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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, APRIL 5, 1890. No. 47.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less . . . $1.00

Each subsequent insertion 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

PEACH GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

IT HAS BEEN POSITIVELY PROVEN

That in order to have your Trees feed you, it is necessary that you feed them, and experience has also proven that the Best Peach Manure Ever Offered is OUR FRUIT GROWER. It contains all the elements that are necessary to give life and vigor to the crop and trees. Give us one fair trial and we are sure you'll be convinced.

Pomona, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 4, 1890.

MESSRS. T. R. HUBBARD & SON—Gentlemen: The six consecutive years' use of your Fruit Grower has thoroughly convinced me as to its merits. Years ago when Col. Wilkins lived and we farmed together, we used almost everything as a peach manure, but your O. B. is the best I ever tried. On the Island farm, where the 15 tons of Fruit grower was used in '88, on two-year-old trees, we had last year 6,000 baskets, on the *other farm we only had* peaches where the trees had been fed. I invariably had fruit in the past by fertilizing my trees, and I believe in order to have fruit, that is the way to do it, and will use between 30 and 40 tons of your goods this spring.

Very truly yours, JOHN A. GROVES.

Crumpton, January 2, 1890.

Gentlemen:—In 1886 I noticed my Orchard did not look like it ought, and in 1887 the leaves were twisted up and by no means in a flourishing condition. Hearing of your Fruit Grower I bought 3 tons and put it at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre on my young trees and on a few old trees that were in a particularly bad condition, I put 300 lbs. or over. The result was I had a fine crop of peaches in 1888, and in 1889 another that exceeded my expectations on both the old and young trees, having altogether 3,500 baskets, and got as high as $1.50 per basket for some. The trees are today in better condition but want to use it again. You can therefore ship me four tons this spring. JAMES M. VANDYKE.

Anne's, Hermitage Q. A. Co., Nov. 11, '89.

Gentlemen:—Replying to your query concerning my experience with your Fruit Grower. In the spring of 1887 we had an old Orchard which had not borne for several years and which the tenant was anxious to dig up. I said give it another year's trial. We used your Peach Tree Fertilizer, about 225 lbs. to the acre. That year the Orchard netted us about $1.00 per tree. We had a fair crop and got as high as $3.00 per box for some of them. We used your goods on the same Orchard in 1888 and got a very full crop. We used it again last spring, applying about 250 lbs. to the acre, and for the third successive year got a fair crop and the fruit was generally of fine quality. The Orchard will be 17 years old next spring, and it now looks healthier and more vigorous than it did five years ago.

Very truly, CASPER G. WOODALL.

MR. ROBT. WICKES, East Neck Island.

Said he put the Fruit Gower across his varieties and could tell the difference in the half of the tree where it went.

MR. W. H. FAULKNER, near Crumpton.

Says he used the Fruit Grower and that he always has fruit and gets good prices.

We Havn't time or Space to Give the Rest in full, but on File in Our Office we Have Letters of the Same Character from

J. B. BRIGHT, Kent Island.
F. H. DILL, Queen Anne's.
W. H. NEWNAM, Queen Anne's.
NOAH CLOUGH, Sr., Queen Anne's.
THOS. P. VANSANT, Queen Anne's.
S. E. HILL, Baltimore.
H. W. VICKERS, Chestertown.
T. J. VICKERS, Lankford,
and scores of others.

If you havn't received one of our new Pocket Diarys send for one.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,

Feb. 8, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

MADE TO ORDER DEPARTMENT!

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF OUR OPENING OF

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FABRICS!

FOR MEASURED WORK.

Beautiful selections from the best makers await your examination. Our success is in careful, artistic and moderate-priced garments to order. Heavy overcoats have been taken off the counters to make room for our

SPRING OVERCOATS

which comprises all the leading shades and patterns for spring. If you want a Heavy Overcoat they are close by and easy to get at. Cheaper now than one month ago. The *same applies to Winter Suitings—a good investment to lay by until next winter—at the* great cut prices. If we go by what our tailors say, our SPRING STOCK of SUITINGS will soon be ready for your inspection. We want you to examine it carefully, it will enable you to form an idea of variety and high art clothing.

