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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 accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889. No. 9.

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, Jan3-y. BALTIMORE, MD

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 2 Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 315 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. 1a29.

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 fruit growers 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. je12-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS

ALONZO P. CREW

—WITH—

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.

PHILADELPHIA

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commission Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND.)

FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season. Reference, Ce National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

E. C. CROW,

No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,

(Old Number, 6 Vine Street),

COMMISSION MERCHANT

FOR THE SALE OF

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

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.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. BARNARD.

HAVING opened an office at the residence of Norris Barnard's for the practice of Dentistry, I beg leave to say that I will be in attendance there to receive patients at any time with the exception of MONDAY and TUESDAY of each week. All modern appliances. Anesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth. First-class work and satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. jl5-2m.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN . . . MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. GALENA, KENT CO., MD

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 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,

—GRADUATE OF—

The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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.

STRAW HATS, New and Nobby Styles, Prices to suit all. J. H. SIMPERS.

25c. Will buy a Pound of Good Natural Tobacco at J. L. McFEELY'S.

THE AXE AT WORK!

THE BIGGEST OPPORTUNITY of a bright and busy season to get the finest and best made clothing at hitherto unheard prices. We have literally cut the profits out of many lines of goods to clear out our immense stock of elegant suits, and will give every reader the proof of what we say by mentioning a few items.

Read Carefully!

Think Seriously!

Order Promptly!

MEN'S SUITS:

$7.50 will buy an elegant suit in Cheviot, Cassimere, or other choice fabric, good enough for parlor, church or travel, and looks (and is) the equal of any $12 to $15 tailored suit. It's an elegant suit, talk as you will, and hasn't a cheap thing about it.

Our $15 Men's Suits are Reduced from $18, $20 and $25, are match for the money anywhere. Imported Cheviots, Cassimeres, Diagonals and other textures; and abounding in novel conveniences. A superb combination of convenience and style. $15

Then we grade lower in price towards even $4 for a working suit up to $20 and $25 for a suit for a prince. And it's the same with the Juvenile Department. Thousands of Shirt Waists in percales, flannels, etc., for about one-half the regular price—from 20 cents upwards to $2. Thousands of BOY'S SUITS ranging from $1.50 to even $15, but the gem in this collection is the $5 Knee Pants' Suit, whose like and equal can't be found for less than $10 anywhere else, with all the risk of disappointment thrown in. Hats for boys—you never saw so many styles and beauties and hundreds for 25 cents were 50 cents and $1. hundreds for 25 cents were 50 cents and $1.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

5 & 7 W. BALTIMORE STREET, 1 DOOR FROM CHARLES,

BALTIMORE, MD.

—THE NEW—

HIGH-ARM

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,

and the Only Machine in the world that makes a Lock Stich without the use of a shuttle. Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill and construction, to do the service of a lifetime, should not fail to examine our

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Thanking the public for past favors I solicit a share in the future. Give me a call. Address

CHAS. J. REICHE,

Feb. 2, 1889. Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

PEACH BASKETS!

PEACH BOXES!

To my Patrons and Others:

I DESIRE to notify you that I have made arrangements with a Basket Manufacturer to supply me during the ENTIRE season with all the Baskets I may want, and am now prepared to

Furnish You Baskets

with the same promptness and CERTAINTY that I have for years been supplying Boxes; and in my opinion the BASKET is one of the best I ever saw, AND AS GOOD AS CAN BE MADE, and at as low price as they can be sold. Do not purchase until you see the Basket and ascertain the price.

ALSO, PEACH BOXES,

as usual in Shooks or made up. A concentration of your orders will enable me to purchase lower and keep you supplied. I will only refer to my past Box business as a guarantee of my faithful performance of the above.

In due time my factory, as usual, will be open where you can get any kind of package you may desire to ship your fruit in.

Also Peach Ladders and Picking Baskets.

For prices &c., address

R. S. EMORY,

j1-2m. CHESTERTOWN.

"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.

FOR SALE.

200,000 Peach Baskets,

—ALSO—

BERRY CHESTS and BOXES!

ALL IN FIRST CLASS ORDER AND GUARANTEED.

I am now ready to take orders and am prepared to deliver by rail or water, just as it suits customers. Thankful for past patronage I ask a continuation of the same.

