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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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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.

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SPRING AND SUMMER
1886.—SEASON—1886.

WHEN YOU VISIT BALTIMORE

WE EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION to all readers of this journal to make our store your headquarters. Have your packages checked and left in our care. Visit the several departments of our mammoth building. All will be treated courteously whether desiring to purchase or only to examine our splendid stock of

Spring & Summer Clothing, Furnishing Goods, &c.

We carry the Best Assorted Stock in the State from which to make selections and our Low Prices will convince everybody that our inducements are genuine.

OUR MEN'S SUIT DEPARTMENT.

Including Fine Dress Suits, prices ranging from $10 to $20. Business Suits, all Styles and Patterns, $4.50 to $12. Dress Pants from $2.50 to $5. Working Men's Pants 60c. to $1.25. And a complete assortment of Garments of every grade, style and pattern, at lowest quotations. We also keep in stock a Special Line of Goods for Clergymen.

Boys and Children's Department.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BOYS AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

LONG-PANTS SUITS -	from $3 up	KILT SUITS - -	from $2 up
ODD PANTS - -	from 25c. up	NORFOLK SUITS -	from $2.50 up
In Worsteds, Cheviots, Cassimeres, Diagonals, &c.		PLEATED SUITS -	from $3 up
Children's Shirt Waists, - -	25 cts. up.	In Plain and Fancy Goods, Plaids, Checks, &c.	

LATEST STYLES in CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS.

SHIRTS, COLLARS CUFFS, Neckwear. | FURNISHING GOODS | Underwear, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, &c.

Retailed at Importers Prices.

Everything New, Bright and Fresh.

Our Prices are fully 15 Per Cent. LOWER than the Lowest Quotations of Other Dealers.

MABLEY & CAREW,

S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.

NOTE.—Our Fashion Folder, containing rules for self-measurement, will be sent to any address free upon application. April 3, 1886.

BARKMAN'S

Never Failing Liniment,

FOR MAN AND BEAST,

FOR THE RELIEF OF

Rheumatism,	Sore Throat,	Toothache,	Headache,
Vomiting,	Frosted Feet,	Sea Sickness,	Insect Stings,
Mumps,	Burns, Cuts,	Swellings,	Old Sores,
Bruises,	Sprains, Colic,	Dysentery,	Cholera
Cramps,	Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest.		

IT NEVER FAILS IF USED AS DIRECTED

It is perfectly innocent, and can be used externally and internally by the oldest person or youngest child.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

DEPOT: No. 380 East Fayette Street, Baltimore, Maryland

SOLD EVERYWHERE

BARKMAN'S BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS! For Purifying the Blood and restoring a healthy action of the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys. Eradicating all Pimples and Blotches from the Face and Skin in general, consequently giving a clear, healthy and smooth appearance to the complexion. The judicious use will prove a sure cure for indigestion, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Pains in the Back and Limbs, and all other kindred disorders arising from the Stomach and Liver. After taking a few doses of the Pills the Liver, Skin and Kidneys are enabled to perform their functions in a vigorous and healthy manner, and the above symptoms will disappear, as they are caused by diseases of the Liver. je20-y.

W. P. PATTERSON

RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF

Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns

RIFLES, REVOLVERS,

AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.

168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

AGENT FOR

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Fertilizers!

AND

PURE CHEMICALS for ALL FORMULAS.

ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone*
4 to 5 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 4 per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 55 per ct. Bone Phos.	*28 to 32 per ct. Bone Phos.*

Stag Bone Superphosphate, Ammoniated Bone Superphosphate,

Dissolved S. Carolina Bone Phosphate, High Grade Imported Bird Guano,

Bird Guano and Potash, Corn and other Phosphates,

Superphosphate of Lime, Acid Phosphate,

Ground Sulphate of Soda, Sulphate of Magnesia,

Sulphate of Ammonia (25 per cent.), Sulphate of Potash, Kainit,

Muriate of Potash (80 to 84 per cent.), Nitrate of Potash,

Nitrate of Soda (96 to 98 per cent.), and Fertilizers for all Crops.

Special Formulas Compounded

LOW PRICES FOR CASH, FREE ON BOARD AT BALTIMORE.