A. FRIEDMAN,

March 15, 1890. *The Leading Clothier, Chestertown, Md.*

Legal Notices.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

PEARCE & BARROLL, TRUSTEES,
versus
GEORGE T. COSDEN AND OTHERS.

No. 857 Equity.

THE creditors of COMEGYS C. COSDEN and other parties interested in the funds in this case are hereby notified to file their claims, duly certified, *with the Clerk of the Circuit Court, within two* months from the date of the first publication of this notice. By order of the Court,

EBEN F. PERKINS,
March 22, 1890—4t. AUDITOR.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES W. GREENWOOD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of Sept., 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1890.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
Mar. 22, 1890—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Carolene L. Hynson and Richard D. Hynson, Executors of Richard Hynson,
versus
John F. Whittington and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the real estate made and reported by CAROLENE L. HYNSON and RICHARD D. HYNSON, executors of Richard Hynson, by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from said Whittington and wife to said Richard Hynson, dated Sept. 26th, 1884, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 60, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of May next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of April, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $12,455.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
March 15, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Carolene L. Hynson and Rich'd D. Hynson, Executors of Richard Hynson,
versus
William J. Spicer and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county in Equity.

ORDERED, this 13th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the real estate made and reported by CAROLENE L. HYNSON and RICHARD D. HYNSON, executors of Richard Hynson, by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from said William J. Spicer and wife to William A. Miller, dated June 3d, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 6, Folio 539, and duly assigned by said Miller to the said Richard Hynson, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of May next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in *some newspaper printed and published* in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,000.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy, Test—
March 15, 1890—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

BY THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

STATEMENT

SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE

Kent Co. Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

—OF—

DOVER, DELAWARE,

DECEMBER 31, 1889.

ASSETS:

Value of real estate owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$ 6,240 85
Loans on Bond and Mortgage	34,100 00
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)	22,922 00
Interest due and accrued on Stocks, Bonds and other securities	2,568 87
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in Bank	271 31
Premium Notes in force $649,369.00	
Total Cash Assets	$66,103 03

LIABILITIES:

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	$2,150 00
Premium Notes in force $649,369 00	
All other claims	7,500 00
Total Liabilities	$9,650 00
Surplus as regards policyholders	$56,453 03

Total income	$ 36,011 18
Total expenditures	44,941 88
Amount of policies in force in the United States on December 31, 1889	6,957,166 08
Amount of policies written in Maryland during the year 1889	1'068,553 00
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1889	5,066 49
Losses paid in Maryland during 1889	229.69
Losses incurred in Maryland dur'g 1889	229 69

STATE OF MARYLAND,
INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 5, 1890.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Kent County Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dover, Delaware, *to Dec. 31, 1889*, now on file in this Department.

J. FRED. C. TALBOTT,
mar22-3t. INSURANCE COMMISSIONER.

COAL and LIME!

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

BUILDING LIME

—AND—

WHITEWASH LIME

is at J. D. BACCHUS'

Coal and Wood Yard!

Special inducements to contractors and builders. Would be pleased to quote you.

Very respect,

Mar. 30, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

RAPID HARNESS MENDERS, laid Rivets in the shade. Sold by J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

Copyright, 1889.

A sea-serpent, 103 feet long, was seen to coil itself up in slippery folds on the coast of Florida last month. Three reliable persons saw this creature distinctly.

Reader, the above is a "yarn." If people would believe the following truthful statement as readily as they swallow sea-serpent stories, it would be *the means of saving thousands of lives.* Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if taken in time and given a fair trial, will actually cure consumption of the lungs, which is really scrofulous disease. If this wonderful medicine does not do all we recommend, when taken as directed, we will cheerfully and promptly return all money paid for it. Can any offer be more generous or fair? *No other medicine possesses sufficient* power over that fatal malady—Consumption, to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under such trying conditions. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only the most wonderful alterative, or blood-cleanser, known to medical science, but also possesses superior nutritive and tonic, or strength-giving properties, which assist the food to digest and become *assimilated, thus building up both strength* and flesh. For all cases of Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, accompanied with lingering coughs, it is absolutely unequaled as a remedy. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. Fifty cents, by druggists.

LIME! GRAIN! FEED!

COAL! WOOD!

B. F. FLEMING

—Chestertown, Maryland.—

Land Lime, Quick or Slaked

Delivered by rail or boat at any point on the Peninsula.

