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THE KENT NEWS;

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

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

# Kent News.

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**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.

**Professional Cards.**

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

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

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
*CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.*
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

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.

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.

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.

**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.

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.

JAMES W. 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.

*PHILADELPHIA.*

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

R. E. BRICK. 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.

Machinery Oils!
Castor Oil! Lard Oil!
West Vir. Black Oil!
AT BOTTOM PRICES.
at M. A. TOULSON'S
June 7, 1890. DRUG STORE.

H. FAYTER'S Hand and Machine-Made SHOES, in Congress, Lace and Button.
jl4. For sale by T. G. WROTH.

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

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,

suitable 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.

50 FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
1709 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA. (Both Sexes.) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this paper.

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 8, 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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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 when ever desired.

**Taxes in First District.**

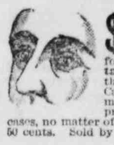
NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.

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

JOINTLESS MATTING 25c per yard.
For sale by WESTCOTT & DODD.

"O, ah, let me see, what do you give for a cold on the chest?" asked Jones, in a sort of indifferent tone, of a doctor with whom he was slightly acquainted, as he met him on the street. "Advice," was the laconic reply. So do we. We advise you not to neglect that hacking cough and drowsy feeling, the coated tongue, the failing appetite, the indigestion and general lassitude and debility—that "tired feeling," as so many express it. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in time, and it will not disappoint. It 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. For Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, accompanied with lingering coughs, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is absolutely unequaled as a remedy.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumptive Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines. It's the only lung remedy, sold by druggists, guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or money refunded.



$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. LODD.

WESTCOTT & DODD,

(Successors to N. G. WESTCOTT,)

WE HAVE ADDED TO OUR LARGE STOCK THE LATEST STYLES IN

Dress Ginghams

CHALLIES IN ALL STYLES,
OUTING CLOTHS, DRAPERIES,
WHITE GOODS, HATS and CAPS.

CHILDREN'S, MISSES', LADIES',
YOUTH'S and MEN'S SHOES.

Also, a Full Line of Groceries.

We solicit the patronage of the old customers of the house and of our friends and the public generally.
m10. WESTCOTT & DODD.

J. HERMAN IRELAND,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GRAIN,
COAL, FERTILIZERS
—and all kinds of—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

I AM PREPARED TO BUY
NEW WHEAT, in any Quantity!

Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same. J. HERMAN IRELAND,
jy12-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

WANTED! WANTED!
100,000
BUSHELS NEW WHEAT
DELIVERED AT ANY POINT CONVENIENT TO SELLER, FOR WHICH WILL PAY
HIGHEST CASH PRICE.
Give me a call before selling.

Also, have on hand a lot of
Good Peach Baskets!
which I will sell for cost.
J. C. SUTTON, Jr.,
jy5-tf. BLACK'S, MD.

*Established 1876.*
E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MARYLAND.
—WANTED:—
All the NEW WHEAT
I can buy, delivered at any station on the railroad, for THE WM. LEA & SONS CO, BRANDYWINE MILLS, Wilmington, Del. Farmers look to your interest and allow me to make an offer on your grain before you sell. *As I am buying direct for the manufacturer, with a low rate of freight to Wilmington, it is reasonable* to suppose I can PAY MORE for grain than those who buy to sell again.
July 12, 1890. E. T. COMEGYS.

CALL and examine our celebrated RIVETED SHOE, in Congress, Lace and Button, all sizes.
jl4. THOS. G. WROTH.

MATTING at Lowest Prices.
J. H. SIMPERS.

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

NEWEST STYLES of STRAW HATS for Men and Boys at prices to suit the times.
m21. J. H. SIMPERS.

## SMITH'S CONFESSION.

**How he Carved a Chicken under Difficulties.**

*Guess I am somewhat bashful, if not* more. Certainly I had rather face a wild Rocky Mountain grizzly than a strange woman any day. And when it happens to be a pretty young lady—oh, dear! Though I am nearly six feet long, whenever I saw one approaching the house my face begins to burn and my spinal marrow to grow freezing cold, and I feel like rushing to my own room and crawling under the bed.

My male friends often urge me to "brace up," and tell me, as an inducement toward such a proceeding, that "my mother was a woman." As if I were to blame for that when I was not even consulted in the matter!

