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 article must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1,00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

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

Legal Notices.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the matter of the Real Estate of ISAAC PARSONS, late of Kent County, deceased,

In the Orphans' Court of Kent County, April 15th, 1890.

ORDERED that the sales made and reported by JOHN P. NICHOLSON, executor of the last will and testament of ISAAC PARSONS, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of June next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of May next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $28,000 cash.

W. S. WALKER,
E. F. MOFFETT,
S. G. FISHER,
April 26, 1890—it. Judges of the Orphans' Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOSEPH E. WEER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 21st day of October, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 15th day of April, 1890.

JAMES E. WEER,
April 19, 1890—4t. Administrator.

THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

RAPID HARNESS MENDERS, laid Rivets in the Shade. Sold by J. LLOYD MCFELY & CO

So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure Chronic Catarrh in the Head, no matter how bad or of how long standing, that they offer in good faith, the above reward, for a case which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell, or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. Sold by druggists, at fifty cents. Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Purely Vegetable, Gently Laxative, or Cathartic, according to size or dose. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.

TOMATO GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

READ THIS CAREFULLY:

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

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

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

MR. PHIL. PARKER, Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—He used ours alongside of Mapes that cost $14 per ton, and that our was equal in every respect.

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

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

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

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

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

OUR CORN FERTILIZER!

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

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

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

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

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

Professional Cards.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD*

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

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST.
STILL POND, MD.

DR. N. M. JETER,
Late Resident Physician for the Houston Coal and Coke Company, of West Virginia,
HAS LOCATED IN MILLINGTON,
and offers his services to the people.
Feb. 22—6m.

DENTIST.
DR. C. P. GILPIN,
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.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

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

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

HARRISON W. [illegible]KERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTO[illegible] MARYLAND

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

Taxes in First District.

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

For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

MEN'S RED and WHITE UNDERSHIRTS, La dies' and Children's Merino Vests, all grades at lowest price. J. H. SIMPERS.

Spring and Summer!

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

SHOES,

STRAW HATS,

Straw Matting,

At Lowest Prices!

J. H. SIMPERS.
April 19, 1890.

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.

MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

NEW Fall and Winter HATS and CAPS at low prices. J. H. SIMPERS.

[NOTE.—The temperance matter on this page is paid for by the Opponents of High License.—EDS.]

The Restrictive Farce in Pittsburgh.

"Restrictive temperance legislation has proven a failure," says a dispatch from Pittsburgh to a high-license journal. Last year under the vigorous enforcement of the Brooks law by Judge White the number of retail licenses granted in Pittsburgh was 93, but a monstrous brood of speakeasies, or unlicensed, law-breaking saloons, sprung into existence. I. O. Brown, Chief of the Department of Public Safety, places their number at 800. Other authorities say there are thousands of them. At any rate their name is legion, and the Pittsburgh police are confessedly powerless to suppress them.

It appears that while in Pittsburgh "there were no 'speak easies' before the enforcement, one year and a half ago, of the Brooks High-License law," yet now "in some districts nearly every house is a 'speak-easy,' having its biggest trade on Sundays"; and "some ironworkers" who "get their supplies from the breweries at dead of night" have "sacrificed big-paying 'jobs' in the mills to gather in a still larger income from sales of liquor on Sunday alone"; moreover, "men who were refused a renewal of their liquor license under the Brooks law keep open the old stands," and "sell liquor on the sly." And so, although "Judge White's strict interpretation of the Brooks law has reduced the number of licensed saloons ninety per cent., yet there are more drinking-places than there ever were before."

This truly deplorable state of affairs under the crack High-License law of the country was set forth in a letter from Pittsburgh in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. A noticeable increase in crime is another feature of the license farce in Pittsburgh. In 1888, under the Brooks law, the commitments to the county jail numbered 5,840. This was an increase of between 500 and 600 over the number in 1887 under low license. The year 1889 recorded another startling increase to 7,007.