Orders promptly attended to by addressing

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

March 13, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

SUMMER SILKS! SUMMER SILKS! After this date I will offer our 50c. quality at 40c. per yard, net cash. m8. R. F. PARKS.

SHOES for spring and summer wear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children, at low prices. ap24. J. H. SIMPERS.

FENCING

—AND—

Barbed Wire.

Fencing { WHITE PINE, HEMLOCK, CYPRESS

2x4 WHITE PINE, 2x4 VA. PINE, 2x3 GA. PINE, } Railing

Barbed Wire { Direct from Manufacturer at lowest prices, cash.

WHITE PINE, No. 1, HEMLOCK, No. 1, } Pickets

Write for our prices.

TURNER BROS.

Mar. 20, 1886.

THE GREAT TOBACCO EMPORIUM!

OF CHESTERTOWN.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. LLOYD McFEELY,

has opened a

Tobacco Store!

His stock comprising

Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Snuff, Smoking Tobaccoes, Cigarettes, Cigar Smokers, Cigarette Smokers, &c., and other things pertaining to a Tobacco Store.

Also, B. F. GRAVELY'S Leading Brand.

Special inducements to merchants. I will furnish dealers with all grades of Tobacco or Cigars at the cost of same in the city, thus saving expense of freight, &c. Give me a trial.

Store opposite the Bank.

ap27. J. LLOYD McFEELY.

The Season is Now Here

When the farmer should begin to turn "Mother Earth." The saving of labor of both man and beast is necessary to compete with the low price of agricultural products. To do this we would recommend first, the

Economist Chilled Plow

as the "friend of the farmer," as the points and shares can be turned three or four times, thereby saving the expense of buying new ones. Next to the above is

The 'Ohio' Chilled Plow

which excels all for lightness of draft. Persons purchasing the above not only save labor but expense of shares & points.

We keep constantly on hand all repairs for above Plows, and also for the Oliver, Advance, Syracuse, Roland, Converse, Minor & Horton and Wiley Plows at my shops at Galena and Chestertown.

We make the best **ROLLER** on the market and sell it at a price to suit all.

After long and careful study we have found the secret of how to make a good FARM BELL which we think superior to other makes.

We are agents for the

Deering Binder & Mower!

the Lightest and Best as any farmer who has used one will testify, and can be bought this season as low and on the same terms as any other machine.

We are taking orders now for

BINDER TWINE

which we guarantee to be the best and as cheap as will be offered by anyone. It will be lower in price than last season.

WM. A. HYLAND,

m20. Galena & Chestertown.

WANTED:

20,000 BUS. CORN,

—AND—

20,000 Bus. WHEAT

—FOR—

MAY DELIVERY.

E. T. COMEGYS,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Agent for The WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

BRANDYWINE MILLS,

ap24. Wilmington, Del.

Monuments, Headstones

STATUARY, &c.

HAVING been appointed agent for a large and extensive establishment I desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that I can furnish

Marble and Polished Granite Monuments,

HEADSTONES, Statuary, Tombs, and all kinds of Enclosures for Cemetery Lots in all the Latest and most artistic styles at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Drawings and Designs furnished free on application. Also, Furniture tops, Table Tops, Marble and Slate Mantels, Imported and American Marble Encaustic Tiles and Marble work of every description. Your orders respectfully solicited.

JOHN N. DODD,

Feb. 27, 1886. UNDERTAKER.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

We Are Now Ready For You!

TO COME AND INSPECT OUR

New Stock of Spring and Summer Goods!

IN ALL OF THE LATEST STYLES.

BARGAINS IN EVERYTHING.

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Shoes for Ladies, Children, Men and Boys of every description, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Large Stock of Buggy Whips, Complete Line of Drugs and Patent Medicine.

PAINTS! We can sell you Masury Ready Mixed Paints, or Masury Colored Lead, the Best Paint Made! **PAINTS!**

All those who anticipate painting will do well to come and see me or write before buying elsewhere. You can find me in the New Town Hall in Still Pond.

May 15. Resp'y, **GEO. H. CLARK.**

Patronize Home Trade!

