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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881. No. 27.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

—AT—

BORDLEY BROS'

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CLOTHING!

SUITS! SUITS!! SUITS!!!

OVER-COATS! OVER-COATS! OVER-COATS!

Don't go to the City!

THE LARGEST assortment of CLOTHING ever on exhibition ON THE EASTERN SHORE!

OUR GUARANTEE is that we will SELL CLOTHING CHEAPER than any other house on the Eastern Shore!

They MUST BE SOLD!

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU.

BE SURE and GIVE US A CALL!

THE PLACE IS AT

Bordley's Brick Corner,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CHILDREN'S SUITS and YOUNG GENTS' SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Respectfully, &c.

BORDLEY BROS.

T. L. SUTLIFF,
Real Estate Agent
AND CONVEYANCER,
CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S Co., MD.
jy23-6m.*

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

C. H. J. SPARKS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN and COAL,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and
COAL furnished
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
n23-tf.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
AND
FERTILIZERS,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.

☞ I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF BINDER And IRON MOWER,
The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.
E. T. COMEGYS,
aug6. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted
for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;
J. J. Turner & Co.'s
FERTILIZERS,
which are the best in the market.

☞ They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.
T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

Roofing & Spouting,
TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE, Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of
ROOFING and SPOUTING
at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
☞ A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov.6. CHESTERTOWN.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the
CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.
is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)
Agricultural Lime,
in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.
Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,
19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

GLASSWARE, Lamps and Fixtures of all kinds, we are headquarters for and our prices cannot fail to give satisfaction to all.
SPARKS,
aug6. opp. Court House

SPEAR'S GOLDEN SUN,
AND
New Golden Sun

The most perfect Base Burning and Illuminating Fire Place Heaters of this age, now more popular than any other Stoves of the Kind in the country.

Call and examine the above Stoves and prices, at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S.

A large assortment of HEATING STOVES, at very low prices.

The NOVELTY BASE BURNER, entirely new, and a very desirable Parlor Stove. Call and examine it.

The NEW SILVER MOON, Parlor or Double Heater, for 2 or more rooms.

OUR PRIDE SOLAR LIGHT and many other kinds at CITY PRICES.

We offer the
Improved Excelsior COOK STOVE
for wood or coal, and guarantee a perfect baker, and cannot be excelled.
THE NEW JASPER,
NIAGARA,
QUAKER CITY,
Washington and Splendid Range, and other Cook Stoves and Ranges, which we guarantee to give perfect satisfaction.
oc15. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF
—COOK—
AND
Heating Stoves
AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED, have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove
which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves
for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]
28th ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
AGRICULTURAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Insures Only Farm Property and Private Residences.
INSURES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE AND LIGHTNING.
JOHN A. SHERMAN, PRES'T. ISAAC MUSSON, SEC'Y.

Capital, - - $300,000.00
Assets - - - $1,261,731.29

Statement, January 1st, 1881.

United States Bonds, -		$212,475 00
Other Stocks and Bonds, -		128,790 00
Loans on Bonds & Mortgages, 1st lien		426,245 38
Real Estate owned by the Company		197,396 80
Loans on Collaterals (valued at $97,125 00,)		61,377 94
Cash in Company's office and banks of deposit - - - -		157,152 93
Interest and Rent due and accrued		16,327 08
Premiums in due course of collection		111,074 96
Total assets -		$1,310,840 09
LIABILITIES.		
Losses adjusted but not due	$4,632 80	
Losses unadjusted -	44,895 00	
Miscellaneous - -	181 00	
		49,108 80
Net assets - - -		$1,261,731 29
Capital Stock -	$300,000 00	
Re-insurance Reserve	760,638 71	
		1,060,638 71
Net surplus - -		$201,092 58

The Company has paid for losses since its organization $3,187,061.30.
D. A. CLARK, State Agent,
10 P. O. Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.
au6-6m.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station in Chestertown, Md., formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quick Lime
for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln: Slaked, 6c. per bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
oc15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
Shingles, Laths, Pickets.

Building Lumber of all kinds,

Do not buy away from home until you are satisfied that you can do better than at home.