How I ever got over my diffidence enough to fall in love with Laura Bulldozer I don't know. Perhaps it was owing to the oft-repeated advice just mentioned, and may be it was because she and her mother *developed a sudden and strong interest in* our family and became frequent callers. But from whatever cause it came about, it certainly happened; and at last I actually gained sufficient courage to say in the room while they were there, and even to talk a little. And now I am coming to my adventure with that *diabolical chicken.*

Mrs. Bulldozer invited me to a family dinner at her home on Christmas day, and in an evil hour I accepted the invitation.

I repented of my rashness a thousand times before the fatal day came, but, seeing no reasonable way out of the scrape and remembering Laura's lovely eyes, I went.

I was much relieved by finding that I was the only guest, but things were uncomfortable enough for a bashful youth even then. The family consisted of Mrs. Bulldozer, who was a widow, and her three daughters, Laura, neat, nice, nineteen, and the object of my especial admiration, Alice, aged fifteen, the wickedest piece of sauce and sarcasm it was ever my misfortune to meet, and Ella, the twelve-year old olive-branch, who was simply Peck's bad boy in petticoats.

I will pass over all the preliminary tortures that I endured and hasten on to that chicken. It is enough to say that at last, after undergoing indescribable torments, I found myself seated at the table between *Laura and the enafat terrible,* with Mrs. Bulldozer and Alice opposite. Then, to my unspeakable horrow, I found that, as I was the only gentleman present, I was expected to do the honors of the table and carve the mammoth bird that was lying in state on a huge platter in a general way, *that it must have a skeleton, and that the* parts of it must necessarily articulate somewhat, but beyond that I knew just as much of the physical structure of an angel.

All my feeble protestations were useless, however; carve I must. A carving knife as big and formidable looking as a pirate's *cutlass was thrust into my unwilling hand,* but I verily believe that the infernal thing wouldn't cut butter. I began the attack while Mrs. Bulldozer was glorying in the chicken's really magnificent proportions, and telling me that it was raised by a blacksmith of her acquaintance out in the country. And judging from the way it cut up, he must have fed it on old horse nails and iron scraps all its life.

I did not have the slightest idea where to begin, but I clutched my sabre a little tighter, and made a jab at the hen's breast bone with my fork. Flop! She rolled over and over like a pickanning in the watermelon season, and the next instant was heels up on top of a loaf of poundcake.

I felt my face turn scarlet as I rescued her and put her back upon the plate. Nor did I recover my complexion any when Alice asked with pretended anxiety if I had ever had the apoplexy, and Ella jumped up and opened the door and then brought me a palm-leaf fan.

"Girls!" said Mrs. Bulldozer, in a reproving tone.

I began again but more gently.

Getting the hen safely harpooned, I began to work away at one wing, but it was of no use; I only made a few gashes across her ample stomach without finding any joint. Indeed, I believe there was *one in her whole anatomy. She skated* around the platter like a sled in a tobaggan chute. She couldn't have gone easier if she had wheels on bow and stern. My face grew so scorching hot that the temperature in the room rose ten degrees in less than five minutes.

"Excuse me if I put on my vail so I won't tan," said Alice, innocently, while Ella inquired if she shouldn't bring the axe and saw from the wood-shed.

"Girls," commenced Mrs. Bulldozer again, and then stopped and began to cough, while even Laura put her handkerchief to her face and looked out the window.

I finally succeeded in hewing a round piece of skin off from the chicken's side, and gave it to Mrs. Bulldozer. But the dreadful Ella was watching me, and cried out with a good deal of interest:

"Oh! Mr. Smith, did you ever scalp an Indian?"

"No," growled, "but I'll scalp this infernal, or know the reason why."

*But I didn't get on very fast.* I made gashes across the chicken's body in every conceivable direction; but further than that I might just as well have tried to dissect a poring-machine with the featheredge of a clapboard.

"Why, she's alive now!" said Alice, as *the hen gave a flying leap into the gravy-*dish.

I grew desperate and threw half my weight upon the dull piece of old iron they had palmed off on me for a carving-knife, when pish! a stream of chicken stuffing squirted from somewhere and struck me squarely in the eye, completely deluging my coat and shirt-bosom.