THOS. E. NORRIS, Ag't.,

m25-2m. STILL POND, KENT CO. MD.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphine Mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cent. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. f9-y.

PUBLIC SALE OF

A Phosphate Factory.

BY VIRTUE of a power contained in a mortgage from Charles W. Kennard and Henry C. Chase, lately trading as C. W. Kennard & Co., to the Chester Loan Association of Kent county, dated August 23, 1883, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 4, Folio 510, &c., the undersigned will offer at public sale at the Court House Door, in Chestertown, on

TUESDAY, the 9th of July, 1889,

AT 11.30 O'CLOCK A. M.,

THE LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF THE SAID C. W. KENNARD & CO., of, in and to

ALL THAT LOT OF LAND,

situate on the southeast side of the public road leading from Chestertown into Quaker Neck, bounded by the said public road, the shores of Ratcliff creek and Chester river, and the lane leading from the aforesaid public road to Burchinal's wharf, with a right of the free use of the said wharf and the lane leading thereto.

The said Lot of Land was leased to the said C. W. Kennard & Co., by Wm. D. Burchinal and others, for a term of nine years from the 21st day of August, 1883, at an annual rent of $100, payable May 1st in each and every year, with the privilege at the expiration of said term, to the said C. W. Kennard & Co. and their assigns to remove the buildings now, or which may be hereafter erected.

The Improvements on said Lot consist of a Large and Well Equipped

Phosphate Factory

The Main and Machinery Building is 100x40 feet, a portion being two stories high; two sheds for storing phosphate and phosphate material, one 100x24 feet, the other 40x40 feet; engine room 30x20 feet; office 12x12 feet.

The Machinery Equipments consist of a 75-horse power Boiler, 28-horse power Engine, a Desmond Bone Mill, a Bone Crusher, a Phosphate Mixer, set of Rollers, Sieve and complete Bagging Attachments and are fixtures of the mill and will be sold with the property.

This property is eligibly located on Chester river, within a half mile of Chestertown, with deep water at the wharf, where steamers and other vessels can load or discharge cargoes at all times. A large and successful Phosphate Manufactory has been conducted there for a number of years. The mill has a capacity of manufacturing from 60 to 75 tons a day.

With a small outlay of capital, it might be converted into a successful Flour Mill or Basket Factory.

THE TERMS OF SALE are cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification of the sale, at the option of the attorney, with bond and approved security, the purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale. These terms may be modified to suit purchasers.

MARION DEK. SMITH, ATT'Y

Named in the Mortgage.

The above property is offered for sale at our request, with the hope it may sell for its full value. The above described lot of land may be released for another term of years upon application to Capt. Wm. D. Burchinal. C. W. KENNARD & CO.

T. W ELIASON, JR.

BUILDING LUMBER.

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH, SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, CYPRESS FENCING.

THE LARGEST STOCK, OF SEASONED LUMBER, IN THE COUNTY,

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

DO NOT BUY without giving me an opportunity to make estimates for you.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 9, 1889.

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 pulces, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. R. P. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House & adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

FINAL NOTICE

of the Fifth District Collector!

AFTER having ridden my district for 18 months I now give notice that I may be found at home (Edesville) any day except Tuesday, when I will be in Chestertown. I shall collect the taxes.

J. FRANK WHEATLEY,

Jan. 5, 1889—tf. Collector

"MONK."

The first time I ever saw the person whose name heads this sketch was when he walked into the office where I held the position of book-keeper, and asked the general manager for a job.

In appearance he was almost hideous, his face being wider than it was broad, surmounted by a patch of woolly hair that came to his very eyebrows; so close, in fact that the point of beginning could not be determined of either.

A cavernous mouth, containing rows of fangs that were continually in sight, opened beneath a nose of startling flatness.

A short, chunky body, with long arms and hands, that were seldom still, completes the best description I can give of "Monk."

The only thing that secured him a place was the shortness of hands, for the general manager turned to me when the negro walked and said:

"Did you ever see such an evil face on a human being?"

My reply was in the affirmative.

Monk, however, to my surprise, proved to be one of the best men we had, and everything went on as usual, until about two months after his appearance.

Then we began to be bothered with petty thieving from the commissary, which baffled the sharp-eyed clerk who had full sway in that department.