Bring me a bill of the Lumber you may need, and I think I can save you money. Try it!
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
CHOICE BRANDS.
No other kept.
aug20. M. A. TOULSON

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREES.

As bright as now October beamed,
When, three-score years ago,
The squirrels and the rabbits played
Along this same fence row.

I had three brothers in those days,
Those joyous days of old;
We with the morning kissed the dew,
Were clasped in arms of gold.

I now am at the trysting place,
Where glistening chestnuts fall,
The Sassafras is just the same,
The gunning ground and all.

Time's onward wheel in passing round,
Smiles on each season's glow;
Autumn prepares the seed and flowers
To sleep beneath the snow.

Hark! those are partridges I hear,
The grasses whizzing wave;
Nature's mosaics all around
The leafy wood-paths pave.

The squirrels play with nuts and find
Their earthy bins, to hide
Their Autumn's wealth away secure,
Perchance for squirrel bride.

Wind-harps are hanging on the trees,
I ask them for a song;
Tell me, I say, the future's path,
Sing out in accents strong.

While here beneath the chestnut trees,
Upon the river's bank,
I have in halls of memory
From love's clear fountains drank.

And as I leave the fields of flowers,
And turn where Autumn ends,
Asters and golden rods I clasp,
As gems to crown my friends.

MATILDA CANBY.

Wilmington, Del., Oct. 28.

HOW IT WAS KEPT.

"You and I will never marry, will we, Tom?" said pretty Jessie Juniper to her tall and handsome brother.

"Never, sis!" was the quite emphatic response. "We will live together all our days, and be just the happiest old maid and old bachelor that ever existed."

This was the compact entered into by Jessie and her brother Tom not long after the death of their father; and certainly none was ever made in more sincerity and good faith. Tom had always considered Jessie as just the best and dearest sister in the world, and Jessie was equally sure that there was no one quite like brother Tom; and in the sorrow and loneliness of their common bereavement, their hearts turned to each other with redoubled tenderness and affection.

Mr. Juniper had been in affluent circumstances, leaving his property, by will, to be divided by them in any way to suit themselves. And here arose the nearest approach to a quarrel that the two ever had; Jessie declared that Tom, who had all the tronble of its management, ought to have the largest portion, and Tom insisted, just as strenuously, that Jessie, who was less able to care for herself, ought to have more than he. It was finally settled that Jessie was to take money and personal property, and Tom the business and real estate, and they were to live together in the old homestead, just as they always had done.

Tom certainly had no reason to be dissatisfied with this arrangement. Jessie was not only housekeeper, but took a genuine pride and pleasure in her work. The house was orderly, and his meals nicely cooked and served, and Jessie always ready in the evening to talk to or to play and sing for him.

Jessie had no cause for discontent, either. Tom was a model brother, always merry and good tempered, and rarely coming home without bringing her a new book or magazine, or something that he thought would interest or please her. Neither of them went much into society, but when they did it was always together; it being often remarked how attentive Tom was to his sister, at such times, and how happy and contented Jessie was with her brother's escort and society. This arrangement was not satisfactory, however, to many of their mutual friends and acquaintances, and there was a good deal of murmuring, especially among the sterner sex, some of whom did not hesitate to declare "that it was downright selfish, in Tom Juniper, thus to monopolize his pretty sister, especially when there were plenty of other people's sisters around, unappropriated."

Tom visited New York every three months for the purpose of buying goods. One day he returned from the city in high spirits even for him.

"I met John Hammond in New York, Jessie. He's head clerk in a large wholesale house there. And such a glorious time as we had talking over old affairs! He's just the same grand, pleasant, agreeable fellow. You remember my introducing him to you at our State fair a year ago last fall, don't you?"

"Yes, did he mention his sister Julia? We were schoolmates, you know, and fast friends."

"I saw her. Nothing would suit but I must go home with him to dinner. I spent two evenings there besides; and very pleasant evenings they were. John is just as outspoken and full of fun as ever. What do you think he said to me as we went out for a stroll after dinner?"

"Tom, old fellow," said he, "why don't you get married? A steady, sensible, good looking man like you ought to have a wife, by all means."

I told him that I had the best sister and housekeeper in the world, and didn't need any. Then you ought to have heard him lecture me on my selfishness.