In view of this lawlessness one is not surprised to find Chief Brown in his annual report requesting either absolute prohibition or the granting of more licensed saloons. Acting upon this suggestion, the Pittsburgh license judges have granted 305 retail license for the coming year against 93 in 1889, and 168 wholesale licenses against 43 last year.

Thus we have an authoritative confession of the ignominious failure of high license as a restrictive measure in Pittsburgh, and the ignominious retreat of the license judges from the stand for genuine reform which was taken by Judge White.

That Most Excellent Brooks Law.

The judges of the Philadelphia License Court have finished their work for this year and have reduced the number of regular saloon licenses granted. An increase was strongly urged on the ground that it would reduce the number of speak-easies. But instead of an icrease the judges have actually reduced the number. The licensed saloons in Philadelphia in 1887 numbered 5,773; in 1888, under the Brooks law, the number was reduced to 1,347; in 1889, the number was 1,205, while a still further reduction this Spring places the number at 1,173.

By the terms of the Brooks law the judges are required to refuse licenses "whenever in the opinion of the court, having due regard to the number and character of the petitioners for and against such application, such license is not necessary for the accommodation of the public and entertainment of strangers and travellers, or that the applicant or applicants is or are not fit persons to whom such licenses should be granted."

It is this power of discretion given the judges, and not the amount of the fee, that has enabled them to reduce the number of saloon licenses. But a Supreme Court decision in 1889 declared that the judges could not exercise this discretion in the case of wholesale licenses. Hence the reduction in the number of regular retail saloon licenses to 1,173 is offset by a very large increase of wholesale license. The number granted this year is 919—nearly as many as the retail licenses.

The great majority of the wholesalers are retailers in disguise and intend selling to consumers. The Philadelphia *Ledger* admits this, notwithstanding that it continues to talk about the "beneficial results" of the "beneficent Brooks Act." It says: "Two-thirds of these [wholesale licenses] it may safely be affirmed will do a 'pocket trade,' and will be in no true sense wholesale dealers, as they sell direct to consumers. In effect therefore the court has largely increased the number of saloons, although the number of retail licenses has been reduced."

License judges in both Philadelphia and Pittsburgh issued few licenses, but the result has been a startling crop of speakeasies and an unprecedented number of "wholesale" dealers. License devotees have not only seen their pet policy proven ineffective, but their attempt to limit the number of groggeries has even lost them the consolation of a big license revenue.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* voices the public groan when it confesses that "there is something wrong with high license. We have had a trial of it for two years, and the result is not entirely satisfactory. It has reduced the licenses to a comparatively small number, but there are just as many saloons as ever. These are the speak-easies, which flourish like blue-grass in Kentucky, in defiance of law. They do not increase the city's revenue and their power for evil is much greater than the licensed saloons conducted under a wholesome fear of punishment."

Poor Pennsylvania! She lusted after the leeks and onions and flesh-pots of high license. Now the loathsome mess has begun to come out at her nostrils.

We recommend a conscientious investigation of the workings of high license in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia to our Kent county readers. Rally, temperance men, let nothing deter you from your duty toward protecting home and country.—Gashmu will lie, Sanballet will hinder, Demas will forsake, Alexandria the coppersmith will do what evil he can, and men whose craft is in danger will cry "Great is Diana of Ephesus," but do you keep steadily at your work for God and his cause. It is not ours to reason why you receive scant sympathy and less assistance from your brethren in the church and elsewhere in your efforts to fight the curse of strong drink. The great and exceeding promises are only to the overcomers.

HIGH LICENSE, THE MONOPOLY OF ABOMINATION.

The legalized saloon—the curse of our country to-day—stands threateningly over us and demands a sacrifice of human lives, a flood of bitter tears, and the improverishment of all with whom it comes in contact. Not satisfied with this it sets its talons in the legislature and executive halls of our country and is seeking the overthrow of our free institutions, the defilement of the Christian Sabbath, the enthronement of anarchy, and the death of liberty.