Building and Whitewash Lime!

Persons contemplating Building will find it to their interest to get our prices.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS,

In carload lots and the smallest quantities.

Wood, Oak and Pine

in long lengths or Stove size. A large lot of Pine expressly for kindling.

Grain! Feed! Seed!

Highest cash prices paid for GRAIN by rail or water at convenience of the seller. Small and large lots wanted at my feed store.

FEED of all kinds, in large or small quantities, for sale at lowest prices. Hog and Cow Feed specialties.

Call and see me at the old stand.

B. F. FLEMING.

Feb. 22, 1890.

A Large Invoice of

CYPRESS FENCING!

Cypress Fence Railing, 2x3 and 2x4

—SAWED—

CYPRESS SHINGLES

RIVED CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Just received direct from Roanoke River

FOR SALE at LOWEST MARKET RATES.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Feb. 22, 1890.

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.

BUIST'S

GARDEN SEEDS!

A FULL LINE OF BUIST'S SELECTED GARDEN SEEDS AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES.

Call and examine them at

M. A. TOULSON'S.

Not Credible, but True.

What I have to say is not fiction, but fact. The heroine of my "strange story"—and no less true than strange—died many years ago. Most of her generation have followed her to that land the inhabitants of which may or may not revisit ours in visible guise. The Lord of the quick and the dead alone knows how this may be. *There is no reason why I should not put* into print what many of her contemporaries heard from her own lips, not only at the date of the mysterious occurrence that shadowed her life, but when a half century had softened the grisly outlines of the horror, and she could contemplate it in perspective, almost with calmness, altho' never without awe.

I, Nancy Barksdale, who write this, was a girl of 18 when, at the close of a May day fifty years agone, my father's carriage set me down at the door of my dear friend *Augusta Deane, in Cartersville, Va.* Cartersville was then, and may be now, an uninteresting village, straggling leisurely along the banks of the James river, to which it owed its being and continued life. We had pitied Augusta Eltett, the belle of two Richmond seasons, not because she married Frank Deane, a promising young lawyer, but for having to live in the muddy, tame little town. The wedding had taken place in December, and this was my first visit to her new abode.

It was a small, white cottage, set back *about twenty yards from the street, which* differed in nothing from a country highway except that there were more houses on and near it. I had just time to observe that the Deanes' cottage was a story and a half high, with dormer windows in the roof; that it was neat and newly painted; that the wicket gate in the front palings was overarched by a bower of honeysuckle, and the front porch overrun with a multiflora rose tree, now in affluent bloom, when Augusta ran out through the open door and down the gravel walk to the carriage.

She was a trifle thinner than when I had last seen her, but animated and joyous, with vivacity that did not abate while she attended me to her own chamber on the first floor, pouring out salutations, queries and interjections in her old, frank, impetuous way.

"You must stay in here with me until Frank comes home," she said, helping me to lay aside my traveling garb. "He went to Richmond day before yesterday and may not get back before Saturday."

"Your first separation, isn't it?" asked I, struck with something not quite natural in her manner.

"Yes. He was obliged to go—on business," adding the last word as it might be an afterthought.

While she spoke she was *rearranging* some clothing hung in a press to make room for that I had laid off. Her hands wavered, and she kept her face turned from me.

With the slight (and insufferable) touch of superior scorn of a fancy free-as-yet maiden for the sentimental feelings of "young married folks," I feigned to overlook her emotion. She might pine at heart for the absent mate, but she did me the justice to be sincerely delighted at my coming. I would content myself with that for *the present, and tolerate* a weakness peculiar to her position; so I made talk of city news and the journey, taking pains not to ask a question until presently she showed me a sunny face that was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, which was not quite dew, lingering upon her eyelashes. We supped en tete-a-tete and sat out on the porch until bedtime watching the moon rise and mount—the crystal white light driving back the shadows from the wet grass and ribbon-like graveled paths winding away into the shrubbery; enjoying the *scent-freighted air throbbing and cooling* before the river breeze, and talking as only two girls who have been bosom friends from infancy can talk after nearly six months' separation. Augusta bore her part gallantly, and I quite forgot the passing clouds that had dimmed her eyes and shaken her voice.