I should have mentioned before that the scene of this action was a large sawmill, where, as is the case with all manufacturers, we sold goods to our employes.

The robberies, at first small and of little consequence, soon began to grow oftener and on a larger scale.

Articles were marked and all such plans worked, but to no purpose, for the thief would leave the marked goods and take something else. Finally it got so boldly committed that the manager secured the services of a detective and put him to work on the case.

After a couple of weeks the detective came in the office and went into the private room of the general manager.

After a conference of a few moments, they came out smiling.

"We've got him," chuckled my employer, "and who do you think it is?"

"Monk," I replied, my first thought being of the meanest-looking negro on the place.

"Correct," said the general manager, "and what do you suppose he did with the stuff he took?"

"That's more than I can tell."

"Well, the detective is to show us tonight, and he says we will not hurt Monk for it, if we are the people he takes to be."

That night the general manager, detective and myself were seated near the commissary, waiting for Monk to show himself.

About 10 o'clock we saw his ugly form come sliding through one of the windows, in company with two sacks of flour and numerous other bundles.

He stood still for a short time after getting to the ground, and carefully looked around; then, as if satisfied that he was unseen, he shouldered his load and marched silently off, with us in the rear. He went about two miles through the woods, and finally came to a halt before a small cabin.

Softly he crept to the door and listened, as if to be sure no one was up.

Then he took one of the sacks of flour and laid it noiselessly on the front steps, and piled some of the other packages on it.

This done, he went on with the rest of his load.

His actions were a perfect mystery to me, and the detective said:

"I want you to stay here until day, to watch the person who takes that stuff away, while this gentleman and I will follow him to the other places."

I agreed, and began a lonely watch.

The hours before day seemed ages, but when the first rays of the sun gilded the waving trees, I was as alert and at my post.

Just a few minutes after the sun arose, the door was opened by a little white girl, who gave a cry of deligat, as her eyes fell on the provisions, and called to some in the house:

"Old Sanby has been here again."

In answer to her cry a boy joined her and the two lifted the flour and the packages and moved them into the house.

When they disappeared, I crept closer to cabin and peered through a hole between the logs, and this is what I saw:

In one corner of the little 10x12 room, on an old and torn mattress, lay the form of a woman, covered with a tattered shawl and apparently asleep.

The room contained no furniture, with the exception of a rickety table and two home manufactured chairs.

There was no other occupant to the place, save this woman and the two children, the eldest of whom was not over eight years.

When I reached my post of observation the boy and girl were standing beside the still form of the woman trying to arouse her.

"Mammy," the girl said, "get up and see what we've got this morning; old Sanby has brought us some real flour, and coffee, and sugar, and, oh, so many nice things."

But the figure did not move.

"Don't bother her," cried the boy, "she's tired out; don't you know she cried and set up last night?"

"Yes," smiled the sister, "I will get breakfast, and then wake her; won't she be happy, though?"

And those two began preparing a meal that to them was an undoubted feast.

I still remained at the hole to see what the end would be, for I felt that something would happen that would require the help of an older person.

It was not long before the girl had a cup of hot coffee ready, together with a few pieces of crisp bacon and a hoe cake.

She approached the pallet again and called her mother, but still no answer.

"Brother," she said in a low whisper, "I believe she's worse."

I could see the boy's face pale at this, and he went to the mattress and knelt beside it.

As he drew back the cover from the face, he gave a cry of sorrow.

"What is it?" asked the sister, sinking at his side.

The boy looked at her in a despairing manner and sobbed:

"Oh, sister, mammy is dead and gone from us!"

The girl was speechless with terror, but soon recovered her voice, and replied in a tone, choked with sadness:

"No she ain't, Buddy; she's just cold like; she got that way heap times."

The boy shook his head and continued to sob.

I thought it about time for me to show myself, and, pushing the door open, I walked in.

They were a little startled at my entrance, but the boy quickly asked, while a look of hope mounted his cheeks:

"Mister, I'm so glad you come; mammy is worse, and I think she's dead, but sis says she's jest cold."

I did not reply, but stepped to the pallet and examined the silent form.

It took me but a moment to see that the sprit had fled, and turning to the boy I asked:

"Have you any one to go to?"

"No, sir; there was nobody but pa and mammy and me and sister when we came here."

"Where is your father?"

"He got killed with a log las year."

