msa_sc2901_scm1625-1106 © Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1889. No. 39.

The Kent News
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

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

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be by accompanied by responsible names.

Commission Cards

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
No. 206 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock, Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md
☞REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.
☞We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruitgrowers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank. Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. jel2-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

PHILADELPHIA.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
FRUIT and PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
☞PEACHES A SPECIALTY.☜
By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK,
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
☞Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
J. P. MOYER & CO.,
Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,
EGGS and POULTRY.
No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Returns sent promptly. tf.

NEW YORK.

Established in 1871.
G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,
GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
113 Warren Street, - - New York.
☞Consignments solicited.☜
REFERENCE:—Account Sales and Check da'ly.
July 28, 1888—6m.

Professional Cards.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House
☞Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M., Sundays excepted.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store. will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

WAGON SPRINGS on sale at the Hardware Store of J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

REMEMBER THIS!
Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!
Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS, embracing Henrietta Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

Notions, Underwear!
Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

BOOTS and SHOES!
Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2 00, $2 50 and $2 75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4 00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

Carpets, Oil-Cloths!
In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 35 to 60 cents per yard.
We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.
☞Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,
R. F. PARKS.

"HOME AGAIN!"
THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE
OLD STAND
ON COURT STREET, CHESTERTOWN,
and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by
JAMES A. SHAW,
which consists of Leather
BOOTS AND SHOES
TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.
Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.
GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.
☞Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.
JAMES A. SHAW,
j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
Your Mutual Wants Supplied at
J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store
opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.
GENTLEMEN,
if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.
For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for prices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember
J. L. McFEELY'S
Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

NURSERY STOCK, &c.
The following stock can be found at
Little Grove Nurseries,
Near Chestertown, Md.,
AT REASONABLE PRICES!
PEACH TREES,
APPLE TREES,
SHADE TREES,
PEAR TREES, Standard and Dwarf,
Asparagus Crowns, Evergreens,
Gooseberries, Hedge Plants, Grapes, &c.
☞Also, TWO HORSES, and 300 Bushels Silver Hull Buckwheat.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Address,
ROB'T G. NICHOLSON,
oc27-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Snow Hill Nurseries.
PEACH and APPLES
STOCKED WITH BEST VARIETIES—WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
FOR the coming fall will have 500,000 One Year-Old Peach Trees, and about 500,000 June Budded Peach Trees, comprising all the leading orchard lists. Special prices per car load for Peach Trees. 150,000 Apple Trees of leading varieties; also a select list of popular Southern keeping Apples.
PEARS—all the standard varieties.
CHERRY and PLUM trees of the leading kinds.
SHADE TREES—Best Stock.
Excellent Stock of Hardy Native GRAPES.
ASPARAGUS—Conover's Colossal, from one to two years old.
3,000,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS, from new beds—planted last spring—never fruited—strictly pure. Special prices on large lots.
Small fruits and every kind of plant in endless variety. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Descriptive catalogue free on application. Our trees are all grown from Natural Virginia Pits. The public is requested to come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Reference by permission to John A. Groves, Pomona, Kent county, Md.
Address WM. M. PETERS & SONS,
o13-y. Wesley Station, Worcester county, Md.

New Store--Old Stand!
Mrs. D. GRUBER.
HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with
Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies
and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.
CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,
sep3-y. Up Town.

OUR OWN THE BEST.

MARY FIELDS.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when I went away;
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace,
Yet it may be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease;
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
By harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

Delivered by Rev. R. W. Todd, of Chestertown M. E. Church.

The following is an abridgment of the Sermon to Young Men preached, by request, by the Rev. R. W. TODD in the M. E. Church, Chestertown, on Sunday evening, Jan. 20:

TEXT.—"And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions." Mark x, 22.

1. Who and what was he? A *man*. There is something deeply interesting in the bare fact of existence, even of so insignificant a thing as a grain of sand, or any atom of organized matter. But go one step higher, and we have a tiny flower—organized existence with life and growth. When we see the crawling worm, we have the same with the addition of sensation and self-consciousness. But in man we see a sentient being, a "living soul"—immortal as God, with a capacity, in a measure, to comprehend his Maker, enjoy communion with Him, and revel amid the glories of His vast universe.

