Kent News

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Subscription - - - $1 Per Year

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

WM. B. USILTON'S SONS, Publishers.

Make your home express yourself. Because your neighbors have lace curtains at every window, cellar included, do not follow suit. Tender (leaf) green half curtains of silk are far more distinctive, as well as artistic, for some windows.

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Only foolish women discard a fine piece of furniture because its style is not of the newest. Walnut, so long relegated to the least-used portions of the house, is to be more fashionable than ever before.

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The most gorgeous sideboards (and chairs) can be made of shabby oak ones if well shaped and massive, by applying one coat of dull black stain. No rubbing down is needed over varnish, as well as not the stain acts beautifully, and the result is "Flemish oak"—a perfect imitation, indeed.

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Stained floors grow upon one. Even conservative housekeepers are beginning to grant the beauty of smooth, glossy floors and rugs, and the labor is not one-half as great as some suppose, not one whit harder than sweeping carpets.

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To sell a massive parlor suite because its covering and springs were done for is to show great lack of thrift. Take the advice of one who knows, and have your old suite done up in rich green corduroy—not any fringe about it, but finished in box pleating of the goods nailed in place by brass nails after the French style. Cheap parlor suites are both snares and delusions.—Philadelphia Record.

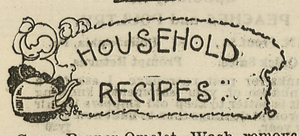
How to Fill Pillows With Feathers.

Every woman who has ever tried to fill new ticking cases with feathers knows the full difficulty of the task set the princess in the fairy tale, who was ordered to put one bagful of feathers into another without letting a single one escape. They fly hither and yon, stick to clothing and carpets, and almost drive the neat housewife to despair.

But housekeepers in the good old days had a way of dealing with them which is well worth passing on to their children's children. The new ticking cases were sewed firmly all around, except for a space of ten inches at the middle of one of the narrow ends. The case from which the feathers were to be removed was then ripped open for the same distance in the middle of one of the short ends, and the sides of the slit thus formed were stitched to the sides of the opening in the new case. This of course united the two cases closely, leaving an opening between, through which the feathers can easily be pushed by deftly "kneading" the outside of the case containing them. When the latter is empty rip the cases apart, collect the few that may still be clinging to the sides or in the corners of the old one, put them into the new pillow, sew up the ten-inch slit, and the troublesome task will have been accomplished with very little labor.—The Ladies' World.

Rough-Finished Walls.

The desire for special soft tints, that can so much easier be obtained in kalsomine, has led to quite a fad for very rough finished plaster walls, kalsomined in preference to paper or fabric coverings.



Green Pepper Omelet—Wash, remove seeds from two green peppers, cut in thin slices, and cook tender in a tablespoonful of butter. Make a plain omelet; when ready to serve, place the peppers on it, fold over, and dish on a hot platter.

Apple Charlotte—Wash, pare and quarter eight medium-sized tart apples then stew slowly in a thin syrup until tender, but not mashed. Season with nutmeg. Line the bottom and sides of a buttered ramequin with stale sponge cake, fill the apples, cover with thin slices of the cake, sprinkle freely with bits of butter, and bake. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Parsnip Fritters—Wash and scrape them and cut in slices, cover them with boiling water, cook until tender, mash them through a colander, return them to the fire, add to two large parsnips a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg beaten well. Mix thoroughly, remove from the fire, and when cool make into small flat cakes and fry in a little batter Serve hot.

Pumpkin Preserves—Pare and cut up one large yellow pumpkin; weigh the pumpkin cubes and to each pound add one pound of sugar; squeeze the juice of one dozen lemons into a bowl and add one gill of it to each pound of pumpkin. Mix the sugar and pumpkin, pour over the lemon juice and let it stand twelve hours; then put it into the preserving kettle and boil gently until the pumpkin becomes clear and crisp. When it is tender, take out the pumpkin, place in jars, strain the sirup and pour it over the preserves. Seal Serve cold with the cottage cheese and a little cream. These preserves are nice with hot bread of any kind and with buckwheat griddle cakes.

THE OLD FERRY.

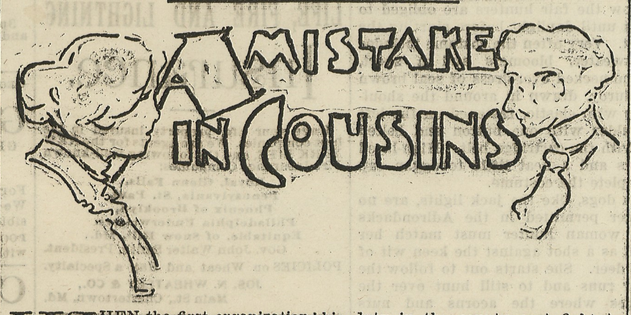
Where the yellow rapids ran
Through the brake of reed and thorn,
Fished the ancient ferryman
In the flush of early morn.
And he watched his blue cork quiver
Till across the misty river
Came the mellow ferry horn.