WHY GO TO THE CITY

WHEN YOU CAN BUY

CLOTHING AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES!

—AT THE—

Still Pond CLOTHING HOUSE, New Town Hall Building.

Just Opened a Complete Line of Spring and Summer Clothing of all the Latest Styles.

Complete Line of Gent's FURNISHING GOODS, Paragon Pantaloon Overalls, Warranted not to Rip. FULL LINE OF STRAW HATS!

LOUIS LAMBORN, Clothier,

May 15. STILL POND TOWN HALL.

Everything in Season!

—AT THE—

HARDWARE STORE.

Eureka Field Mowers, one of the best in the market; Mitchell Two-Horse Farm Wagons, Iron Age Cultivator, cheaper than ever; Binder Twine, at lowest prices; Remington and Oliver Chilled Plows.

Window Screens,	Shovels,	Chain Traces,	Locks,	
Door Screens,	Spades,	Rope Traces,	Saws,	
Whitewash Brushes,	Hoes,	Plow Lines,	Chisels,	
Cucumber Pumps,	Rakes,	Halters,	Hammers,	
Barbed Wire,	Grass and Brier Scythes,	Horse Yokes,	Hatchets,	
Lawn Mowers,	Grass Sickles,	Nails,	Tacks,	
Fence Caps,	Grindstones,	Bolts,	Axes,	
Rock Salt,	Sheep Shears,	Screws,	Braces,	
Forks,	Hedge Knives,	Hinges,	Bitts.	

FARM BELLS, &c., COOK STOVES and RANGES,

COAL OIL STOVES, 2, 3 and 4 BURNERS.

Call and examine my Stock and you will be convinced that prices are low to compete with hard times.

JOSEPH S. CLARK,

May 15. One of the Still Pond Town Hall Stores

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Everything to be Sold for the CASH ONLY!

THEREFORE EVERYTHING TO BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE!

BORDLEY BROS.

Have purchased for their Spring Trade the Handsomest Line of CLOTHING ever offered to the public, and are selling it at such prices as to defy competition.

We Keep NO MORE BOOKS — we no longer sell goods on time, but upon the contrary every suit sold will be sold for the cash, and cash only, thereby giving every customer the full benefit of his money.

We have bought our entire SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK for the SPOT CASH. We can sell you Splendid Cassimere Suits, all wool, for $6, $7 and $8. These suits formerly sold for 8, 10 and $12.

Our MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARMENT is complete in every particular. We have over One Thousand New Samples from which you can select a suit MADE TO ORDER and we GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU OR NO SALE.

We have all the latest styles in STIFF and SOFT HATS, and Gents Furnishing Goods just received direct from New York. Remember we are now selling strictly for the SPOT CASH ONLY, and we are now determined to sell you if EXTREMELY LOW PRICES will do it.

BORDLEY BROS.,

March 27, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CHAS. H. MOORE'S

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS!

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MARBLE, GRANITE, BLUE STONE,

Iron Railings, MARBLE Posts, GALVANIZED Tubing, &c.

ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. [April 10, 1886.]

Rambo Lime for Sale!

Persons desiring this LIME it will be to their interest to ascertain prices from my agent, H. E. Cooper. W. B. RAMBO.

All orders for this Lime will receive prompt attention. Delivered by water or rail.

HARRY E. COOPER,

m13-3m. Worton Station, Kent Co., Md.

STRAW HATS! STRAW HATS! Full line of fine and common grades at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

Livery and Feed Stables!

I have rented the stables belonging to HALL'S HOTEL. These Stables have been recently enlarged and put in thorough repair. I intend keeping

A First-Class Livery,

and will take Horses on Board by the day, week or month at reasonable rates. My Stables on Cannon street will also be maintained in connection with the above.

apr17-tf. C. H. DAVIS.

THE DAVIS SWING CHURN for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO. m27-tf.