But this was a *young* man. An old man's character is finished—history written—race run. A young man is but beginning to build—just starting in the course—just writing the opening page. Youth is the bloom time, the possibility and promise of happy harvest.

He was also a *moral, lovely* young man. Had, outwardly at least, kept all the commandments. It is said, that "Jesus loved him.". While God is "no respecter of persons," He has his favorites. Christ, angels and saints most love the young men who most respect the law of Christian morals. There are doubtless many such in this community, whose lives give promise of honorable achievement. How the church is praying for such! How the angels are watching them! And how Jesus draws them to His loving heart!

But again. This young man was *rich and influential.* Money is not the "root of all evil," but "the *love* of money." It is no harm to be rich, but exceedingly dangerous. His soul was not more valuable than that of the penniless young man; but his possessions and influence added vastly to the interest in his case, because of the greater power he could have wielded so grandly for Christ and his cause.

2. What did he want? "Eternal life." It was not immortality that he wanted. It was mortality that troubled him—the alarming consciousness that

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

He had made the painful discovery that death was mingled in the cup of life. The "eternal life" he wanted was that described by Christ where he says "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent." Linked by the love of Christ to the Godhead, man lives forever. Nothing can destroy the life that is "hid with Christ in God."

3. To whom did he go for this longed-for life eternal? With the opportunity and culture that probably belonged to his commanding position, he had, no doubt, anxiously consulted science and philosophy, and had bowed reverently at the feet of venerable Rabbins; but they had pointed him to culture, creed, ceremony; and on these his poor soul was starving. Awakened at last to a realization of this terrible truth, and deeply in earnest, he came "running" in his eager haste, and "kneeling down" to Jesus. At last, fortunately, he had found one who could teach him; for "never man spake like" Jesus. At last he had discovered the great Healer and Liberator, of whom prophecy had written—"Mighty to save." My dear young men and maidens; while you are by no means to despise science, or ignore culture, I beg of you let Jesus Christ be your teacher. Let him, your elder brother, take your hand, and lead you to the gate of life eternal, and along the shining pathway of immortality.

4. What directions did he receive?

First, keep the commandments. They harmonize not only with the fitness of things, but also with man's best interests. This, outwardly, the young man had done. But it was an obedience more in form than in spirit. He was outwardly an adorer of the God of Heaven, but all unknown to himself a worshiper of the worldly mammon. Hence said He who looked his heart through and through, in reply to his anxious inquiry "what lack I yet?" "Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor; and come, take up thy cross and follow Me and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven." What a test, and what a revealer was this! As Abraham never knew how much he loved God until that awful moment when his hand was raised to slay and offer Isaac a sacrifice, so this crouching spirit never suspected before that he did not love God at all.

In every life there comes, sooner or later, a winnowing time that shows how much, if any, wheat is in our being, or how nearly we are all chaff, to be driven away by the trial storms of probationary verities. As God had spared Isaac to his faithful father, so, no doubt, he would have allowed this youth to have retained his riches, subject only to the demands of his Christian stewardship; but, alas! the test and the crisis came and found him wanting. Will it be thus with you, my young friends?

5. What did he do about it?

As he bended there trembling under the burden of newly discovered responsibilities, two pictures arose on his vision.

First, the way of self-denial and cross-bearing—of a toilsome journey, with treasure in Heaven and life eternal at the end. The second picture revealed riches, ease, luxury, flowers, music, love—fairy forms, gaily dancing—a smiling siren, and a shining pathway that he hoped would turn heavenward at last. He had reached the crisis. It was an hour of trembling hesitation—of momentous decision—just such a crisis as may now be upon some of my hearers. See his troubled, downcast look! Behold him as he slowly and reluctantly arises, turns his back on Jesus and walks sorrowfully away!