"And you've been living here ever since?"

"Yes, sir, but it wasn't 'cause we wanted to, but 'cause we didn't have money 'nough to get off with."

"What will you do now?"

"Then mammy is dead?" cried the boy, as he understood the meaning of my question.

"Yes, my poor children, she's in heaven."

With such sobs as I hope never to hear again, they fell on the body and began caressing it and kissing the cold face, at the same time begging it to speak to them just once more.

I let the first burst of grief expend itself, and then taking the boy in my arms, said:

"My boy, can you go for help?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, his bigeyes streaming with tears.

I sent him for assistance, and the body was removed to the mill, from where it was given a decent burial.

When I got back to the office I went direct to the room of the general manager.

He was expecting me, and as I entered he said:

"What do you think of prosecuting Monk, now?"

"It is the farthest thing from my mind," I answered, as the picture of the scene I had witnessed passed before me.

"And mine also," replied my employer, while I saw signs of tears in his usually stern eyes.

Not long after that Monk was sent for and came to the office.

As he shambled in his hideousness was lost to me, for in the face I could only see the good heart that I had seen the actions of only a short while before.

He was badly frightened, for he knew that his deeds had been found out.

In answer to questions put to him we learned that he had been feeding three destitute families for two months or more.

He never let the occupants of the cabins know who was the giver of their daily bread, but sought them at the hour of midnight and left the food on the steps, as we had seen him do.

The only excuse he offered was:

"Boss, I foun' dem po' fokes widout a mou'ful, and tuck it to um; yo' had er lot ob it, an'I thought yo'd neber miss hit."

"Didn't you know it was wrong to steal?"

"Yes, sar, but I kaint here no 'oman an' chillun cryin' for bread, when my arms air long 'nough ter git through er window pane an' onfasten de sash."

We did not prosecute Monk, but in the future the general manager kept up the poor that Monk discovered, and let him have the satisfaction of taking it to them.

The orphan boy and girl were taken by a worthy farmer, not far from the mill, and every now and then I catch sight of their happy faces, and think what a change was made in their lives, and that by a negro whom no one would trust ten steps prior to that.—*Ed. N. Wood in Atlanta Constitution.*

Real and False Modesty.

It would be well if young women were taught early in life that there is a false shame and an affectation of modesty as unlovely as forwardness, and which repels as effectively as brazenness. To be on the *qui vive* for innuendo, to have a smart facility for extracting the bitterness of evil from any good, is all wrong and all immodest. To see harm where none was intended is immodest. The young woman who thought she would die of shame because some gentlemen came into the gallery where she was alone with the Venus of Milo, who fell into confusion and blushed mightily, advertised a modesty which was possibly only skin deep. A blush is something sacred to pure womanhood, and it is a sad spectacle for thoughtful eyes to note a young woman so far gone in the impropriieties that she pretends to be shocked at simple things which unaffected candor is far from thinking wrong at all. There are otherwise virtuous and modest young ladies who manage to convey by subtle insinuations that they are deeply conscious of scenes which a really modest woman would ignore. It is true, indeed, as a great writer has said, that a modest woman must be at times both deaf and dumb. Disagreeable happenings offensive to the eyes and ears, are times incidental to almost every one's life. The most sheltered young lady cannot be entirely prospected. She may find herself in places where profane language reaches her ears, where objectionable sights reach her eyes. It is then the time for her modesty to take on an armor of dignity; it is time to be both deaf and blind.

There are many things in life that young women ought to know of, and which, if they did know, they would regard as great solemn truths, too sacred to be giggled over and simpered at; which are not proper subjects for conversation, but which none the less exist, and should be well comprehended. For a young woman—or a young man, either—there is no safety in ignorance. The mother assumes unwarranted responsibility who leaves her innocent growing girls and boys to be educated in the mysteries of life by unthinking outsiders. Constant rubbing cannot wear off the delicate hue of the sea-shell, nor can the real purity of mind, the real modesty of refined womanhood, be more easily worn away. Mock modesty is twin sister to that cancer-hearted virtue which consists of not being found out. Persons who affect it are social "suspects." Beware of it, young women, because it deceives no one, and because if you do not young men who are in search of lovely wives will beware of you.—*Woman's Journal.*

A Country Editor's Wife.