A shriek of laughter went up all around the table as I mopped off the thickest of *the stuffing with my handkerchief,* but I was so mad then that I would have carved that fowl if I had died in the attempt. My face was so sizzling hot that the kissing of the sweat chicken fat on it sounded like a tea kettle boiling over on a redhot stove. But I kept on chopping and gouging away *with all the fury of despair.*

Even then that infernal hen would not lie still, but kept jumping around like a frog with the nightmare. One minute she would be wallowing around in the napkin in my lap, and the next in the middle of the table-cloth, kicking the contents of the potato-dish in every direction with her diabolical drum-sticks.

But at last I succeeded. I hacked off a wing for Laura, broke the neck off for Alice, and dug out one leg and gave it to Ella, who said, as she took it:

"Thank you, Mr. Smith, and the Lord too, that you finally succeeded in killing that chicken before she got away from you entirely and flew out of the window."

I had carried my point, and all the wealth of the Astors wouldn't have induced me to stay longer among these giggling girls.

I hurriedly explained to them as I left the table that I felt la grippe coming on and must go home immediately and send for the doctor. Alice said she thought I had better for I had looked terribly pale for more than an hour.

As I passed out through the dining-room door I gave a last, hasty glance at the battle-scarred body of my conquered antagonist. Her mangled frame looked as if she had died in a railroad wreck, or been mobbed by a gang of nihilist dynamiters; but as I left the scene her one remaining drumstick seemed to point after me like a finger of scorn.

I spent all the rest of that dreadful day washing the chicken stuffing off my best clothes, and thought I had succeeded in removing every trace of my struggle with that obstinate fowl. But when I had occasion to use my handkerchief at church the next Sunday, I pulled out two fried oysters and a lot of bread crumbs with it, and it looked as if it had last been used mopping out a soap factory.

*If the papers should happen,* before long, to have an account of a murder committed in our village by a young man named Smith, it will be pretty safe to infer that some fool has been asking me how to carve a chicken. And if I ever again see any of the Bulldozer family heading for our front door I shall go down into the basement and hide behind the ash barrel.

**Making a Man Crawfish.**

When five or six men get together and *begin to tell stories there is always more* or less lying done, especially if they are only casual acquaintances. Going down on the boat from Natchez there were three or four "rings" which hung together and each of us told some pretty tall stories. There was a man from Syracuse who laid himself out for a whopper, and when the rest of us were through he settled back and said:

"Gentlemen, the ship which was carrying me to India was burned off the island of Borneo, and I got away in a boat with a single sailor."

"When was this?" asked a native Mississippian, who was taking a lot of mules down the river.

"In 1858."

"Exactly—go ahead."

"We had neither water nor provisions in the boat, and after drifting for three days I wanted to draw lots to see who should die. The sailor refused."

"His name?" asked the Missisippian.

"Foster, I believe."

"You are right; go ahead."

"I suffered one day more, and then, as he slept, I killed him with my knife and drank his blood. It saved my life. Next day I was picked up by a ship."

"And you killed the man, did you?"

"I did."

"And drank his blood?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the man I've been hunting for these many years. That sailor was my brother—my big brother—the only brother I ever had!"

"No!"

"Yes, he was. Some of those who got *away in another boat saw him go off with* you and told me of it. Stranger, the man who drinks my brother's blood has got to die!"

"But you must be mistaken. I—I hardly think his name was Foster."

"Oh, yes it was. Name was Foster—*ship got afire*—off the island of Borneo—drifted about in a boat. It's all straight, and now I want satisfaction. Have you got a bowie knife about you?"

"Look here, boys," said the Syracuse man as he caught his breath, "I'm in a box and have got to make a confession. I was lying about that adventure from start to finish."

"Sure of it?" demanded the Mississippian, while everybody else laughed.

"I know I was."

"Didn't kill my brother and drink his blood?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, that's all right and I'm glad to hear it. I'm as humble as a lamb on ordinary matters, but when it comes to *killing my brother—the only brother I* ever had—why, who wouldn't fight?"

We asked the Syracuse man to give us something else, but he wouldn't do it. He went off to his stateroom and tied his head up with a towel.

**Quick to Take a Hint.**

Yesterday forenoon a tall, slim man, wearing a faded Greely hat and well enveloped in a linen duster of ancient date, entered the Woodbridge street station and *said to the sergeant:*

"I just came in on the train. Look at me and see if I resemble Capt. Kidd or Charley Ross."