Thus is it, my friends, that the fatal turning point is often so near Jesus and salvation that the recreant soul can feel his gentle touch and hear his whisper of love!

To the young man who rejects Jesus, there is naught possible but a sorrowful life, a hopeless death and an eternity of unavailing remorse. Jesus is saying to you to-night "go sell that thou hast and come take up thy cross and follow me. Let your answer be;

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The great lesson of this pathetic incident is that humiliation and self-denial mark the only road that leads to glory. Christ, though equal with God, made himself of no reputation and became obedient to death, and by this lowly and toilsome journey came to the throne of universal dominion and to the inheritance of a title which is "above every name in earth or Heaven." From his exalted position before the Father's throne he points you to the pathway along which his obedient and suffering feet have trod, and whispers to your anxious heart: "If any man would be my disciple let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me," and "him that overcometh will I give to sit down with me in my throne, even as I have overcome and am set down with my Father in his throne."

"THE HIDDEN HAND."

Ex-Governor Curtin Tells a Good Story About an Actor in the South.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* writes: The venerable ex-Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, is missed in Congress by the younger men who used to gather about the old statesmen and listen to his experiences and the clever yarns that he invariably spins when in good humor. The old gentleman makes a visit to Washington every now and then, and invariably hunts up his young friend, Congressman Allen, of Tishomingo. When they get together they tell lots of choice stories, and generally manage to have a few congenial friends around them to spend an evening in social chat.

The last time Gov. Curtin was here he amused the Mississippian exceedingly by relating a peculiar experience that an actor named Thorne once had at Memphis, Tenn. This man named Thorne, was from Decatur, in the Keystone State, and was related to the well-known actor of the same name who used to play in the "Black Flag." Thorne belonged to a company that was playing "The Hidden Hand;" one night stands principally. He had given instructions to have Memphis billed heavily. When he got off the train at Memphis he was extremely anxious to find out how well his play had been advertised there. The first man he approached near the depot was an old negro, of whom he inquired, "Do you live here?"

"Yes, sah," responded the old negro, "I bin livin' here since 'fo' de wah."

"Have you heard anything of the play, 'The Hidden Hand?'"

"Well, I guess I has. I was dar when it was played. I seen it played."

This was indeed news to Thorne, for he imagined that his play had never been given in Memphis. He then asked the negro who played it.

"I foegit de name uv de gemmen," answered the negro, "but dey called him de 'nash'nal man.' I waited on de gemmen, but I didn't hab nothin' to do wid de game. I seed de 'nash'nal man slip two jacks in his boot, and etter while, when dar was a big jack pot up, de 'nash'nal man drawed fo' jacks; en our Mr. Brown, what libs here in Memphis, he drawed a six-shooter, and 'nash'nal man, he lef. But for de Lawd stranger, a hid han' ain't been played in Memphis since dat night."

Curing A Drunkard.

None of my lady readers will be likely to need the following, but they may be so unfortunate as to be connected with some one who does. The tincture of capsicum is a strong tincture of African cayenne pepper in alcohol.

According to an article in the British *Medical Journal*, it has been found by Dr. Renger that the tincture of capsicum in ten drop doses is the best remedy to counteract that craving for alcohol which is the curse of all inebriates, preventing their return to rational conduct. This remedy has been tested by other physicians, and they report very favorably in regard to it. They give several instances of men of all ages who, half-muddled, hung around low drinking saloons, or at home; and who, when the liquor saloon shut up, would pick the lock, or when their money was taken from them, would tipple on credit whenever there was a chance.

The best way to administer this remedy is to commence with five drops in a little syrup of orange peel before meals, increasing the dose of capsicum to twelve drops. In one month most of them became quite different men, changing from half idiots to men who attended to their business and took an interest in all that was going on in the world.

"CAN you tell me," inquired an anxious-looking man of a Chicago bank cashier, "is there any way of disposing of plugged nickels?"

"Certainly," replied the cashier, facetiously. "You can drop them into the contribution box at church. Any deacon will take them. He cannot well help himself."

