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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.

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

Kent News.

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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.

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Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

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EMORY & NEAVITT,
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—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
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PHILADELPHIA.

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(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)
FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK
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324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sale if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.
Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

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late of J. P. Moyer & Co.
M. L. COULBOURN,
late Manager of Egg & Poultry Department of J. H. Coulbourn.
CREW & COULBOURN,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
POULTRY, EGGS, GAME, DRESSED PORK, GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, &c.,
No. 318 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
REFERENCES:—Dr. Samuel Beck, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Kent Co., Md.; Stevens Bros., 303 South Charles street, Baltimore, Md.; Dey & Kugler, 58 Thompson Ave., N. Y.; Produce National Bank, 104 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

R. A. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y

Professional Cards.

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. GENESE, Dental Surgeon,
OF BALTIMORE,
has arranged with DR. W. E. BARNARD to assist him in his practice. Attendance every Saturday at Betterton, Kent county, Md., for all duties pertaining to Dentistry. oct1-3m.

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.

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

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

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

NECKWEAR of all styles and to suit all tastes, made to order and just received. Can't be beat in town. WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

LOOK at our $2.50 Oyster Boot. J. H. SIMPERS.

CALL and see our GENTS OYSTER BOOTS. WESTCOTT & DODD.

HATS and CAPS in New Fall Styles, at J. H. SIMPERS'.

AUGUSTUS H. WOODALL,

formerly of Kent County, is now located with the well known and Reliable One Price

CLOTHING HOUSE

—OF—

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

10 and 12 E. Baltimore Street, Near Charles, Balto., Md.,

where he will be pleased to see his friends and acquaintances when visiting the city.

LOWEST —

FOR GENTLEMEN!

Black Cheviots at $10, $12, $15 and $18, in Single and Double-Breasted Sacks and Cutaways, guaranteed to fit to perfection. Selling Imported Worsteds and Fancy Cassimere Suits, beautifully tailored, for $18, $20, $22 and $25; also, Corkscrews and Diagonals in Prince Alberts and Cutaways. To order they would cost nearly double.

Silk-Lined Overcoats as Low as $15. Very Handsome Coats with Silk Facings for $2, $8.50, $10 and $12. Strong-Wear Overcoats as Low as $6, but the better grades go faster. English Styles come under the $15 class—the finest Meltons, Kerseys and Cheviots cost only $20 to $25. Our $10, $12 and $15 qualities are decidedly popular. Extra effort put into Light-Weight Overcoats intended for dress. Doing an enormous business in Light Overcoats. Showing styles not usually found in clothing stores.

MABLEY & CAREW.

PRICES

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

HAVE BEEN REACHED AT

A. FRIEDMAN'S.

HAVING studied the wants of the people for the past years we feel confident that their most sanguine expectations can be gratified both in regard to Choice Line selected with great care and at a PRICE IN KEEPING WITH THE TIMES, for we know you must get your money's worth, and having bought our stock lower than ever direct from the largest manufacturers in the country, we can and will give you every dollar that belongs to you in a Suit of Clothes, for any age from 5-year-suit to the plain, substantial one of 90 summers. We have a CHOICE LINE OF YOUNG MEN'S SUITINGS in Plain and Fancy Cheviots, Double-Breasted Coat and Vest, Diagonals, Wide Wales, Corkscrews, and all the Leading Styles in Cassimeres and Worsted. A Grand Line of Nice, Plain, Neat, Serviceable patterns such as will suit the middle-aged man, and stand the test of time without a change in color. Then you can bring the Boy along; we have a Suit for him also among a line of goods manufactured especially for us in new and exclusive designs, and can fit him correctly in any grade you want.

FURNISHINGS.—We also have a Choice Line of Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear and Hats, all new and Choice Designs.

BOOTS and SHOES for MEN, YOUTHS and BOYS.

FINE SHOES A SPECIALTY.

We have them in stock any size, style, or width you want, and also make to measure, of the Finest Stock and Workmanship, and Guarantee a Fit in Every Case. Full line of Men's Boys' and Youths' Boots very low. Can also save you money on this line of goods. **THE RIVETED SHOE, Men's $2.75, Boy's $2.50.** Come in and get squarely dealt with.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Oct. 25, 1890. *The Leading Clothier, Opposite Stam's Hall.*

THOMAS G. WROTH,

UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF—

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER GOODS

for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.