It supplies and floods our country with an ever increasing stream of that most deadly of poisons—Rum. As rum enters the mouth of man reason passes out, and leaves what were otherwise a man, an animal, unfit for companionship with human beings and fit only for association with brutes. Let Rum get its hold on a man and all that is good, all that is manly about him vanishes. He passes rapidly from one stage of degradation to another and finds before him only Rum, Ruin, misery and death. Man made in the image of his Creator and endowed with intelligence far above any living thing! Man, whose mind can grasp into the mysteries of nature, and who can trace the course of the planets in their revolutions around the sun! Man, possessed of an immortal soul, endowed with eternal life; is a majestic personage, a powerful being. But let Rum get its grasp upon him, and instead of his mind soaring into the clouds, instead of his intellect grasping into the mysteries of Earth and Heaven, he is brought low unto the earth. His resting place becomes the gutter and instead of being an equal of the angels he is degraded to the level of a hog. He sinks lower and lower, surely and rapidly, till death, untimely death, seizes upon him and he leaves this world cursing himself, cursing his life, cursing his God. His life has been a failure and better would it have been for him and his family if he'd never been born. He dies, and all that is left of him is a drunkard's grave, a broken-hearted wife, a family of starving children.

The legalized saloon takes from us money, self-respect, home, friends, mind and soul. What does it give in return? Poverty, insanity, tears, broken hearts, blasted lives, misery and death. It is productive of misery always and everywhere and has not one redeeming feature. 'Tis a foe to all that is true and good, a friend of all that's degrading and hurtful. No one can truthfully deny this charge. No one can claim, no one dare claim, that there is one good reason why the saloon should be allowed to exist. All agree to its hurtfulness, all acknowledge that it is a curse.

High license is simply a barrier placed in the way of sobriety and all temperance reform. It is the white flag of truce sent out from alcoholism to the voters of grand old Kent county to make the battle of reformation pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce.

The cry of the drunkard's starving children, the moan of his heart-broken widow, the grief of his gray-haired parents call on you to drive away this curse. The murderer, as he paces up and down his cell, while waiting for his doom, can look back and lay it all to rum. Thousands of maniacs, as they rave in delirious madness, could, if their brains should clear for an instant, tell you that it was rum that made them what they are—that rum worked their ruin. If all the victims that rum has laid in dishonored graves should rise up from their sleep to testify at the arraignment of this arch-fiend, what an awful tale of woe, and sin, and blood would be unfolded then.

Friends! the blood of these helpless victims, the every act of these insane chatterers, the every motion of the sorrowing widows and poverty-stricken orphans is an appeal to you to do all you can to put down the curse, to bring about the cure. Dare you disregard such an appeal?

Money raised by a high license, we are told, will help support the poor-houses, where there are widows and orphans, sent there by the dissipation of husbands and fathers.

Don't you see? This high tax will help support the prisons in which men are incarcerated for committing crimes while drunk.

Don't you see? This tax will help support the courts, the judges and attorneys, and juries, and constables in the arraignment, trial, and condemnation of those who offend the law while in a state of insobriety. Don't you see?

How any voter in favor of the great temperance reform, and who loves the purity of home, and the welfare and the good name of his county, can be so hoodwinked as not to understand that this high license movement is the surrender of all the temperance reformation for which good men and women have been struggling for the last sixty years, is an amazement that eclipses everything. We are told high license will break up the unlicensed mills and squatters all over the county. We deny it, and point for proof to our sister State, Pennsylvania, where, under the celebrated Brooks law, speak-easies have multiplied to an alarming extent. We are told that licensed dealers will look out for these speak-easies and prosecute them. We deny it, for one result of this high license movement is to make rum-selling, rum-drinking highly respectable, and in order to maintain their respectability, they must have some lower grogery to dispatch their unruly patrons.