When we were ready for bed the cloud returned and broke. I saw her kneeling form trembling from head to foot while she was saying her prayers, and heard a sob. Arising, with averted face, she went to a *bureau on the far side of the room, took a* miniature from a drawer, kissed it twice and furtively slipped it under her pillow. When we had lain down and the light was out I knew, gentle and gradual as was the movement, that she drew the picture from its hiding place and pressed it to her bosom. Passing my hand caressingly over her cheek I felt that it was wet.

"Augusta!" I said, softly, "cannot I comfort you? What is it, my poor dear? Surely you are not grieving over a sorrow that will be cured so soon as will Mr. Deane's *absence?*"

She clung to me in a wild storm of tears. She was but 20, and had not had a secret from me in ten years; so I got this one.

Law business, imperative and not to be deferred, she said, had called Frank to Richmond. With all her sweetness of temper his wife had been a spoiled child in her father's house, and her husband had never crossed her. She especially desired that he should be home while I was there, and could not be convinced that the matter in hand could not be transacted as well by *correspondence as in person.* From pleading she passed to remonstrance, then to indignant protest. The result was that reef of horrors to the newly wedded, the first quarrel. Frank told her that she was unreasonable and childish, and asked her how she expected him to make a living for herself and him if she kept him tied to her apron string.

"And I called him unfeeling and cruel—brutal!" confessed the penitent between her sobs. "I have cried myself to sleep for two nights over. If I could but see him for one minute—long enough to beg his pardon—I could let him go again for six months, if necessary. If you had seen his face when I said that last wicked word! He turned as white as death, and bit his lips hard to keep back the bitter answer I deserved. How could I do it?"

It did seem inexcusable to me—a slightly priggish damsel, with a well formulated creed of wifely duty and deportment—but I lectured her mildly in consideration of her genuine distress.

"He has a generous heart," I concluded. "He will not bear a grudge, you may be sure, and his very soul is bound up in you, *you know.*"

The newly cut plaster did not draw the lips of the wound together. Indeed, it bled afresh.

"He never said an unkind word to me in his life, my suffering, patient, ill-used angel! And I wouldn't walk down to the boat with him, although I knew he was longing to ask me to do it. I didn't even go with him to the door, and when he kissed me good-by I just let him do it and stood like a dumb block while he walked out of the house—oh, Nancy! so slowly and *unwillingly! It wasn't a bit like his step!* I didn't stir to go to the window where I had always stood every morning to kiss my hand to him when he went down to the office. But I watched him from away back in the room where he couldn't see me, and saw him go down the path and stop under the honeysuckle at the gate to look up at the window. When he didn't see me, his face turned absolutely dark—the most awful thing! and he rushed off down the street with never a glance behind him. That was our first parting! *We parted under a thunder cloud, Nancy!* I have lived in the heart of it ever since. If you had not come I think I must have gone crazy, thinking, and living it all over again!"

My sympathy quieted *her somewhat*, I hope, but I am afraid the battered platitudes, of which, as is the case with most younglings of inexperience, I had great store, wrought more soporifically. Pausing for breath and a reply, at length, I discovered that she was asleep.

Chilled and chagrined, I laid her from *my arms upon her own pillow.* Something slid from her lax hand. It was her husband's miniature, glass and setting warmed by her passionate holding. I thrust it impatiently under her pillow. The cut was not dangerous, I reflected, with judicious fatuousness, when the patient could slumber under the surgeon's hands.

I was aroused in the morning by a shower of kisses upon my lips and eyelids. In the slow awakening from the slumbers of health and youth, I dreamed that I was walking through a vista of honeysuckles that bobbed dewily against my face, and opened laughing eyes upon Augusta's countenance. She wore a white gown, bound at the waist with a blue sash, Frank's favorite color; the honeysuckles were in her belt; the breath and *fragrance and refreshment* of the May morning were about and in her. I had overslept myself two hours, and breakfast was ready. Augusta sat at the open window and chatted while I dressed.

"I am quite another creature, today," she said blithely. "You have wrought a wonderful cure upon me, *Dr. Nancy.* I am going to follow your prescriptions, put useless regrets behind me, and behave like a rational Christian in future. I have been thinking, too, over the possibilities of Frank's *getting back on Friday, instead of* Saturday. I feel almost sure that he will be here to-morrow. This is Thursday. I can imagine how he will thank you when he hears what good advice you gave me."