Very respectfully,
Sept. 20, 1890. **THOS. G. WROTH,** UNDER STAM'S HALL.

Coal and Wood.

ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

J. D. BACCHUS' YARD

will receive prompt attention at Prices Guaranteed to be as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Building and Whitewash Lime, Cement and Plastering Hair,
AT CITY PRICES.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Delivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.
Come and see us before buying.
m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.

Office on Cannon St., near Princess.
July 17, 1890—tf. **J. T. TWILLEY.**

QUEER WEDDING RING.

An Humble Couple Married by the Key of a Church.

"Come over to the church in half an hour, Myra. A couple are to be married then. It may amuse you to see one of our provincial ceremonies."

My grandfather was a rural dean near Petit Codiac, or as they called it in the vernacular, petticoat-and-jacket, writes Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Detroit *Free Press*, and it would be hard to imagine a simpler life, or one more remote from the fashion which passeth away. The little stone church was old and picturesque, and the people who worshiped there were as quaint and original as if they had stepped out of another century.

When I reached the church the wedding party had already arrived. It consisted of the party themselves, as much alone as were Adam and Eve at their bridal in Eden. They had arrived on horseback, and the unhitched animals—each saddled over a flowing white sheet, which made them look like equine ghosts in the twilight—were browsing about among the grave stones, disturbing nothing but the long tangled grass and the sweetbriar roses that grow wild there. I hurried past them into the vestry, where the dean was struggling into his white gown.

"You can be my curate for this occasion," he said, as I peeped in at the door. "You will be needed for a witness and bridesmaid, to assist with the ring."

I walked up the aisle of the little chapel and sat down in one of the high-backed pews and tried to see what manner of folk they were who had such queer bridal customs.

Not young. And both were hard, of the humblest rustic type. The woman, brown as a Gypsy, wore a flowered muslin dress that was coarse and badly made. A string of beads and a white cotton vail were her ornaments. Both wore white cotton gloves and as their hands were immense the effect was almost grotesque. Their faces expressed bashfulness and a certain rude disdain of what other people might think. They clutched hands as if they were determined that no power on earth should separate them at this crisis.

After they had been instructed where to stand, they took their places, the bride eyeing me with some disfavor as a possible intruder.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

At this moment I stepped forward to make that part of the ceremony complete.

"I don't know she," said the bride, edging away, but the dean paid no attention to her and repeated the sacred formula for them to follow with him.

"I will now take the ring," said my grandfather in a low voice.

"Reeng?" echoed the groom, "I know nobbut a reeng. Has't any like a reeng, Mathilde?"

The rafters rung with his "Whoa! Dobbin," tone.

"I never thocht o' the like. Happen we'll ne'er mind sech a leetle thing a' that," said the bride, with a look of genuine terror in her eyes, as if she might lose her gallant at the very altar.

"Take off your ring, Myra, we can use that for the ceremony," said the dean, who carried out the Church of England ritual to the letter.

Alas, I held up my gloveless hands as destitute of rings as those of the bride herself.

What was to be done? The dean would not have considered those good people properly married if the ceremony of the ring were omitted. He glanced down at his white hands, holding the sacred book, then he turned hurriedly to me:

"Go and bring me the key of the church," he said.

"What in the word is he going to do with it?" I queried to myself, as I obeyed.

Taking the large, brass key in his hand, he gave it to the man, designating the loop at the end of the handle. He then instructed him to slip the ring over the bride's finger. I nearly laughed alound as I saw the expression of surprise on the poor thing's face, as the key dangled on her finger, while the bridegroom lumberingly repeated after the dean: "With this ring, I thee wed," etc.

As soon as they were married I restored the key to the door and the groom handed a rude parcel to my grandfather.

"It's the pay t' weddin'," he said, briskly.

The dean thanked him courteously without having an idea as to what the parcel might contain.

