Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889. No. 43.

THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less	$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	25

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.

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.

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. 68 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.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)

Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

PERCY T. McFEELY,

—WITH—

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.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.

CREW & LOANE,

Grain and General Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,

ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.

We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

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

PHILADELPHIA.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,

No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

FRUIT and PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

By quick sales, square dealing and prompt returns we hope to merit your patronage. Refer to the wholesale trade here, also prominent growers and shippers, for whom we sell, upon application.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

NEW YORK.

Established in 1871.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,

GENERAL FRUIT and PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

113 Warren Street, - - New York.

Consignments solicited.

REFERENCE:—Account Sales and Check da'ly.

July 28, 1888—6m.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to

HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,

d15. Court Street, Chestertown.

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.

Snow Hill Nurseries.

PEACH and APPLES

STOCKED WITH BEST VARIETIES—WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

FOR the coming fall will have 500,000 One-Year-Old Peach Trees, and about 500,000 June Budded Peach Trees, comprising all the leading orchard lists. Special prices per car load for Peach Trees. 150,000 Apple Trees of leading varieties; also a select list of popular Southern keeping Apples.

PEARS—all the standard varieties.

CHERRY and PLUM trees of the leading kinds.

SHADE TREES—Best Stock.

Excellent Stock of Hardy Native GRAPES.

ASPARAGUS—Conover's Colossal, from one to two years old.

3,000,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS, from new beds—planted last spring—never fruited—strictly pure. Special prices on large lots.

Small fruits and every kind of plant in endless variety. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Descriptive catalogue free on application. Our trees are all grown from Natural Virginia Pits. The public is requested to come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Reference by permission to John A. Groves, Pomona, Kent county, Md.

Address WM. M. PETERS & SONS,

o13-y. Wesley Station, Worcester county, Md.

NURSERY STOCK, &c.

The following stock can be found at

Little Grove Nurseries,

Near Chestertown, Md.,

AT REASONABLE PRICES!

PEACH TREES,

APPLE TREES,

SHADE TREES,

PEAR TREES, Standard and Dwarf,

Asparagus Crowns, Evergreens,

Gooseberries, Hedge Plants,

Grapes, &c.

Also, TWO HORSES, and 300 Bushels Silver Hull Buckwheat.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address,

ROB'T G. NICHOLSON,

oc27-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

REMEMBER THIS!

Goods Well Bought Are Half Sold!

EVEN though we do not deal exclusively in Dry Goods and Notions, Boots and Shoes, or Carpets and Oil-cloths, they are our leading specialties, and having purchased them this fall for CASH, at the closest cash prices, we are able to meet any legitimate competition.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods!

Our stock of Dry Goods, one of the main features of which is OUR BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DRESS GOODS, embracing Henriette Cloths, Sabastapools, Broadcloths, etc., is now being made replete. All wool Henriettas at 50 and 55 cents, the Best Black Henrietta at $1.00 per yard, on this or other market.

Notions, Underwear!

Our Notion Stock is second to none! The cheapest and best line of underwear for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children in town. A Child's Vest as low as 15 cents.

BOOTS and SHOES!

Our Boot and Shoe Stock is better than usual. The best $2.00, $2.50 and $2.75 Man's Boot on the market. Then our Old Reliable $4.00, Double Upper, Hand Bottomed Boot, that has stood the test for years, we still guarantee. A line of Ladies' and Misses Hand-Made Shoes second to none. Gum Boots and Shoes, all sizes. We are still handling a Man's Gum Boot that we guarantee in every case, NOT TO CRACK.

Carpets, Oil-Cloths!

In Carpets and Oil-Cloths we lead. The best All Wool Ingrain at 75 cents per yard, Wool Fillings down to 66 cents per yard, Union Filling at 50 cents, Rag Carpets from 35 to 60 cents per yard.

We now have a nice line of Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS. Just arrived.

Give us a call. Very truly yours, &c.,

R. F. PARKS.

"HOME AGAIN!"

THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

OLD STAND

ON COURT STREET, CHESTERTOWN,

and examine the FRESH and NEW STOCK of GOODS just bought for cash by

JAMES A. SHAW,

which consists of Leather

BOOTS AND SHOES

TO SUIT ALL CLASSES.

Gum Boots and Shoes, Body Boots, Hip and Short Boots, and Boots for Men, Women and Children.