"I can't see that you do," replied the sergeant.

"But people are all looking at me and grinning. Anything wrong in my dress?"

"Well, that—that duster is a little off perhaps."

"Oh! it's the duster. People don't wear 'em any more, eh?"

"Not that style and color."

"I see. I'm a little ancient?"

"A trifle."

"Well, off she comes. I bought it in this town six years ago. The man warranted it to me as a combination of duster, hammock, flying jib, liver pad, bed blanket, burglar alarm, life preserver, and certificate of moral character, and it has pulled me through a steamboat explosion, two railroad smash-ups, a hotel fire, and half a dozen free fights. Kinder hate to go back on her, but style is style. If the style has *changed, then I've got to change with it.*"

He pulled it off, rolled it into a bundle, and laid it on a chair and said:

"Give it to some poor and disconsolate man—some one who hasn't a sensitive soul. It has kept out the flies, warded off the moths, and saved me from rattlesnakes and mad dogs, but *the time has come when* we must part. When I strike Detroit and hear a boy call out "Is that thing alive?" I know he means me and that duster. When I go up the street and a man calls out, "Schooner ahoy!" I know he means that duster and me. When I get into a car and see the women look me over and hitch away, I know they are wondering which one is who, and whether it will bite or not. I am too sensitive by half but I can't help it. I leave her in your hands. Good-by."

**Old Chestnuts in New Burrs.**

What is the difference between a fog and a falling star? One's mist on earth and the other is missed in heaven.

Why is a man called honorable who is upstairs beating his wife? He is above, doing a mean act.

What are *the great astronomers?* The stars, because they have studded the heavens for ages.

What is thieving in the outskirts? Picking ladies' pockets.

In what place did the cock crow when all the world heard him? In Noah's ark.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to pat her (patter) on the back.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Who are the best men to send to war? Lawyers, because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

If a church be on fire, why has the organ the smallest chance of escape? Because *the engine cannot play on it.*

Why was Goliah surprised when he was struck by a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

What color is a field of grass when covered with snow? Invisible green.

What length should a lady's dress be? A little above two feet.

**Money Spent for Show.**

Ten thousand carriages in Central park have a coachman and footman. At least 5,000 more have a coachman. Twenty-five thousand people ride there simply to wait on the rich, to minister to the luxury of the opulent. Ten thousand of these people are lackeys. The gorgeous and impressive uniforms—tall hats, rosettes, top boots, buttons—of the coachman and lackeys are furnished by the owners of the carriages. They buy uniforms for the coachmen and lackeys just as they buy harness for the horses, and the cost is about the same. The uniforms cost about $150 per carriage. For the 5,000 more modest turnouts, with a plain, old fashioned coachman, the uniform costs about $30.

It costs $1,500,000 to make the coachman and the lackeys look like monkeys. It costs $150,000 more to dress up the old fashioned coachmen. The aggregate is $1,650,000.—*New York Journal.*

## A HUMAN DIVINING ROD.

**A Man Who Always Feels an Electric Shock When Near Minerals.**

"I read an article entitled 'The Divining Rod,' with considerable interest," said Mr. John Homles, of South McAlister, I. T., "especially as I am myself gifted with the phenominal powers of which the article treats. My first experience with this power was thirty-two years ago, when I was a boy of ten years, and it is not likely to be ever forgotten by me. I was sent by my father one day to look for some stock, and as I was crossing a mountain not far from my home I felt a strange sensation all through my body, something like an electric current. As I proceeded it grew stronger, until at last I stood rooted to the ground. It took all my strength to tear myself away from the spot, and when I did I lost no *time in getting back home, and for months* afterward I could not be prevailed on to go near that mountain. Two years later a rich vein of copper was discovered on the mountains where I had my first experience with the mysterious power. The superstitious people of the neighborhood loved to *relate my adventure, they believing that* the faries had guarded this treasure for centuries, and had tried to abduct me; they also predicted terrible calamities to befall those who had broken into the fairy treasury. But miners kept on and all of them are rich men now.