Could I remind her that she had dropped asleep before I reached the "application" of my homily? She was still chatting, when, fully dressed, I joined her at the window and put my arm about her. A white jasmine, tacked along the window frame, cast graceful streamers from one side to the other. Smiling happily and roguishly, *Augusta pulled down a spray bearing as* many five-pointed flowers as leaves, coiled it rapidly into a wreath and laid it on my head.

"And you shall wear a starry crown!" she chanted, gayly.

I think the gate latch clicked. I knew we both looked out at the same instant.

Frank Deane was just entering the yard.

Have I said that he was a handsome man? I had always thought so, but never believed he could be so royally beautiful as now, framed in the honeysuckle arch of the little gateway. His face was alight with happiness and love; his eyes eagerly sought the window, and, as a low exclamation *of rapture escaped the figure* beside me, he smiled, tossed his hand into the air in glad greeting, and bounded quickly up the walk. Augusta flew into the hall to meet him. I, left alone for a moment, saw him, I solemnly aver, as he sat his foot upon the lower step of the porch, the flash of the May sunshine upon his blonde head, *uncovered* in knightly reverence before his wife.

Then, a wild shriek of terrified anguish ran through every corner of the cottage. I reached Augusta as she reeled back, fainting. My arms—not her husband's—received her. The porch was vacant; so were the path and trellised gateway. The radiant presence that had glorified all three an instant before had passed into thin air when the wife sought to grasp it.

Frank Deane, as a few old Virginians still living will remember, died suddenly—*it was said of heart disease—in Richmond*, at the very hour and minute in which we believed that we saw him come in at the wicket gate. Perhaps the Society of Psychical Research may announce the existence and define the operation of the law of mental influence which enabled the released spirit to project a simulacrum of his *physical* presence upon the inauguration of her who loved him passionately, and longed inexpressibly for the assurance of his forgiving love.

"God let him come to lift the cloud," the widow said to *her dying* day.

We dare not step, even with unsandled feet, upon the secret awfulness of that ground.

His love was so mighty that he made her believe that she beheld him with her bodily eyes, say psychical savans, reverent in faith to what they cannot explain.

But what, then, was it that I saw?—Marian Harland.

THERE are several ways to pay bills, but the majority of the big ones are paid with reluctance. Those fellows who dote on their girls sometimes find matrimony a powerful antidote.

THE pen is mightier than the sword; but for opening oysters or military parades we'll take the sword every time.

PROF. FRANK STOUCK has taught 23,685 persons at Reading how to dance. It took him fifty-three years to do it.

THE railroad engineer may not have much style about him, but wealth and fashion follow in his train.

PURSUED BY A MAD TIGER.

A STARTLING STORY OF AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

The Inspector's Peril—How a Railroad Man on a Hand-Car Was Pursued for Miles by an Enraged Beast.

Long immunity from harm is apt to make men careless and indifferent, blinding them to dangers that others can readily perceive, and the tale that I am going to relate presents a forcible illustration of this truth.

Since the construction of the Dacca-Mymensing Railway, a space of two years or more, I had been permanent way inspector of a certain division, ten miles in length, that lay about midway on the line, the total extent of which was seventy miles. This division began on the verge of the vast Madapur Forest, and lay completely in the midst of a dense tangled jungle, which was inhabited by but few people, and on the other hand was infested with bears, tigers, panthers and hog-deer.

I never was much of a sportsman, and perhaps this explains how I fell into the careless habit of going on my inspections unarmed. I made the round trip three times a week on a trolly, which is merely a high seat on wheels, and is pushed along the track by the trolly men, who are usually fleet-footed, athletic natives.

It was a very comfortable mode of traveling if a little slow; for the seat is provided with a soft back-rest, and one can stretch out at ease with a sun umbrella and a good cigar.

Occasionally I saw a deer run across the track, and once a panther gave a brief glimpse of himself as he dove into the jungle. Tigers I knew there were, of course, for I frequently saw their tracks in the soft ditch that ran alongside the railway cutting.

The rainy season, which begins in the latter part of February, always gave me extra work, and I was compelled to make daily trips on the division, for young trees were apt to loosen at the root and topple over on the track, and sometimes the earthens would sink into the treacherous soil of the jungle.