Cat-Tail Braves vs. Cigar-Stump Slaves.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

Mrs. Fletcher saw a mysterious curl of smoke issuing from the children's "grand mansion"—a play-house constructed from the piano-box. Fearing they had carelessly set it on fire, and that it might communicate to her veritable "grand mansion," she hastily ran to extinguish the possible flames. Judge of her consternation at beholding a dirty black smoke pouring from a dozen mouths. Some of the mouths she had quite recently kissed, and thought them so sweet. The boys had begged of Bibby some flour, and the girls had made a cold paste, which they used to fasten securely dried clover within a roll of brown paper to simulate cigars. The lively imagination of children, however, was requisite to see a resemblance.

"Why children!" said she, holding up her hands in horror, "what are you doing? You'll burn yourselves and everything up. Have I not often forbade your getting matches?"

"Didn't," puffed Bert. "George ran home and got 'em."

"Well, you know you ought not to light them. Throw away those horrid things at once and come into the house, every one of you. I want to have a serious talk."

"Oh, mamma!" shouted they in chorus, "let's just smoke up these, now we've got 'em, it's such fun. They ain't real cigars, and what's the harm?"

"Ah! boys," said she, "you would soon go from these to cigarettes, then to real tobacco, then to real cigars. No children, you must shun even the appearance of evil."

"But, mother;" said Bert, "Uncle Ben, your brother, smokes; Deacon White and Judge McNeil, 'nd ever so many good men I might name, 'nd I know I'll do it when I get big, it looks so —so—"

"Smartified," suggested little Floss, who also had been trying to smoke.

"My dear children," sadly said Mrs. Fletcher, "your Uncle Ben formed the wretched habit quite young. He would gladly renounce it; indeed, he has often tried, but never was a poor negro more a slave to a cruel master, than is he to this cruel, health-destroying habit. His nervous system has been injured thereby, and I fear if he cannot relinquish it, he'll not live many more years. I'm sure that Deacon White and others under this bondage would gladly give it up."

"Don't see why they don't, then," doubtfully rejoined Bert, the eldest, a very venturesome lad, a sort of leader among his companions.

"I could read all day from medical works the testimony of eminent physicians proving to you the various injurious effects of this poisonous weed upon the human system."

"Is it really a poison, Mrs. Fletcher?" asked George Lamb, a neighbor's son.

"So great a poison that were you to put only a drop of the oil on Spottie's tongue, it would kill her in a few minutes, and cats are said to contain nine lives and are hard to kill."

"Let's try it on boys," slyly whispered George, who was given to pranks.

"No! no!" shrieked Flossy, running and capturing her kitten, fondling and caressing the purring pet. "The naughty, wicked boys shan't give you the nasty pizen stuff; Flossy'll take care of you, she will."

"If that's so, mother," said Bert, "I should think it would kill the men outright."

"That's so," echoed the others.

"Children," said Mrs. Fletcher, "you all know Mr. Bliss, who keeps the large apiary a short distance from the city?"

"Oh, yes, where we get our honey," replied they.

"Well, I heard him say, not long since, that the 'sting of bees had ceased for years to poison him, as his system had become so inoculated with the poison.' This is, doubtless, one reason that tobacco does not 'kill the men outright.' They have taken it into their systems so gradually. I dare say the most inveterate chewer or smoker would not dare to take at once, a drop of the oil of nicotine. I have told you before that its use often leads to strong drink. A great thirst is caused by the exhaustion of the salivary glands. Few drinking men we see who do not use tobacco in some form. Here are the actual figures in a book page 347. George you may read it for our benefit. Statistics show that 95 per cent. of inebriates use tobacco."

"Whew!" whistled Bert, "that's a good many out of a hundred."

"Supposing, dear children," said the mother, earnestly, "what I have told you on this subject is not true, is it not sufficient reason for you all to abstain from forming this habit when you know your parents do not want you to? Do you love your mothers, children?"

"Yes! yes!" shouted they, vying for the first caress.

"Then you surely do not wish torture or hurt me?"

"Why, mamma, what do you mean?" exclaimed they.

