boys that the elephants could never be made to cross it. Some of us had a harrowing fear that this might be true, and that the elephants would not get any nearer Templeton than Blue River.

Lute and I proposed to distinguish ourselves by doing something that, we felt sure, none of the other boys would do. We intended to walk all the way to Rosevale. It was Lute who conceived this brilliant idea.

"We can do it as easy as not," he said. Rosevale is only fifteen miles from here, and the moon will be full the night before the circus comes to Templeton. Supposing we start from here about 1 o'clock in the morning. We can easily walk three miles an hour, and that will bring us to Rosevale at 6 o'clock. The train does not get to Rosevale until 6, and it will take them at least an hour to unload and get ready to start for Templeton. We can sit around and rest that hour and see them get the elephants and camels off the cars. Then I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the circus people allowed us to ride back with them. I guess the other boys would open their eyes if they should see us riding into town with the circus. Don't you tell the boys. If you did, a lot of them would probably want to tag along with us. Maybe the circus men would let us ride back on one of the elephants, seeing that we had come so far to meet them!"

Lute was highly imaginative, and was always inclined to look at things through rose-colored glasses.

"They say that circus folks are awfully good-natured," he continued. "I heard once of a circus owner who had the parade go out of its way so that it could go by the house of a little sick boy. Maybe that if the owner of this circus found out that we had walked all the way from Templeton to Rosevale to meet the circus, he would let us in for nothing. There's no telling but he might do that very thing. Or maybe we could get a chance to earn our way, helping to unload the circus."

When we unfolded our plan to our parents, they said we might carry it out if we were "geese enough" to do so.

Lute came over to my house to stay the night before the circus. We had a small alarm clock, and we set the alarm at 1 o'clock, but it was hardly necessary to do this, for we were both so excited that, although we went to bed early, we could not sleep. When the alarm told the hour of 1, we sprang out of bed and were fully dressed in fifteen minutes. The moon was full and the sky cloudless when we left the house. My mother had left a box of provisions for us on the sitting room table, and I carried this as we set forth on our walk of fifteen miles.

Our spirits were not very high as we walked through the silent streets of the town, and we were both a little depressed when we had left them behind us, and had entered a long stretch of dense woods. We kept pretty close to each other, and did not talk much as we went by the town cemetery.

It was still dark when we reached the Blue River bridge, but as the month was July and the days long, it began to grow light in the east before we had gone half the distance we were to travel. We were tired and hungry when daylight had fully dawned, and we sat down by a little spring to rest and eat our breakfast. Lute was a delicate boy, and our long walk was telling on him; I, too, felt footsore and weary. But we got up and plodded on after resting about half an hour. The day promised to be unusually warm, and we began to feel the heat even at that early hour. We had gone about twelve miles, when Lute said:

"If we leave the main road here and take this old road to the left, it will shorten the distance a full mile and bring us back to the main road in about half an hour. My father and I went that way when we came over to Rosevale a few weeks ago."

We left the main road and had gone about half a mile when we came to a clear and sparkling little stream in a delightfully cool and shady place in the woods. Some people had been camping near the spring and had gone away, leaving a pile of hay they had used for beds.

"Oh, let's have another little rest!" said Lute, as he flung himself down on the hay. "I'm dead tired!"

"So am I," I said, as I, too, sprawled out at full length.

Lute looked almost exhausted.

"I tell you, Joe," he said after a little while, "let's give up going all the way to Rosevale. Let's stay here and rest, and then go back to the main road and wait there until the circus comes along. I don't think we could any more than get to Rosevale now before the circus starts for Templeton. What do you say?"

As I was about to make this proposition myself, it met with my hearty approval, and we rolled over on the soft hay with a delightful sense of rest and comfort. Lute lay flat on his back with his straw hat over his upturned face, and I was sprawled out with my head on my arm. I remember that Lute said something to me that I did not quite hear, and that I mumbled a half-intelligible reply. Then we were both silent.

I knew nothing more until I felt Lute shaking me roughly and saying, "Joe! Joe! For mercy's sake, wake up!"