GROCERIES.—Flour by the Barrel or Bag, Hominy, Beans, Sugar, Coffee, Baker's Chocolate, Tea, Soap, Soapine, Soda, Rumford's Yeast Powder, Lamp Chimneys and Burners, Coal Oil, Salt and many other things. All of which can be bought of me as cheap as at any place on the shore. Give us a call and we will try to please you.

Also, TOBACCO and CIGARS.

JAMES A. SHAW,

j12. Court Street, Chestertown.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S

Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

GENTLEMEN,

if you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for prices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S

Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

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

Feed and Provision Store!

EDWARD J. WATSON

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has opened a new store on High Street, next to the Express Office, in Chestertown, and will keep on hand a

GENERAL STOCK OF

Goceries and Provisions!

FEED, HAY,

CORN, CHOP STUFF,

OATS, MEAL, FLOUR, &c.,

will be furnished at short notice at lowest prices.

GROCERIES of all kinds; Vegetables, &c.,

I shall endeavor to keep a General Feed and Produce Store, and respectfully ask a share of the public patronage. E. J. WATSON.

Feb. 2, 1889.

—THE NEW—

{HIGH-ARM}

SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON, No. 9.

Decided to Be the Best in the World. The Tension Perfectly Automatic, Perfection of Seam, Simplicity, Durability,

and the Only Machine in the world that makes a Lock Stich without the use of a Shuttle. Those who wish a Sewing Machine embodying all the best results of inventive skill and construction, to do the service of a lifetime, should not fail to examine our

No. 9, Sold on Easy Monthly Payments.

OVER 100 IN USE IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Thanking the public for past favors I solicit a share in the future. Give me a call. Address

CHAS. J. REICHE,

Feb. 2, 1889. Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.

AGENT WANTED in Centreville. Address above.

INSURANCE.

{L. B. RUSSELL}

—GENERAL—

Insurance Agent,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE THREE DOORS ABOVE THE EXPRESS OFFICE.

FIRE!—LIGHTNING!—TORNADO!

LIFE! -- ACCIDENT!

Representing nearly $130,000,000!

Jan. 10—tf.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

George B. Westcott, use W. W. Tschudy, *versus* Marie L. Turner, et al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity.

ORDERED, this 9th day of February, 1889, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, trustee, appointed by a decree in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of April next;—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $6,700.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—

Feb. 16, 1888—4t. SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

JOHN D. URIE, ASSIGNEE, *versus* JAMES A. SKIRVEN, EMMA SKIRVEN.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity.

ORDERED, this 15th day of February, 1889, that the sale of the real estate of Emma Skirven, made and reported by JOHN D. URIE, under the power contained in a mortgage from James A. Skirven and Emma, his wife, dated the 28th day of November, 1881, and recorded among the land records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 2, folios 496, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of April next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $550.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy, Test—

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Feb 16, 1888—4t.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN F. WHITTINGTON.

ON application it is hereby ordered that SAMUEL CACY and RICHARD D. HYNSON, administrators of John F. Whittington, late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased, give notice by advertisement, that the first dividend on the personal estate of the said deceased will be made in this court on TUESDAY, the 5th day of March, 1889.

Test:— T. ROMIE STRONG, Register of Wills.

The undersigned, administrators of John F. Whittington, late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased, hereby give notice that in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, of Feb. 5th, 1889, they will on the 5th day of March, 1889, proceed to pay their first dividend on the personal estate of their decedent. SAMUEL CACY, R. D. HYNSON,

Feb. 9, 1889—4t. Administrators.

TAX NOTICE.

THE Tax-Payers of the Fourth Election District are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for the year 1888. The levies will be due on the first day of January, 1889, and the taxes must be paid on or before that date in order to meet them. The necessity for prompt payment is therefore obvious to all.

I may be found at the hardware Store of Wm. A. Wheatley, adjoining the Chestertown National Bank, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock P. M. on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

H. M. STUART, COLLECTOR,

Dec. 22-tf. Chestertown.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphine Mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cents. Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. f9-y.

FOR a FINE 5c. or 10c. CIGAR go to J. L. McFEELY'S.

A BLIND ORDER.

It was rather late in life before I was married. Just how old I was I leave the reader (who is always taught to believe himself a very shrewd and discerning person) to imagine, and I have no doubt he will have solved the problem to his own satisfaction before my story is half completed.