One damp, sultry morning I had just started from the station and my trolly men, Pershad and Jung, were bowling me along at a gentle rate of speed, when Colonel *Danvers, commandant of the cantonment at* Mymensing, stepped on the track just ahead of me, with his gun on his shoulder and a couple of native beaters at his heels.

"My dear fellow," said the Colonel, as soon as the first greeting was over, "you surely don't make your inspection trips unarmed?"

Pulling a small revolver from my pocket, I replied, laughingly: "That's all I carry, Colonel, and I have never had use for that even."

The Colonel uttered a long, expressive whistle.

"It's madness," he said. "You'll repent it some day, take my word for that," and with this parting shot he vanished into the forest and I continued on my way.

It had rained heavily the night before, and for a while frequent stops were made *to clear away the limbs which the storm* had blown on to the track, at some points in great profusion. This occupied considerable time, and it was toward noon when we approached the centre of the division. The Colonel's words had *somehow left an* impression on my mind which I tried in vain to shake off, though what there was to fear I hardly knew myself. I always carried the pistol with me, not from fear of wild beasts, but because the few Hindus who inhabited parts of the forest were not above suspicion. We had just struck the *commencement of a rather heavy grade* which circled around a bend some twenty yards ahead and then swept on in a straight line for a distance of a mile and a-half.

We were going pretty rapidly, and I could hear the quick, heavy breathing of the Hindus behind me, as the trolly turned the curve.

I was in the act of lighting a cigar when a loud cry from Pershad caused me to drop the burning match, and, wheeling round, I saw the two rascally Hindus making off *as fast as their legs would carry them.*

I stared in amazement for a second or two, and then turned and looked down the railway. That one brief glimpse nearly stood my hair on end, for sprawled lazily on the track barely fifty yards away lay a monstrous tigress, fondling two cubs, that were sporting between the rails, and beside her stood the father of the family, sweeping his big tail to and fro and calmly watching my approach. Just there the trolly struck a steeper part of the grade, and away it went with a rush. The sensations I experienced at that moment are indescribable.

I grasped the brake wildly and threw all my strength against it. For one brief second the speed slackened perceptibly. Then came a quick, sharp crack, and off we went again at such a dizzy speed that the tangled foliage of the jungle shot past like a wavy green curtain.

The brake had given way. The thought of jumping off never occurred to me. I hung so the seat in helpless terror, my gaze fixed with a resistless fascination on the group of tigers ahead. They were terribly close now, and I closed my eyes with a shudder as I remembered what would happen when the trolly struck that great tawny brute and bounded into the air.

I have a very faint recollection of seeing the tigress walk leisurely off the track at the last moment, with one cub following at her heels.

I remember the big tiger, too, crouching in the ditch, with his great red tongue lolling out, and then as the trolly bounced and grated over some obstacle and my ears were deafened by a most fearful snarling, I knew that I had run over one of the cubs. The jolting was over in an instant, and the trolly, without leaving the rails, swept on down the grade at a terrible rate of speed. There was one tiger less in the Madapur Forest, I knew, for glancing down at the foot-board I saw spattered drops of blood.

All of a sudden I heard above the dizzy hum of the wheels a most terrific roar, and turning instantly around I was startled to see the big tiger bounding over the rails in hot pursuit.

At every jump he roared, and my first *impression was that he would overtake the* trolly in about one minute. Remembering my revolver, I took it from my pocket and cocked it. Another glance made it apparent that the tiger was not gaining any, and as the trolly was now on the very steepest part of the grade I felt pretty confident that I would ultimately leave him behind.

For the next quarter of a mile I actually did gain, and then, as I began to draw near the foot of the grade the situation assumed a very ticklish phase, for, astonishing to relate, my vindictive pursuer showed no *signs of giving up the race.* He was bounding gracefully over the ties, thirty or forty yards behind, without the faintest trace of weariness. Of course, if I could keep up the present rate of speed I would be all *right*, but just there was the rub. The bottom of the grade was close at hand and then came level track. The momentum I had gathered would of course carry me a mile farther, but somewhere in the space of that mile I would be overtaken by the tiger. The cold chills ran over me at the thought.

