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THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

A. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

Kent News.

Vol. 51. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890. No. 9

Professional Cards.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
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. W. E. BARNARD,
DENTIST,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
STILL POND, MD.
Maple Ave., at G. B. Kruzen's old stand.
Having procured all the latest conveniences for my office I am prepared to give my patients all the comfort possible during the operations. A call solicited Hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. may31.

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.)
tf2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite Voshell House.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M. 3 to 4 P. M. and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday excepted.

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

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

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.

JAMES J. JEROME. J. HARRY VICKERS.
JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
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.
20 East Camden Street, (*Near Light St. Wharf*), Baltimore, Maryland.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt Street, Balto., Md.
We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Merchants' National 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. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

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

WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock
Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

PHILADELPHIA.

P. E. CREW & CO.,
(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)
FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
Commission Merchants,
334 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.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. 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

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

TAX NOTICE.

All tax-payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT and notified that the taxes for 1889 are now over due the for 1888 are long in arrears. Settlements must be prompt. I will be at the Court House EVERY TUESDAY, and at home on SATURDAY.
d7-tf. H. M. STUART, COLL.

CALL and examine our celebrated RIVETED SHOE, in Congress, Lace and Button, all sizes.
j14. THOS. G. WROTH.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES, in Congress, Lace and Button.
For sale by T. G. WROTH.
j14.

CHILDREN'S, LADIES' AND GENTS' GAUZE SHIRTS. Choice Country Hams.
may31. WESTCOTT & DODD

LOWEST —

MEN'S FINE CLOTHING.

We sell the best-fitting, the best-wearing and the most reliable clothing in the United States; we carry double the stock of any store in the South, and our prices we guarantee to be from 20 to 25 per cent. below the market. Our FIVE DOLLAR SUITS sell for seven and eight everywhere, our EIGHT and TEN DOLLAR SUITS cannot be matched for a couple of dollars more by any store in the State; and our TWELVE, FIFTEEN and EIGHTEEN DOLLAR SUITS are the equal of made-to-order suits that cost double. No matter what you want in the line of clothing, it's dollars and cents to buy it here.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

Premeditated Resolution!

AN IRREVOKABLE DECISION!

I HAVE too many Goods; we are getting too little money cash; cash is a mighty lever; I am going to make a clearing sale; the knife is ground sharp; cutting is being done; Down, Down Go Prices.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c., any stock and all of Our Stock Must Move. I am going to offer Unprecedented Bargains, one of which is Thirty Dozen Ladies' and Children's Handkerchiefs, ranging from 4c. to 12c. each, many of them worth actually 25c. each. Another, a genuine German Linen Table Damask, at 52½c. per yard, worth 60c. Another, a Pure Linen Towel at 15c., two for 25c., worth 20c. each. A lady's Corset at 25c. worth 35c. per pair; Lady's Vest at 10c. and 15c. apiece, a Gent's Unlaundried Shirt at 50c., worth 60c.; five dozen Percale Shirts that cost $, 9, 10, 50 and 12 dollars per dozen, any of them at 62½c. each; Dress Ginghams, from 7½c. per yard up; other Dress Goods at Reduced Prices.

Shoes, Slippers! Shoes, Slippers!

Ladies' Shoes, Misses Shoes, Men's Shoes, Children's Shoes and Slippers at the CLOSEST CASH PRICES. I defy competition. Give us a call, it is to your interest.

R. F. PARKS,
May 17, 1890. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

BARGAINS in SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

WM. R. ALDRIDGE,
(STORE NEXT DOOR TO J. K. ALDRIDGE'S HARDWARE STORE.)

WE HAVE A COMPLETE and well selected Stock of Dry Goods, including Challies, Satteens, Percals, Ginghams, Outing Cloths and all kinds of Dry Goods. A very large and fine line of White, Plaid and Striped Muslins, Hamburg Edging and Insertings, Flouncing for Ladies' dresses. Straw Mattings in White and Colored, 12½c. to 40c.; Straw Hats for Men, Boys and Children, 10c. to $2.00. We will continue to keep a full line of Shoes for Boys, Girls, Men and Women, ranging in prices from 50c. to $3.50. We have a lot of Ladies and Misses Shoes and Slippers which we will sell very cheap. A nice line of FLANNEL SHIRTS from 50c. to $2.50. Neckwear, Hosiery, etc.
I will be glad to welcome my old friends and the public generally.
May 17, 1890. **WILLIAM R. ALDRIDGE.**

Under New Management!