"I mean this, my precious boys. I would rather die at once than to live and see any of you indulging in such debasing things. Only the other day I saw Frank, Deacon White's son, in the street car, tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his mouth, and my new suit was in constant danger from the spittle that he expectorated here and there. Pity and disgust struggled in my heart for the mastery. Pity conquered, for, thought I, the poor boy has doubtless inherited the appetite from his father. Last winter I was talking with Mr. Downs (you all know how nearly dead with paralysis he is), and he excused his excessive use of tobacco on the ground of an hereditary appetite, said he could not remember when he did not crave it. When but a small child he would steal it from his father's pocket and go away by himself to enjoy the stolen morsel which never sickened him as it does most boys when using it for the first time. Alas! parents can and do give their offspring a desire for strong drink and tobacco. In such cases," said she, abstractedly, "no one but God knows how much the children are accountable. This is why, children, I felt sorry for Frank White, even though he disgusted me, and my heart ached for his poor mother, to whom it must be a trial. Then I breathed a silent prayer to die before I should ever see my boys doing so."

"Well, mother," said Bert, "of course that looks bad, and I guess if all tobacco users only chewed, or smoked a dirty old pipe, we boys wouldn't care to follow their example. But when Carl Ross, Gus Lewis and Harry Bond passed by, dressed so smart, with a cigar in their mouths, I've thought I'd do just so when I got big and tall."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Fletcher, "they are nice looking young men anyway, and their wealth enables them to support some style, but to me they would look more manly and strong without the cigars. To do a thing merely because others do, denotes weakness, and all sensible people can't help but honor the young men who stand firm against the pressure, resisting these alluring temptations. I fear Bert, it would kill me outright to see you smoking a cigar."

"Well, I've wanted to smoke 'em ever so bad some day," said he, sorrowfully, as if a great aspiration had been blighted. "But if you feel so bad about it mother I won't—'pon my word of honor I won't ever do it. I'll tell you what boys," his face suddenly lighting up, "let's get up a society and get all we can to sign our pledge. If tobacco's such a bad thing as mother says (and I allus find she's right 'bout everything), 'tought to be banished from the land. Lots of folks are fighting against whiskey, and that book says it makes fellers hanker after it, so they'd better fight it just as hard. Why, lots of boys, younger'n me, use tobacco. They pick up all the cigar stumps they can find. We must get 'em to join us."

Here Bert paused for breath, after making such a long speech. His nature was so enthusiastic, whatever he undertook he did with his might.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Fletcher, "I'll write a pledge for you, but it is a serious matter to sign one."

"Yes, we all know it, mother," said Bert, "for we all did when we joined the 'Cold Water Army.'"

"A million dollars wouldn't make me break mine," said Mark.

"Nor mine," shouted they in chorus.

"Reach me my writing desk. Now," said Mrs. F——, "shall we call your band 'The Freedom League? Because you do not intend to become slaves."

"Yes, yes," shouted they. "That sounds big." "Well, how does this suit you all?"

PLEDGE OF "THE FREEDOM LEAGUE."

"We, the undersigned, promise to abstain from the use of tobacco in any form till we are thirty years of age; and we will not in any manner abet its use."

To Be Cont.

"Why not have it for always?" asked Edward, one of the neighbor's children.

"And what's the use of that last part?" asked Bell.

"Well," answered Mrs. F——, "when you are thirty years of age you will be, I trust, sensible men, hence would not then contract the foolish habit. The latter clause is very important. You might all agree not to use it, then cultivate it on your farms, or sell it in your stores which would be abetting its use."

"Right here will come in the girls' part of the pledge. As girls or women seldom use tobacco, at least in the Northern States, it would seem unnecessary for them to sign a pledge. But alas! the girls all over the land abet its use by receiving the attention of young men who smoke or chew. If they would shun the fast fellow, who drinks a little, swears a little, and smokes a good deal they would improve his morals in so doing."

"Well," said little Lynn, "I think that is a boss pledge, and now— turning a somersault— I'm ready to sign it. Then le's go and play."

"You may do so," said mamma, "as you are eight years of age, and old enough to keep your promise."

"Course I am. This *whole house* full o' candy wouldn't make me break it."

"You better not take any names younger than eight years of age; and when you have twenty members we'll celebrate in a telling manner the birth of 'The Freedom League.'"

A few evenings after the event narrated a crowd of some twenty boys assembled on the Fletcher lawn. Soon a magnificent torchlight procession wended around the square. The brilliant torches were merely cat-tail flags, dipped in kerosene oil. A beautiful illuminated banner proclaimed their platform —"The Freedom League." "Down with tobacco bondage."

