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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, SEPT. 21, 1889. No. 20.

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.

F. 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.

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.

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. ia29.

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.

PHILADELPHIA.

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.

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.

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 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.

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. Anæsthetics 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. 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.,

CHESTERVILLE, MD.

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.*

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.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. MCFEELY'S

Bargains in Store Goods!

WHERE TO GET THEM

ALL IN WANT OF SEASONABLE GOODS ARE INVITED TO CALL AT

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

WE HAVE A COMPLETE, WELL SELECTED AND BEAUTIFUL STOCK OF

Dress Goods, Cloths,

Ginghams, Prints, Cassimeres,

And all Kinds of Dry Goods.

—ALSO—

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

Groceries, &c., &c.,

which stock will be kept complete.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF NECKWEAR!

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Prices guaranteed Low!

Quality warranted as represented!

Best Prices for Trade

All cordially invited. Resp'y.

WROTH & ALDRIDGE.

Jan. 2, 1889.

—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.

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 ar 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 juices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco* for 25 cents per pound. R. 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.

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.

WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN

—AND—

25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,

delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads.

Telephone call 15.

B. F. FLEMING,

n17-tf. Chestertown, 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. fy-y.

WILLIAMS & CLARK'S CO.'S

High Grade Bone Phosphate!

AMERICUS, ROYAL, PROLIFIC,

And the NICHOLSON MIXTURE.

These goods have been used in Kent county for the past five years and have given entire satisfaction. They are made of BLOOD, BONE and POTASH and every care is taken to make them as good crop producers as possible. Drilling condition guaranteed. All kinds Phosphate Marterials on hand.

Dissolved Animal Bone, Bone Meal,

Muriate Potash, Dried Blood, Bone Tankage,

Acid Phosphate and Kainit.

PRICES AS CLOSE AS THEY CAN BE MADE. GET MY FIGURES BEFORE BUYING.

For Sale by W. H. McFEELY,

August 17, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES!

The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.

THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or landings on the bay or river.

Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.

W. N. E. WICKES.

August 10, 1889—2m. (T.)

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

INVITE YOU TO READ THE FOLLOWING:

Expenses! Expenses! Expenses!

ARE what every practical farmer, mechanic, merchant and manufacturer should watch carefully, saving here and saving there by economy and system for the times are hard, and every dollar is needed. It should therefore be a study, especially to the farmer and manufacturer; each should try to lessen the cost of producing their articles for sale, so that at the end of the year they will come out even if not ahead. This is the way we look at it. Don't you? And therefore we have made this year a very decided change. We have parted with our mill in Chestertown. Why? Because it would not pay to run it. The extra hauling of goods, the trouble of labor, the taxes, insurance, lease, extra hauling, reshipments from an inconvenient place, interest on goods carried over, and waste in handling, besides the expense of a superintendent so many idle months in the year. All this is expense and a very unnecessary expense. How do we work it now? In this way. We have our goods made under our own supervision. On account of the Baltimore works large capacity (eleven hundred tons per day) it does not take long to manufacture what we require. The analysis of every article we know and we *guarantee* the analysis to you. We have the advantage of direct shipment, better labor, improved machinery, cheap freights, no lease, no interest on goods carried over, no superintendent's expenses, and less cost per ton for the manufacture. The greater the work the less the cost. We therefore can and will sell cheaper, dividing our advantages with you. Our goods are just the same as we have always sold you and will be kept at their high standard. We are determined to please you if low prices and a good, well-made fertilizer will do so. Our results this year, for the season, have been wonderful. *Read this over again*, think over it and call upon, or wait for us to call on you.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

—FOR SALE BY—

R. H. CORBALLY, Esq., Massey's, Kent County, Maryland.

JAMES FAULKNER, Esq., Millington, Kent County, Maryland.

GUS. PORTER, Esq., Price's Station, Queen Anne's County, Maryland.