I HAVE BOUGHT OUT the Stock of GOODS formerly belonging to M. T. Goslee and purpose keeping a GOOD STOCK of FIRST-CLASS GOODS, at the LOWEST NO-PEACHES PRICES.

For the Next Sixty Days!

I will offer all broken lots from 20 to 75 per cent. lower than price asked by Mr. Goslee so as to make room for stock. We have just received a full line of H. Fayter's goods, among which is the CELEBRATED RIVETED SHOE, formerly sold by Mr. Goslee. Boy's $2.65, Men's $3. Also his hand-made shoes. Measures to order. We keep a SHOE STORE exclusively.

NEW GOODS, NOW ARRIVING,

snitable for Boys, Girls, Men and Women. Call in and examine my stock. I will be glad to see my old friends and the public generally.

THOS. G. WROTH,
May 10, 1890. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

TOMATO GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

READ THIS CAREFULLY:

We have been manufacturing for years a SPECIAL TOMATO MANURE that is particularly adapted to the growth of that crop. It has been used year after by the most prominent growers and canners in the country, as well as by the largest and most successful truckers in New Jersey. Materials being considerably off this spring, we are prepared to sell you lower this season than ever before. Please, therefore, write or see us concerning it before making your purchases.

MR. WM. R. ALLABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says:—I used your Fertilizer on Tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next, and the last, Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of Tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all. I have used it on other crops with the same results, and believe it to be the best Phosphate on the market.

MR. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, Md., says:—He used 400 lbs. per acre of Hubbard's alongside of other tandard brands on his Tomatoes, and that there was a perceptible difference in favor of yours. The plants kept greener, bore prettier and consequently more fruit, and that is why I use it again.

MR. PHIL. PARKER, Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—He used ours alongside of Mapes that cost $44 per ton, and that our was equal in every respect.

MR. J. B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford, Md.—Used the first year 8 tons; next, 24 tons; next, 55 tons; and the next he and his brother used and sold together 98 tons, and it not only gave satisfaction last season, but wherever used.

MR. EDWARD PLUMMER, near Worton says:—He put his young peach orchard in Tomatoes; used our goods; sold to Lynch's cannery in 1888, and they netted him $47 per acre.

MR. JOHN F. COPPER, near Chestertown, has been using it for years with satisfaction.

MR. JAS. MASSEY, of Darlington, Harford, Md., says:—He grew for the cannery. Used our goods alongside of Dis. Animal Bone and Oriole Phosphate and that his product netted him $14 more per acre.

MR. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, Md.—Used our goods alongside of high grade. The result was the Sugar Corn was better and larger eared; Tomatoes fuller and smoother and the vines kept green till the frost killed them.

OUR CORN FERTILIZER!

MR. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—I could tell to the very row where I used your Fertilizer on my Corn, and when I came to mow my grass where the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of my field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your Phosphate made the grass five or six inches higher. It was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff; that is why I continue it use.

MESSRS. ANDREW HALL & SON, of Harford say:—The 15 tons used on their Corn did as well as any ever used, and whatever they use this year, will be our goods: think it will be 20 or 25 tons.

GEORGE W. BAKER'S SONS, Wm. B. and J. B., say:—That it has compared favorably with anything they used.

WE COULD GIVE THE NAMES of Hundreds who have used our Goods on their various crops, and should you want to plant Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, or anything in the Vegetable line, write for one of our circulars.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
April 5, 1890. Chestertown, Maryland.

Æsop has told us the tale of a mule which, from overfeeding, galloped about and felt gay, saying to himself: "My father, surely, was a high-mettled racer, and I am his own child in speed and spirit." Next day he was sick and weary; he then exclaimed: "I must have made a mistake; my father, after all, could have been only an ass." A man, after eating a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but next day (I don't mean you to infer he feels like an ass) he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. For Indigestion, Biliousness and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is an unequaled Remedy. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment and derange the digestive processes. It cleanses the system and cures pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp Diseases. Scrofulous affections, as Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Swellings and Tumors, yield to its superior alterative properties.
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD offered for an incurable case of *Catarrh in the Head*, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

BEST QUALITY. BEST WORK.
BOTTOM PRICES.

The blind-folded party has all the anxiety, the others all the fun; but a blind-folded man (or boy) can buy as accurately and as confidently at

OEHM'S ACME HALL

as the keenest and most wide awake purchaser.