"Not content," he said, "with refusing to make some woman happy, you must go to work to make some poor man wretched for life."

"I declare, Sis, I began to be afraid that it was a little selfish and miserly to keep so much sweetness and beauty under lock and key."

"Nonsense, Tom!" retorted Jessie, coloring. "As though I would exchange my brother for the best man living. And I think it is very impertinent in Mr. Hammond to—to make such uncalled for remarks about me."

"You're entirely in the wrong," was the eager response; "John had not such a thought in his heart. In fact, he has a—a high respect for you. Said he heard Julia talk of you so much that he felt quite acquainted. She has your picture in her album. I've seen her photograph in yours, and so recognized her at once."

"Julia was just the dearest and sweetest girl in school," responded, Jessie, with enthusiasm. "How was she looking and what did she wear?"

"I couldn't tell you a thing that she wore, though I know that it was all very stylish and wonderfully becoming. As to her face, it is very interesting and attractive, but not so pretty as yours."

"That's because you are so partial to me, Tom," said Jessie, laughingly and blushing. "Julia was always called a great deal the prettiest girl at school."

"She is certainly very agreeable, and I must say that John and I are both very fortunate—in our sisters. She sent you more kind messages than I can remember, and made me promise to bring you with me the next time I came to the city."

Tom was careful to keep his word, taking his sister with him the next time he went to New York, for the purpose of spending a few weeks with her old schoolmate. John and Tom were honestly glad to see each other, and as for the two girls, they were delighted with the opportunity to renew their school-day friendship. Altogether, it was a very pleasant and happy party.

This being Jessie's first visit to New York, John and his sister formed various plans for the entertainment of their guest, some of which were carried into execution during the period of Tom's stay, which was limited.

Now Jessie had not only a warm, grateful heart, but was very demonstrative in her affection, and she was far from satisfied with her brother's bearing towards their fair and lovely hostess, of whom she was so enthusiastically fond.

"'Tis nothing in the world but shyness," she said to herself; "but it looks like coldness and inattention, and I would'nt have Julia think ill of Tom for all the world. I must give him a hint."

Jessie gave her brother a strong hint the first time they were alone together.

"You know, Tom, dear," she said, "there is no one, generally speaking, that I would so soon have for my escort as you; but now that we are both visiting a young lady friend it is different. Julia is doing all she can to make my stay with her pleasant, and I want you to be just as polite and attentive to her as possible."

Tom fell in very readily and cheerfully with his sister's suggestion, not only giving her no cause to find fault with him in this respect, but much for approval. He became Julia's escort on every occasion, John performing the some friendly office for Jessie, and very satisfactorily, as far as appearances indicated.

Heretofore Tom's stay in the city never exceeded a week, now it was extended to three. Then business obliged him to return, leaving his sister, at Julia's eager request, to remain awhile longer.

"I'll be home in two weeks," she said to Tom, as he kissed her good-bye.

Jessie honestly intended to keep her word, too, but instead of doing so her stay was prolonged week after week, till it amounted to nearly a month, the days passing so swiftly that it was only by an effort of the memory that she could bring herself to believe that it was more than half that time.

When she did return we are compelled to state that she left the most valuable part of herself behind. When or how her heart had been whiled away from her, Jessie could not have told if she had tried, though John might, who was the person chiefly at fault in this matter, if fault it could be called. He had offered his own heart in return, which, if not a fair equivalent, was certainly the best he could do.

John was such an eager and ardent suitor, overruling so completely all her objections, that it was only when Jessie was seated in the cars, on her way home, that she began to reflect on the nature of the pledge she had given him, and how seriously it had conflicted with another and earlier promise.

"I don't know what Tom will say!" was her inward reflection. "I've treated the poor, dear fellow shamefully every way. There he's been taking his meals at the hotel all these weeks, and living nobody knows how. And now I've almost promised John that I'll leave him altogether."

Now John was on board the same train, though Jessie was ignorant of it, being altogether too good a general not to follow up his advantage. When the train stopped at Cedarville he was careful to remain out of sight until Jessie had left it. Not being expected on that train Jessie found no one waiting for her at the station, and so took the most direct road home, meeting Tom at the door.