There was a horse block at the door, on which the bride mounted with her dress tucked up about her. Only one horse with its flapping bridal accoutrements was in sight.

"Richard!" screamed the new wife, "where's my beast?"

Richard had taken off his white gloves and was cantering round among the gravestones looking for the "beast." It was soon found, and after we had shaken hands with the two and wished them joy, the queer pair rode off in fine style.

When my grandfather opened the parcel he found the soft, silky skins of a dozen musk-rats—a princely fee from such a source.

No Place to Move.

There lives in McComas's district in this state, an old farmer who is a zealous republican, one of the red hot partisan stripe. When he heard of McComas defeat he said to his wife, who is one of these women who obey their lord and masterblindly.

"Mary, pack up everything, I'm going to move."

"Why?" asked Mary.

"Because Louis McComas is beat and I won't live in a democratic district."

"Very well," said Mary, with a little resigned sigh.

Then the old man went to Cumberland to sell his farm. There he heard all the election news. He returned home and entering the house, said:

"Mary you can quit packing up I ain't a-going to move."

"Why," inquired Mary.

"Because," he replied, sadly "there's no place to move to."

HE—"The cutlet is cold again, darling. How, what would you do if I scolded just a little?" She—"Make it hot for you, dearest."

A FLIGHT of fancy is the product of a soar head.

HOW SHE RETIRES.

Arts Practiced by Young Ladies Before Going to Bed.

A man will go to his room at night, and if there isn't a match handy, he won't even trouble to get a light.

He simply gets out of his duds as quickly as possible and jumps into bed without more ado.

So writes "Carrie Careless" in the Chicago *News*, let us watch a girl and consider her ways:

First of all she must have a light, and a good bright one. She may have been entertaining her young man in the parlor until—well—we will say, until bed-time, *or she may have been out to a party*, but that doesn't make any difference. A girl has a regular way of going to bed that she does not depart from on any account.

The moment she enters the room she goes straight to the dresser and looks in the glass. I have seen a girl go down on her knees and scan every feature, turning her head this way and that, as if what she saw was something quite new to her. Then the sweet girl begins to undress. She takes off her waist, views for a moment her pretty neck and arms, then she slowly slips out of her skirts and dons a silk robe *de chambre*—for our girl is very swell.

The robe is loose, of pink, blue or white, with cascades of lace falling all about the neck and bosom and way down to the dainty feet. It isn't buttoned—just tied with ribbons. Next the hair-pins come out, and down falls the hair. It has been washed in soda or ammonia once a month to make it fluffy, and also to give it the golden-brown hue so much admired. Mrs. Potter's copper-colored tresses owe much of their luster to the frequent washings in soda and champaigne which her maid gives them. Our girl brushes her hair and braids it in a loose braid; but she doesn't twist it up into hideous curl papers. Curling irons have done away with all that, and the dear girl is just as lovely after the ball with all her finery off, as she was during it.

And now she takes a bit of silk and draws it carefully between her teeth. It gets out all the particles that a tooth-brush can't reach; then she takes a little orange-wood stick, dips it into a little round silver thing that holds powdered orris root, and begins to scour each individual tooth, after which the tooth-brush and a cup of warm water finish the operation. She would rather do this every night than pay dentists' bills, she says.

Of course, the bath is the most essential thing about the toilet, but our girl takes hers in the morning. She does wash her hands, however, with water as hot as she can bear it. She uses a flannel cloth and holds it several minutes against every part of her face and neck.

Miss Sallie Hargons, who is famous for her peachy skin, says that she owes it all to hot water. "It's the best remedy in the world for sunburn," says Miss Sallie, "and no one who uses it persistently will have pimples or black-heads." And now the nails must be attended to; just a little chip here and there with the scissors, a rub with the polisher and a touch of cold cream to keep them brilliant.

There are a thousand and one things that some girls do after they go to their *rooms at night. They take medicines and* pills and powders and cough syrups; they use inhalers, atomizers, flesh brushes, and dumb-bells. Our girl has no need of all these. She *sticks to her ounce of preventative.* There are girls, too, who think they must have something to eat or drink before retiring.