I stole another glance at my pursuer. Horrors! The distance between us had certainly lessened already. I took aim as well as I could and fired one chamber of my revolver. The only effect produced was a dismal roar. I did not try another shot, for I remembered that I would probably have need of the remaining chamber for use at close quarters. The sensations experienced as the trolly gradually lessened its speed were horrible. For the space of five minutes I suffered torments as actual and real as though the brute already had me in his jaws. I was bowling over the level track now, and the tiger was closing in on the home-stretch.

A minute or two more and the race would be ended, for I knew that my revolver was about as useless as a pop-gun.

Hardly conscious of what I was doing, I turned and emptied the remaing chambers at the tiger as fast as I could pull the trigger. One or more of the shots must have struck him, for he stopped short with a fiendish roar, and then came on more furiously than ever.

I hurled the empty revolver at him and then settled back on the seat in despair. I could hear the soft patter of the cushioned feet on the ties; the hot breath seemed to be *scorching my neck, and then a gun-shot* was fired almost beside my ear, and I caught a brief glimpse of a white helmet and a smoking rifle barrel. I tumbled off the trolly somehow, and there lay my late pursuer breathing his life out across the rails.

My timely rescuer was not Colonel Danvers, as I had supposed, but the resident engineer from Dacca, who was spending a week's furlough in the jungle. My firing had attracted his attention, and he had arrived just in time. He accompanied me *back to the station on the trolly, for I was* completely unnerved. My recreant Hindus, Pershad and Jung, were promptly dismissed from the service, and I picked out two others, who stoutly affirmed that they had no fear whatever of tigers.

Ever afterward, however, a loaded rifle lay on the seat beside me, and I kept a sharp watch ahead for tigers on the track.

Raising Turkeys in Kentucky.

The raising of turkeys in Kentucky is assuming vast proportions, and it is authoritatively stated that $200,000 is annually put in circulation by their sale. Large shipments are annually made to Europe. The following excerpts are from an editorial taken from the Glasco (Ky.) *Times:*

"As to quality, the best American turkey is said to be found in Massachusetts, with the Kentucky bird a close second. Turkey epicures contend that the abundant mast of Massachusetts, coupled with the extra care and attention given his fowls by the the Northern farmer, make the Bay State turkey a thing of joy for the table to be found nowhere else in the world. The blue grass turkey, however, is said to be about as tempting as his Northern brother, and rivals him in size. The largest turkeys in the world are to be found in Kentucky. Fifty pounds for gobblers and thirty pounds for hens are not unheard-of weights, though, of course, the average falls far below these figures. Kentucky also has to her credit the highest-priced turkeys ever sold. Twenty-five and fifty dollars is not considered extravagant figures for choice pairs of breeding fowls, while an immense couple of bronze turkeys were last year sold from Kentucky to English parties for $125. This is the highest price ever paid for a pair of turkeys. As to breeds the bronze has practically succeeded all other varieties in the estimation of Kentucky breeders. It is larger, more easily raised than any other, and has more of the gamy flavor so much sought after by turkey-lovers. The bronze is simply a cross between the wild turkey and the tame. The intense black of the former is modified by the contrast of the more modestly marked domestic variety, and the brilliant plumage of the bronze is the result. The finest bronze turkeys in the world is to be found in the Indian Territory, where the wild males freely mate with the barnyard hens.

Men Are Vain Too.

"Talk about the vanity of women," said the photographer, "you ought to work in a gallery and note the vanity of men. Women are nowhere in comparison."

"Indeed?"

"Why, a woman will come here to have her picture taken—that's the way they put it—and, outside of a good deal of chattering, she's as easy to handle as a marble statue; but a man—well, he's different. The homelier he is the handsomer he thinks himself, and the way he will kick about position, and light, and shade is enough to make a man give up the business and drive a horse car."

"Are they all alike?"

"Pretty nearly. There isn't much of a difference between them. I'd sooner take a whole invoice of babies any time than one man who thinks himself pretty and even admires the wart on his nose."

THERE is more than one kind of smokeless powder that is fatal to the ranks of mankind.

VOICE from the Cage—"The saloon," he solemnly drawled, "is the house that Jagg built."

A WOMAN'S WINNING WAYS.

Magruder Starts Out to Collect $40, and Carries Home a Bottle of Catsup.