Fellow-citizens of Kent, don't be hoodwinked about the revenues accruing from high license, every cent of which goes to the State, and our county is left to defray all the expense as best we can. Don't be in a State of ease because of the apparent inactivity of the liquorites, their work is accomplished, as they have been at work for years about this matter of high license and now can afford to remain quiet until the proper time to arise and show their hands; they know what they are about, nor are they inactive, as the following letter will show:

Dear Sir:—Yours of March 3rd to hand, contents noted. In reply will say: *We sympathize with you in your fight for liberty.* We will give you an outline of how we conducted our campaign; first we kept very silent they had Public Meetings every night Singing Clubs and Choirs still we kept quiet; the Papers would not say anything for us, but during all this time we were getting all the money we could together and about one week before the election we opened up the strings we got the newspapers we looked after the Election boards there is the Principal Point be sure and have a majority of your men on the boards, it is a hard Job to silence the Pulpit let them talk do your work quietly and Put your money in the hands of men who will know how to handle it and where to Put it to get the Best results.

The whiskey men must keep in the back ground because if they show their hand the other side will holler self interest as to liquor documents well we sent out tons of it I don't believe it done a bit of good you may send some to the farmers, but what you do want is the news Papers you can advocate High License we have it here we have to Pay $500 it makes an impression on the farmers in lowering their Taxes and when you hit a farmer in the pocket book you have him.

Hoping you will be successful in your fight.

We Are respect yours.

Shall we, the free and enlightened, law-abiding voters of Kent county, apologize for, cover up, and justify the horrible, death dealing, home destroying, crime producing pauperizing liquor traffic by a legal sanction? We say no! a thousand times no!! Never! never!! never!!!

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong."—I. John 2: 14.

We appeal to you, young men of Kent county, to help us in the warfare which we are waging against the enemy that lies intrenched behind the legalized saloon. We do not ask you now to join our organization; we only ask that you will cast your influence and your vote against the common foe of all things that are right and pure and true, the traffic in strong drink. We want you to be *with us* and not *against us* in the effort which is now being made to drive the liquor power from our land. We appeal to you "because ye are strong"—strong in your young manhood, strong in your hopes and ambitions, strong in your desires to lead useful and honorable lives.

We appeal to you with great hope and confidence, because we believe that many of you are ready and willing to enlist in any cause that promises to lead you upward in the world, that promises to advance your best and highest interests. We believe that all that many of you need is the *word of invitation* to range yourselves on the *right side* in this battle against the powers of evil and of darkness.

That *word of invitation* we now give you. No worthier cause ever enlisted the hearts and minds of men, than that to which you are now called. As to the knights of the olden time, so now to you comes the call to defend the weak, to protect the helpless, and to destroy the enemies of virtue and innocence. The field is before you for braver deeds and nobler sacrifices than were ever performed in the days of chivalry. Every interest that is sacred and dear to the heart of man—the welfare of the home, or the fireside, of the family, of the church of Christ—urges you to engage in this conflict against the monster evil of the age, the traffic in strong drink.

As sensible and practical young men, we ask you in all candor, can you give any good reason why you should not array yourselves on the side of the home and against the saloon? What can you hope to gain by giving any encouragement or any measure of your influence, however small, to the rum traffic. What can it promise you or do for you that you should court its favor or give it allegiance? Judging the traffic by the results of it, as seen in our own community, what is there in it that should attract the support of any intelligent, honorable, self-respecting young man? Many of you know as well as we do, what the traffic has done for some men in this community—how it has brought upon them heavy burdens of sorrow and misery, how it has destroyed their peace and happiness. You know as well as we do that the saloons are schools of vice and shame, that the very atmosphere of them is fatal to virtue and true manliness. You know as well as we do, that full two-thirds of all the crime and poverty in this county is traceable to the grog-shops. You know as well as we do, that the leading themes of conversation there and all the associations of the saloons are such as no honorable young man would dare bring into his home or into the presence of those whom he loves and respects. You know as well as we do, what will surely follow if you, in your turn, become regular frequenters of the saloons, slaves of the drink habit. We implore you, therefore, for the sake of your homes, for the sake of the cause of Christ, to come out and declare yourselves openly against that agency of Satan, the rum traffic. Yours fraternally,

The W. C. T. U., of Chestertown.