Miss Kathryn Kidder, who appears to the public as such an ethereal, dainty creature, eats a big saucer of onions every night. She munches them while her maid combs her hair. And Miss Dorothy Dene, the young English actress, sits up in bed until one o'clock in the morning with a novel in her hand and a big plate of cake in her lap. She reads the novel and eats the cake; and the most astonishing part of it is, not that she doesn't have indigestion, but that she doesn't die, for with the cake she drinks quantities of chocolate.

And now, out goes the light and down goes the curtain. The scene is done.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

What the Agricultural States Did.

The agricultural States have shown their opinion of the McKinley Tariff bill by the votes cast for Congressmen. To show how the thing worked, we will give the following figures:

In Indiana, in 1888, the Republican plurality in the Congressional vote was 4,571. This year the Democratic plurality amounted to 34,928.

In Minnesota, the Republican plurality of 1888 was 31,456. This year the Democratic plurality was 14,076.

In Kansas, the Republican plurality on the Congressional vote of two years ago was 78,000. This year the opposition carried the State by more than 12,000.

The farmers of Nebraska gave to the Democrats and Alliance candidates for Congress an aggregate plurality of about 29,000. In 1888 the Republican candidates' plurality amounted to 25,000.

In Iowa the Republicans carried the Congressional districts in 1888 by 28,000. This year the Democrats win by 8,000.

The verdict against the Tariff law in Illinois was very emphatic. In 1888 the Republican plurality was 27,667; this year the Democratic plurality is 34,500.

In the present Congress the Republicans from the above named six States have 41 Representatives, and the Democrats have 18. In the next House of Representatives the Democrats will have 44 members and the Republicans will have 15. The Democrats are for a reduction of the tariff, while the Republicans were for a high tariff. The farmers are for tariff reform.—*Delawarean.*

LADY of the house at the telephone, speaking to her grocer and baker (rather hard of hearing)—"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Samuels? Please send some pound cake and almonds for tea—not later than five o'clock. Do you get it? "Mr. S. (who is also partially deaf)—"Yes, think I do, but I'll just repeat your order: 'Round steak and salmon if you have them in stock'." Lady—"Yes, I think you understand. Don't disappoint me, as I have company."

THE self-made man has no prejudice against the tailor-made girl.

MORE ABOUT THE OYSTERS.

Dr. Gilman Says the University Will Do All It Can.

Mr. Hodson's Practical Suggestions—He Describes What the People of Virginia Are Doing and Advises Marylanders to Follow Their Example.

President Daniel C. Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, in speaking a few days ago of the relations of the university to the Maryland oyster question, said: Everybody connected with the university, I am certain, is willing at all times to assist in researches touching upon public matters, such as the oyster question of Maryland. In this connection it has come to my notice that the valuable and elaborate volume of Dr. William K. Brooks, associate professors of biology at the university, which gave the results of two years' thorough research into the question, is now exhausted. Only four or five copies remain in possession of the institution. The first thing to be done with a view of spreading scientific knowledge of oyster culture before the people, in order that they may obtain a broad comprehension of it, is to persuade Dr. Brooks to reprint, in popular form, his report, with such omissions or additions as he may think wise. The volumes of the original edition were rather bulky and unsuited for popular circulation. If the book which contains the results of nearly two years' work, done with the entire concurrence of the university authorities, is printed in cheap and compact form, everybody interested in the oyster question can have a copy. I have already urged Dr. Brooks rence to compiling scientific information upon the subject is complete, and the result of it can be taken advantage of by the State."

Mr. Thomas S. Hodson, who is thoroughly posted on the oyster question, said: "I read the views of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson in the *Sun* of Monday with a great deal of interest. His idea is just. I had the same view in 1884 as the one advanced by Gen. Johnson as to Johns Hopkins being a pioneer in oyster culture. I introduced a bill setting apart one hundred acres in each sidewater county for an experimental oyster-raising farm. I saw Dr. Brooks, who had lately held his summer school at Crisfield and asked him if he would take to do what I have suggested, and hope he will consent. Much of our work in reference to compiling scientific information production of methods of oyster culture would be to the State and its citizens, and, therefore, if the Legislature would make suitable provision for him he would undertake it. I found, however, that few members of either house would take hold of the measure, and it was defeated. I do not remember now whether or not it passed