I sat up, rubbing my eyes and yawning with a vague sense of not knowing where I was.

"What time do you suppose it is?" asked Lute.

"I don't know," I said, with another yawn, while I stretched my arms above my head and strove to throw off my persistent drowsiness.

"Well, I know that it must be every minute of 12 o'clock, if it is not later! Where do you reckon that circus is by this time?"

At this I became wide awake. I looked blankly at Lute, and said:

"O Lute!"

"You'd better say 'O Lute!' Look at that sun!"

He pointed to the open space between the branches of the trees above us.

"Why, Lute," I said, "it must be long after noon!"

"It is long after the time for the circus to reach Templeton. What did you go to sleep for?"

"What made you go to sleep?"

Lute made no reply to this question, but jumping to his feet, he said:

"Let's hurry out to the main road and start for home. My, isn't it hot?"

We met a man on horseback when we reached the main road. I asked him if he would tell us what time it was.

"Ten minutes after 1," he said, after glancing at his watch.

"And the afternoon performance of the circus begins at 2, and we are a good twelve miles from Templeton!" groaned Lute.

"And it feels as if the thermometer were about a hundred and forty in the shade," I said, as I looked down the long stretch of dusty road, with the heat quivering above it.

"This looks like riding into Templeton on the back of an elephant!" said Lute, moodily, when we had gone aboue half a mile, and we were already dust-covered and perspiring from every pore. "This looks as if we should make the other boys turn green with envy! They'll never get through guying us about this."

"We'll get home in time for the evening performance, anyway," I said.

"Yes, if we don't melt on the road. I guess you'll know it the next time you see me going twelve miles to meet a circus, and then tumbling off to sleep while it passes! Oh, we'll never hear the end of this!"

His prediction came near being verified. We were unable to keep our mishap a secret, and all Templeton had a laugh at our expense. It was a little after 6 o'clock when weary, dusty, hungry and forlorn, we walked into the village. We went to the evening performance in the circus tent, but we had missed seeing the grand street parade in the morning, and the other boys were eager to affirm that it was as good as the regular circus performance. They declared that we did not know what we had missed, but we found at least some compensation when we sat on the top row of seats with two glasses of pink lemonade and two chunks of gingerbread, watching the performances in the ring.—Youth's Companion.

Some Aged Animals.

In the vicinity of Paris a home for old domestic animals was established some time ago, and among the present inmates are a mule seventy-two years old, a cow thirty-six and a pig twenty-five years old.

It is declared that domestic animals which lead an easy life are likely to live far beyond the average age, if properly cared for. Many birds certainly attain an extraordinary age. Eagles, ravens and parrots frequently live a hundred years, and pelicans probably live as long, for it is recorded that one of these birds was placed in the Amsterdam Zoological Garden some time before 1792 and was still there in 1870. This pelican, too, was at least four or five years old when it was placed in the garden.

Eels are also long lived. Professor Buchner tells of one which was kept for twenty-six years in a pond at Thiengen, in which it was placed at the age of eight years. It attained a length of nearly five feet, and its favorite haunt was in the current that flowed into the pond.

All authorities agree that domestic animals which are obliged to do a good deal of work do not live so long as those which lead a placid life.

The Choice Seat in the Church.

The prominence given to the musical portion of local church services was impressed recently on a woman who, though not a resident of New York, is familiar with church customs in this city. The experience was new to her and may be to many others.

Arriving early at a certain fashionable church, she was requested by the usher to select that part of the interior where she most wished to be located. The visitor had no special preference, but from curiosity asked the usher to indicate the choice positions.

"Well," said he, "there (pointing to the right side of the building) you have the preacher, and there (pointing to the left side) is where the tenor sits."

The woman was seated to the left. —New York Mail and Express.

Mongolian Pheasants in Indiana.

Attempts are being made, apparently with good prospects of success, to stock the fields of Indiana, especially in the Southern part of the State, with Mongolian pheasants. They are protected by a law passed last March with somewhat severe penalties provided for violation thereof.

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Jan. 27, 1900. CHESTERTOWN MD

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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,

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