"Yes, sir," said the anxious-looking man, "I know that. I'm a church deacon. I have half a bushel of them I would like to dispose of."

THE SCOUT'S STORY.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a short black beard and moustache, wonderfully keen, yet very kindly black eyes, that always seemed to have a spark of fun in them; broad shoulders and narrow hips; a quiet, smooth way of moving, which impressed you with a sense of strength; an almost careless manner, as of one who had the utmost confidence in himself—such was Jack Harding, as he stood in the porch of his house, and with his three year-old boy on his shoulder, looked out over the broad fields that were yellow with the golden grain.

"Marie! Come here, little one, and take your young one. Want to go to mamma, Chief?"

"No; want t' go ride."

"Waal, your majesty, you can't go now. When I come home you'll have a ride."

"Give him to me, Jack," said soft-voiced Mrs. Harding, as she came out of the door.

A glance at her would show that she was Spanish, with her black hair and eyes and brilliant brunette complexion. There was a scar on one cheek, which attracted your attention, but for all that she was a very beautiful woman.

"All right, little one. Now, Chief, away you go;" and with a swing of his arm Jack threw the boy into the air, caught him again, kissed him, and gave him into his mother's arms.

Then kissing his wife, he led the way down to where the horses were standing by the hitching bar.

"Be sure you're back in time for dinner, Jack," said Mrs. Harding, with her pretty Spanish accent. "Kiss your hand to papa, Chief."

Jack blew a kiss back to "divide between them," he said, and we rode off towards the irrigating ditch, which, with the fertile land, was rapidly making his fortune.

"Why do you call that boy 'Chief?'" I asked.

Jack laughed, and then looked grave.

"It's quite a story," he said. "When I was a young fellow—not that I am very old now—I was, as you know, a scout with General Kautz, in Arizona. That is, I was with Crook first, but when he took command of the department of the Missouri, I stayed with Kautz. The Apaches were off and on, good and bad, and they gave us plenty to do. The worst of them were the Chiricows, who had their headquarters in the Chiricow Mountains, which, I take it, are about the worst place to fight in, and about the meanest country on the earth. Leastwise, I've never seen anything as bad, and I know most of the border. The Chiricows raided into Mexico a good deal, and they had plenty of Mexican women and children amongst 'em.

"The General wanted to find out something about 'em, for they had just come back from a raid, and he ordered me to see what I could find out.

"You know I talk Apache as well as I do English. I packed up some medicine paint and started. I had plenty of Apache blankets, and leggins and moccasins, and sich, and so I reckoned I could make up pretty well. I worked my way to the mountains and cached—that is, hid my saddle and clothes, stained myself up, and went up.

"At last I saw the lodges, after a terrible hard ride, and made my way towards 'em. Of course I was seen, for I made no attempt to hide myself, and soon half a dozen men came out to meet me.

"I told them that my name was Black Thunder, and that I had come from the Tonto Apaches to see their chief. Old Victorio was with them then. Of course, there was a council of fire and a long talk. I said the Tontos—. You know Tonto Apache means Apache Liar, don't you? Curious name to give themselves, ain't it?

"I told them the Tontos wanted to make a great league with the Hualladais, the Mojaves and the Comanches, and then all go on the war-path and clean the whites completely out.

"Waal, the idea suited em' first rate; I could see that. They wanted to know why I had come alone, and I said I was traveling to all the tribes to ask 'em to send representatives to a big council. They swallowed this pretty slick, and I went to stay at the chief's house.

"First thing I saw there was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen in my life. She was working along with the other squaws; and as I watched her I couldn't think how an Injun could be so pretty. She was dressed like the others. It ain't Injun manners to ask questions, but I tell you I kept a pretty sharp look-out, and I heard Victorio call her Lan-i-to-mis, which means a little red flower that grows in that country. She talked Injun, too; that is, when she talked at all, for, like all squaws, she hadn't much to say when men were around. I stayed there about a week, and during that time the Injuns and I talked about the raid all the time. Some time I got some chance to talk to the girl, and you bet I made the most of 'em. I found out that she had been captured in Mexico when she was about five years old, and had been adopted. She was then about sixteen, and she told me she was to marry the Mountain Goat—a big Injun with the ugliest face I ever saw. Naturally I hated him at once. I found out she was afraid of him and hated him, and so it somehow came about that she and I found out we cared considerable for each other, and in fact we have been doing so ever since."

