Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less, - - $1.00
Each subsequent insertion - - - - .50
Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

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

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

FROM

MABLEY & CAREW.

ABOUT the most seasonable subject we can discuss is the subject of warm, comfortable CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR and winter "FIXINGS," things that everybody must be provided with during cold weather. We know thousands upon thousands of our patrons are depending upon Mabley & Carew's mammoth store to supply them with Clothes, Furnishings, &c., and it's a pleasant privilege for us, during the holiday season, to send forth the tidings that Mabley & Carew are abundantly prepared to meet every demand.

MABLEY & CAREW.

To visit our mammoth store now is like visiting a great exposition. Every available space is fairly crowded with attractive goods, and our general preparations have been made for an enormous trade during the holiday season and are as perfect as money, experience and good judgment could accomplish. We know that this is buying time. Even folks who are most economical (either from choice or necessity) realize that when the season of Christmas and New Year approaches it is necessary to "fix up," and now, whilst we're discussing this subject, let us remind you that the outlay of cash required to make your necessary purchases at Mabley & Carew's is all of 30 per cent in favor of the buyer as compared with prices charged at other stores. Of course, we wouldn't be foolish enough to make such a statement if the practical evidence of this truth could not emphatically be established to the entire satisfaction of our patrons.

MABLEY & CAREW.

Of course we must say a few words concerning our OVERCOAT Department with its enormous and wonderful attractive stock of Overcoats of every style, material and quality. STORM COATS, those warm and comfortable "big collared garments are just the thing for farmers, teamsters and others who are obliged to be out doors during cold weather. In better qualities we have STORM COATS made from Shetlands, Fur Beavers, Scotch Homespuns, Elysians, &c. Some are astrachan trimmed, others fur trimmed, and lined with soft cassimere. We sell comfortable Ulsters, warranted for wear and service at $5 and $6.

OVERCOATS by the thousand for dress and everyday wear, made from all sort of materials, that can be recommended. $5 will buy a good, reliable garment, $8 or $10 is our price for a first rate Chinchilla or Melton, $12, $15 and $18 gives you choice among thousands more that you'll admit are the best values you never saw for the money.

In our CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT the array of Boys' and Children's Overcoats is marvelously grand. To satisfy yourselves about our LOW PRICES you must come to our store and see exactly what we offer for your money. We sell Children's Overcoats (all wool) for $3.50. and first-rate Overcoats, sizes 5 to 9 years, as low as $2.50. In finer grades we show the prettiest patterns in Cheviots, Fancy and Neat Worsteds, Astrachans; Beavers, with fur collars; Norfolk Styles, with silk-lined Capes or Hood, &c. Prices vary little by little from $4 to $12.

MABLEY & CAREW.

Everything is in first-class trim at Mabley & Carew's for the holiday season. Children's Department never was more attractive, and, aside from offering the finest assortment of Juvenile clothing, shirt waists, hats, caps, and Boy's furnishing goods, our display is larger than the combined stocks of any other three stores in the city. The same can be truthfully said of our Men's Suit Department and during the entire holiday season we shall make our low prices pleasantly interesting to buyers. If there's one thing more than another that Mabley & Carew have repeated again and again and which we shall continue to repeat for all time to come, it is plain, matter-of-fact, every-day truth that we shall not permit any house to name prices as low as those quoted by us. For things useful and ornamental, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR Gifts, just take a look at goods in our Furnishing Goods Department. Smoking Jackets, Dressing Gowns, Silk Suspenders, Fine Gloves, Toilet Cases, Silk Umbrellas, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Elegant Neckwear, etc., all at prices fully 25 per cent less than are charged at exclusive Furnishing Goods Stores. When you come to the city visit our store and just make up your mind that you're an invited and welcome guest. Step right up to our first floor bundle counter and have your parcels and baggage checked, subject to delivery on demand. These privileges cost you nothing, but will add greatly to your comfort and convenience.