Ran the sturdy farmer boys,
Wrestling on the mossy banks,
Skipping stones and making noise,
Splashing up the footway planks,
Swapping jests and laughing merry,
While the bent and battered Jerry
Frowned in dudgeon on their pranks.

Then in noonday heat and glare
Came the miller to his meal,
Bringing with him all the air
Of the cool old water wheel.
And he smoked and talked with Jerry,
As he lay back in the ferry,
Tossing at some surface eel.

And at sunset came a stream
From the meadows and the shore—
Milkmaids with their pails of cream,
Bumpkins weary armed and sore,
And they wove green hearts of grasses,
Pressed them on the blushing lasses,
As old Jerry bent his oar.

—Victor A. Hermann, in the New York Herald.



WHEN the first organization of counties was attempted in the Northwest a great deal of trouble was precipitated between rival land companies as to the location of the county seats. Each company desired a county seat on its particular tract of land, but as there were not counties enough to go around this was impossible. Fights and feuds followed and the liveliest promoters of these were the pioneer editors. In one of the counties that may appropriately be called Cayuse the final location of the county seat was on Sand Creek, in the east end of the county, and well removed from two other promising settlements in the county known as Plainville and North Star. The county seat was called Sandberg, with that rare love for ugly titles manifest in the American mind when naming a town, river or mountain peak. In each settlement there was an editor—Boker at Plainville, Harrison at North Star and Smith at Sandberg. The latter, as soon as his community had captured the county seat, manifested his joy by a series of lurid editorials crowing over his rivals and denouncing their opposition to Sandberg as villainous.

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The fight, on paper, was a glorious one. It grew so warm that no man from Plainville or North Star dared to visit Sandberg, and when the one school teacher of the latter town chanced to enter Plainville he was immediately seized by the infuriated inhabitants, deprived of his horse and clothes, and compelled to walk forty miles of rich prairie land, naked, in order to reach home. Sandberg swore deep vengeance, but was content for a long time to confine its actions to threats, which the people of the other towns laughed at.



BOKER WAS OUT WITH HIS GUN.

Interested observers of the fight, although, woman-like, regarding it as most foolish, were two young women—one the schoolmistress of Plainville, and one the schoolmistress of North Star. Miss Wilson of the former town was a cousin of Editor Boker, and Miss Rogers of North Star a cousin of Editor Harrison. Miss Wilson regarded the muss as particularly unfortunate, because shortly after her arrival on the frontier, and before the county seat fight, she had met Editor Smith and conceived a more than passing regard for him. Smith himself had been much taken with her beauty and intelligence, and but for his loyalty to his community would never have gone into a fight which separated him from the woman he loved, but had not told so.

Miss Rogers was not as young as Miss Wilson nor so attractive. In fact, she had passed thirty, was sour of temper, and much disliked by her pupils, most of whom dreaded her sharp tongue as much as they did the whip she used on every provocation. Miss Rogers disliked Editor Smith, envied Miss Wilson, hated the frontier and longed for a man with matrimonial inclinations.

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Editor Boker of Plainville thought it his duty in the county seat fight to editorially castigate Editor Smith of Sandberg with every issue. He did not suspect his cousin's affection for his enemy, and if he had he would have, at that time, sent her out of the country. On her part, she did not dare to plead with him to forgive and forget. Smith had not yet spoken to her, and while she felt that he would, if given opportunity, she realized that a prolongation of the war meant a further separation of them and perhaps a permanent end of the sentiments that once had flourished so well.

So matters stood until one spring day, in a particularly violent fit of temper, Miss Rogers whipped one of her boy pupils until the lad fell fainting at her feet. The news spread but slowly because Editor Harrison did not notice it in his own paper; Editor Boker thought it was none of his trouble, and the public in general heard of it only long after its occurrence. But when Editor Smith learned of it he penned these scorching lines in his editorial columns:

"We have no cousin and we cannot fight a woman, but if we had a cross-eyed female cousin and she did all that we heard of somebody else's cousin doing—that somebody else being a measly, piratical editor of this county—we would either move her to a Hottentot settlement or send her back East. A word to the wise is sufficient."

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The Sandberg paper duly reached Plainville, and Editor Boker casually glanced over it until he came to the quoted paragraph. Whatever made him think it referred to his own cousin no one knows to this day. But when he had read the paragraph in question he quietly thrust the paper into an inner pocket and then solemnly marched about the town until he had collected the twelve other copies that he knew came to Plainville. Then he returned to his office and sent for his most intimate friend—the cashier of the one private bank. To him he said:

"Smith has gone his full length. He has grossly insulted my cousin in his paper. He is so hard up he must attack a woman. She hasn't seen the paper and shall never see it if I can help it, but I'm going to Sandberg in the morning and either Smith or I will be dead by night. If I fall, old man, make any explanation, but spare the girl, and give her all I leave."