"The people of Virginia are now making an intelligent and earnest effort to put oyster-planting on a popular and conservative basis in the State. I participated in a meeting at Hampton this summer in which the oyster interests of the State were carefully represented and brought their cause before a committee of the Virginia Legislature in a very forcible and plausible manner. The convention adopted these resolutions:

"*Resolved by the Convention of the Allied Oyster Interests of Virginia*, That we respectfully ask the General Assembly at its next session to pass laws, with details such as their wisdom may suggest, to the following effect:

"1. To grant to the people of Virginia who may desire to engage in oyster planting perpetual franchises for the purpose of propagating or growing oysters in lots of such size as the Assembly may deem proper to prevent monopolies, and to secure oyster fishing rights to the whole people, and to be uniform throughout the State.

"2. That in making grants of such franchises the rights already secured shall be held sacred, and persons actually engaged in the industry shall have preference.

"3. That no interference in riparian or property rights is necessary or should be attempted.

"4. That a commission should be appointed by the county court in each county where any such question is likely to arise to define the natural shoals, rocks or beds by permanent marks or monuments, which beds shall be preserved inviolate, and only such lands shall be open to appropriation as are now barren or unprofitable, which shall also be surveyed and recorded as appropriated.

"5. That owing to the present depletion of the oyster supply and the competition from other States, this body do earnestly pray that any tax that may be imposed by the Legislature shall be as moderate as possible.

"6. That no system of protection to cultivated ground by officers to be chosen and paid by the State shall be inaugurated. We ask that the officers to protect our beds, if necessary, may be appointed by the Governor, but shall be chosen, instructed, paid and dismissed by the oyster planters themselves.

"7. That no streams less than one hundred yards wide shall be subject to location under these laws."

"It seems to me," continued Mr. Hodson, "that these resolutions embody about what we want in Maryland. If we cannot get the actual unity suggested by Gen. Johnson, we ought at least to have substantial unanimity on the platform laid down at Hampton, and to join in pushing forward those principles in both States.

"The present oyster law are a discredit to the foresight both of the people pun the Legislature. The oyster interests of Maryland ought to be a source of great wealth. to Baltimore and the tidewater counties. As it is those employed in it make no money out of it. Not more than 50,000 people now make a scanty living out of our oyster industry, directly or indirectly. I doubt if the number engaged has not fallen lower than even that. Under proper laws—increasing the area of oyster ground by planting—and the number of bushels raised by a hundredfold—it is believed by intelligent persons well versed in the subject that a half million people ought to and can make a good livlelihood out of the industry in Maryland.

"Oyster culture is beyond the stage of experiment. It is tried in various places, and always with the same result—abundant success. New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut and other States have already reaped large benefits from it, and I sincerely hope the next Legislature will do something to advance the industry in Maryland."

GETTING MARRIED.

Evenlina is engaged. Indeed she is shortly to be married. Her "set," of whom she is the first to take this important step, are greatly fluttered by the approaching *event and talk it over on every possible* occasion.

One of them says it is dreadful for an unknown man to come from away out West and carry off one of their girls. They will never see her again—never! She will come home to visit, probably; but a girl who is married tells "him" everything, and has lost interest in people, and isn't the same at all; and they may as well make up their minds to lose her, once for all.

Here there is a chorus of sighs and groans and another nice girl says he isn't much to look at, either; she has seen his photograph. He has pale eyes, and a ridiculous little moustache that she knows by his looks that he is extremely proud of. Why Evelina wants him she can't imagine. He isn't handsome, or rich, or heroic, or anything else interesting. He is just a common-place young man.

Some one here ventures the remark that Evelina is nothing remarkable herself, and perhaps a common-place young man will exactly suit her.

Silence follows this observation, and the person who breaks it discreetly selects another branch of the inexhaustable subject: Does anybody know anything about the trosseau? It appears that they all do, but the information possessed by one agrees exactly with that of no one else, and it is half an hour before they have sifted out the probable truth from a mass of conflicting accounts, all given at once and very loud.