We shall give a Christmas Present of an elegant GUN, SLEIGH or box of TEN PINS with every Suit or Overcoat sold in our Children's Department during the holiday season. In grateful appreciation of past patronage from our out-of-town patrons we wish you each and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

Send your name and address and we will mail you free our Fall and Winter Fashion Review, containing rules for self-measurement and description of all the latest fashions. Also Furnishing Goods price list and set of handsomely colored cards.

MABLEY & CAREW,
S. W. Corner Baltimore and Light Streets.

Dec. 17.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIGHTNING AND LIFE!!

WM. H. McFEELY'S AGENCY.

INSURE YOUR BUILDINGS

Against Fire and Lightning. Fires occur at unexpected moments, and a few dollars expended in Insurance furnishes very substantial assistance in event of loss.

INSURE YOUR LIVESTOCK

Against Lightning and Fire. Payment for same is promptly made, if killed on premises or anywhere else.

INSURE YOUR GRAIN

In the barn. The value of two bushels of wheat will protect $1,000 worth of grain for a month. Policies issued for from Two Weeks to Three Years at low rates.

INSURE YOUR LIFE

In the "New York Life," where you have the privilege of settling up your policy at the end of every five years, just as one's circumstances may demand.

WM. H. McFEELY,
Gen'l Ins. Agent, Chestertown, Md
Office opposite Bank. Jy9-tf.

LUMBER!

VIRGINIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
GEORGIA PINE,
BILL TIMBER, CYPRESS,
FLOORING, EILING,
VIRGINIA PINE SIDING,
WHITE PINE SIDING,
YPRESS WEATHERBOARDING,
WHITE PINE WEATHERBOARDING,
SHINGLES, Sawed and Shaved,
PICKETS, LATHS,
DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,
FRAMES, &c., &c.

ALL INQUIRIES ANSWERED PROMPTLY

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Dec. 3, 1887.

BASTARDO HAM, Picnic Hams, Dried Beef for sale by E. W. P. SMPERS.

RICHARD J. FOARD,

MASSEYS, MARYLAND,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

E. L. ROGERS & CO.,
130 Walnut Street, Phila.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR

WHEAT AND CORN,

delivered at points convenient to farmers, payment to be made by check of E. L. Rogers & Co., mailed to farmers' postoffice address promptly upon receipt of grain in cars or granary.

MR. SAM'L B. FOARD,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.,
will give prompt attention at Kennedyville, and Chestertown and other points.

I will be at F. Platt's Hardware Store, Chestertown, every Saturday.

RICHARD J. FOARD,
Agent for E. L. Rogers & Co, Masseys Md.
Oct. 29, 1887—3m.

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.
sep3-1m. Up Town.

READ the BIG CLOTHING ADVERTISEMENT of THOMAS S. BORDLEY which appears elsewhere in this issue, it will prove a bargain to you.

NEW YORK FANCY CREAM CHEESE. Price low at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

READ! READ! READ!

New Goods-Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c.	a yard
4-4 " " "	5c.	"
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c.	"
Fruit of Loom " "	9c.	"

Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair, Ladies' Solid Colored Hose 8c. a pair

Ladies' Balbriggan Hose	10c.	"
Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose	22c.	"
Ladies Corsets, good 25c, extra good Corsets	45c.	"
Ladies Vests, extra good	45c.	
Gloves	5c. to 25c.	
Gents Undershirts	25c.	
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.	
Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms	65c.	

Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c.	per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c.	"
Granulated Sugar	7½c.	"
Enterprise Coffee	24c.	"
Good Tea, green and black	50c.	"
Good Syrup	30c.	a gallon.
Black Molasses	20c.	"
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c.	"
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons		$1.00
'Red C.'' Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for		70c.
Lump Starch	4½c.	a pound
Bread Soda	4½c.	"
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for		$1.00
Soapline		4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap		4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.

Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

Use	*For*	Kirkwood.
Use	*a*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Fine*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Family*	Kirkwood.
Use	*Flour*	Kirkwood.

Mill Notice.

I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roller Process of manufacturing the highest grades of

ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR

on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.

In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (⅛), Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1/12), Hominy made for the offal, Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.