"Clear brains, sweet mouths, pure breaths say we:
From tobacco's thraldom God ever keep us free."

Following in their wake were a dozen or more boys with cigar stumps alight in their mouths. Every little while they'd give a derisive shout: "Hi, yi, cat-tail braves." The retaliation cry would be, "Hi, yi, cigar stump slaves," or "Hi yi, tobacco slaves."

My dear young readers, could you have seen the opposing forces I think I know which crowd you would have pronounced the bravest, and which you would rather have joined. I sincerely hope you will, one and all, be led to do right in this important matter. Some time has elapsed since the birth of "The Freedom League," and I am happy to state it is still flourishing.—*Christian at Work.*

Come Easy, Go Easy.

James D. Walker ten years ago was a member of the bonanza firm, and his check was good for $500,000, or a million, at any bank in the country. Then Flood and Fair bought him out, and Walker opened a broker's office under the Nevada Bank, in San Francisco, and did all the business of his former partners. In these times Flood, Fair and Mackey were on the top notch of speculation. They were swinging the market at their own sweet will, and making or breaking the thousands who were battling with the fierce tide of stock gambling. Alexander Austin, or "Sandy," as his friends used to call him, had just served his term as tax collector, and went in with Walker. How they did make things boom! The bookkeeper got $400 a month, and had a sumptuous lunch served every day in a large room in rear of the office at the expense of the firm. The partners were clearing $20,000 a month, but they were standing on the brink of a precipice. Flood remarked that other and outside brokers were manipulating certain stocks precisely as his own brokers. This would never do, so he called a consultation, and informed the Walker firm that this sort of thing would not do, that there was a traitor in the camp somewhere, and that unless he was detected and fired their relations could not continue. Close and earnest investigation was made, but without avail. Then came a transaction of more than ordinary importance, but to the intense disgust of the bonanza firm it was apparently foreseen and anticipated by these same outside brokers, kept posted, apparently, by some traitor in the Walker-Austin camp. The bonanza people changed their broker, and from that hour the fortunes of Walker & Co. began to decline. Matters grew worse and worse. Austin committed suicide. Walker sold a magnificent mansion in Oakland, which cost him close on $500,000, to prop up the waning glory of the swell firm. At last it was a clean case of bust, and I don't believe Mr. Walker today could put his hand on $200. He discovered, when too late, that the high-priced book-keeper was the traitor. He sold his employers, but no luck ever came of his treachery, and he is today keeping books at $40 a month for a Hebrew clothes dealer in Portland, Oregon.

Only Two Pussons.

Jim McSnifter was being tried in San Antonio for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you $50 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gough to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes, sah."

"Now, repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would give me $50 if I—"

"He can't have used those words; he didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third pusson present. Dar was only us two. Defendant am too smart to hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own rascality."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"It was the first person myself."

"You don't understand me; when he was talking to you did he use the words 'I will pay you $50?'"

"No, boss, he didn't say nuffin' about you paying me $50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me of eber I got into a scrape dat you was de bes' lawyer in San Antone to fool de judge and de jury."

"You can step down."

A Miser Outwitted.

An old miser, owning a farm in the north of Scotland, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, he invited his servant to breakfast. After finishing the morning meal, the old miser thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper? It will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now, we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer, "I never work after supper."

He Couldn't Wait.

An Easton negro, who had grown wearied of single-blessedness and had prevailed upon one of his dusky female charmers to link her fortunes with his own and partake of his cornbread and 'taters, walked into Colonel Highlett's office one day last week. "Well, Zeb, what can I do for you?" asked the colonel. "Well, sah, I wants fur to protain a certifikit fur to marry." "Why, Zeb, you ought to wait till the first of June, when the fee will be only $1." "How much is it now, sah?" He was told. "Good Lord, boss, dat's a heap, but de fust of June am a long way off and dis nigger and Lucindy am powerful impatient. Gimme de certifikit, colonel; I can't wait, sah!" He got it.—*Ledger.*

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

TEACHER to dull pupil: "When I was your age, I could answer any question in arithmetic." "Yes," said the small child, "but you forget you had a different teacher from what I have."