August 10, 1889.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Special Wheat Fertilizers,

Aspargus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate,

Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone,

Dissolved South Carolina Phosphate, Muriate Potash,

Sulphate Potash and Kainit.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,

June 27, 1889—3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Our A. A. Bone Superphosphate,

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT WHEAT AND CLOVER PRODUCER,

We Still Offer at $27 per Ton, Delivered, on Time.

WE in reality ought to have more money, but in view of the low price of grain, and seeing the need of the farmers, we determined to try and meet their requirements. Our Junior having visited the principal slaughtering houses in the West this season, and having bought our materials right, we are enabled to offer SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR CASH or FIRST-CLASS PAPER. *And, by the way, do you know that Fertilizers always act and give better satisfaction after they are paid for?* Before giving your order, please see us concerning, and if we cannot do as good a part by you as anybody, don't buy of us.

August 24, 1889.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen:—I have used your A. A. for several years and am now thoroughly convinced that there is no better goods on the market. I used it last year alongside of Animal Bone and Peruvian Guano. A. A. was the best. I also made the following test in connection with Bone Meal and Potash, in this test too, A. A. excelled. I am so well pleased with your goods that I will get my entire supply of you this fall Respectfully, J. B. HARRIS.

LANKFORD, August 5th, 1889.

GENTLEMEN:—I have use A. A. for several years with entire satisfaction on part of my wheat. Where it was used my yield this year was 30 bushels per acre, and will use more this fall. Very truly yours, JOSEPH RASIN.

CHESTERTOWN, August 6th, 1889.

GENTS:—We tried 16 tons of your A. A. and Extant Phosphate on our wheat last fall, and the result was highly satisfactory, although it has been a poor wheat year, we had on a slightly increased acreage over 500 bushels more wheat than we had last year when another make of fertilizer was used. To its action we attribute a heavy growth of clover and timothy. We expect to use it this fall, and do not hesitate to commend it. Very respectfully, HOPE H. BARROLL.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,

Aug. 10, 1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Keeping Up Appearances.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Mother, I'm going back to New York with Mrs. Wilton as nursery governess to May and Ethel."

Just one moment before this speech was made there had been a placid group of four people sitting round a very scanty fire, all sewing busily. But one moment later three of the faces were lifted in angry astonishment, three pairs of hands dropped their work and were raised in consternation, and three shrill voices cried "Bertha!" in tones of expostulation.

Then, after a moment of silence, Mrs. Bryerson, the pale, careworn mother, asked:

"May I ask the meaning of such a disagreeable speech, Bertha?"

"I am sorry you think it disgraceful, mamma. I am weary of this false life we are leading. Look at us!" she cried, hotly. "We are all as pale as ghosts and ragged as beggars. In these rooms in which we live we have not one comfort—no carpet, half a fire, shabby clothing. Our food is mean and insufficient—and for what? That every dollar of the narrow income father left us may be spent in keeping up a lie! A lie, I repeat. Our house is handsome, our show-rooms splendidly furnished, and our dress, in public, of the richest materials. We sew till we are cross and weary upon finery we have no right to wear. We starve that we may give one brilliant party each winter. And we gain—what? A reputation for wealth we do not possess. I tell you, mother, I am hungry and cold, and I mean to earn sufficient to make my life honestly comfortable."

"Have you quite finished?" inquired Mrs. Bryerson, in a tone of polite sarcasm. "If so, let me remark that I will not overlook it if you sit in defiance of my wishes, as you propose. If you go with Mrs. Wilton you shall not return. Your sisters shall not be disgraced by having a governess here. Think of a Bryerson earning her living!"

"I admit it is not necessary," said Bertha, quietly. "In a small house, quietly dressed, we might easily cover our expenses with the income father left to us."

"Left to *me!*" said Mrs. Bryerson.