I had been quite successful in business, and was familiar with the ways of men; I had learned to match the tricks and evasions of my own; but of women I knew nothing, never having had leisure to cultivate their society. I used the word nothing in its literal sense; I knew absolutely nothing.

My entrance into society was something after the manner of Stanley's journey across the Dark Continent. I began to explore a strange and fascinating world, in which there were pitfalls against which my business facts and figures were of no avail. I found that women differed very widely from men. Perhaps they were not more tricky than men of business; but their tricks were quite opaque. I was often in the dark as to the purpose of certain ladies that I met; but, while mystified and puzzled at times, I was also delighted. There was no denying the charm of woman's society. I felt that I had wasted a great many years.

I do not intend to conceal my object in entering the society of ladies—I wanted a wife. To be frank, I had a vague idea of the kind I wanted. In business, when a man orders a bill of goods without first inquiring the price and particulars, he gives what is called a blind order. When I pigeon-holed my papers and closed my office-desk with a bang, pocketed the key and sallied out to secure what I felt I needed—a good wife—I gave a blind order. In effect, I did a most unbusiness-like thing. I blush now to think of it; but when a man pauses in his eager race after dollars to cultivate matrimony he is generally apt to give a blind order. What can he know of the ways of women? Absolutely nothing. He learns rapidly, it is true, but it requires long experience to meet them on their own ground and beat them with their own weapons.

I shall be pleased if any profit or interest attaches to the result of my blind order, and I wish to assure the reader that it was the only one I ever gave.

Among the young ladies that I met was Miss Blanche Ridgeway. How shall I describe her? Business nomenclature cannot help me, and I abominate romantic word pictures. Miss Blanche was a very sweet girl. When seated near her I was conscious of a feeling of—shall I call it pleasure? The net total of a prosperous year's business has often caused me happiness, but my feeling in the presence of Miss Blanche was not the same. Her voice was quite passable, and when listening to her it seemed as if I might have some romance in me after all; and when in church she turned her bright eyes on me—

Fudge! fiddlesticks! I, a plain man of business, writing such gush! Pray overlook the boyish folly.

Miss Blanche had a sister, Miss Mary, a plainer girl, but sensible and business like. My reason inclined me to Miss Mary; my heart (which I regret to say had not hardened with my head) said, marry Miss Blanche. I faced the situation coolly. I want a wife, said I, and here are two ladies. One is 22, the other possibly 30; one is pretty, and is inclined to be silly at times, the other plainer, but sensible and womanly. Miss Blanche is a sweet girl and she is young. There is no denying that a young girl has a fascination that belongs to her years. I will ask Miss Blanche.

My resolution made, I called on her.

"I am here on important business, Miss Blanch," said I, when we were seated.

"Indeed!" she replied, her eyebrows arching in surprise.

"Yes," I went on, "I have thought the matter over. My mind is made up. I have a question to ask you."

"What can it be, Mr. Quoter?"

"Will you marry me?"

It was a plain, business-like question, calling for a plain, business-like answer. I put it honestly and in good faith. To my amazement Miss Blanche came very near fainting.

"What is wrong?" I cried.

"Why, Mr. Quoter!" she replied, indefinitely, turning red and pale by turns, and looking positively pretty.

"Pray be calmer, Miss Blanche. This is a matter calling for coolness and good judgment."

"But it was so unexpected, Mr. Quoter. You startled me."

"I regret it very much, Miss Blanche. What is your answer?"

"I cannot answer now, Mr. Quoter, I never dreamed of such a thing. I must talk to mamma."

"Certainly, Miss Blanche, a very proper decision. I am sorry to have disturbed you," and I rose to go.

"A moment, please, Mr. Quoter. I cannot talk now. It was so sudden. I will speak to mamma."

"When shall I call?"

"If I come to church next Sabbath morning, Mr. Quoter, Trinity, you know, the answer will be"—she paused in the utmost confusion, blushing quite charmingly.

"And in case you do not come to church, Miss Blanche?"

"Then the answer will be no," she answered very faintly, looking at a figure in the carpet.

"An odd idea, Miss Blanche. But how am I to know?"

"Why, surely you will be there"—she did not finish the sentence. I really believe she meant to call me stupid. She seemed to be nettled.

"Certainly," said I, "I had not thought of going to church—that is, I had other arrangements, but I will break a prior engagement and be there. I wish you a good evening, Miss Blanche."