The cashier's only comment was:

"You can't do anything else, and as to-morrow's a dull day I'll just close the bank and ride over with you."

Then the hands of the two friends met, and their eyes said that Smith must die. The next morning came fast enough, and at 9 o'clock Boker, heavily armed as men were in those days and localities, and astride of his favorite yellow horse, rode away from his office with the cashier. They said to the curious that they were going out to look over some land.

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They took the trail which would lead them by the little red schoolhouse where Miss Wilson had already gathered her flock and commenced the daily lessons. Their horses swung off with easy lope, but came to a dead halt when on the trail toward them rode Smith, the man they wanted. He was astride a bay mare, foam and dust-covered, and he raised a hand in friendly salute, although his gesture was otherwise taken by the two men in front of him.

Boker was out with his gun and a tremendous oath and had opened fire in a hurry. The cashier swung to one side and clear of range. Smith shouted at Boker, but getting only a shot in reply whipped out his own gun and replied. The shots came fast and furious, the two horsemen dashed into each other, Boker went down and Smith too, and they clenched on the prairie sod and beat each other in the effort to kill.

After a time there was silence and the cashier rode up to find Boker unconscious, Smith on top of him and bleeding badly. From the schoolhouse there came running the teacher, and she fell upon both men and sobbed and moaned and made the cashier think she had gone mad. First she would kiss Smith and then she would kiss Boker, and then sob as if her heart would break. The cashier began to think that something had gone wrong, for sure. At her bidding he rode into town for help, and after awhile Boker and Smith were in bed and their wounds dressed.

Smith was shot through the hip and left arm and beat about the head; Boker was wounded three times, had his front teeth knocked out and his left leg broken. Both men were placed in the same room in separate beds, but they could see each other, even though forbidden to talk. The local doctor said they would certainly recover. Miss Wilson hovered over each, not deigning to notice the wild glare in her cousin's eyes, nor the deep bewilderment in Smith's. She knew somebody had blundered, but felt she could afford to wait.

As for Plainville, it only regretted at that moment that Boker had not killed Smith. It was true to its editorial hero.

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Late that night Miss Wilson, sitting with the injured men, heard Editor Boker hoarsely say to Editor Smith:

"What did you attack my cousin for?"

"I didn't."

"You did, you lying—"

It took all the girl's strength to force Boker down into his bed. Then intelligence came to Editor Smith. He grinned, hurt as he was.

"I gave Harrison's cousin a cut," he said, "for beating that child, but not your cousin. I rode all last night to get here this morning to ask your cousin to be my wife. She'd accepted me about five minutes before I met you. When you saw me I was coming into town to make peace with you on the county seat fight. I had to shoot you to get a chance to explain. Shake?"

"Oh," said Boker, and his bandaged hand crossed to Smith's and Miss Wilson laid her own on top of both.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Peppery Joke of an Indian.

Bishop Whipple was especially fond of telling stories which illustrated the calmness and self-control that his Indian friends made it a point of honor to exhibit on all occasions. Some Indian chiefs were dining at a Washington hotel, and one of the number, seeing a white man using cayenne pepper, took the bottle and shook it generously over his plate. After the next mouthful, though he kept a composed countenance, the fiery pepper caused tears to flow down his cheeks. His neighbor, noticing this, said: "Why do you weep?" The answer was, "I was thinking of my dead grandmother." The next moment the second Indian took the pepper-castor and used it, with a like lachrymose result. The first man looked keenly at him and said, "What are you weeping for?" "I am weeping," was the answer, "because you didn't die when your grandmother did."—Mainly About People.

The Prey of the Fog Fiend.

The Fog Fiend has come to London unusually early this year, says the Westminster Gazette, and has been busy painting the town, not red, but drab. He cares neither for curses nor anti-smoke committees, and he plays quaint and bewildering tricks in the streets. Last night, for instance, after sickening and half suffocating his victims during the day, deepening his tones to black as evening came on, he suddenly wiped off the paint in one part of London and allowed people to see and breathe clearly for an hour, but only to deepen their disappointment with another dense gloom. The effect of this trick was very singular; the fog suddenly rolled up like a curtain, and for a short time, so a creditable correspondent tells us, stars were actually visible. There are no words equal to the present occasion, so we must perforce be patient.

A Test For Idiocy.

All men are insane, but some have the cleverness to conceal it. Of late many of our well-known citizens have been in public or private asylums. Occasionally one is released cured, but there is the deepest, solemnist mystery about it all. Recently a visitor in an idiot asylum not far from New York asked an attendant how the management knew when an inmate was sufficiently restored to sanity to be discharged. "That is easy enough," was the reply. "We take them all into a yard where there are several troughs, turn on the taps and give them buckets to bail out the water and empty the troughs. Many of 'em keeps bailing away while the taps keeps running, but them as isn't idiots stops the taps."—New York Press.

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