For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number,

KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,

can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.

Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed, for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why

URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,

namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match, consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.

I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future, I remain yours truly,

WM. W. McKNETT,
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

Lea's	*Highly*	Farina.
Lea's	*Nutricious*	Farina.
Lea's	*and*	Farina.
Lea's	*Palatable.*	Farina.
Lea's	*Try it.*	Farina.

CHESTERTOWN

MARBLE, GRANITE

—AND—

STONE WORKS

A Full Line of

Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing

ALWAYS IN STOCK AT

Lower Prices than can be Found in the City

Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

SHOW ROOM and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.

CHAS. H. MOORE,
May 21, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

Clifton	*Highest*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Grade*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Patent*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Flour*	F. F. F.
Clifton	*Made.*	F. F. F.

STRAW WANTED!

HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.

MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at

J. D. BACCHUS'
mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

BEST GRADES OF FLOUR by the barrel.
E. W. P. SMPERS

THE PERSIAN PLAN N. G.

HOW WM. WEXFORD MADE A TEST OF IT

BY J. H. WILLIAMS.

Some of the customs in vogue in the effete countries of the old world cannot be safely introduced into the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Take the case of William Wexford, for instance.

William was engaged to be married to a woman who had a warm temper and ditto hair, and who had reached an enigmatical age, but these failings were lost sight of in the fact that she had $50,000 in bank. Fifty thousand dollars will conceal a great many female blemishes. About a week before the day named for the marriage William encountered the subjoined suggestive paragraph in his newspaper.

"My son," said a Persian father on the eve of the former's marriage, "you are going to be married, and, if you wish that your wife should be quiet and submissive to you in all matters, procure a cat, and one night after your marriage so arrange that the animal shall be in your sleeping room when you and your wife retire to rest. When you go to your room you will feign surprise and annoyance at the presence of the cat, and you will at once draw your sword and slay it. Your wife, of course, will be terribly frightened at the sight of the slain cat, and a hint from you that she will fare likewise if she is not very careful over herself, and you may depend upon it that she will be the proper, dutiful wife that she should be."

Such was the old Persian father's advice. William Wexford read the irregular paragraph over twice. He was interested. He was one of those persons who become imbued with an irresistible desire to test all new receipts they find in a newspaper. If there was one thing William Wexford yearned for more than another it was a quiet and submissive wife—worth $50,000; but the indications were not favorable.

"A capital scheme," he mused, after reading the paragraph a second time. "Human nature is the same the world over. What is sauce for the Persian goose ought to be acceptable dessert for the American ditto. I'll try it on Matilda. She owns a temper that becomes heated on the slightest provocation; and it will be worth half her fortune to acquire control over her and enforce obedience at pleasure. That old Persian paternal, of course, would not have prescribed the remedy for his son if he had not tested it himself and found that it went right to the spot. There will be no difficulty in procuring a cat, but, unfortunately I never owned or handled a sword, and I might jab all night at a cat with such a weapon without hitting the mark. A shotgun would do, I suppose, but I never fired a gun in my life, and besides, it might scare Matilda into fits, almost. Lemme see. Aha, I have it. I'll knock the stuffin' out of the feline with a base ball bat, and a hint from me that Matilda will fare likewise if she is not very careful over herself, must prove quite as effective as if the cat had been slain with a sword."

* * * * * * * *

William and Matilda were married, but it was not until nearly a week subsequently that the groom mustered sufficient courage to give the Persian plan a practical test. After marriage the thought obtruded that the Persian scheme might miscarry. He was seized with a sneaking suspicion—a vague feeling of unrest—a dismal foreboding that a prescription that effected a cure in one case might kill in another; but one day when Matilda evinced a determination to become a home ruler in politics William decided to administer a dose of the Persian remedy. A cat was clandestinely conveyed to his room, and a base ball bat placed in a convenient corner. About 10 o'clock William and his bride of a week repaired to their chamber and began to make preparations to retire. William's heart palpitated with increased palpitativeness, and his courage nearly failed him at the 11th hour when he got a glimpse of the cat under the bed; but the thought of possessing a quiet and submissive wife strengthened his nerves, and seizing the base ball bat and casting an interrogatory glance at his wife, he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise:

"Who in the dickens let that cat into the room?"