In going out I met Miss Mary in the hall. She shook hands with me cordially. A fine girl, I said, mentally, as I left her; Miss Blanche has the advantage of her only in redder cheeks and brighter eyes.

The following Sabbath morning I confess I felt somewhat flurried. The night before I had not slept well. Business troubles had sometimes kept me awake, and the excitement of successful deals had at times broken in upon my rest; but this restlessness was not from the same cause. A vague and rather pleasant feeling in the region of the heart, a strange expectancy, kept me awake for hours. It took me longer than usual to get ready for church. The fit of my clothes did not please me, my necktie would not remain straight, and the polish on my shoes seemed very dull. At times my heart gave a most unaccountable jump. When at last I found myself in the screet, it seemed as if a great many people were looking at me, and I began to fear that there was something unusual in my appearance. The sun was not warm, but my cheeks burned. I confess with shame that my heart fluttered when I reached the church door.

I enter thus minutely into the details of my feelings and appearance because this narrative is in the nature of a confession of weakness. The reader may urge that confesstons are unbusines-like. I retort by insisting that love-making is unbusiness-like from beginning to end, and I defy him to show me anything that is more so.

I paused at the church door. There was nothing to prevent me from going in, but I hesitated. Something in me kept asking: Is Miss Blanche there? My heart beat before, and something rose in my throat and half choked me.

As I started in, hesitating, undecided, I met my business friend Sellers.

"Gracious, Quoter, are you sick?" he asked.

"Never better."

"You are as pale as any ghost," remarked Sellers.

I went slowly up the aisle. There was an occupant in the Ridgeway pew! My heart beat fast; Miss Blanche's answer was yes! When I came opposite the pew I looked at the lady with the sweetest smile I could call up. To my inexpressible astonishment I found myself smiling at Miss Mary!

Never had I been so astonished or so disappointed. Yet, perhaps, it was all chance. The hour was early and the church almost empty. A few persons occupied distant pews. As I sat down by Miss Mary I feared she should observe my confusion.

"Good morning," I said in greeting, with all the coolness at my command.

"Good morning, sir," she said, demurely.

"Miss Blanche is not with you."

"Oh, she is not coming."

"And you"—

"Yes, I came in her place."

"It can't be—that is—you"—

"Why, of course," she replied with the pleasantest smile I ever saw.

"Well, I don't mind smoking with you," he said at last. "Send him for it."

He was promptly sent. He ran to the pool table and looked around in an undecided way.

"That's right," exclaimed his master. "Fetch it."

He looked around again, apparently for something to catch hold of. His eyes fell on one of the pockets, and in a twinkling he had wrentched it off and laid it at his master's feet.

"Good boy," said Hunter, patting him. "Now get some more."

"Here!" yelled the proprietor. "That costs money."

"Of course," replied hunter, calmly. "Bring me some more, Jack."

Jack had begun gnawing at one of the table's legs.

"Do you mean to destroy the table?" cried the landlord.

"Well, of course he's got to bring it in sections," said Hunter. "He can't drag the whole table, but if you'll give him time he'll get it all here."

And I believe he would. He was the slave of his master's word or look. However the landlord admitted his defeat to save his table.

The next time I saw Hunter and Jack was about two days later. My friend and I were on one side of the little river, when Hunter hailed us from the other side.

"What bore of guns have you?" he asked.

I replied that mine was a 12 and my friend's a 10.

"Can you let me have 10 cartridges?" he called. "I'm shot out."

"Certainly," shouted my friend, "if I can get them across. I'll try to throw them to you if you'll undertake to catch them."

"O, no," he said. "Wait."

He sat down and pulled off one of his rubber boots. Then he doubled the top over and gave it to Jack. Jack swam over with it, we put the cartridges in and he took it back. We were more in love with him than ever.

The next day Hunter gave us another exhibition of the dog's training. One of us took his hat, one of his gloves and his handkerchief, and put them in separate places about thirty feet apart. The dog lay by his side watching the proceedings.

"Now which do you want him to get?" asked Hunter.

"The glove," said I.

"Left!" ordered Hunter, and to the left Jack went and got the glove. We tried him a number of times, but he understood the left, right and centre better than a good many theatre ushers, and he was not a trick dog, either—he was a hunting dog.

THE MASTER'S SORROW.