As showing what women can do the *Hot Springs Sentinel* tells the following: "J. Leon Rossan, the able editor of the Osceola *Times*, has been in Missouri renewing old friendships, and viewing with pleasure his former play-grounds, while his pretty, bright-eyed wife remained at home manipulating the pencil with a vivacity only given to women of her noble character. On his return the editor immediately sat down and wrote the following deserved notice: "Last week the editor made a hurried visit to his boyhood home, St. Genevieve, Mo., leaving his better half and a young lady assistant to get up the copy and stick the type, and have everything ready by the end of the week, so that on his return all that would be necessary would be for him to make up and do the press work. His surprise can be imagined when, on his return, he found the entire edition worked off, mailed and delivered—not only had the matter been prepared and put in type, but the forms had been made up, locked, and the entire edition worked off and distributed. Newspaper men and printers will appreciate the pluck and energy necessary for two women to undertake this branch of newspaper work. Modesty forbids mentioning the many complimentary remarks made by the patrons of the *Times* on the excellency and superior style of our last edition, but no one is half so well prepared to appreciate the feat as the editor himself."

A WARNING TO DELINQUENTS.—There is a little story which we cannot vouch for, says an exchange, that an editor once applied at the door of Hades for admission. "Well sir," responded his sable majesty, "we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his delinquent subscribers; as we have more of that clss of persons than any other we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of editors."

A LADY whose house is a model of neatness, much admired, says she never uses a broom or dust pan in her house. In the glace of sweeping she sponges her carpets, after first dusting the furniture with a cloth. The sponge is squeezed nearly dry, lightly pressed across the carpet and often washed clean. The broom is what wears out your carpets.—*Smyrna Times.*

CHAWLES.—Who is she?

Jawdge—My fiancee.

Chawles—Pshaw! I thought you had more taste. I wouldn't marry a girl who wore a red dress with a green back to it.

Jawdge—It's the green-backs in her pocket-book I am after, dear boy.

SLOTHFULNESS casteth into a deep sleep.

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

Mr. Vere de Vere Proposes to Mrs. Canaggy and Makes a Mistake.

"Your question takes me by surprise, Mr. Vere de Vere. How long have you entertained for me the feelings you have just expressed?"

"From the first moment I ever saw you Mrs. Canaggy. For the last six weeks I have been in a state of biliousness and unrest. I have fallen off sixteen and one-half pounds in weight, and I haven't had any relish for my food or any of the ordinary pursuits of life. If you could only realize how I yearn—"

Despairing of conveying to the fascinating and wealthy young widow any idea of the intensity, the abandon, the utter goneness with which he yearned, he shook his head and for some moments yearned in silence.

"Mr. Vere de Vere," said Mrs. Canaggy, kindly—almost tenderly—and "have you ever tried Corkins' liver pills?"

"Talk not to me of pills!" exclaimed the young man, with flashing eye. "Can you reach the affections through the liver? Would you minister to a wounded heart by putting a mustard plaster on the feet, Mrs. Canaggy?"

The lady looked dreamily at his full grown Wankenphast shoes, and as she smoothed out the folds of her magnificent silk dress with a richly-jeweled hand, she murmured, softly: "It would, indeed, be a terrible waste of mustard."

"Victoria Canaggy!" protested Harold Vere de Vere, rising to his feet, and speaking with burning energy, "Listen! You have pictured to yourself, doubtless, in the dreams of your girlhood, the kind of man to whose keeping you would willingly surrender the priceless treasure of your love. I may not stack up exactly as the man of your girlish dreams. Possibly the late Mr. Canaggy did not. But no man that ever lived could cherish for you a deeper or more passionate devotion or would shield you from the rude blasts of the world with half the pride and tenderness that I would feel if you gave me the right to be your champion. Victoria, does not your own heart plead for me?"

"Mr. Vere de Vere," replied the lady, evidently moved by his appeal, "pardon me for asking the question, but I have known you for so short a time, and it is a matter that concerns me deeply—are you a gentleman of correct habits?"

"I can answer you truthfully that I am."

"Do you drink intoxicating beverages?"

"No, upon my honor."

"Do you attend horse races?"

"Never."

"Nor chew tobacco?"

"No, no."

"Nor smoke cigars?"

"No."

"Nor cigarettes?"