When this most important point has been debated and settled they take another half hour to express their amusement at the idea of Evelina's actually keeping house; they say it is nearly as absurd as to call her Mrs.

They then discuss the ceremony, and gives at length a description of the manner in which her own wedding should be conducted were she to marry. Several of the girls says they should like to marry just to show their friends what a wedding ought to be.

One remarks that she too, would like it, that she might demonstrate to everybody that a bride need not be pale, and can say "I will" loud enough to be heard behind the first three rows, if she will only make up her mind beforehand to do it.

Then Evalina's marriage really takes place; she is very pale, indeed, and too nervous to attend properly to her train.

But her friends forgave her these little errors of conduct, and admit that on the whole she did very well. One of them who steps down to the station, and stands behind a pillar to see her startt off with her husband for their new home, even says afterward that she had almost forgiven her for choo,ing him.

He looked almost as common-place as ever, she declares; only, when two people seems as happy as they did, somehow you have to forgive them everything; and she hops the other girls will stay single for a long time to come; but as to Mrs. Evelina, she wishes her good luck all her heart.

This is about the way nice girls behave when one of their number makes a common-place young man happy.

Rivals.

A newspaper proprietor, who is now a wealthy man, tells an amusing story of one of his early ventures. He went to the west when but 23 years old with a capital of only two or three hundred dollars. He had done some reporting for a local paper at home and had a smattering of the printer's art. Hearing of a new town in the mountains, of which great things were expected, he decided to establish a newspaper there forthwith.

He borrowed some money to add to his meager capital, and started alone for the field with his little hand-press and type and paper in a wagon.

The journey was about fifty miles in length and mostly up hill. The muddy road made the traveling slow and difficult, so that it was almost dark when, on the second day, he came within sight of the new town still five miles distant.

Just then, as he pulled through a slough at a curve in the road, he overtook a fellow traveler whose old wagon, to which was hitched a bony horse, was hopelessly fast in the mud.

Our young newspaper man promptly unhitched his horse and went to the other man's assistance. For nearly an hour the two men pushed and the two horses pulled. Finally the horses gave a mighty tug at the right moment and the cart was pulled out of the mud.

Reaching out his hand with true western heartiness the driver of the extricated cart, also a young man of 23 or 24, said:

"Thank you, sir! I'm ever so much obliged to you. Time's mighty precious to me, and I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't come along. I want to get to the next town just as quick as I can. I've got a newspaper outfit in my wagon, and I hear there's another fellow trying to get in ahead of me. Like as not you've been the means of helping me to get the start on him."

The surprised and chagrined "other fellow" says that for a moment he was wicked enough to wish his rival back in the mud, but speedily overcoming all such ungenerous and unmanly feelings he said with a lavgh:

"Well, I happen to be that other fellow?"

"You—you are?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, I—I—say, s'posing we sit right down here and talk this thing over."

They encamped together for the night and after a full conference agreed to go into partnership, and as soon as it was light they hastened on to the town. There they established their paper, which was the beginning of great orosperity for both of them.

THE youthful king of Spain has not been out of the cradle long, but he appears to have a full appreciation of his position in life. One day recently he was served for lunch with the breast of a chicken cut into small pieces. He at once began to help himself without the aid of either spoon or fork. "Sire," said his attendant gravely, "kings never eat with their fingers." "This king does," responded the majesty continuing his meal.

WHEN a man is full it's a good time to take his bust measure.

GENERAL McKAIG'S VICTORY.

Democrats of Frederick Give Him a Great Welcome.

The democratic jubilee last Saturday over the recent victory of General McKaig in the sixth congressional distsict, and of democrats generally throughout the country, was of immense propertions. The reception given to General McKaig showed by its enthusiasm how popular he has become.

The city presented a holiday appearance. The hotels and many private residences and business houses were gayly and elaborately decorated with flags and bunting and wreaths of evergreen. Pictures of Cleveland were seen everywhere. At 11 o'clock in the morning a procession was formed at the head of North Market street of delegations from a majority of the districts of the county. There were probably two thousand persons in line. Hundreds were on horseback, but the majority walked or rode in vehicles of various descriptions, from the open barouche to the ordinary farm wagon. In some of the wagons were the wives and daughters of farmers. Most of the horsemen and their steeds were adorned with sashes and wreaths made of evergreen and chrysanthemums. Music was furnished by a dozen or more brass bands and a number of string bands. Numerous banners and transparencies were carried in the line upon which were inscribed humorous allusions to the issues of the late election.