Before the week was ended everybody in the vicinity of the place was just about in love with Jack. Hunter, of course, thought there was nothing in the world like the dog. He thought there was nothing under heaven that Jack could not do, and there certainly was nothing that he could do that he would not do if he was told, as the sequel shows.

Hunter came back one day without him. To use a slang expression, he "looked all broken up," and returned no answer to the greetings given him. He went straight to his room and in a short time came down dressed for travel.

"What's my bill?" he asked.

"You're not going?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Yes," he returned, sharply.

"But where's your dog?"

"Dead," he replied, that put an end to all further questioning. Then, abruptly: "Do you know any one who wants a hunting outfit?"

Hunter had the handsomest outfit in the place. It must have cost several hundred dollars.

"What's the matter, Hunter?" asked a Chicagoan who knew him.

"Do you want the outfit?" was the reply.

"How much?"

"Anything."

"Fifty dollars."

"Take it," and he walked out of the hotel, leaving about the most surprised set of men one ever saw. So far as I can learn he hasn't been hunting from that day to this.

And the dog? Poor fellow! the boatman told me about him. He had been after a number of wounded ducks and was probably tired out. He had just brought one back when Hunter ordered him after another. He refused to go. Hunter threw him over. He swam back to the boat. Hunter refused to let him in and ordered him to go after the duck. He went, nearly reached it, and sank exhausted, faithful and obedient to the last.

And this is the story of a dog, as told by a Chicago sportsman to a *Tribune* reporter. —*Chicago Tribune.*

An Unusually Well Trained Setter.

A Noble Dog—The Story Vouched for by a Chicago Sportsman.

This is the story of a dog. He was a noble animal—a setter—and thoroughly well trained. As his owner explained, "He's just as good on water as on land. You don't have to urge him to jump over the side of a boat."

The first time I saw him was at the Northwestern depot at Chicago. I was going to Fox Lake, Ill., for a week's hunting with a friend. Just after we got through the gate a man came down the platform followed by a dog. Although there was a big crowd the dog was allowed to run loose—he was led by no chain or thong. We both remarked at the time that he was a magnificent animal, and watched him as he went trotting along behind his master. They went to the baggage car and the man spoke a word to the baggage master. The latter pointed to a corner of the car. The dog's owner made a motion in the same direction and the intelligent animal jumped into the car and curled up in that corner. The baggage man wanted to tie him to something, but the owner said no.

"He'll stay there all right," he said.

And he did. When we got off at McHenry, where we had to take a steamer, the dog was still lying in that corner of the baggage car. His owner went forward and called him and he jumped. Of course we were more than ever impressed with the fact that he was a valuable dog.

ALWAYS DID AS TOLD.

That night at Fox Lake we got acquainted with the owner. He was a Chicago board of trade man. His name I need not mention. I'll call him Hunter—it's as good as any other. He was proud of the dog, of course, and told us a good many stories about what he had done and what he could do. He was trained to perfection.

"He'll fetch me anything I tell him to," said Hunter, after he had warmed up to his subject. "Why, if I told him to bring me that pool table he'd do it."

We all laughed, of course.

"Come down a little," said the proprietor of the hotel.

"No, I won't," retorted Hunter, hotly. "I'll bet you cigars he'll bring it to me if I tell him to."

The proprietor looked astonished.

"Well, I don't mind smoking with you," he said at last. "Send him for it."

He was promptly sent. He ran to the pool table and looked around in an undecided way.

"That's right," exclaimed his master. "Fetch it."

He looked around again, apparently for something to catch hold of. His eyes fell on one of the pockets, and in a twinkling he had wrentched it off and laid it at his master's feet.

"Good boy," said Hunter, patting him. "Now get some more."

"Here!" yelled the proprietor. "That costs money."

"Of course," replied hunter, calmly. "Bring me some more, Jack."

Jack had begun gnawing at one of the table's legs.

"Do you mean to destroy the table?" cried the landlord.

"Well, of course he's got to bring it in sections," said Hunter. "He can't drag the whole table, but if you'll give him time he'll get it all here."

And I believe he would. He was the slave of his master's word or look. However the landlord admitted his defeat to save his table.

The next time I saw Hunter and Jack was about two days later. My friend and I were on one side of the little river, when Hunter hailed us from the other side.

"What bore of guns have you?" he asked.

I replied that mine was a 12 and my friend's a 10.

"Can you let me have 10 cartridges?" he called. "I'm shot out."

"Certainly," shouted my friend, "if I can get them across. I'll try to throw them to you if you'll undertake to catch them."