"Cigarettes, Mrs. Canaggy? If there is one thing on the face of the earth I utterly detest, loathe and abominate it is the cigarette. It is the quintessence of all that is vile, execrable, and abhorrent. A man who would smoke cigarettes would steal sheep, Mrs. Canaggy, and the person who manufactures or deals in them is a pirate and a double-dyed scoundrel, for whom hanging is too good."

"Mr. Vere de Vere, I regret to give you pain, but I can never be your wife," said the beautiful young widow, sadly.

"Why? O, why, Mrs. Canaggy?"

"Because," and her voice fell upon his ears like the murmur of a distant cascade, or the weird, sepulchral wail of the night wind among the ghostly tree tops of a November landscape—"because I am a silent partner in a cigarette factory."

Truth and Fish.

"I'm getting mighty tired of all this talk of our young cub fishermen about their 'flies,' their 'reels' and other tomfoolery." Grandfather Lickshingle was the speaker, and as he seated himself near the reporter's desk there was a look on his ancient visage of extreme contempt and disgust. "They think they are layin, us old people out cold when they talk about their scientific jimcranks, but I tell you when I was a boy, along in seventeen hundred, I had fishing tackle that none of these young dudes of today could comprehend, let alone use. My tackle was an invention of my own, and had your grandfather been disposed to push it I would now be so rich that the people on earth would be celebrating my centennial instead of George Washington's who never invented nothing.

My tackle was automatic in all its parts. All you had to do was to take it out on the bank of a creek and set it. Then you could go off and play with 'Pigs in the Clover,' or dally with the bait bottle and when you went back to the fish machine there she was and there were fish. I called my device the 'Piscatorial Pulverizer and Promoter of the Everlasting Truth With Regard to Fish.

"That machine would not only catch its own grasshoppers for bait, but it would drop a nickle in the slot, weigh its own fish, make a record of the weight, scale the fish, dress 'em, and by setting a little extra dufunny would either cook the fish with fuel oil, send 'em to market or send 'em home. To lie about any fish business with this machine was out of the question and for that reason I'm sorry it isn't in general use now."—*Oil City Derrick.*

He Laughs all the Time.

Joseph Oscar Johnson, of Macon, Ga., is queerly effected, and is condemned to laugh all his life. He is a paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. The stroke came on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer. It was in the town of Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was one day doing some work on his engine and talking to some one standing near. At the moment he received the blow he was in the act of laughing, and strange to say, the muscles and nerves of the face that are brought most into play in the act of laughing are the ones that are most affected, and over these he has no control whatever. He cannot tell of his troubles, and the doubts and fears that torment him without laughing. He has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him he went to his father in-law, who lives in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition, and of his inability to care further for his family.

The recital of his parting with his wife was most pathetic and heartrending; yet with tears in his eyes and a heart full of agony, he was forced to laugh as though he had been telling a most ludicrous incident. He dares not to go to church lest he be accused of making sport of the services and be requested to leave the church; and as for a funeral, it would be out of the question for him to attend one. His case is a most pitiable one, and is the more so because he is only awaiting the only relief possible for him, and one that he would hail with pleasure and almost prays for.

A GOOD STORY FROM BOSTON.—A lady opposed to corporal punishment visited a school, not in a fashionable part of the city, just as a boy was being flogged. Before going away she spoke to the culprit, and asked him to come and see her on a certain evening, promising to make it pleasant for him. At the appointed hour a boy, dressed in his best, came, and for an hour or more the lady and her daughter laid themselves out to amuse him. Then the lady began to speak of the importance of good behaviour and obedience to rules, when the boy interrupted her: "Oh, I ain't that feller! He gi'me ten cents to come instider him."

A SOLUTION of a gill of carbolic acid in a bucket of water, sprinkled over the floors and yards of pig pens will assist in preventing bad odors and lessen the number of flies.

GIRLS WHO ARE IN DEMAND.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lids;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do or say,
That drive, with a smile or soft word,
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful girls—
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts—
They are wanted for mothers and wives,
Wanted to cradle in loving arm
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
There are few who can understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving, home girl,
There's a constant, steady demand.

Time Servers.

How many men there are, holding good, paying positions as journeymen, who are really of no value unless kept constantly under the eye of the foreman or their employer! They are simply time servers, who take no interest in the business they represent, beyond the actual time necessary to count them a day's work. They work when closely watched because they are obliged to, not from any motive of honor or interest in the business.