"Then she is—" I said.

"Yes, she's Marie, and by my way of thinking, she's about as pretty as you find 'em now; but then she'd be pretty in my eyes if she was old as the hills. Waal, things went on about so, and the first thing as I knew that ar Mountain Goat was spying round after me more'n I liked. You see my paint was pretty good, but it would wear off, and so I had to keep putting it on all the time. Now, properly speaking, I ought to have got out of there some time before, 'cause I'd learned all I could; but there was Marie, and I didn't rightly see how I was to get her out with me. As to leavin' her behind, that didn't suit me nor her. It was while I was puzzling away on this that, one day, I was seized by half a dozen of them redskins, with that ar Mountain Goat at the head. What d'ye 'spose they did? You'd never guess in a week."

"Tortured you," I suggested.

"Tortured me! Not much. They did what was just as bad—they washed and scrubbed me. You needn't laugh. Don't you see, I turned white under it! Waal, they took me to the council lodge, and all the warriors gathered round. Then the Goat made a speech, and said he'd seen me putting something on my skin, and he'd suspicioned that I was white. Now, he'd proved it, and he wanted to know what they were going to do. Injuns is curious critters. You never can tell what they will do or think. In this case they were all very much surprised, and seemed to think a heap more of me than they had before. Of course, they kept me guarded, but they gave me plenty to eat. From the time I was taken I missed Marie, and I wondered what had become of her. Two days after I had been found out, I was brought before the council and old Victorio made a speech. He told me that the Injuns thought considerable of me, and they 'lowud I was a man worth having; so they would adopt me into the tribe. If I would agree to this they would give me ponies and a lodge and a wife; if I refused, they would still honor me by giving me the worst torture they could think of. When the old man said this the Goat's eyes glistened.

"Waal, it was a pretty hard choice to put before a man. Apache torment ain't no joke, I can tell you. At the same time I didn't give in, and I told 'em so. Then Victorio told me there was no hurry; I could think the thing over for a day. The old man was powerful anxious to get me—I could see that. The only thing that made me hesitate was Marie. I thought I would join 'em if they'd give her to me, 'cause I couldn't bear for the Mountain Goat to have her. I sent for Victorio, and asked him, and he said Marie had run away, and a party was out looking for her. Anyway I couldn't have her because she was promised, but he'd give me any two others I wanted. So then I said no, and the day came for the torture.

"First they tied me to a post, and danced the war dance round me; then they shot arrows at me, being careful not to hit, and then flung knives and hatchets. For all that I didn't care any more than I did for the yelling. Then they got dry cactus thorns, and stuck my chest and arms full of 'em. That hurt bad enough, but it was nothing to what came afterwards. Them thorns are greasy like, and they'll burn same as a pine knot. They lighted 'em, and there I was with about two dozen little flames roasting me in spots. Hurt! Waal, it just did hurt. When the thorns burnt down to the skin, they went on burning inside. Man, I thought I should die with the pein. Look here!"

And Jack pulled up the loose sleeve. On his arm were lots of small white scars almost touching each other.

"I faced 'em out. I didn't beg for mercy, or cry, or moan. They 'lowed I was the best man they'd had for a long time, and once more Victorio begged me to join 'em. He told me what would happen the next day: I'd be hung up by the hands and shot full of arrows, and then be staked out and have a fire kindled on my stomach; which would finish me. I tell you it made me sweat to hear the old man talk, but I didn't give in.

"That night I was lying in the lodge, suffering awful from the burns, and I couldn't sleep. Sittin' by me was three Injuns on guard. At last I could see thro' the open door the first streaks of light and I thought of what I'd have to go through that day. It made me shiver, and I'd had a weapon I'd have killed myself then and there.