*"This power, for which I know no name,* seemed to develop in me with years, until I became so accustomed to it that I paid but little attention to its manifestations, and it was not until about three years that I became aware of the fact that I was, so to speak, a living mineral rod. Since that time, however, I have experimented with and made a study of this gift of nature, and I am convinced of its virtue in locating minerals or water. Singularly enough, in locating minerals I am as helpless without the twig of hazel or peach as a surveyor without his transit. I may walk over the ground and feel the current all through my body, yet without the indicator I am unable to define the exact locality of the mineral. But the hazel twig has never failed to locate even a coin or piece of metal hidden by parties desiring to test the powers of the divining rod.

"About a year ago my work was so situated that I had to walk about one mile to and from my field of labor. At one point on the road I always felt the electric current. *Finally I concluded to try the hazel* and learn the cause of the sensation. I found that the protruding ledge of lime rock was the agent. I have never heard of mineral existing in lime rock, but I broke off a few pieces and sent them to the School of Mines to be tested. I was sur*prised to learn that the rock contained* 15½ troy ounces of silver to the ton. This seems but a small quantity of mineral, but still its presence attracted my nerves. I have often been asked why I do not cast my lot among the miners of the far West, but I am not familiar with mining, and am sensible *of the fact that it requires money to suc*ceed. Some day, however, I may take my hazel twig and seek my fortune in the Rockies."—*St. Globe Democrat.*

## A ROMANCE OF DESPAIR.

A cable dispatch from Paris last week stated that a family of seven—a father, mother and five children—had been found suffocated by the fumes of charcoal in a room in that city. When the officers entered the apartment late at night, they found four of the children dead, seated with their backs against the wall, their hands clutching one another. The father *was found lying dead at full length* upon the floor, near the infant, and the mother had fallen from her chair and was almost touching the stove. Chloride of lime was at once sprinkled about the premises, and a particle of it dropping on the eyes of the woman, caused a muscular action of the *lid that attracted the notice of the police* surgeon, and she was at once carried to the hospital where she was resuscitated. Her story of the circumstances which led to the tragedy is one of the most pathetic that the world has recently listened to. The husband's name was Havern, and the family is supposed to have been of a partly Jewish origin.

He was a designer of dress patterns, and was a relative of a well-known merchant in Paris of the same name. Hayern emigrated eighteen years ago to Mexico, where he met his wife, and after their marriage they went to New Orleans, where for a time they lived very comfortably, and where the five children were born. The children consisted of two girls, Bertha and Helen, aged fifteen and thirteen, and remarkable for their beauty, and three boys, the youngest only a year old. The husband lost his position in New Orleans, and concluded to return to Paris. But misfortune seemed to follow them, and the man's sight became so impaired after reaching that city that he *could not work at his trade. Their money* was at last exhausted, and the landlord instructed the concierge to let them remain until July 15, and then if their long overdue rent were not forthcoming to turn them out. When the 14th arrived there was no change in the situation for the better, and "we *considered,"* says *the woman, "what* was best to be done. We dreaded the future of our beautiful daughters, penniless and exposed to the insults of the world. All the morning and late into the afternoon, we discussed what was to be done, until finally my husband proposed that we all commit suicide. To this our four elder children readily agreed. I was too weak with nursing and lack of food to enter any protest even though I had been disposed to do so, and so, I too, agreed. Then Bertha said to her father that she would go to the charbonnier around the corner, and coax him to give her a measure of coke charcoal. While she was gone her father could stop up the chimney and all the crevices about the room, and thus they would die by fumes *of the charcoal. My husband* did as Bertha said while she went for the fuel. She obtained it, and, returning, we carefully closed the door, stuffed paper here and there and cloth under and around it, piled the charcoal on the stove and ignited it. The children sat near it, baby lay against the wall *not far away, I sat on the chair, my hus*band at my feet with his arm about my waist. What happened after that I do not know, for I became speedily unconscious, and when I awoke I was in this bed." The horrors of the most sensational romance have no shadows so black as those cast by reality, and the pages of the novelist no pathos so deep as that to be found in the lives around us.