What can be expected of such workmen but they will shirk their work and idle their time at every opportunity?

If you cannot give your employer your full time, for which he pays, and take some interest in his business, you had better leave him at once. To this he is entitled and has a right to expect it of you.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to your employer or credit to yourself.

In going about from one shop to another it is a very easy matter to pick out the time servers. Upon the slightest pretext they drop their work or talk or look about, and are always ready to get out of the door the moment the clock strikes six, and their example is rapidly followed by the apprentice or younger workmen. They have to be constantly watched, and this fact being known to the firm, is not long in having its results.

Employers are more generally knowing of the habits and qualities of the men whom they employ than the men often realize, and they invariably know who are the time servers among them, so that when there comes a convenient opportunity or a lull in business, these are the first to be discharged.

It pays to be faithful and do your best at all times, and more especially when your employer is not watching. If you must idle away time, do it when he is about, but don't dishonor yourself and betray his confidence by taking advantage of his absence.

This is one of the worst features of our American system. It is an example which is readily adopted by apprentices, and it is the exception rather than the rule that we find a young man who is sufficiently interested in his own welfare and his employer's as well, to give his full time and attention to his work. Those who do this are sure of success, and it is from among such that have risen those men whose names are written upon the pages of history as having made their mark in the world, and left behind not only pleasant recollections, but a shining example that is worthy of a careful imitation.—*Practical Mechanic.*

In Royal Splendor.

Here is a description of a suite of rooms occupied by a girl of 9. Her name I will not give, for it would be unkind to pillory a child for the sins of her parents. She has a beautiful little sitting-room in white and gold. The walls are hung in rose-tinted silks, and special pieces of furniture diminutive in size, and including a small secretary in ormolu with Sevres plaque that she may carry on her little correspondence. Here are toys, the elegant gift she receives, and here she entertains her friends. Adjoining this room is her bed-room in satin wood, her brass bed hung with blue silk curtains. A dressing-room attaches and in this is the culmination of luxury. The dressing-room is quite large. The marble bath is set against the wall. The low marble basin is supplied with perfumed soaps. Sponges of all sorts and sizes hang in racks. Perfumed waters in cut glass bottles, cold creams, delicate lotions all find a place. On her bureau are laid out expensive brushes and combs in repousse silver and exquisite toilet bottles and manicure cases in pearl. In one corner is placed a long cheval glass that she may contemplate her skirts and dainty footgear. The impropriety of calling this child's attention as specifically to the care of her body is already manifest, one can only wonder what there can be in reserve for her when she is grown.

Humor of Irish Blunders.

An Irishman testifying in a police court was asked to explain why he had "shown the white feather" on a certain occasion. "Tis better to be a coward for five minutes than dead all your life," he replied. Another Irishman while accompanying a fishing party, had a bad fall down a steep mountain slope. Picking himself up he devoutedly exclaimed: "Glory be to God that I wasn't walking back over the mountain a dead man!"

An Irish lady, observing that her bed curtains had caught fire hurried away to fetch water. She caught up a can of water, and as she was about to pour it upon the flames remembered that it was hot water, and mentally decided that it could be of no use. An Irish school boy placed a cup full of coffee on a sloping desk. Finding that it overflowed, he sought to remedy his difficulty by turning the cup around. An Irish tenant wishing to raise the roof of his cabin began by excavating the floor.

An Irishman on a gentleman saying to him, "How did you like that whisky, Pat,' at once replied, "Sure, your Honor, it has made another man of me, and that other man would like a glass, too." A temperance lecturer might make that bull do good service in illustrating the fact that "the first glass does not the mischief.

Water as a Substitute for Grace.

Sister Weymouth was one of the most notable women that ever lived in the good old Maine town of Blankmouth. She was notable for her powers as an exhorter, which shone in the village prayer-meeting as brilliantly as those of any licensed preacher whom the villagers heard, and for her quick wit, that found expression in many quaint and pithy speeches, some of which are treasured to this day, although she has long been gathered to her fathers and mothers.

A worthless young man named Frost fell in love with Sister Weymouth's daughter. Failing to melt the stern objections of the young woman's mother in any other way, he