"Left to you," repeated Bertha. "If I could control the sum now spent upon my street and evening dresses I would not think of leaving home. As it is, I am positively engaged to Mrs. Wilton, and leave on Tuesday. I shall sell my set of opals to buy the clothing necessary for my position as I presume Mrs. Wilton would scarcely like me to appear in a ragged street dress, of three years ago, or a blue silk ball dress, and I have nothing between but one walking dress that will pass muster."

"Sell your opals!" Lavinia said, regretfully.

"They are mine," said Bertha, quietly. "Aunt Eliza gave them to me."

"What do you suppose your Aunt Eliza will say when she hears of your disgraceful conduct?" asked Mrs. Bryerson.

"I imagine she will disown and disinherit me," said Bertha, coolly. "And as she has threatened every one of us some fifty times with the same dire threat, I can bear the prospect quite philosophically."

The girl rose as she spoke, and putting her work—an elaborate puffing for a ball dress—in Lavinia's lap, went to her own room. She had been cool, defiant and resolute before them all, but she broke into bitter sobbing when she locked herself in her room. She was, as she said, hungry and cold, missing every comfort of life; and only the previous evening, with her rich dress and her opals, she had been the belle of the most brilliant ball of the season at N——.

There was more than that in her tears. One little week before, Ned Haven, the son of the best physician at N——, had asked her to be his wife, and she had said no—because she loved him.

That was the true reason why she had gently and tenderly set his great love aside, and asked Mrs. Wilton to take her away.

"He thinks we are rich," she thought bitterly, "and his own fortune is not yet made. Shall I burden his life with all our petty, sordid cares? Mother will expect him to do so much for Lavinia and Marica. I will not have it so." But the poor, sore heart ached bitterly as, in the few days that followed, Bertha made her preparations to go to New York. She told no one her love story, and when Ned Haven met Lavinia soon after Mrs. Wilton's departure, he did not doubt her statement that Bertha was "visiting friends in New York."

After Bertha went out to earn her own living, Lavina married a man who thought her rich, and made her believe he was so. It was the natural deceit, and the marriage was the beginning of years of misery. Marica died of consumption.

In two years Mrs. Bryerson found herself alone, for Lavinia was in a distant city, writing for money to keep off starvation; Marcia was in her grave.

And Bertha.

Bertha had not found her new life a bed of roses. The children were sickly and fretful, and Mrs. Wilton put her in sole charge of them, showing her plainly that her position was that of a servant, though she had her meals in the nursery with the children. But she was brave and true to herself. Many hours when the children were asleep, or she had made them happy with some simple amusement, she found comfort in the school-room piano, or the many books that she was allowed to take from the library. She studied in every leisure moment, perfecting her German, French and music, poring over history, biography, and mastering all the school-books she found most persistently to fit herself for a position in a school.

She did not know how her beauty was developing in her new life. Early hours, plentiful food, the quiet of home, the love of her little scholars, the hours of study, were all aiding the work of development; and as her figure rounded in the curves of perfect health, her eyes grew luminous with deeper intellectual culture, and her mouth took new beauty in lessons of patience.

She had been two long years with Mrs. Wilton, only going home to Marcia's funeral. To Lavinia's wedding she was not invited. One morning two letters reached her—two shocks of surprise, sorrow and joy.

The first she opened she kissed before she read. And this was what was written there:

"You bade me to forget you when we parted, and seek happiness in another love. I have tried to forget you and failed. Other love I would not seek. But it is only since yesterday that I knew you were with Mrs. Wilton. I have thought of you visiting in New York, the gayest of society's butterflies. I know today how you have been taxed, and how nobly you have met every duty. But, oh, my own love—my only love—will you not reconsider those words that parted us? I am not rich; that you know. But I can make a home of comfort and my love shall never fail you. Sometimes I think that there was regret in your voice when you said my love was vain. Am I wrong? If you love me do not wrong your own heart or my love by refusing to see me, to listen to my prayer. I will call to-day at three o'clock. If you will not see me, I will never trouble your life by further pleading. But if you will be my wife, may heaven deal with me as I am true to you. EDWARD HAVEN."