The Shortness of Life.

Oh, when I think that we only have a single life to live, and that every moment that passes brings us nearer death, I am ready to go distracted!

I do not fear death; but life is so short, to waste it is infamous.

As a general thing, the family and friends of great men do not believe in their genius. In my case it is too much the other way—that is to say, that it would not surprise my family if I were to paint a picture as large as Medusa's raft and receive the cross of the Legion of Honor for it. Is this a bad sign? I hope not.

The hardest thing to bear is to be continually disappointed in those nearest to us. To find a serpent where one had expected to find flowers, that is indeed horrible. But these constant shocks have produced in me at least a species of indifference to them. No matter what is passing around me I take no notice now. I put my head out of the door only to go to the studio.

For a month past I have heard nothing but words of commendation, with the exception of one occasion, a fortnight ago. This morning I was scolded, and I have forgotten everything but the scolding. But it is so always. A thousand persons applaud; a single one hisses, and his voice drowns the voices of all the others.

MUCH is gained by planting beet seed very early. It is a crop that requires plenty of time to become well established before warm weather and drought come. Though requiring attention at first, the beet crop is easily cultivated after it gets well under way.

IN the warm days now at hand, and before the general farm work comes on, is a favorable time to wash the trunks and branches of the young fruit trees. Either weak lye or strong soap-suds make a good wash. This will kill all moss and give the tree a clean, healthy look.

THE grass is now furnishing good grazing and the cost of milk and butter may be reduced, but the supply of ground grain should not be lessened to the cows that are giving large yields of milk.

CLOVER and a feed of bran at night is better than too much grain or clover exclusively. Bran for pigs, calves and growing stock of all kinds provides phosphates, and largely aids in developing bone.

AN IDYL OF WISCONSIN.

A Demure Widow Who Sought a Husband and Preferred Pills to Hay.

In this highly moral town (Appleton, Wisconsin) lived a little widow. She was born there, the only child of well-to-do parents. In appearance she was not exactly beautiful, but was bright and attractive. Her hair had a saucy, independent way of curling around her temples in an unexpected style. Her complexion was clear and dark; her eyes coal black with a bewildering turn to them—bewitching to her admirers; "cross-eyed" to some of her feminine acquaintances. She married a representative man, but in time found herself not only bereft of husband, but with a very small income.

Time went on, and after several investments that proved to be failures she decided there was only one thing she could do and that was to marry again. Marry in that town? Where to be seen in public with a man—a widow with a real live man—meant to be ostracised by society at once. She had not the moral courage to run the risk of social condemnation. But this is a progressive age, and there was one way to matrimony and the inhabitants of this little town need not be informed of her determination. She came in possession of the address of a Chicago matrimonial bureau, where husbands are provided, satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. She opened correspondence with the bureau and finally became a member, giving instructions to find her a husband. She did not care what he was, if he was "only white, respectable, and had no bad habits."

In due time "introductions" followed in the shape of letters so numerous that it was difficult to decide where to cast her lines, but the correspondents finally narrowed down to two, one in Nebraska, the other in Indiana. The ardent lover from the West was a druggist, and suggested that he would meet her somewhere on the way, they would be married, and return at once to his comfortable home; the Indiana man was a farmer, and claimed to be worth several thousand dollars. She had no particular penchant for farming, but possibly farm lands could be converted into cash, and they could live in the city, Chicago probably. Now this little woman had had a sad experience, and she vowed she would be cautious in her second venture; there were two birds on the bush and she would take her choice. She wrote to the Western lover to meet her at the town mentioned, and also consented to the request of the Indiana man, that he visited her in own home—with more misgivings in regard to the latter than the former, for the oracles of this moral town would not appreciate these romances in real life. However, a man 60 years of age, a widower with enough intelligence to amass a fortune, would certainly have a little sense, she reasoned, and could come and possibly without any one being the wiser.