"What—where—which cat?" cried Matilda in alarm, dancing wildly about the room, and then with a shriek and a spring landing in the middle of the bed with remarkable agility.

"Scat!" cried William, tightening his grip on the base ball bat and going for the intruder with an earnestness worthy of a better cause. The cat, it should be explained, was an entire stranger in the house. It had never been introduced to Mr. Wexford or his wife, and it is not strange, therefore, that it should have violated some of the rules of social etiquette under the circumstances. It was a brindle cat of the Thomas species, and had lost its off eye in a heated political discussion or something, and when William swung his club around, and, aiming at the cat, brought it down on the back of a chair with a crash that partially wrecked that useful piece of furniture and shook all the windows in the house, the animal inflated his tail to the dimensions of a lamp chimney cleaner, and indulged in a series of gymnastic feats.

It appeared to be in every spot in the room at the same time. Wexford never saw such an ubiquitous cat. In less than 30 seconds it was on top of each of the four bed posts, waltzed along the headboard, scooted across the ceiling, skirmished over mantelpiece, demolishing $15 worth of bric-a-brac, clawed down the lace curtains, ricochetted past the heads of William and Matilda several times, leaving its autograph on the former's face and clawing off the latter's store hair, and then dashed for a partly opened door, as if possessed with a yearning to reach home in season to sing tenor in a midnight quintet of its friends. Mr. Wexford, who was remarking remark s unfit for publication, quickly backed against the door and made another frantic lunge at the cat, splintering a marble top bureau and causing him to experience a sensation something similar to the shock a man receives when he inadvertently takes hold of a naked electric light wire. The language he used was not Volapuk. It was worse. And the cat, still enjoying good health, but somewhat excited, made several more circuits of the room in less than no time, and shrieked in a home-sick tone of voice.

"Sptzzz-zz-z! merow-rrr-wow-sssi-sptzzz-merow——wough-cussit-sizzzz-row-wow——wough!"

Mrs. Wexford, who had been emitting a succession of wild, weird howls, like unto the yells of the victorious party on election night, stuck her head out from beneath the covers, and in a frightened voice cried:

"Why under the canopy of heaven, William, don't — ouch! scat!—goodness gracious! get out!—why don't you—murder!—why don't you open the door and drive the monster out?"

In lieu of a reply, William let drive at the cat again, smashing the bureau mirror and nearly braining himself; and his wife again frantically vociferated, as the cat flew under and over the bed like a besom of destruction—whatsoever that may be—"William—murder—d'ye hear ye idiot—why don't—murder—ouch—William murder—oooooooooo-oh!

The cat had landed on the bed and inserted its claws in Matilda's neck and back hair.

'Hanged if I don't kill that infernal cat if it it takes me all night and a large portion of to-morrow!" cried William, determinedly, "and if you are not very careful you'll share the same. Look out!"

And simultaneously with the cry of warning he brought down his baseball bat. It was a pretty successful blow for it hit both Matilda and the cat, and at the same time William stumbled and struck his head against the edge of the bed, sustaining a shock which rendered him unconscious, and the cat flew and wrecked a $20 Parian figure on a backet.

* * * * * * * *

Matilda recovered consciousness first. The cat was seen under the bed with its eyes glowing like a pair of incandescent lamps. The wounded woman crept softly out of bed, opened the chamber door, and, quickly springing back to her couch, cried: "Scat!—hiss!—get out!" and the terror-stricken animal darted out of the room like a streak of electricity, and dashed down stairs singing, "There's no place like home," in a foreign tongue. Then Mrs. Wexford turned to her husband: "Mr. Wexford," she said, giving him a shake, "are you killed?"

"N—no; I think not," he moaned, tenderly caressing a lump on his occiput. "I'm all ri—, but where's that diabolical cat?" he demanded, suddenly remembering that he had set out to test a Persian receipt. "I'll kill it or knock the room into chaos. Where is it?" again seizing the baseball bat and looking furtively about the room.