The happy tears were not yet dry upon her cheeks when Bertha opened the second letter. It was from her aunt's lawyer. Miss Eliza Bryerson had gone to Italy one year before for her health, and had failed to find the cure she sought for lung complaint.

The letter informed Bertha that her aunt was dead, and had left her sole heiress to her property, because "she was the only sensible member of her brother's family."

When Edward Haven entered Mrs. Wilton's handsome parlors his heart throbbed quickly and his breath seemed to come painfully with true deep emotion.

He had seen Bertha last in just such a room, standing in the light of a great chandelier, her grand beauty heightened by a dress of pale blue silk and white lace. There were flowers in her waving golden curls, and her bare arms and throat were adorned with jewels.

Now, in the softened daylight, coming in through curtained windows, he saw the tall, graceful figure in a simple house dress of inexpensive material, no flowers in the waving hair drawn back from the low, broad brow.

But more precious than jewels was the lovelight in the sweet blue eyes, more beautiful than flowers that blush upon the soft cheek, the smile of happiness upon the childlike lips.

He knew his answer before he whispered his love again, and Bertha no longer was afraid to let him know.

There is no dash or extravagence in the home over which Bertha Haven presides at N——. Her husband's happiness and comfort are her study, and there is ever ample hospitality to friends. Many liberal checks Lavinia finds in her sister's letters, and Mrs. Bryerson has a happy home.

But nothing is sacrificed to "appearances," for as things appear in the well-ordered household, so they are.—*New York Ledger.*

LIFE INSURANCE.

Under the heading "Seven Things Hard to Explain," the *Insurance World* copies from *The Metropolitan* the following seven queries, which are calculated to set heads of families to thinking:

1. Why some men who are willing to toil and strive and save, that their families may be comfortable while they are alive, are not willing to pay a few dollars a year that their families may be kept from want when they are dead.

2. Why some men who are so prudent that they will not trust the welfare of their loved ones to the strongest life insurance company in the land, are nevertheless, willing to trust it to the most uncertain of human chances—the contingency of their living long enough and being fortunate enough to earn and save a competency.

3. Why, on the other hand, some men are so unsuspicious that they will trust an acquaintance who has not a dollar in the world to almost any extent, will, nevertheless, hesitate to trust a life insurance company that guarantees its promises with millions of assets.

4. Why some men who could not rest a moment if their houses and stores and factories were not insured, never think of the importance of insuring their lives, by whose productive power those houses and stores and factories were acquired.

5. Why the man who refuses to insure his life because he can take better care of his money than the insurance company can, generally proves to be the man who is not able to take care of it at all.

6. Why some men, who say that their whole lives are devoted to laying up a competency for their families when they are gone, never seem to think of the simplest and quickest method of accomplishing that object—taking out a policy on their lives and paying a weekly premium.

6. Why is it generally necessary to carry the blessings of life insurance to a man's house and thrust them upon him, while he is frequently ready, unsolicited, to spend his money for things that are not blessings at all.

A True Story.

The following is a literal, actual incident the report of which comes from the very best source. A farmer who doesn't live a hundred miles from Easton was looking at some calico in a store not long ago, and after thumbing the fabric over and over he asked:

'How many yards o' that truck will it take to make the ole woman a dress?'

''Bout twelve, I should say,' answered the clerk.

'Less see; at five cents a yard it'll come to 'bout sixty cents. By gum! I reckon twelve's a leetle more'n she'll need. Jest cut off six yards. Times is mighty close now-a-days, and we'll have to be a leetle savin'.'

The clerk measured off the six yards and asked if he would have any buttons or thread.

'No, I reckon not; she can scratch up er-nuf o' them at home. Crops ain't extry this year an' we kaint afford to fool any money away.'

'Anything else?' asked the clerk.