Having wrought herself up to a pitch of remorseful tenderness, Jessie threw her arms round her brother's neck and burst into tears, then, having bestowed upon herself a variety of epithets of a far from complimentary nature, she ended by declaring that "she was never half so wretched in her life."

The thoughts that were uppermost in Tom's mind made him ascribe his sister's otherwise unaccountable conduct and words to only one source. He looked greatly perplexed and troubled.

"My dear Jessie, if you only knew how much it grieves me to give you any pain, I would rather it would have been left to me; but now that all is known let me talk over the matter calmly. Julia knows of our compact, and how I would naturally feel under the circumstances, and must say that I consider it a strong proof of her regard for my happiness that she should have written about you so frankly and kindly."

There were no tears now in the flashing eyes that were directed toward the speaker. "Tom, has Julia been writing to you about me?"

"Certainly. I had a letter from the dear girl yesterday. If it were intended for any other eyes but mine, I would like to have read it to you. She speaks of you with so much affection, I infer that you have had a talk with her before you left!"

"I never said a word to her, and I don't consider that she had any business to write you about it at all. I haven't forgotten my promise neither. I told John that I would never consent unless you consented, too."

Tom looked at his sister's flushed face in perplexity and amazement.

"Of course I consent. How else could any such question arise between us? It is your consent that is needed, or rather your release to me of the promise I made to you."

"You mean your release to me of the promise I made you."

"I mean nothing of the kind, though of course that would follow. Julia has conscientious scruples about giving me a decided answer until I have talked to you and won you over."

"Almost exactly what I said to John."

"But I am not talking about John, but Julia."

"And I'm not talking about Julia, but John!" laughed Jessie, on whose befogged mind a light suddenly broke, and which sent the blood in crimson waves to the temples."

Here she caught a glimpse of John coming up the walk. Knowing what his errand was she escaped by one door while he entered by another, running up stairs to her own room.

She obeyed very cheerfully, however, the summons which reached her a few minutes later.

Tom met her at the door, his face wearing a very smiling aspect as he led her up to their guest.

"John and I have made arrangements, Jessie, which your presence is needed to ratify. I have promised that if he will give me his sister I will give him mine."

That Jessie nor Julia refused to ratify this pledge, the double wedding that followed afterward affords the most satisfactory proof. The utmost harmony existed between the two families, now so happily united. In their frequent interchange of visits, Tom and Jessie often laughingly allude to their compact and "how it was kept."

WHITE HOUSE SOCIETY.

SKETCHED BY A RESIDENT REPUBLICAN.

When Mr. Lincoln took the executive chair the man, the circumstances and the woman drove the brilliant and cultured people out of society into the background. Lincoln was surrounded by the rough soldiers and was himself plain, blunt and uncouth, caring more for the smutty yarns of the ward-room than for the society of ladies. It was a time of perpetual war and anxiety, and many of the charmed circle which surrounded Buchanan and his predecessors had friends engaged on the other side. Even had this not been the case the vulgarity of Mr. Lincoln would have caused all but the official circle to have held aloof. The succession of Johnson was followed by an attempt of the old regime to revive the glory of a former decade, but the scars of war were too fresh and these were torn open in the bitterness of the political struggle which followed. The society of the White House soon fell below even its former standard.

With the advent of Grant came the manners of the mess-room and tawdy evidences of shoddy society. The president who could deliberately puff his cigar in the face of his lady visitors and set out a bottle of whiskey to his gentlemen guests could not hope to attract the cultured nor fail to disgust the refined of every grade. The second Grant regime was even worse than the first in a social point of view as well as political. When Hayes came in through fraud he introduced the practices of fraud—made a parade of his asceticism. He banished wine from his table, which was the hospitable board of the nation, with a loud flourish of trumpets, and finally practically banished the table itself out of a penurious economy. The government had increased the presidential salary to $50,000 a year to enable the chief executive of the American people to entertain in a way suited to his exalted station. The western president responded by putting in his pocket. Hayes not only did this but drew his salary quarterly or monthly in advance, contrary to law. Mrs. Hayes was the head of the household. She was a very good old fashioned woman and took society to be a magnified Sunday school class, of which *ex-officio* her husband was superintendent. Mr. Hayes, the fraud, was succeeded by Mr. Garfield, the scholar. Mr. Garfield had always found life too short for society of anything but books or politics. In this he was seconded by a plain, simple, intellectual wife. They brought with them as their predecessors had done the simple Western habits of life and the crude Western culture. There was nothing in either of them to promise a brilliant era in the White House. Thus, to review them briefly, pass to consecutive decades of Washington society, which, sinking yearly further and further away from the executive mansion, gave place to the semi-political, semi-official mixed democratic element which swarms about each successive head of the government—the chief ingredients being official position and toadyism.