"If you doubt whether to write a letter or not," says Tallyrand, "don't." The advice is applicable to many things besides letter-writing.

SMITTEN BY A PICTURE.

A Romance That Grew From a Tobacco Sign.

A well-to-do old bachelor of Baltimore recently fell in love with the pretty face of a Richmond cigarette girl displayed in a photograph exhibited in a Baltimore tobacconist's window. "She got a rich husband because she didn't mind taking old age in the bargain," said the cigar dealer, in telling the story. Jacob Torrance is about 53 years old, but so well preserved that he does not appear over 40. He made money in the Southwest cattle raising, and has been making his home in Eastern cities for ten years past. He spends considerable time in Baltimore.

Near the hotel where he stopped is a fancy tobacconist. Torrance was a good customer, smoking good cigars and buying from three to a dozen a day. Some months ago an enterprising cigarette making firm of Richmond, Va., gave out to the trade all over the country photographs of the girls employed in the factory. Some of these young women are very pretty of face and figure. In the photographs they are represented daintily rolling cigarettes, with their sleeves turned up, revealing shapely arms. One of these photos, that of a roguish, black-eyed, raven-haired brunette, caught the eye and fancy of the bachelor.

He had never noticed the fancy pictures in the place before, and seemed to care little for female charms. The tobacconist was therefore surprised when old Torrance asked him if the photo was only a fancy picture, or if the original could be found in Richmond. The tobacco man told the cigarette-girl admirer that the photographs were all represented to be likenesses of young women actually employed in the factory.

Day after day Torrance stood before the window of the cigar shop and feasted his eyes on the pretty picture. Finally he asked the cigar man whether he would sell. The latter at once made the lovesick bachelor a present of the photograph, and the old man put it tenderly away in the breast pocket of his overcoat, nearest his heart. This was about last Christmas. A few days later Torrance disappeared. The tobacconist wondered where his good customer had gone. He did not show up again until early in February, when, one morning, he stepped into the tobacconist's, his round, fat face wreathed in smiles, and, as he picked out a cigar from his favorite box, remarked:

"Well, I've found her."

"Found who?" ejaculated the cigar dealer.

"Why, found the original of the photograph."

Then Torrance told how he had visited Richmond and quietly watched the stream of girls that poured from the gates of the tobacco factory in the evening. Was he rewarded by seeing the brunette of the photo? He was; he saw her twice in one spot. He rubbed his eyes, but there sure enough, were two of them. Mr. Torrance followed at a distance as the fac-simile brunettes proceeded to a little house in the suburbs. He stood in front of the house for awhile after they had entered. One of them finally came out, and although it was dark he stepped up to her and, after asking her pardon, said he was looking for the lady whose photograph he showed her.

"That is my sister," she said, with a laugh; "we are twins."

She would have nothing more to say to him; then he left. Next day he contrived to secure an introduction, and then learned that the young woman whose photograph he had was to be married the following week. From the time he saw the twins, however, Torrance was in love with both of them. The photograph would have done for "one as well as t'other," he said, and he proposed to the "other one." She had taken a liking to him and didn't mind becoming an old man's darling. Torrance is not yet married but has gone to St. Louis to provide a home and arrange everything nicely for settling down with the pretty little "other one" for life. They are to be wedded in a few weeks.

Chaplain Milburn on the Dude.

Rev. William Henry Milburn, chaplain of the House of Representatives, although deprived of the use of his eyes, is a remarkably close observer. Here is a description which he wrote of the American dude many years before any man with eyes had discovered and classified the animal. He said:

"In this time of ours, when the sexes seem to be undergoing a transfiguration, at least when the distinctions in their apparel are destroyed; when the women are doing in public what they have been so long accustomed to do in private—wearing the pantaloons—and the stronger sex by way of retaliation, have stolen their shawls, you may note upon Broadway or the promenade of any of our principal cities, a dapper, diminutive thing, which seems to possess some features of both sexes, and yet the distinctions of neither. Its legs remind you of pipe stems, its arms of oaten straws. It ogles every woman that it meets, staring with brazen-faced impudence till she, from very shame, must drop her eyelids to shut out this apparition—half brute, half baby. It talks magniloquently of first circles and old families until you fancy that its lineage dates from Doomsday Book; yet its father, excellent and worthy man, began life as an obscure tailor, or shoemaker, or bricklayer, and by the use of such gifts as he had, by his industry, economy and enterprise has achieved fortune and social position and is now enjoying, as he should, the fruits of his labor. He is a notable man, but, unfortunately, does not know how to raise boys. Our dandy in childhood is dismissed from school as a dunce; in youth is expelled from college as a rowdy. He goes to Europe to finish his education; sleeps at all the places of romantic and historic interest; nods to the Vatican; votes St. Peter's a bore because it is so big; spends most of his time and money in Paris; boasts of his exploits with the nymphs of the ballet and the opera, to wit, the chambermaids of his lodging house. Returning home, he folds his hands upon his breast, and with a saddened, self-complacency pronounces this a wooden country not fit to live in. Henceforth he aspires to become a connoisseur of horse-flesh, as amateur in cigars, brandy smashes and gin cocktails; whilst his lofty ambition is appeased in that he is a peripathetic advertisement for tailors and washerwomen. Do you call that young America? This is a disgraceful use of words. It has never been young since it was a baby, and as to there being anything American about it I repudiate the implication with scorn."

Dr. Ewell's Romance.

In the early part of the late war, among a number of young men who left Baltimore to go South was the son of a minister. He stopped for a time in Richmond, Va., and while there formed the acquaintance of a young lady, to whom he became engaged. He was very soon ordered by military authority to Georgia, and a rumor reached him to the effect that the young lady on whom he had bestowed his affections had proved false and learned to love another, whereupon the young Marylander sought and obtained the heart and hand of a young lady of his adopted State. After a happy union of eight years, during which time three children were born, the wife and mother died. Two years subsequent he sought and found congenial companionship in the person of another one of Georgia's fair daughters. The second wife lived ten years, during which time three more children were born, when she died. Then, to ascertain the fate of his former flame, he wrote to Richmond, and was informed that the rumor as to the Virginia girl's falsity was unfounded, and that she was still living in single blessedness at her comfortable home in Richmond.

The Georgian not the worst for wear, then turned his attention in that direction, and after a short correspondence, a proposition for a renewal of the former engagement was made and accepted, and on the tenth ultimo Dr. George R. Ewell, who is the hero in the case, after an absence of twenty years, arrived in Richmond, and on the twelfth ultimo was married, and he and his bride are now visiting his aged father, Rev. Dr. Ewell, of our town.—*Troppe Times.*

Experiments in Gymnastics.

The young ladies of the Normal College at Nashville, Tenn., recently gave an exhibition of their progress in gymnastics after a training of six months. A report made by their teacher showed the following gain in muscular strength of twenty-five of these pupils who practiced for three-quarters of an hour three times a week. The measurement for the back, lower limbs, chest and forearms were taken by the metric system. There was uniform gain in every case. The gain in back measurement ranged from 30 to 50 per cent., in the lower limbs from 15 to 50 per cent., in the chest from 5 to 75 per cent., in the forearms from 10 to 200 per cent. The gain in lifting capacity ranged from 104 to 275 pounds avoirdupois, an average of 180 pounds. The gain in lung capacity ranged from nothing to 60 cubic inches.

The Universal Transformation.

Col. Peterby met Jim Webster a few days ago. Jim had recently married.

"How do you like matrimony Jim?" asked Col. Peterby.

He shook his head dubiously.

"What's the matter?"

"Yer see, boss, before we were married, when I knocked at the dore she used ter say, 'Am dat you, honeysuckle?' Now when I comes home she hawls out, 'Clean off dem hoofs befo' you comes in dat dore, you black mole.'"

A HONEYMOON SCENE.—A young lady about to be married, being on friendly terms with the clergyman who was to perform the wedding ceremony, made him promise that on her first Sunday at church after her marriage he would preach an appropriate sermon. The promise was given, and on the Sunday appointed he preached from the text, from Psalms: "And there shall be abundance of peace as long as the moon endureth."