'Well, lemme see; I guess you mought jes wrap up a quarter's wuth o' sugar and a dollar's wuth o' chawing terbacker. It 'pears like a sin to fool away money fer sugar, but the ole woman thinks she kaint do 'thout it, and the habit o' use'n it's got sech a holt on her that she gits away with a quarter's wuth every month. Say, young feller, I guess you better put up two dollars' wuth o' that terbacker, for I kaint tell if I'll be down here agin for several weeks, and I want plenty to do me.'

And when that man went home no doubt he felt that he was a very generous provider for his family.—*Easton Gazette.*

The Ladies and Perfumes.

Years ago it was the proper thing for a girl to rinse her lace handkerchief in the scent bottle. Such a proceeding is now regarded as having in it a touch of the cheaply common, for if there is one article of a fashionable equipment that is not perfumed, it is the handkerchief. Hosiery and gloves slumber in beds of sweet grass and rose leaves; laces, wraps and underwear have their separate sachet pillows; dresses are hung among bags of sweet clover which perfume every closet; even bonnet boxes emit fragrant odors when uncovered, and in the linings of many overcoats the wadding is dusted with orris, but not a trace of scent hangs about the sheer little square of lace edged mull.

The deficiency, however, is more than counterbalanced by faint, sweet odors, which linger about the folds and hem of dress skirts. Even card cases and pocket books are perfumed, and so is the small blotter bought with fashionable stationery. But these items are insignificent compared with the cost of perfuming a summer outfit, which requires the services of a maid and the outlay equivalent to that expended for gloves or shoes. For instance there is the corsage sachet, made of fine satin to match the dress and filled with a perfume too delicious for description. The sacks, which are an inch square, retail at $9 a dozen, and it takes about twenty to go round the edge of a Josephine dress.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Republican U. S. Senator.

The Republican newspapers say the fight in Maryland this fall will be for the Legislature, and the possibility of a Republican majority has already given rise to speculation as to who would be the successor of Judge Wilson. The *American* says that for this position—

"Four distinguished Republicans have been named—one of whom has already served his state in both halls of Congress, as well as in the Cabinet of President Grant—John A. J. Creswell. The other three members, James A. Gary, a rich cotton manufacturer, who employs hundreds of operatives, and has always been liberal in contributing whenever money has been needed for party purposes; Thomas S. Hodson, present State Senator from Somerset County, and a very prominent candidate for the United States District Attorneyship and Louis E. McComas, the present able representative from the Sixth District of this state in the lower House of Congress.

"DEAR," said a physician's wife as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. Goldberg sitting in a draft." "Never mind," said her husband, "I will cash t hat draft later on." *Washington Capital.*

MR. BOWSER IN THE COUNTRY.

"Well, what do you think!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he came hurrying home from the office the other afternoon.

"Have you gone and got some more hens or bought another horse?"

"Mrs. Bowser, the event of life is about to happen."

"What is it?"

"You know Gregg? Well, Gregg owns a little farm out here about twelve miles. There's a good house on it and he says we can occupy it for the summer. We will have a cow and a horse, pigs, poultry and other stock, and we'll go out there and tan up and get fat and have the best time in the world."

"I don't think much of the idea, Mr. Bowser."

"You don't! You don't want cool breezes, fresh eggs, fresh berries, rich milk, songs of birds, lowing of the kine and rest from all care!"

"You will be disappointed if you expect any such thing."

"I will eh? Perhaps I don't know what the country is. You are always ready to throw cold water on any of my plans. I shall go anyhow."

This was the beginning and at the end of three days I yielded, womanlike.

On Monday morning we took the train and started, having engaged a farmer's daughter to take charge of the kitchen, and at the nearest railroad station we were met by a farmer and his lumber wagon. The sun poured down its hottest, the dust had covered grass and bushes, and as we jogged and jolted along the farmer queried of Mr. Bowser:

"Come out for your health I suppose?"

"We did. Ah! this country has already refreshed me."

"Has, eh? Well, there are heaps of it, and I'm thinking you'll get all you want in about a week. I think a city chap is a fool to come out here."