Why? Because it is our way to treat every customer liberally and more than satisfactorily. As to stock? We're showing the largest, the choicest and the richest in Baltimore. All that is best in

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits,
Furnishings and Head-Wear

will be found in royal stock at

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Observe the swing in price and style of

MEN'S SUITS:
$5, $6.50, $8.50, $10, $12, $15 to $30.
OVERCOATS:
$5, $7.50, $10, $12, $15, $30.
PANTS:
$2, $3, $4, $6 up.

At $10, $12 and $15, we show more Suits perhaps than any three houses in Baltimore this season, nor do we neglect the Boys by any means.

Knee Pants Suits $2.00 to $15.00.
Long Pants Suits $5.00 to $20.00.

Many colorings and patterns in Boys' attire we control, which cannot even be seen elsewhere.

Like a bush without flowers is a man or boy without stylish furnishings. This season's Furnishings combine style with service to a marked degree and at lower prices than ever before.

Neckwear.
Shirts.
Underwear.
Hosiery.
All London and Paris Novelties represented.

Hats are Hats when you pay hatters' price; but we are selling the finest Hats made at ¼ to ½ off the fancy tariff of exclusive head-wear dealers.

Mail orders receive immediate attention. Samples, Catalogues, Self-Measurements, and Price Lists free on application.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
Baltimore's Greatest Clothing and Furnishing House,
Nos. 5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

N. C. CROW
Is Still on the Corner of Kent and High Streets, Up Town,
Where you can at all times find a seasonable line of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
Gentlemen, Ladies and Children's Shoes
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
We keep the WM. LEA & SONS' FLOUR for sale by the barrel or sack, we think as cheap as you can get from the city, and we think their flour has no superior. Come and see us and be convinced that our goods are good and cheap. Country produce wanted.
N. C. CROW,
m7. Up Town.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.
For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

For three days we had been removing household goods from the old house to the new. The great longing, the hope and desire of years, that we might have a nice new home with perfect neatness and order was realized. Everything was rubbed, polished, and placed with the utmost care where it would bring the most comfort. The work was finished on the third day, and was quite satisfactory.

Warm and tired of the bustle and stir, I slipped out at sunset and went to the old house to see how it looked, so empty and silent. Only one room especially attracted me; it had been the family room, where all had been free to come and go at pleasure. I sat in the window and gazed tenderly on its bare walls; the heavy logs looked majestic and grand, defying time and human strength. Here we had sat the evening Ned brought me home a bride, discussing the present and making plans for the future. How proud we were that we had a home, although we owed a large debt on it! Here we had fought face to face with poverty, and loosened its grip on our purse strings. Here we had lived and loved through years of struggle and toil, but they were happy years. No wonder tender memories clustered about the bare walls and wide fire-place!

Ned came up behind me, his face merry as usual. He looked into the house, slipped one arm around me, and said: "I wonder, Kate, if you'll love me as well up yonder as you did here. And then I was thinking too, that it will be pretty noisy up there if you spank the children, chase the cats, and throw stove wood at the dog, as you sometimes did here. These walls deaden the sound, the others echo. I left Tom and Janie trying the strength of their lungs in the parlor."

"I'll *try and keep things reasonably* quiet," I replied. "Yes, I think I will love you as well, or better; but we have had so many good days here, I can't help from recalling them."

Ned, with the practical nature common to men, began to cast a business eye about the place.

"I'll tear the old house down, sell the stuff, and plant a potato patch in the yard. What a fine potato patch these flower beds will make!"

"Oh, no, Ned, don't tear this room down, please," I pleaded. "Tear down the other room; its memories belong to our guests. Tear down the kitchen; it belongs to Mimy and she doesn't cherish memories; she makes it a rule to forget every day as it goes by. But let this room stay. See, there's the place by the mantel where Tom scribbled his name when he was learning to write. *There's the little shelf where* the clock stood so many years. How often I ran in to look at it when I was waiting for you to come to dinner! There's the ugly place on the wall by the little bed, that Janie cut with your knife when she was recovering from that long illness, and we thought she would never walk any more. There's the great black spot over the mantle, smoked by the lamp with a broken chimney, the night I watched for you, dear, till dawn, and you couldn't get home for high water. There's the place where you spilled the ink in your excitement the night I made the horse swim the creek with Tom and I after the storm. You scolded me for getting wet, too, I remember, and said you wouldn't have been uneasy if I had stayed all night at my sister's."