"O, no," he said. "Wait."

He sat down and pulled off one of his rubber boots. Then he doubled the top over and gave it to Jack. Jack swam over with it, we put the cartridges in and he took it back. We were more in love with him than ever.

The next day Hunter gave us another exhibition of the dog's training. One of us took his hat, one of his gloves and his handkerchief, and put them in separate places about thirty feet apart. The dog lay by his side watching the proceedings.

"Now which do you want him to get?" asked Hunter.

"The glove," said I.

"Left!" ordered Hunter, and to the left Jack went and got the glove. We tried him a number of times, but he understood the left, right and centre better than a good many theatre ushers, and he was not a trick dog, either—he was a hunting dog.

THE MASTER'S SORROW.

Before the week was ended everybody in the vicinity of the place was just about in love with Jack. Hunter, of course, thought there was nothing in the world like the dog. He thought there was nothing under heaven that Jack could not do, and there certainly was nothing that he could do that he would not do if he was told, as the sequel shows.

Hunter came back one day without him. To use a slang expression, he "looked all broken up," and returned no answer to the greetings given him. He went straight to his room and in a short time came down dressed for travel.

"What's my bill?" he asked.

"You're not going?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Yes," he returned, sharply.

"But where's your dog?"

"Dead," he replied, that put an end to all further questioning. Then, abruptly: "Do you know any one who wants a hunting outfit?"

Hunter had the handsomest outfit in the place. It must have cost several hundred dollars.

"What's the matter, Hunter?" asked a Chicagoan who knew him.

"Do you want the outfit?" was the reply.

"How much?"

"Anything."

"Fifty dollars."

"Take it," and he walked out of the hotel, leaving about the most surprised set of men one ever saw. So far as I can learn

THE House of Correction at Jessup's Cut has 389 prisoners.

THE MANSFIELD GHOST.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said I to my friend Fenton, as we sat on the porch one evening, enjoying a quiet smoke in the cool night air.

"Yes. I have seen one."

"You have! When? Where?"

"Don't ask too many questions at a time and I'll tell you."

"Well, go on. I'm all impatient to hear it."

"Well, one summer, about ten years ago, having no business that needed my particular attention, I thought I would run down to ——shire, and see my old college friend Mansfield and his wife.

"When I got down to his place I found that neither himself nor his wife was at home, but as the housekeeper expected them to return in a few days I concluded to stay till they came.

The first day after my arrival I spent in rambling through the grounds about the ancient place; the next day was a rainy one, and I had to stay in the house. My room was on the third floor overlooking the court yard. After dinner I went up to it, and, stirring up the fire, I took my book and sat down to read. I read a short time, and then, letting the book drop on my knee, listened to the steady drip, drip of of the rain on the flags of the court yard. Soon I fell into a reverie, and then into a state of semi-consciousness.

I was aroused from my dreaming by seeing through my half closed eyes the door noiselessly open and a young woman enter. She was an extremely pretty girl, with light hair falling in long curls over her shoulders. Her dress was an old fashion—just as I suppose my great-grandmother dressed when she was young. Her tiny feet were incased in high heeled, red morocco slippers. She advanced to the table and laid off her scarf and drew up a chair to the fire without as much as a "how d'ye do?" or even taking the slightest notice of me whatever. She then drew from her pocket a miniature portrait of a very handsome young man. From my position I could see it as it lay in her lap. His countenance was open and manly, and his dark hair was clusted in short curls around his forehead. He was dressed in a fashion as antiquated as that of the lady; delicate ruffles were around his throat and at his wrist; in his hand he carried a riding whip.

She gazed at the picture long and tenderly, with a loving smile on her lips. One of the curls fell back and disclosed to my view a ghastly wound on the temple. Till then I had been too amazed to think; but now the conviction rushed upon me that my visitor was not of this world. I was frightened, and sat like one in a dream.

She replaced the picture in her pocket and, going to a corner, drew out a harp. I had never seen it before, though I had been in the room a dozen times. Drawing it to her side, she ran her fingers over the strings and began to sing in a low voice. Her song was in some foreign language. She had a sweet voice, and as it floated through the room, mingled with the lingering sounds of the harp, they had an unearthly sound that filled me with dread.