"Suddenly I heard a noise of dogs barking, and the next minute I heard the yell of an Injun, then some shots, more yells, then a general fusilade. My guards bounded out of the lodge, and there was a most awful noise.

"I could see the Injuns rushing past the lodge with the squaws. Suddenly the Mountain Goat sprang in the door. He yelled out something about having brought white men there, and flourished his hatchet before striking.

"I looked at him, sure I was going to be killed, when some one seized his arm. He turned and was going to strike. Then I saw Marie had hold of him. If you believe me, I broke the cords on my wrists, and sprang at him! He struck at her, but the corner of the hatchet only grazed her cheek, making the scar you see. The next minute I had him down, and my hands on his throat. Man, it seemed to me that I had the strength of ten! My fingers sank into the throat; he gasped and struggled, and I threw the weight of my body forward and heard the neck bones crash! He was dead.

"Marie's story is soon told. When the fact that I was a white man was found out, she stole out of the camp at night, caught a pony and made her way through the mountain passes to the plains beyond. She rode at once to the nearest fort, and there managed to make the soldiers understand what had happened. Acting as a guide for the detachment, she came back with them, and whilo the fight wes going on, had hunted me up just in time.

"Some of the Injuns got away, others were killed, and others were captured. Marie and I went back with the troops, and when we reached the fort we were married. I've saved some money, and we came here to California, where I made some more, and we got this ranch."

"But why do you call the boy Chief?"

"Oh, because his mother was a chief's daughter. His real name is John."

ELECTRIC LIGHTING BY THE CITY.—Investigations into the subject of electric lighting by Prof. R. T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, seems to show a steady current setting in towards the ownership and management of the electric plant by the municipality on the ground of greater economy and efficiency. From a letter written to Prof. Ely by Hon. S. K. Gray, mayor of Painesville, Ohio, it is learned that that city owns the plant at a cost of 15,000, with two dynamos of forty-five arcs each. The light is furnished the city at $3.50 per month per arc, or less than twelve cents per night. In point of cheapness this is the banner town so far reached by Prof. Ely's researches. The same movement for municipal control is observable in Lockport, N. Y., where a committee of the city council has been appointed to visit all towns owning their electric light plants, and to investigate the methods on which they are conducted.—*Sun.*

THE things we think least of are often the ones the world judges us by.

JACOB TOME.

HIS MUNIFICENT GIFT TO HIS TOWN.

Two and A-half Millions to Help Along Poor Boys and Girls—What He Says About It.

We stated in the last issue of the NEWS the fact that Hon. Jacob Tome, of Port Deposit, had determined to endow a seminary for boys and girls. Mr. Tome now lives in Washington. The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent gives the following definite facts relative to the great project:

Mr. Tome returned to Washington to-night. He was seen by the *American* correspondent at the Hamilton, where he is now living. His every moment is taken up with the consideration of plans and documents necessary to the establishment of the charity heretofore announced.

"Really," said he, "I hardly like to appear to parade before mankind the little acts I have in mind. In a general way the *American* has already outlined my plan and purposes. I want to give poor boys and girls a chance. I know what it is to fight your own way in life, and if I can I want to try and make the road a little smoother for others. My purpose is to erect the necessary schools and work-houses for five hundred children. I want them to have a practical education to fit them out for the duties of life. I want them to have a sound manual training. The boys I want to teach the use of tools, and I want them to learn the groundwork of any trade they may select. Thus well grounded, they can enter life prepared to become first-class workingmen.

"The girls will be prepared for their duties in the home or in the office. They will be taught to sew, to work and to cook; and, then, they may learn telegraphy, shorthand, typewriting and other occupations in which young women are daily coming to the front in business life. The school is designed primarily for orphans of residents of Port Deposit; second, children of residents of Port Deposit; third, orphans of residents of Cecil county; fourth, children of citizens of Cecil county; and, if there are then still accomodations left, all Maryland shall have a chance.