"Do you? Why, the doctors recommended it. That boy ought to gain a pound a day, and I am sure my wife will brace up with these pastoral scenes before her eyes."

"The doctors and pastoral scenes be durned!" growled the farmer, as he turned to his horses, and those were the last words he uttered until he landed us at the gate.

THE PASTORAL SCENES.

It was a comfortable frame house, and I did not observe the surroundings until after dinner. The barn had partly fallen in, giving it a weird and lonely look; most of the fencing was down, a gust of wind had laid the smoke house on its back and nearly every tree and bush about the house was dead or dying.

"Is this one of the pastoral scenes you referred to?" I asked of Mr. Bowser.

"There you go!" he snapped. "You can not expect things to look as nice out here as in Central Park. We come for the balmy breezes and the rest."

"You spoke of hunting hens' eggs in the meadow grass."

"So we will—come on."

He made a dash for a big patch of burdocks near the back door, got tangled up in the ruins of a barrel, and when he got up he had a cut on his shin and his nose was bleeding. He tried to make light of the affair, but it was hard work.

When I asked after the horse and vehicle in which we were to take our morning jaunts he walked down to the barnyard and pointed out a raw-boned old yellow horse, so weak that he could not brush the flies away, and a one-horse wagon, quaint enough to have taken its place in a museum.

"You'll have our photographs taken after we all get seated in that rig, won't you?" I asked.

"That's it; just as I expected. Mrs. Bowser, what did you come out here for?"

"Because you obliged me to."

"I did, eh! Not by a long shot! You came to restore your health and to give our child a chance for his life. It will be the making of him. No more doctors' bills for us."

In the afternoon Mr. Bowser swung his hammock in the orchard. This was something he had doted on for a week. He had scarcely dropped into it when three or four caterpillars dropped on to him, and he put in the rest of the afternoon on the hard boards of the veranda. The cook came sauntering along about 5 o'clock, covered with flies and mosquitoes, and the girl hinted to Mr. Bowser that he was expected to milk.

HIS MILKING METHOD.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "I wouldn't give a cent for farm life unless I could milk a cow or two. I used to sing a ballad while I was milking."

The girl and I watched him as he took the pail and stool and approached the cow. The cow also watched him. Folks generally sit down on the right-hand side of the cow to milk. Mr. Bowser took the other side.

"What are you trying to do?" I called to him from the gate.

"Mrs. Bowser, when I want to learn anything about a cow I'll ask you for information. I think I know my business."

So did the cow. She had been fooled with long enough, and she suddenly planted a hoof against Mr. Bowser with such vigor that he tumbled over in a confused heap. Between us we got him into the house and the girl finished the milking. Mr. Bowser recovered from the shock after awhile and I felt it my duty to inquire:

"Mr. Bowser, don't you think a week of these pastoral scenes will be enough for us?"

"No, nor six weeks!" he growled. "Nothing would do but you must go into the country and now I'll give you enough of it."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!"

"You needn't 'why Mr. Bowser' me! You gave me no peace until I agreed to come, and now I'll remain here five straight years!"

A NIGHT OF IT.

When the summer sun went down and the stars came out we were not as happy as we might have been. Mr. Bowser still held his hand on his stomach, the baby cries because the milk tasted of wild onions and the girl lost the old oaken bucket in the thirty-foot well while getting a pail of fresh water. I asked Mr. Bowser when the kine would begin to low and the whipporwills to sing, and he was so mad he wouldn't speak. However, if the kine didn't low, the pinchbugs and mosquitoes did. There wasn't a screen at door or window, and soon after sundown we were besieged.

That night seemed never ending. No one of us three slept a wink. The room was invaded with every insect known to country life, from a bat to a gnat.