Suddenly she stopped in her song, and, looking in the direction of the door, sat in a listening attitude for some time; then she resumed her song. But she seemed restless. She looked first at the door and then at the windew, as if expecting some one. At last she rose and, putting the harp in the corner, ran to the window and murmured to herself:

"What can keep Roger? He should have been her before now."

She stood but a moment, when she grew pale as death, her eyes dilated, she clasped her hands above her head, and, with a wild scream of agony, threw up the window and flung herself out. This roused me. I sprang up and ran to the window. It was closed! This staggered me. I threw it up and looked down into the court yard, fully expecting to see her lying senseless on the stones. But no. There was no one there except a servant hurrying out of the rain by the very spot where she would have fallen. She could not have got into the house, as there was only one door opening into the yard. I ran down to the door. A servant was sweeping the passage.

"Have you seen any one come in?"

"No, sir."

"How long have you been here?"

"About ten minutes, and I am sure no one has come in."

I went back to my room and sat down to study over my adventure. Suddenly I thought of the harp. I rose and went to the very place I had seen her put it. What was my surprise to find no harp there! I searched every nook and corner of the room, but could not find it. Here was a new evidence of the ghostly character of my visitor. I concluded to keep my adventure secret till the return of my friend.

He came the next day; in the afternoon I asked him to come to my room, as I wished to see him.

We went up, and, taking seats, he said:

"Well, what is it?"

"I have seen a ghost."

Instead of laughing at me, as I expected, he looked very serious and said:

"When?"

"Yesterday, in the oak sitting room."

I then told him what I had seen, and he listened with a troubled air.

When I had finished he studied a few minutes and then said:

"Would you know her again if you were to see her picture?"

"Yes."

"Come with me, then."

He took me to another room, and there, hanging side by side, were the portraits of the young woman and the young man, whose miniature I had seen in your hand.

"There she is, and there is the young man!" I cried.

"These are the portraits of Roger and Annie Mansfield. It is a strange thing, but you are not the only one who has seen the ghost; I have never seen it, but my father and mother both saw it. There is an old story connected with it, that with your permission, I will relate to you.

"A hundred years ago this house was occupied by an ancestor of mine named Roger Mansfield. He had been married about one year to the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, whom he loved dearly. He was passionately fond of field sports, while she was of a retiring disposition, loving home and home amusements, and as her will was law he had given up hunting for her sake.

"One day a large company of the gentry rode out to hunt, and Roger, for once, gained the consent of his wife, and joined them, promising to be back at a certain time. The day wore on and the hour at which he was to have come back passed, but he did not appear.

"She tried to while away the time by playing on the harp as she sang a little song in the Italian language; but still she was uneasy. Hearing a noise she put her harp aside, and, going to the window, saw carried on a litter the dead body of her husband. She gave one shriek and precipitated herself from the window. Her head struck on the stones and she was killed.

"Her husband had been killed by being thrown from his horse in taking a leap.

"I have one thing to ask you, Frank. Never tell my wife what you have seen, or she would not stay in the house another night."

I promised. We went below, and I stayed about three weeks at the Grange, but I gave that room a wide berth.

Now, I know that some skeptical person would pooh-pooh on hearing this, and say I had eaten a hearty dinner and fallen asleep and dreamed what I have been telling you; but this I know, that I was not asleep—no more than I am at this moment, and that I did really see the Mansfield ghost.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

He Walketh in the Ruts.

He ploweth his ground with a cast-iron plow, which is like unto the one his grandfather used.

He harroweth with the straight-toothed harrow, and when you tell him the papers say that the disc and the spring-tooth harrows are the best, he curleth up his lips with scorn and sayeth that he has forgotten more about farming than the papers ever knew.

He milketh the cow that is big, for lo! when he selleth her he getteth much money for the beef.

He considereth not the cost of feeding that beef for many years, nor the fact that in all those years the big cow maketh not so much as 150 lbs. of butter in the space of one year.

He wintereth his calves at the straw-stack, and in the spring verily their bellies are like unto a pot and their backs have a curve that is called sway.

He goeth to milk the cow and he telleth her in an exceeding loud voice to back her leg, and he thumpeth her on the back with the milking stool to emphasize his remark.

He getteth some manure in the milk while milking, but he straineth it out through an old stocking strainer.

He setteth his milk in crocks, for did not his grandmother do the same?

He churneth with a dash churn and his conversation is full of dashes while he turneth the crank.

He gathereth the butter in a lump in the churn, and refuseth to try the gran