"Say, boys, am I soft?" said Tommy *Magruder, as he sat down in Seven's* engine house on Tuesday night.

"Well, there ain't anybody around these corners that would dare to tell you so, Tommy," said the driver. "Why, what's eatin' you now? You look as if you wasn't feeling a bit happy, but you don't look very soft."

"Well, I was beginnin' to think I was gettin' soft, and you'll say I am after I tell you about my trip to-day. I've been collecting, or tryin' to collect, to-day, and I don't think I'm any good at the business. *John Stinson* borrowed $40 from me two years ago, and I've been gettin' it back in promises ever since. He pays installments of wind every month or two, and that's all I get. Now, John's a pretty good fellow, but lately I've been gettin' a leetle sore on him about them scads, and the more I thought of it the madder I got. On Monday night I went to bed mad about it, and swore I'd go up to his house and nail him for the amount in the morning. I was afraid I wouldn't stay mad enough over night if I slept in a good bed, so I kept my clothes on and slept on a hair-cloth lounge, and got up madder than I was when I went to bed. I went without my coffee to keep mad and left my tobacco at home. I was afraid to go up on the train for fear of losin' *my mad, so I walked out to his place*, two miles over the first mountain, and I didn't take a single nip on the way. Oh! I was bound to stay mad clean through, and I was biling when I reached his farm and *knocked at his door.* Mrs. Stinson came to the door, and the moment she opened it she began to smile, and, puttin' out both hands, she said: 'Why, Mr. Magruder! Well, this is a surprise, and a pleasant surprise, and a pleasant one. You're quite the stranger. I am glad to see you!'

"'Where's your old man?' says I as gruff as I could, seein's I was talkin' to a lady.

"'Oh, John,' she says. 'He's gone down to the store and will be back soon. Why don't you come in? You surely ain't goin' away without comin' in.'

"Well, I felt my mad going' then, but I wouldn't let it go, and I answered her savage-like. 'I come up to talk turkey to John,' says I, and that's as far as I got when she pulled me in and slammed the door. 'Now, see here, Tommy,' she says with her sweetest smile. 'I ain't goin' to let you go back till after dinner. The idea of coming way up here and not coming into the house. You ought to be ashamed of yourself;' and then she talked about the folks and acted so sweet and pleasant that I forgot all about being mad until I saw John coming through the gate. Then I got glum again, but, Lordy, it wasn't any good, for he was just as hearty as she was, and they piled it on so thick that I didn't get a chance to say what I came up to say. They were so *blamed glad to see me, and so pressin' that* I didn't have the heart to kick, and the consequence was I sat down to dinner.

"They had country sausage, and I couldn't help saying that they was good. With that Mrs. Stinson said: 'Oh, do you like them? Well, I've just made a lot, and I will give you some to take home with you. Don't say no. You've got to take them. No, you ain't robbing me; I made too many of them, and I want you to take a bottle of my catsup,' too," and blamed if that woman didn't wheedle me into taking a big package *of sausage and a bottle of* catsup, and going out of the house without asking for that money. I could'nt do it, you know, after they being so good, and as I was going away they walked to the gate with me and gave me a good send off, telling me to be sure and come up again soon. I walked down the street about half a mile, gettin' madder and madder at every step, and looked at the package of sausage and catsup.

"'Forty dollars,' says I to the package, and then I chucked it as far as I could, and heard the bottle smash against a rock in the field. That's how mad I was at myself then, and I ain't got over it yet. I don't care what you fellows say, but I am soft, and there is no wiping it out."

He Couldn't Tell.

A late respected general manager of the St. Paul road on one occasion appeared at the repair shops of the company in this city, says the *Milwaukee Wisconsin*, and becoming interested in the work of one of the mechanics, remarked: "Young man, it seems to me you are not doing that correctly." The workman looked up with supreme contempt at the stranger and replied promptly: "It's none of your business you blamed idiot."

This nettled the old man, and in a voice trembling with rage he paralyzed the mechanic with, "Yes sir, it is my business. I'm the manager of this road."

"Excuse me, sir," responded the poor fellow, "I was not aware of the fact, but you see when a darned fool comes around here we can't tell whether he is the manager or nobody." The old gentleman saw the point and passed on.

How He