When we got up in the morning the girl didn't know us. We were blotched and bitten until one could have suspected us of suffering with smallpox. Mr. Bowser knew himself, however, and before noon we were back in the city. He scarcely spoke to me all the way home, but once in the house he burst out with:

"Now, old lady, prepare for a settlement! You've nosed me around all you ever will. This has broken the camel's back. Which of us applies for a divorce?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AT least one good effect of the Johnstown flood has been noted. It caused hair to grow for a man who had been bald for many years. His name is Marburg, and he battled with the rushing waters for seven hours before being rescued. Two days after he noticed a downy substance all over his head. As time passed the down became hair, which grew rapidly and is now an inch long.

"AND NOW, sir, let us see whether you know more about physical science than about the other subjects you have studied. What are the properties of heat?"

"One of the properties is to cause expansion."

"Correct, sir; give me an illustration."

"Oh, that's easy enough. In summer the sun, being hotter, causes the days to lengthen, sir."—*Judge.*

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FROM MILLINGTON.

H. Burgerhoff, the Great Fruit Buyer of Scranton, Pa., invests $14,250 in Peaches the Past Season.

THE PEACH SEASON here is now over. At the final close I will report the number of cars forwarded and where consigned. The shipments have been very large for the season and the growers well rewarded. The major part of the peaches shipped from this station were from Queen Anne's, being in some instances hauled a distance of fifteen miles. The number and quality of the fruit attracted buyers from New York and other places. The growers generally sold, and received the cash. By so doing they saved the commissions, delays and losses usually belonging to railroad and commission houses.

The highest price paid per basket was $2.05 for Reeves. There was quite a number from Delaware hauled here, owing to the growers along the line of the Delaware railroad not having enough to load a car a day. Mr. Burgerhoff put in his appearance about two weeks in advance of the peaches to say to his old customers, who gladly welcomed him, "I am coming back again." This makes his fourth season here. He is of the firm of C. D. Wegman & Co., of Scranton, Pa. He bought this season 18,000 baskets, for which he paid $14,250, money down. He also deals largely in sweet potatoes; he has forwarded one car load. He left here on Tuesday last for Scranton, but intends to return. He purchased two orchards, James Stevens' and John Biggs', on the farm occupied by L. Reese—Reese joining in the sale—at 70 cents per basket.

Just so long as our people can have resident purchasers here like Mr. Burgerhoff they will certainly sell at the station. He is a liberal buyer both in quantity and prices. He will pay as much as any other man and generally a little more, and his responsible house backs him up. Sellers have only to treat him fairly in packing their fruit to be assured of fair treatment in return.

Several other buyers from New York, whose names I mentioned in a previous letter, were also here. A large number of wagons loaded here for Wilmington and towns in Pennsylvania. Our local buyers were well up in the prices, keeping those from a distance on their mettle. We have not heard of a single instance of any losses. J.

Singular.

An old lady of seventy-five or more met an acquaintance in a Boston horse car, and imparted to her the information that she was intending to start shortly for California. "My only daughter lives out there," added the lady, "and I want to be with her. You know I'm an orphan."

More surprising even than this woman's case was that of a "contraband," who came into the Federal lines in North Carolina in the winter of 1863. He reported himself to the officer of the day, and the following dialogue ensued:

"What's your name?"

"My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"No, sah, not Sam Watt; I'se just Sam."

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no oder name, sah! I'se Sam—dat's all."

"What's your master's name?"

"I'se got no massa now—massa runned away. Yah! yah! I'se free now."

"Well, what's you brother's and mother's name?"

"I'se got none, sah—nebber had none. I'se just Sam—ain't nobody else."

"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sah—nebber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fader, no mudder, no massa. Nothing but Sam. When you see me you see all dar is of us!"

The Mosquito.

To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and they will not return, even though the windows should be left open all night.—*The Doctor.*

I learned the secret of successful warfare against these pests when living in the swamps of Louisiana, where in summer or winter, mosquitoes swarm. For some years life was unendurable, and no meal could be eaten in peace. But all at once there was a change for the better. Bars and screens were often out of place, but there was almost an immunity from insects. I had just changed my colored boy. The newcomer explained how to keep the "critters" away. He burned small pieces of gum champ