During the parade through the principal streets General McKaig, who rode in a carriage with Mayor Grant and Mr. Bourke Cockran, of New York, received an ovation from the thousands of people lining the sidewalks. The procession was about two miles long. After the line was dismissed in Court Square the country people were given a free lunch at the market-house. Between three and four thousand sandwiches and over one hundred gallons of hot coffee were served. In the afternoon and evening the City Hall was packed with people to hear the speeches of General McKaig, Mr. Cockran, State Senator Ives and Thomas C. Weeks. On both occasions the galleries were filled with ladies.

The speakers confined themselves to the lessons to be drawn from the results of the late elections and to the bright future of the democratic party. Mr. Cockran in opening his address said the day had been to him one of surprise, and that in all his travels it was the first time he had seen three weeks after an election such a grand outpouring of the people and such long-continued enthusiasm. The recent victories, he said, were the result of the campaign of education and of the power of the plain people to control their own government. The only direct allusion to the candidacy of ex-President Cleveland was made by Mr. Weeks, of Baltimore, and it was greeted with a storm of applause. The memtion of Governor Hill met with but a faint reponse.

MR. BAYARD ON THE RESULT.

The Late Election a Wholesome Lesson for Political Parties.

In a letter expressing his regret at being unable to take part in a recent democratic celebration in Savannah, Ga., to which he had been invited, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard writes:

It is not possible for me to be with you, but I will thank you to express to my fellow-democrats in Savannah my sincere congratulations upon the unmistakable arrest placed by the American people upon the republican leaders in their headlong and insolent march toward arbitrary power.

Such an expression of popular sentiment reinvigorates the hope of all lovers of civil liberty and popular self-government, and proclaims the vitality of the democratic principle upon which the best hopes of our government are founded. I earnestly hope that the representatives of the party which, a year hence, will be placed in control of the House of Representatives, will comprehend the true significance of the late elections.

The republican party and its policies have been condemned, and power transferred to democratic hands; but it is placed there in trust, in the confidence that it will be exercised temperately, wisely and conscientiously. If it is not, it will be revoked.

I know of no more wholesome instruction for political parties in this country than the constant reminder that they are always on trial before the country, and at each election must stand for judgment at the bar of an intelligent public opinion.

The republican party seems to have forgotten this, and to have become besotted with power and dulled to insensibility by its long possession and consequent abuse.

Therefore they believed public conscience was dead when it was only sleeping, and they conceived that they could entrench themselves permanently in power by arbitrary statutes, and that popular disfavor could not expel them. They have had a sudden and unexpected awakening, and I trust their successors will gather wisdom and instruction from their downfall.

PREPARING FOR A RAID ON DEMOCRATS.—It is announced from Washington that the President has called on the Postmaster-General for a statement showing all the presidential postoffices still filled by democrats whose terms have expired, or will within the next few months, with the date of the expiration of the term in each case. It is thought this action foreshadows unusual activity in turning democrats out, and it is probable that when Congress meets the President will send a list of new appointments to the Senate every few days. Most of the hold-overs are in New England, which is probably due to the rapid growth of the civil-service reform sentiment in that locality, where the turning out of a postmaster before the expiration of his term except for good cause would be more severely criticised than in other communities. There are comparatively few offices in which the terms have already expired and appointments have not yet been made, and these few are not important places. There are but three Maryland hold-overs on the list—J. S. Richardson, whose term at Bel Air will expire January 6, 1891; W. T. Johnson, at Cambridge, January 19th, and Wm. P. Lane, at Hagerstown, Feb. 22.

MRS. DE RICH (listening to new prima donna at the opera)—"Isn't she splendid?" Mr. De Rich (wealthy manufacturer, enthusiastically)—"Just grand! She's worthy of a place alongside of Patti in my soap advertisements."