"Why," responded his wife, in a vexed tone, "where d'ye s'pose it is, you insufferable idiot. I opened the door and drove it out, as you should have done in the first place, instead of smashing everything in the room and nearly killing your wife, as you wanted to do—you brute. I'm not going to live with you another day. I'll have a divorce before the month's out!"

And at this writing it looks as if she would.

William Wexford is woefully disappointed at the disastrous success attending his attempt to introduce a foreign custom into this country, but there is one thing in connection therewith that has probably never occurred to him.

He may have used the wrong kind of cat.

SYRIA'S BEAUTIFUL SLAVES.

The Arduous and Barbaric Duties of Wives.

There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability, keen insight and wonderful capabilities. The duties of a wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows:

She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars and bringing them upon her head. She rises early and goes to the hand mill of the village carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones and heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt she removes the ashes and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude?

She cares for her children—usually a large family—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his "argelie" or sits crosslegged upon his divan or housetop in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society.

The houses are made of a course stone roughly hewn. The housetops are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and as a natural consequence, the roof leaks This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort.

He remedies the difficulty—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the housetop, and in the drenching rain propels a roller of solid stone backwards and forwards, much as we use a lawn mower. This rolls the sun dried cracks together and prevents the entrance of water.

These are only a few of the Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world, surely. She cannot speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caress before his friends. She goes veiled and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by open wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to the higher class are very few.—*Swiss Cross.*

THE FARM MORTGAGE.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal.*—There they go for goods to leave whips, robes and bundles, to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands, telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking up the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharper"—in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a $2,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, envious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a $300 barn. To do this he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage on his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told:

"Your farm is clear now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first and then build your barn. If you borrow now, you will think each night as you lay in your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come, or a poor crop be your portion, there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and, ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and have a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an Englishman is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all was silent. Gradually the head lowered and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a-crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she will be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

THE BILLS.

[*Considerably after Poe.*]

See the postman with the bills—
New Year's bills!
What a world of tribulation
Now their sending out fulfills!
How they rankle, rankle, rankle
In the startled dreams of night,
As the creditor's procession
Of the chamber takes possession,
With a brutalized delight;
Calling "Time!" "Time!" "Time!"
In a sort of prize-ring rhyme.
To the dark and deep demnition
That so gradually kills,
From the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
From the tailors and the hatters little bills—
Bills!
Bills!
Bills!

See the big bills for my wife—
Tailor-made in styles now rife,
If the present fashion grows
We can wear each other's clothes,
Dropping frills and furbelows,
Dropping furbelows and frills
And reducing tailors' bills—
Bills!
Bills!
Bills!

See the fearful grocery bills—
Eating bills!
What exceeding cost to people
Is the food that stomachs fill!
Doctors' bills
For their pills—
Potions, squills
And subduing all which kills.
How we dread to draw the money
When recovered from our ills!
Plumbers' bills
For stopping rills
In the pipes beneath the sills.
When we tell them for their pay
To take house and all away,
But they answer 'twould not meet
Their "little" bills—
Their extortionate and bank-suspending bills—
Bills!
Bills!
Bills!

—*Dexter Smith, in New York World.*

TO SAVE HIS MOTHER.

We have had a German baron among us, Baron von Karlstine, who has written a book about New York and its inhabitants. One of his anecdotes is very interesting: On Washington's birthday he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, passed through the assembled multitude and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer," he exclaimed, "my mother is sick in a house near Sixth avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her."

"O. K., young fellow," said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession and screamed, "Halt!" holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

The ward was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck, and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command was heard, "Forward! march!" and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth street, without any music, except the lightest possible tapping of the drums. Then came "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled, admirably-equipped men, many of them battle-scarred veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a rattan can. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to have taken Gotham; but no, the general in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, be he soldier or not, reveres the sacred name of mother.

SEEKING SAFETY.—Anarchist—Gretchen, gif me a clean white shirt.