"It will not be a boarding school. I desire, as much as possible, to keep my plan free from the idea of a charity house. I expect to set aside $2,000,000 as an endowment fund for the operation of the school.

"My plans for the building have been very much changed and enlarged. Originally, I had intended to erect but one building, and several years ago I had the plans for this building prepared. These I will abandon, as I intend to erect several buildings on two acres of ground which I have set aside. They will cost probably $500,000, and I hope to start work on them next year. At the coming session of the legislature, I shall ask for special legislation to further carry out my ideas, among them to make the corporation perpetual.

"I want all these plans and details arranged as promptly as possible. I am now seventy-nine years old," he added, "but I want to know that this work shall be what I have planned and hoped it would be for many years. I know what the value of an education is, and I made up my mind years ago that I would do what I could to help others along. I simply want to set an example to others like myself, who have made money, to put it to use that will benefit those deserving.

"I have lived for fifty-six years in Port Deposit, and made all my money there, I think it only right that I should spend some of it there for the good of the people who helped me along. My will is drawn up and all my relatives are provided for, and I have also further provided for the school.

"I want to do all I can now while I am in health towards getting the school started. My purpose is to get everything in good working order—to have matters so arranged that in the event of my death they will be carried out according to my wishes."

BUTTER WITHOUT CHURNING.

A Lady Buries Cream and it Turns to Butter in the Ground in a Day.

The art of making butter is about to be revolutionized. That is, if a discovery just made by a lady in West Nyack can be successfully put in operation. The old method of churning will be abolished. Neither horse, dog nor hand power has a part in the new method. Its discovery was accidental. The discoverer, who has experimented with her new method many times, believes in it thoroughly.

She put the cream of several days' milkings from her pet Jersey cow in a thick cloth one day last summer, and, as it was too warm to churn, placed the bag in the ground in a cool place, throwing a shovelful of earth over it so that puss could not get at it.

She left it there until she came home the next day. When she took the bag from the ground she found the cream had turned to a yellow lump of butter, and the only thing left for her to do was to salt and mark it. The buttermilk had entirely disappeared, but there was about a third more than the usual amount of butter obtained by churning.

She has tried the experiment a dozen times since, and always obtained better butter than by churning. The only exception was one time when the rain soaked into the ground and mildewed the cream. She is perfectly willing to let the world have the benefit of her discovery, hoping it may in some degree lessen the hard work of the farmers' wives.

Whether it is the chemical action of a particular condition of the soil on the cream, or what the cause is, she does not attempt to explain, but the fact remains that when she has buried the cream in the earth for twenty-four hours it is turned to butter, and good, sweet butter, too.

"How long does it take to acquire short hand?"

"A year or so by the usual system."

"Is there no quicker way?"

"Well, you might fool with a circular saw."

THE man in South Carolina who is entirely toeless may be called a no-toe-rious character.

SOME girls are maidens all forlorn, while others are maidens all for lawn tennis.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
One square, three insertions or less . . $1.00
Each subsequent insertion . . 25
Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

A FUNNY LOVE AFFAIR.

Romance of a Man Who Believed Himself a Girl—Quarrel About the Bridal Dress.

A Special to the Baltimore *American* from Onancock, Va., Jan. 18, says:

Information has been received here of a rather singular shooting affray that occurred several days ago near Craddockville, a small village some twelve or fifteen miles south of this place. Andrew Ashmead, a young tailor, who resides in Craddockville, has long labored under the hallucination that he is a woman, and has imagined himself desperately in love with several young men in the neighborhood.

Among those who have won the affections of Tailor Ashmead is John Kellam, aged about twenty years, and a son of a widow lady. Kellum humored Ashmead's whims and encourged his attentions. The question had been popped in due form, the engagement made and the day for the marriage set.