One night a party of gentlemen were congregated around a heater in the offices of the principal hotel in this moral town. It was bitter cold and the train from the south had just arrived. A man walked in with the unmistakable step of Hoosierdom scattered all over him. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, a new suit of clothes, no collar, black and white striped mittens, and carried a large, squre, black enamelled satchel. He looked around the room with the inquiry:

"Is this 'ere a tavern?"

Every man in the room answered in the affirmative.

He said: "Where is the boss?"

The obliging clerk stepped forward.

"I reckon it's about supper time. What might ye be asking fo' supper?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"Jehosephate! Thirty-five cents for one meal! Ain't that an all-fired high price? What is it for three meals an' lodgin'?"

"Two dollars."

"B' gosh! It costs somethin' travel, but this is a special 'kashun, and it is all in a life time, so here goes! Got to have somethin' to eat, anyhow."

He planked his satchel down and was shown the way to the supper room. The words "special 'kashun" had caught the ears of the crowd around the heater, and they were kindly disposed toward the traveler by the time he wandered back after the reckless investment to satisfy his stomach.

The circle was broadened to admit him, and he, nothing loath, joined in with a friend not and the remark:

"B' gosh! this is an allfired cold country! Down in Indianny, where I came from, we hain't had no such spell as this. I don't wonder your wimmen folks want to get married and get away."

"Are you going to marry one of them?"

"Well, I reckon that is about the size of it; but wimmen are mighty onsartin. Ye see, I don't have time to attend to it myself, and there's a man in Chicago that knows a lot of wimmen that ain't got much confidence in their own judgment, and they leave it to him to find a husband for 'em. So I jined the company or bureau about two years gone now—but nary a wife yet."

"Why, what is the reason?"

"Dunno, unless the gosh demed wimmen ain't got no sense. Now, maybe some on ye know this one up here. We hev bin sort o' hitching on through letters since last August, but she's so tarnation skeery she won't come to the p'int onless she sot eyes on me first. You see, I've hed a right smart lot of experience in the past two years, and was bound to make this a go. So I waited till after killing time, and bought this suit of clothes—paid $10 for it—but I didn't care a darn for expense; you see, wimmen, the best on 'em, like style, and I wouldn't let this one slip away. Maybe some on ye know——" (mentioning the name of the demure little widow.

Know her! Of course they did, and that was enough to gain the complete confidence of the man from Indiana. He pulled out her last letter and passed it around for their inspection. It contained explicit directions. He could arrive on the 6.40 evening train and call at the house about 8; information as to the route from the hotel so plainly stated that it would not be necessary to make any inquiries. It was nearly the appointed time, and the man from Indiana started out to hear his fate with the good wishes of that crowd around the stove, after giving the promise of telling them the particulars of the interview. They waited for his return until the "wee sma' hours." Weary with waiting they retired. The next morning when the usual crowd congregated they found their acquaintance of the night before ensconced in a chair by the stove. They asked him what luck he had.

"B' gosh! I got the sack again, but I didn't care a cent. I couldn't tell whether she was lookin' at me or somewhere else. I suppose she thought I wasn't used to courtin', 'cause I only staid till 2 o'clock, but b' gosh, the fire went out and it was so tarnation cold I had to cum away. I am goin' to take the next train, and that man in Chicago is got to do better'n than that or I will take my $100 away and go without a wife."

He started for the depot, accompanied by the interested crowd. Being a little early for the train he seated himself for a chat with his new friends. During the conversation his eyes lighted upon a satchel marked "Hay" with white pains.

"Just look at that!" he said. "Some dern fool must want some hay mighty bad to carry it in a satchel," and he laughed loud and long with the rest of them. His friends entertained him so well that the train was in before he was aware of it. His satchel was thrust in his hand and he was hurried off without having discovered that the "laws" of a moral town had more respect for verdancy than for matrimonial agencies, or that the satchel marked "Hay" was his own.

The widow was right. The oracles did not appreciate the real life romance and she left for Nebraska soon after, where she was met by the man of her choice, married and given a rousing welcome; a brass band and all the inhabitants meeting them at the depot of the town destined to be their future home.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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