"I wouldn't either," retorted Ned.

"Perhaps you wouldn't, but when I came in sight, you were walking the lane like a maniac, with your hands in your pockets, and the rain pouring down on your bare head."

"Yes, we will let this room stay," said he thoughtfully, as he lifted me out of the window. "I can use it for a tool house or some other purpose. Kate, you don't care for the new house now we've got it; suppose we move back."

"Yes, I care for the new house, but somehow, I can't quite give up this yet. No doubt the other will have memories by and by; then it will be dear, too."

"Now, I suggest, that you begin by turning over a new leaf," Ned soberly remarked, while his eyes sparkled with mischief. "I would do the same, you know, only I turned all of them some time ago. Suppose you try it; it's remarkably fascinating amusement, and becomes very profitable toward the last. For instance, you might jog up a dinner a little without scolding, let the children turn summersets on the beds without punishment, and let a small amount of dirt lie around, on extra occasions, without waging such a fierce war upon it. It would improve your health. Try it."

"Wise counsel," I said, "and from an experienced personage. I'll consider the matter."

Ned took the children off to the barn on some errand; Mimy's musical voice rose and fell in a mournful wail as she cleared the table; I sat on the veranda and thought of turning a new leaf. I had nothing to do but to keep my house in order, and that promised to be light work for some time to come. Now that poverty had ceased its unmeciful pinching, surely there was no need of rushing and tearing through life without stopping to sip its sweets. I would begin now to take things easy. I would give the house more liberty, would take more leisure myself. It could be done, it must be done. The comfort of the family and my own health depended on it. Having turned the leaf and viewed its clean unwritten page, I hoped the morrow would not blot and mar its snowy surface, and went to bed.

The morning dawned fair and warm. The children got up slowly and lingered dreadfully over their breakfast. Ned took down several pairs of pants and strewed them about the room, after searching the pockets for his watch key. Mimy wailed her usual tune, and took two hours for cleaning up the breakfast things. I cleaned the house leisurely without a dissenting word; everything on the place was happy as the lark in the meadow. I chanced to enter the kitchen on some errand, admiring the shining floor in the dining room as I passed. Mimy sat churning; her face was black as ebony, her large eyes shining like two harvest moons; she was telling *the children some long, miraculous story*, which delighted them. I heard the cry of a cat; it sounded faint and painful, but not far off. The children had two cats, named respectively Sinbad and Sebastian. Sinbad was very independent, and always attended his own business; but Sebastian was constantly getting into mischief.

"Meow! meow!" came the sound, muffled and weak. I opened the closet, it was not there. Then I asked Mimy about it but she knew nothing. The children started to look for their pet. After a long and fruitless search the children began to cry. The pantry door opened into the kitchen; I noticed the lard can inside; its top was *bottom upward—the top was not a good* fit and whirled over at every jar. I spoke to Mimy about the top. Just then the unearthly scratching and mewing began louder than before.

"Here 'tis chilluns. Here's your S'bastun done fell in de lard card. Laws-a-massey he's white now!"

The lard was warm, the slippery kitten stood on the tips of his hind feet, scratching the side of the can with his paws, barely able to keep his face above the greasy slough into which he had fallen. The children clapped their hands and shouted with glee. Mimy stood with the top in her hand, laughing and ejaculating by turns.

"Mimy, why don't you take that cat out of that lard?" I cried sharply.

"How is'n to git him out'n it, Miss Kate? He's up to his eyes in grease, shore 'nough. I can't git a holt'n 'im."

"Take him by the ears and—" Just then Sebastian gave a mighty bound, passing under Mimy's arm and landed on the kitchen floor setting down a pool of lard with him. With a hasty shake he made for the dining room, (I was in pursuit,) took a wide circuit around the floor, quivering and shaking one foot at a time, and throwing snowy lumps of fat in all directions, then escaped through the halls to the front rooms. The children screamed and danced and yelled. Mimy folded her *hands under her apron and assisted them.* A deep, broad roar came from the doorway, and I discovered Ned laughing with all his strength.

"You stupid, good-for-nothing nigger! Don't you know the lard will ruin my new carpets? Have you no gumption at all? Come, every one of you, and catch this cat, instead of standing like idiots and laughing at nothing!"