**How to Allay Thirst.**

On a recent occasion we were reminded of a way of allaying thirst without water which we learned when a boy. Some forty years ago a couple of back-woods boys were breaking up a piece of virgin Wisconsin *prairie sod. With three yokes of oxen to* manage and immense "red-roots" to cut off, the labor was great; the weather was hot, and there was no well or other source of drinking water within miles. The writer hereof was a small boy following around. "Chew a dry stick," said one of the boys, *when we complained of excessive thirst,* and a piece of an old whip-stock was forthwith put through the chewing process. It induced a flow of saliva which relieved the dryness and bitterness in the throat without flooding the stomach with too much fluid for its good. So on this recent occasion, being heated and suffering with thirst from a long and rapid walk in the country we broke off a small piece of a dead twig of a tree, chewed it, and obtained the de*sired relief.—Prairie Farmer.*

Women accomplish their best work in the quiet seclusion of the home and family by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. The influence they exercise, even though it be unrecorded, lives after him, and in its consequences forever.

## The Mule in the Brush.

Opposite a little railroad station about five miles below Jackson, Miss., was a dense thicket, and on one of the bushes hung a *white rag.* A dozen of us sat with our feet hanging off the platform, and, while every man had a revolver on his hip, no one had thought of shooting at that rag. It was a hot day, and we were smoking and talking, when a native came up the track and sat down with the rest of us. Presently he out with a big revolver and aimed at the rag and pulled trigger. The cartridge didn't explode and there was a general laugh over the failure.

"It was sich a blamed nice mark to shute at that I couldn't resist," he explained, seemingly much chagrined. "Perhaps some of you 'uns kin drap that rag."

Everybody out with his gun and began blazing away, some shooting high and some low, and we had fusiladed for five minutes when a second native appeared, crawling out on hands and knees, and as he stood before us he said:

"What hev I done that you all wants to kill me?"

"Goodness gracious, man, were you in there?"

"Right in thar, stranger, and seemed to me the wah had come back. I didn't git a hit, but you hev done killed my mule, I *reckon.*"

We ran over with him, and sure enough there was his mule, down on his back and kicking his last, with four or five bullets in him.

"You dun didn't mean to, of co's," said the owner, "but this mewl was all I had. I don't say he was wuth *what a prime* mewl orter fetch, but I could hev sold him fur $50."

He was informed that we would make up a purse to pay the damages, and we chipped in and made it $65. He took the money and disappeared soon after, followed by the first arrival, and they got a long start when a third native appeared and asked:

"Bin any shutin' yere?"

"Yes."

"Shute at that ar' rag?"

"Yes."

"Kill a mewl?"

"Yes."

"Pay fur him?"

"Yes. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, not much. I sold the animal to the Wheezen about an hour ago fur $10, and I sorter reckoned he wanted him to play the old dodge with. How much did you raise?"

"Sixty-five dollars."

"Wall, that's purty moderate. He ginerally strikes 'em for a hundred, and you got off easy. Reckon I'll look him up and see if he can't work in a couple of more this week!"

## NEGRO AND CATFISH.

**A Colored Citizen Kills a Monster Mississippi Fish.**

Bill Anderson is a negro of chocolate hue, thirty years of age, who says that his occupation consists largely of "just fishing around." He fished around considerably yesterday afternoon on the falls near the Indiana shore. He was using a cast net, and about five o'clock in attempting to make a haul, met with such resistance that he fancied it had caught on a rock. But it had not. The cause of the trouble was a monster Mississippi river catfish which had become entangled in the meshes. When Bill saw the size of the fish he was dazed, and only recovered from his astonishment in time to prevent the bewhiskered giant of Southern rivers from escaping, for it was a full minute before the fish realized the state of his affairs.

When he did, however, he made several mighty plunges that broke many of the meshes, and a hole big enough for freedom was almost finished before his captor decided to adopt desperate measures. The negro plunged into the swift water, grabbed the net and tried to pull it ashore. The fish was too strong for him, though, and instead of negro catching "cat," "cat" was catching negro. To add to the interest of the situation both had become entangled in the net. After an exciting struggle, in which Anderson was carried several yards down stream, to the edge of a deep and *dangerous eddy, where he would have been* surely drowned, he struck a big rock and fortunately was able to brace himself against it. Then he reached over and caught hold of one of the big fins, which was a foot long, and drawing his knife from under his hatband, where he alwas carries *it, stabbed the fish in the head until it ex*pired. Anderson was wet to the armpits, but he was also the proudest man in town. He sold the fish $12.75 to a twelfth street dealer, who shipped it to Elizabethtown, where it lent distinction to a colored picnic. The fish weighed 175 pounds and was 6 feet 2 inches in length.—*Louisville Courier.*

## A Question of Tests.

"You see," observ