Several evenings ago Kellam called on Ashmead and was escorting him to a neighbor's house. When they were going thro' the woods a dispute arose as to the color of the dress which Ashmead was to wear on the occasion of his approaching marriage to Kellam. Ashmead insisted on bright red, while Kellam swore he should wear a dress of solid green. The dispute waxed hot, when Ashmead flew into a towering rage, drew his pistol and shot Kellam's right forefinger off. Kellam replied by emptying two barrels of his pistol at Ashmead, the first ball striking him in the fleshy part of the thigh and the second striking him on the backbone and glancing off on one of his ribs till it came out of his side, where it tore the flesh and skin away for several inches. But for striking the bone, the last would have proved fatal.

After the shooting both parties became heartily ashamed of their conduct, and each went to his home and retired without saying anything about what happened. The next morning Ashmead's bed was found covered with blood, and Kellam's bandages had confirmed the suspicion that something wrong had happened.

The secret gradually leaked out among the friends and neighbors of the parties, but every effort was made to keep it secret, but the matter finally came to the knowledge of the local officials, who had Ashmead and Kellam arrested.

The trial took place yesterday at the village of Pungoteague, before Justice Blackstone, in the presence of a large crowd of curious spectators. After hearing the case, the justice put both parties under bonds to appear before the grand jury of the county court. The affair has created no little sensation here, and revives the memory of the famous Duer-Hearn tragedy that occurred ten or twelve years ago near Pocomoke City, Md., where Miss Lily Duer, who labored under the illusion that she was a man, shot and killed a Miss Hearn, with whom she was in love, and who, she thought, was fonder of a certain young man than of herself.

Ashmead lived for a short time in this town, where he was regarded as an odd character and not very bright.

DREAMED HE WAS A HORSE.

A Parson Kicks a Bedstead to Pieces With His Heels.

From the Valdosta (Ga.) Times.

There are dreams and there are dreams—dreams which are as vague as thin air, and dreams which make and leave an impression on the mind which days cannot eradicate; dreams which make us laugh, and dreams which make us cry; dreams which are foolish and simple; dreams that are profound and mysterious; but it was left for good old Parson Squills, of Florida, to dream that he was a horse—one of your masculine, noisy, neighing, kicking kind.

The good old parson had many appointments far and wide apart, and some days he rode as much as fourteen hours to reach the more remote ones from his home. One night about dark he rode up to a good brother's house to spend the night. The brother had been killing hogs, and at supper the table was laden with spare ribs, sausage, hogs-head cheese, etc. The parson had missed his dinner and had a keen appetite, and he could not resist the tempting, steaming bites of choice meats before him, and, unmindful of dyspepsia or what not, he ate very heartily.

At a seasonable hour he was shown to his room, and he retired for the night. The good farmer brother was also wearied from his long day's labor, and he also retired rather early.

About midnight the farmer was aroused from a peaceful slumber by a considerable noise somewhere about the premises. He lifted his head from the pillow, and he plainly heard a horse neighing, whickering and kicking violently against the stable door, and assuming at once that the visitor's horse had gotten out of the stable, and was creating a riot among his own stock, he bounced out of bed, hurriedly dressed and stepped out of his bed-room door into the hall. Then his attention was drawn to the parson's room across the hall, where he heard the horse squealing and neighing, and kicking—bam—bam—bam! and, puzzled beyond measure, he forced into the room, and as the farmer opened the door he saw the outlines of the good man standing erect in the middle of the floor, and he heard him panting for breath, which was followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Strike—a match—my good brother," said the parson between breaths, and then he ejaculated "pshwhew! good sakes alive; I must be a fool!" The brother struck a light, and he found the bedstead scattered and broken up. The footbar was shattered and the mass of bedstead and bedding had come down upon the floor in a heap. "Pshwhew!" ejaculated the parson again. "I must be a fool—I dreamed I was a horse, and I thought I was kicking at the barn door. Fetch the light this way brother. I don't believe there is any skin left on my heels!"

The bedstead was past further service, and the brother had to spread the parson's bed on the floor.

WHAT is that which nobody wants and nobody likes to lose? A lawsuit.

OLD friends are generally most welcome when they are independent of us.

If men are not judged by their clothes, they are at least estimated by them.