With the advent of President Arthur, of New York, we are told to prepare for "a polite regime." The frosty edge of aristocratic breeding is to be turned toward the parvenues who infested the executive mansion. There to be something more under the reign of Arthur than mere political lunches, cold and dry State dinners, public receptions and prayers, cold tea and whiskey.—Because, says the Washington social world, Arthur is a gentleman by birth and breeding and he will live like a gentleman and entertain like a gentleman. It is this idea which brings out the congratulation and happy anticipation of our super æsthetical fashionable world. If they are not permitted to enjoy the hospitalities of the executive mansion themselves the individual members of this circle feel that in the president they have an honorable representative. There will be select receptions at which the rabble will be excluded; there will be dinners to somebody else than pub. funcs. and old women; there will be wine at these dinners, and good wine, too; there will be dancing, perhaps, a vision which fills the Washingtonian mind with pleasurable anticipation. In short, the polite regime includes all that fashionable Washington society demands.—*C. T. M., in Philadelphia Times.*

A COUNTRYMAN upon coming to see the sights was taken by a town friend to a theatre. When the lights were down and the play had commenced he was offered the use of an opera-glass. Examining it as closely as the darkness of the place would permit, he placed it to his mouth and turned it upwards. Finding that no liquid was coming out of it, he handed it back in despair, saying: "It's empty, John; there's not a single drap in't."

"WILL you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a Binghampton editor. "I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who would be glad to hear of his death."—*Elmira Telegram.*

EMBARRASSING.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S FEELINGS UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow-knots and untying him again the ameteur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hold, and as every one is overruled by the court, he put on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the Supreme Court!" When the prosecutor dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that evero eye in the room is upon him and that they are as hot as stove lids.

He fires a few initiatory questions at the witness, and warms as he proceeds, until he is brought up standing by "Oh! your Honor, we object to such irrevelant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objections and advises the young lawyer to keep within bounds, which sets him to wondering where the bounds are. Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges on blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he don't know whether he is a practicing attorney with a gilt-edged sign, or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief or something, tells the witness, "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury. As he progresses he picks up the evidence adduced by the defense into particles fine enough to be incorporated into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few minutes he must deliver his maiden speech.

He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a night's fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witnesses swore to, but cannot recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And, in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his mustache, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold childs are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts as if it was tired and wanted to sit down awile. Like Banquo's ghost, the lump in his throat will not stay down, by an obstinate majority, and he swallows it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it is going to take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dares not look at the audience and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the twelve sphynx-like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would only raise the alarm of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start.

Finally he shrughs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows) jury." Very good. He then surveys them a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts, but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them with their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He hurries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes the argument, and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco, and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a verdict of "not guilty," whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand and whispers: "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it!" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to load a mud scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the aisle to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a western railroad. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there!

From Sire to Son.

"Father," began a young Detroiter the other evening, "were you in the war?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was it awful?"

"Yes."

"Lots of dead and wounded men?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill many?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question."

"Are you very modest, pa?"

"I hope I am too modest to brag."

"That was what Mr. Smith meant, then, when he was telling the men down at the drug store that you hadn't any war record to brag of."

"He did, eh? Smith is a liar."

"That's what I thought. He told the men that you run so fast he couldn't catch you on horseback, and any boy knows that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TO OBTAIN a glossy skin: Pour upon a pint of brand sufficient boiling water to cover it. Let it stand until cold and then bathe the face with it, only patting the skin with a soft towel to dry it.

I HAVE finally cum to the konclusion that the best epitaff enay man ken have, for all practikal purposes, is a good bank ackount.—*Josh Billings.*

"LOVE lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.

A GRAIN elevator—whiskey.