Wife—Vat! Haf you lost your senses, Adolph?

Anarchist—Nein; but since dot execution we anarchist haf to go in disguise.

Entertainment at Bond Chapel.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your space will permit but a partial report of the performance given here December 27 and 28.

The first evening was fine and the audience-room full. On the second, despite the windstorm, a good number were present. A Christmas quartet in the opening was well sung by Mrs. Henry Brown, soprano; Mrs. Hiram Brown, alto; Mr. J. C. Loud, tenor, and Mr. C. T. Stratton, bass.

Throughout the performance recitations were effectively rendered by Misses Elsie Stephens, Annie Trew, Mamie Baker and Mr. Henry Brown. The other young people and little folks all did well in recitations, dialogues, tableaux and songs. Several vocal and instrumental solos and duets seemed to be highly appreciated. Your reporter must specially mention Mr. J. G. Roland, admirably representing "Red Ridinghood;" Mr. Townsend Crew, "The Drunkard," in a temperance dialogue; Mr. Simon Wickes in "The Dude;" Mr. F. D. Lamb as "Uncle David," giving plantation songs in appropriate costume and style with tremendous effect. Mr. C. T. Stratton and wife excelled themselves in their rendering of a comic duet, "The Lover's Quarrel." Messrs. Redue and son played several cornet duetts, and their parts to other music, with their usual precision and elegance.

In the absence of Miss Lizzie Baker (who was to have been the pianist for the occasion) from illness, Mrs. Henry Brown furnished the accompaniments and Miss Mamie Baker pleasing piano solos; also, with her brother Henry, a lively piano duett.

The piano, which deserves special mention, was generously loaned for the occasion by Mr. E. C. Reiche, and is a fine Emerson, style 14; unanimously pronounced elegant in finish and tone in perfect concert pitch, with elastic touch and superior bass. OCCASIONAL.

UNFILLED MISSION.

After fifty quiet and obscure years there took place a great event in the life of Levi Sowzer, of Pennyroyal township. He was commissioned by the congregation of Elk Horn Church to go down to Little Rock and buy a new outfit of hymn books. Levi, when the congregation by a rising vote had elected him, arose in crimson embarrassment and said: "My dear brothers and sisters, I'm mighty afraid that you have made a mistake. I've been livin' in the woods all my life an' never have seed a town that you couldn't kiver with a good-sized hoss blanket. My opinion is that it takes a putty sharp feller to buy them hyme books. It strikes me that a feller mout be able to pick out seed co'n an' have a putty fa'r nack at trading horses an' still not be the right pusson to send after hyme books; but, if you feilers insist, w'y, she pops. I may not fetch books with fancy kivers, but you may rest ashored that the insides will be all right."

Levi's wife had seen good society. She had, a short time previous to her marriage, spent a few weeks at Tucker's Ford, visiting a family into which spittoons, as a social experiment, had been introduced. She became very deeply impressed; and, ever afterward, when she desired to lead a conversation into a particularly refined channel, would speak of the spittoons at Tucker's Ford.

Mrs. Sowzer was proud of her husband's hymn book appointment, but regretted deeply that the expense appropriation did not permit her to accompany him.

"Levi, you are going to see some fine society down thar," she said.

"I reckon so, Sue."

"And I don't want you to act like you had never seed nothin."

"I'll try mighty hard not to."

"In society, Levi, folks estimate you a good deal by what you have seed."

"That's what I 'lowed."

"Levi, they've got spittoons down thar."

"Do you reckon so?"

"I know in reason they have, fur ef I recolleck right, them spittoons at Tucker's Ford come from thar. They've got them in the churches down thar."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, an' I don't want you to hang back about spitten' in 'em. No matter how putty they look, jist blaze away like you never did spit nowhar else."

"I'll do it if it takes the hair off in spots."

When Levi returned home some of the influential members of Elk Horn Church went over to see their hymn books.

"Boys, lissun to me. I did'nt fetch no books," said Levi.

"What! no books!" they exclaimed.