They came in a body; Ned to see the fun; Tom and Janie to suppress their merriment and pursue, but not touch, the snowy kitten. Sebastian had left a greasy trail behind him; every relief station being plainly marked by numerous spatters. He had jumped on a chair, on a table, then on the bed. When I entered at the head of the train, he was rubbing and rolling in the middle of the bed. Mimy seized him and carried him to a tub of water, *followed by Tom and Janie*, still dancing and giggling. The lard was ruined, the floors, the carpets, the bed—it made me sick to think of it. I was angry, yes, mad; mad at the cat, the lard, the negro—at everything. I sat down dizzy and furious. Ned drew up a chair close by; a broad smile still lingered, but he tried hard to suppress a chuckle.

"Say, don't be discouraged, Kate. This is only the first one; there are a great many leaves in one's life, and a new one has to be turned every day. Try again, now, it'll all come out right in the end. What will you take for that lard, Kate? I shall need some to oil the machinery in this house—I mean on this farm, after this. Set your price."

"One dollar," I answered sullenly. "He gave me the dollar and went out to see how Sebastian's bath progressed. And this is *the new leaf!" I thought. Of course* nothing was to blame. But I made no new resolutions just then. I concluded to wait for another day to turn over another leaf. But I have turned so many leaves since then, that grease and dirt seem small matters, easily dealt with.

Truly each day comes like a rolling car, burdened with various freight; sometimes pleasure, sometimes vexation, sometimes sorrow. Whether in an old house or new, it stops and leaves a share at every door.

What is a Popular Man.

Somebody said not long ago that a certain man was sure to succeed at something because he was so popular. It started the question in my mind as to what constituted *a popular man. Close study has taught me* this much:

A popular man is one who is always ready to take a drink, but doesn't get drunk.

A popular man is one whose clothes are always in good style and look well, but are not offensively fashionable or aggressively new.

A popular man is the one who shakes *hands with the bar-keeper, who inquires* after the family of the waiter, who buys an apple from the woman on the corner and pays her five cents more than she charges for it.

A popular man is the one that does not forget that you have a pretty wife, and when he is talking about women and speaking about somebody who is good-looking, says: "But she doesn't compare with your wife, John."

A popular man is one who will listen to a tale of woe from a woman 45 years of age and not mind her crying, pat her on the shoulder and advise her to be "a good girl."

A *popular man is one who sends your* baby a birthday present, who remembers you when he has got a couple of theatre tickets he don't want, and who speaks to you no matter how shabby you look, or who he may be with.

A popular man is the concentrated essence of sympathy. He has a smile for everybody's joy, and words of condolence for everybody's sorrow.

Feel it! It doesn't matter whether he feels it or not, my friend, it's manners makes the man and, more than any other, the popular man.—*Bab.*

A Hint for Vacation.

Forest and Stream.

If you have not laid out your vacation for the season, begin now, and you will enjoy it in anticipation from now until you go. I always get a year's pleasure out of my summer vacation, in anticipation, participation and retrospection. Now a word *to those who cannot spare the time for a* summer outing. It is a well known and generally accepted fact that the aggregate results of a year's labor will be greater in the case of the man who works ten months and plays two in the year than in the case of the man who works twelve straight months. And from an economical point of view such outings are cheaper than staying at home; also, when looked at from a physiological standpoint, see the grand results. The recuperation of vitality and rest for brain and body are worth more than many times the cost of the trip—paid out for medicine and doctors' bills.

I do not mean for you to go to some fash*ionable summer resort*, have your mail come from the city every day, and indulging in dancing, bathing, dinners and all other sorts of social dissipations. This would only be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. What I mean is to go to some quiet farm house in the mountains, or with your family or a few jovial friends go and camp out in the pine woods, on the banks of pure spring or lake, where you can get good fishing and hunting. Take along your rod and reel, gun and dog; leave behind your mail and all business matters.

What you want is—a change from the din, rush and worry of city life to quiet rest and enjoyment. Try it once, and I know you will not miss taking a regular summer vacation every season if it is possible to do so.

Shall I Not Know?

When over me the heedless wild things grow,
Will any mourn for me a little space,
Or grieve that in that grave so cool and low
I find my resting place?

The strong world will go on though I am still,
The morning sun mock darkness with his pride,
The sunset splenders clothe the western hill
As though I had not died.

The spring flowers will awake in field and hedge,
The summer roses answer to the sun,
The lone last bird wail in the icy sedge
For winter's reign begun.