"Lissun to me. My wife, you know, having seen good society, is sorter crazy on the subject o' spittoons, and she was powerful anxious about my actin' right when I got in the presence o' one. Wall, when I got down yander, I went right to church, and while I was a settin' thar with a mouth full of terbacker a feller shoved a contrapshun at me, an' thinking it was the spittoon I let drive and filled her mighty nigh full. The feller flung the whole bizness in my face an' while I was wipin' my face on the feller's coat-tails, a sheriff drug me out an' put me in jail an' the next morning the jedge tuck every cent of money I had, so I couldn't buy no books. Mose Gilfin, you air the head man amongst us, an' I'll leave it to you. Now, ef you had er been in my place, havin' married the woman I did, an' had er been a-sittin' thar an' a feller had a shoved a contrapshun at you, what would you er done?"

Mose after a moment's reflection, solemnly replied: "I wouldn spit right dab in it ef I had known it wouldn tuck all the har off. Brethen, we'll jest nachully have to do without hymn books a while longer. Levi, let me try a little of yore tabacker."

A FEW YEARS ago George W. Cable made a Sunday-school speech at Boston, in which he said: "I have five children and half of them are girls." The omnipresent bad boy shouted out, "That's lie!" "No, it isn't," said Cable, "for the other half are girls also." "But the story is spoiled now," said Cable to the writer of these few lines, "for a sixth girl has made its appearance, which is a boy."

THE report of the treasurer of the Harford Agricultural Society shows an indebtedness of $3,350, the accumulation of the past two years. How this indebtedness is to be paid is one of the troublesome questions the stockholders at the January meeting will be called on to decide.—*Cecil News.*

A Tramp Through the Peach Region of Western Maryland—Concluded.

A PEACH ORCHARD IN THE CLOUDS.

The bracing mountain air, the pure running water of this rocky region has no taint of miasma, no dregs of malaria, no hum of the mosquito; doctors are but little needed. The longevity of this people is truly astonishing. Old black Polly recently died at the age of one hundred years and could dance a jig up to within a few weeks of her death. Mr. J. T. Clark, a native of Cheese Hollow, is 96 years of age, voted the Democratic ticket at last election. David Sentry is ninety-six and in the enjoyment of good health. John Gardenhouser is eighty-five; John Fogel is ninety and in good health; Daniel Spessard is ninety-one and cuts cord-wood in the mountains; Mrs. Kohler is eighty-nine and hearty; Misses Susan and Betsy Mung are eighty-five and eighty-seven respectively; Adam Vogel ninety-two; Mrs. Burkheart is ninety-four; Thomas Robinson is ninety-three; Grandma Sigler is ninety, has twelve children and one hundred and sixty grand and great-grandchildren, can walk two miles with any young lass at sixteen; Mrs. Elizabeth George eighty-nine, owns two large farms and three large houses in town, attends to renting this property, does all her own business, buys phosphate, sells grain, &c.; has grown 52 bushels of wheat per acre over an entire field; sews, knits, cooks and does lots of other work; has made three trips West and will make a trip alone to Kansas next spring. Prof. Geo. Pearson, about 80 years of age, is the oldest school-teacher in the State; takes a very active part in education; is a classical scholar and noted for his success as a teacher—teaching Latin, Greek and German; when a pupil left his charge he was fully prepared for college. Rev. L. J. Bell, retired minister of the Evangelical Church, although retired, frequently preaches here, and is a college graduate of the first order.

A very lamentable circumstance occurred here less than a year ago, which cast such a gloom over this people as is seldom experienced. A very exemplary young man, the pride of his parents, friends and this community, about twenty years of age, was drowned at Yale College by breaking thro' the ice while skating and brought home a corpse. The heartbroken parents are almost irreconcilable. Words utterly fail to convey the heartfelt sympathy of the community, but it was deep and earnest. He had graduated with highest honors under Prof. Pearson; was highest in his class at Gettysburg Lutheran Seminary and stood foremost in his class at Yale, and would have graduated in a few months had he have lived. Thus it is somet