No fleeting joys shall mock me where I lie;
No haste so keen that it can pierce that rest;
It shall not hear Life's footsteps passing by,
Or know that Death is blest;

Or if sealed fast by Death, even to that cry
My ears were deaf and my closed eyes dumb,
My soul, heedless of others passing by,
Might know that thou hadst come.

For me the busy world did not stand still,
Nor in one heart the summer ceased to glow,
And Love and Life on earth shall have their will;
But, come! shall I not know?
—*Louise Chandler Moulton in Washington Post.*

A NOVEL USE OF THE PHONOGRAPH is being made in Mexico. A great many natives who wish to communicate through the mails cannot read or write. The government has, therefore, introduced a system of correspondence by phonograph—that is, the Mexican talks into the tube the instrument, and the cylinder is sent to his correspondent, who has the cylinder inserted in the phonograph at his postoffice, and receives the message viva voce. What an interesting time the postoffice clerks must have listening to what another fellow's girl has to say to him. Making love by phonograph is something new, but it's all the same in Spanish.—*Savannah News.*

A SENATOR'S HELPFUL WIFE.

Mrs. Reagan Gives Some Good Advice to Young Women.

Senator Reagan's wife, who has been extensively discussed in the newspapers on account of her occupying the position of private secretary to her husband, is reported by the Washington *Sunday Herald* as saying, in the course of an interview: "My personal feeling is that it were a happy thing if our young women generally could be trained so as to have one accomplishment so thoroughly learned as to make it a dependence in case of reverses; for the *wheel of fortune turns round south as well* as north. I think it degrading when a young woman is so situated that she has to look to marriage as a resource or succor rather than a free choice.

"For twenty years," Mrs. Reagan continued, after a pause, "I have been acting as the Senator's private secretary. I did it simply because he did not like to confide all his purely personal correspondence to the eyes of a comparative stranger; and little by little I got to doing more, until once the idea occurred to me that I, like others, would get on faster if I learned shorthand. The Senator generally keeps two male secretaries to attend to public business, and at one time he had a good stenographer who lent me books, and, as I had not much else to do just then, I looked into them and thought it not too difficult for even me to learn.

"But, *on confiding my views to a lady* friend, she declared I never could do it. Well, I did, and it took me just those months of hard, pains-taking work to be able to write at dictation. I never had a teacher. I dug it out myself. I have no idea of my speed, nor do I ever expect to report, but I find it very useful. The stenographer afterwards left the Senator's employ, and as a temporary expedient I offered my service, not for the money, but to be of use to my husband. But neither he nor I can see why, if I do the work as well as another, I should not have the pay. I have no idea how long this arrangement will last.

"The way we manage is this: Right after breakfast the Senator dictates a dozen or so letters to me: I take them down, and he goes off about his business. I then write them out and mail them at once—at least twenty-four hours earlier than they would be mailed under the old way when he dictated to me for longhand.

"It seems to me that the dear public have manifested an unnecessary amount of interest in me as being my husband's secretary. Why, there are several ladies in congressional circles who are doing as much for their husbands as I am doing for mine; and the only difference is that I choose to do what they might do if they wished to draw a small salary as compensation due for services rendered.

"I rather like politics. If I did not, I should not enjoy this kind of thing so much. I think Southern women are all *pretty well acquainted with politics.* I was twelve years old when the Senator was Postmaster-General of the Confederacy. I am his second wife—but even the little girls heard so much political talk then that we could not help imbibing the sentiments of our elders."

CAUTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie gives the following advice, intended for young men, but which older men may heed to their advantage:

"There are three great rocks ahead of the practical young man who has his feet upon the ladder and is beginning to rise. First, drunkenness, which, of course, is fatal. There is no use in wasting time upon any *young man who drinks liquor, no matter* how exceptional his talent. Indeed, the greater his talents are, the greater the disappointment must be. The rule should be: Never enter a barroom and never drink liquor except at meals.

"The second rock ahead is speculation. The business of a speculator and that of a manufacturer or man of affairs are not only distinct, but incompatible. To be successful in the business world, the manufacturer's and merchant's profits only should be sought. The manufacturer should go forward steadily, meeting the market price. When there are goods to sell, sell them; when supplies are needed, purchase them, without regard to the market price in either case. I have never known a speculative manufacturer or business man who scored a permanent success. He is rich one day, bankrupt the next. Besides this, the man*ufacturer aims to produce articles*, and in so doing to employ labor. This furnishes a laudable career. A man in this avocation is useful to his kind. The merchant is usefully occupied distributing commodities; the banker in providing capital.

"The third rock is akin to speculation—indorsing. Business men require irregular supplies of money, at some times little, at others enormous sums. Others being in the same condition, there is strong temptation to indorse mutually. This rock should be avoided. There are emergencies, no doubt, in which men should help their friends, but there is a rule that will keep one safe. No man should place his *name upon the obligation of another if he* has not sufficient to pay it without detriment to his own business. It is dishonest to do so. Men are trustees for those who have trusted them, and the creditor is entitled to all his capital and credit. For one's own firm, 'your name, your fortune, your sacred honor;' but for others, no matter under what circumstances, only such aid as you can render without danger to your trust. It is a safe rule, therefore, to give the cash direct that you have to spare for others, and never your endorsement or guarantee."

The Bar-Room.

Young man! have not your eyes been frequently attracted to a sign having the following ominous word on it: "Bar?"

Avoid the place; it is no misnomer. The experience of thousands has proved it to be—

A bar to respectability.
A bar to honor.
A bar to happiness.
A bar to domestic felicity.
Every day proves it to be—
The road to degradation;
The road to vice;
The road to the gambler's hell.
The road to the brothel;
The road to poverty;
The road to wickedness;
The road to want;
The road to robbery;
The road to prison;
The road to the gallows;
The road to the drunkard's grave;
The road to hell.

Some, it is true, do not pass through all these states, but intemperance, persisted in, always ends in the drunkard's grave, and, we have too much reason to fear, in hell.

The bar-room is truly—
The curse of the drunkard's wife;
The curse of a drunkard's child;
The curse of the drunkard's home.

Those only who have known the bitterness of being a drunkard's wife or child can know the misery and the horror of a drunkard's home.

Young man! before you enter the bar-room, stop! ponder the path of your feet ere it be too late.

Man of family! flee the bar-room as you would in honor fulfill the pledge of joys and of your sorrows.

If you cant sleep at night as well as you well as you wish, says the Atchison *Globe*, find some special reason why you should get up early. It is a sure cure for insomnia. You will go to sleep the moment you get to bed and sleep till long past the hour you wanted to get up.

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KINGS OF THE COAST.

How Western Millionaires Purchase Fame.

A San Francisco dispatch says a suit in the Superior Court there, brought by W. C. Boyne against the History Company for salary due, developes some of the very richest testimony ever brought to the surface by a civil suit in the community. The *Examiner* prints the names of several wealthy and celebrated men anxious to have their names and biographies enrolled in the work which Mr. Boyne was engaged in writing, and which was styled at first "Chronicles of the Kings." However, becoming dissatisfied with this unique title the name of the book was changed into "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth." A circular was always sent out to the parties with money to exchange for fame, calling his or her attention to the *prospective book, and the number who re*sponded with gusto and dusto ran into the hundreds.

The main reason why future generations should not be deprived of the biographies of these builders of the commonwealth was set forth in a supplemental prospectus, in which it was stated that the publication was not to be restricted to a certain year. It was to be continuous, a sort of brriographical perpetual motion, "new biographies being inserted as those entitled to a place shall come forward and take it," and thus the book was to live forever. This, the proprietor claimed, was "a feature never employed in any similar work, and gives to this western world a book of heraldry, a registry of true nobility, such as no European aristocracy ever enjoyed."

After all this had been thrown before the builders of the commonwealth Boyne's *work commenced. It was his duty to talk* these men of prominence into the pages of the never-ending book or biography. Of course it was expensive, but prospective builders were told that monuments of marble would crumble into dust, but that the printed history would live forever.

There were various prices for which a man could live on forever in this "Chronicles of the Kings." Here is the price list: The price of undying fame, portrait of steel, as per exhibit D, with 4 pages print, $1,000; portrait on steel, as per exhibit E, with 6 pages print, $1,500; portrait on steel, as per exhibit E, with 8 pages print, $2,000; portrait on steel, as per exhibit E, with 10 pages print, $2,500; portrait on steel, as per exhibit E, with 12 to 15 pages print, $5,000; portrait on steel, as per exhibit F, with 25 to 30 pages print, $10,000. Following will be found some printed instructions which Mr. Boyne was armed with:

"In some instances, as in the case of arrogant officials, capitalists, or railway or other monopolists, it may be well to state that their life and doings are being written up for this work; that the same is bound to be published in some form, therefore is it not better to have it right than wrong? Complete than incomplete? In the case of objections to price, cost and ex