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

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 will be charged.

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

Kent News.

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JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory price.

SHOES made to Measure and Fit Guaranteed.

Buy the celebrated Storm Slipper for Men and Ladies.

Jack Frost Says its Time to Get Your Heavy Footwear!

READY with OUR COLD WEATHER BARGAINS

Above us stands no competitors. Below us lie no competing prices. We will commence the season with Bargains! We will continue the season with Bargains! We will end the season with Bargains! Fine Goods and plenty of them. All the Leading and Representative Styles for Fall and Winter.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR LADIES, GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

EVERY DEPARTMENT FULL OF NEW NOVELTIES, RICH IN QUALITY AND STYLE!
YOU ARE SURE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT!
ONE AIM:—TO KEEP THE BEST!
ONE AMBITION: TO PLEASE OUR TRADE!
ONE PRINCIPLE:—FAIR DEALING!
ONE PRICE:—THE LOWEST!

THOS. G. WROTH, the Shoe Man,
UNDER STAM'S HALL.

We lay special Stress on the Novelty and Variety of our Stock and Moderate Prices

Use Ravin Gloss Shoe Polish. Best on the Market, and will not Crack the Leather.

The CHANGE to Take Place!

On January 1st, 1892, there will be a Change in Our Business, but Before the Final Arrangements can be Perfected, Our Present Stock, Including the

LARGEST, MOST COMPLETE AND BEST SELECTED LINE of

FINE FALL AND WINTER GOODS

MUST BE TURNED INTO CASH.

Our Stock this season is much Larger than any previous year and WAS BOUGHT OUT FOR before any CHANGE was contemplated. OUR STOCK MUST BE CLOSED ENTIRELY. We must have an empty Store-room on January 1st, 1892, and therefore propose to SLAUGHTER OUR ENTIRE LINE from this date. Every Article in our house from a Paper Collar to the Finest Suit is marked in Plain Figures. We mean business and propose to make this the most attractive LOW PRICE SALE ever made in Kent county, and want the people to understand that this GREAT SACRIFICE OF OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS IS ONLY TO PREPARE FOR THE CHANGE.

AS THIS BIG STOCK WAS BOUGHT FOR HARD CASH, we propose to offer the people of Kent and her sister counties the opportunity of buying NEW GOODS in Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Shoes and Underwear at lower prices than ever before known in this community. Everything must go without reserve. Below we quote prices on a few article to show you that we mean to make cuts on all good in our line.

Examine These Figures:

Men's Heavy Winter Suits in Frocks and Sacks cut from	*$ 6 00 to $ 4 50*
Men's Union Cassimere Suits cut from - -	*8 00 to 6 00*
Men's Cheviot, All Colors, cut from - - -	*10 00 to 7 50*
Men's All Wool Cassimere Suits - - -	*12 50 to 10 00*
Men's Extra Fine Harris Cassimer Suits - -	*15 50 to 12 50*

These prices are 25 per cent. less than real value.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

Men's Heavy, Lined Overcoats cut down to - -	*$ 3 00*
Men's Chinchilla and Beaver, in all colors, cut down to - -	*4 50*
Men's Fine Melton, all shades, cut down to - -	*6 79*
Men's Fine Cassimere and Kersey, in light and dark colors, cut down to	*8 50*
Men's Extra Fine English Melton, single and double breasted, cut to -	*10 00*
Men's English Top Overcoat, something nobby, cut down to -	*12 50*

There never has been such low prices quoted on overcoats. They must go.

PANTS. PANTS. PANTS.

We can show you the largest and most complete line ever offered to the trade, ranging in price from $1 00 to $1 50 $2,00, $2 50, $3 00, and $5 00. We will save you 25 per cent. on every Pair of Pants from the cheapest to the finest.

BIG BOYS' SUITS IN THE SLAUGHTER.

Suits from age 4 to 18 will be closed out at from $3 00, $4 00, $4 50, $5 75, $6 37½, $7 62½ and $8 50. This is a tremendous cut and is more than 25 per cent. lower than you can buy them elsewhere.

LITTLE BOYS' SUITS DOWN TO THESE PRICES.

Suits from age 4 to 13 going at $1 00, $1 25, $1 35, $2 25, $3 00, $3 62½ and $4 50. Mothers come and get your little fellows a suit at wholesale figures. We can save you 25 per cent. on the goods.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS.

From age 4 to 17 you can buy at astonishingly low figuers. Look at these prices, $1 00, $1 75, $2 37½, $3 00, $3 62½, $4 12½, $6 37½, $7 00. This is the biggest cut of all as we want to please the boys and their parents. Save 25 per cent. when you can.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Have been cut deeper than other goods as our Clothing trade has increased so rapidly we cannot devote much space to this line, and may be compelled to discontinue handling them for want of room. So down the price goes. The whole stock will be closed out at cost.

We will save you 25 per cent. on GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS and TRUNKS. We believe the people appreciate LOW PRICES and there is no mistake in our intention to gratify all who call on us this season.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Opposite Stam's Hall. Chestertown, Maryland.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

For MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN,

—AT—

W. A. WHITAKER'S

GALENA, MD.

Shoes, Shoes, Shoes,
Dry Goods, Notions,
Blankets, Groceries,
Furniture, Carpets,
Oil-Cloth, &c., &c.

Do you want the Best Light Running Sewing Machine? We are selling the

Domestic Sewing Machine

AT LESS THAN REGULAR CITY PRICES.

WM. A. WHITAKER,
Oct. 10, 1891. GALENA, MD.

Carpets! Carpets!!

CARPETS!

The Eastern Shore Carpet House

—ESTABLISHED BY—

Crane Bros.,

No. 8 West Baltimore St., near Charles,

Are offering to the trade of Kent County generally

Carpetings, Oil-Cloths,

RUGS, MATS, LINOLEUMS,

and Floor Coverings as never before shown south of New York.

AXMINISTERS, ROYAL WILTONS, TAPESTRIES VELVETS, INGRAINS, BRUSSELS, ART SQUARES, SMYRNA CARPETS

And all goods shown in a First-Class Carpet House.

☞Don't forget that all Carpets, &c., purchased of us will be delivered, freight prepaid during the season of 1891.

CRANE BROTHERS,
s19-3m. No. 8 West Balto. St., near Charles.

NEW STOCK!

Dress Goods!

WOOL FLANNEL,
CANTON FLANNEL.

UNDERWEAR! UNDERWEAR!

ALL GRADES.

Heavy Gloves, for Men and Boys,
Rubber Boots and Shoes,
MEN'S and BOYS' BOOTS,
Misses and Children's Shoes,
LADIES' SHOES,

And a General line of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c.

LOWEST PRICES

J. H. SIMPERS,
Chestertown, Md.

C. F. STAM

DRUGGIST.

WE keep things moving at our store and wish to state at this date we have in stock our

—full stock of—

Sage, Pepper,

SALTPETRE.

the BEST and PUREST in the market. Prices are very low. Give us a call. n21.

G. W. HILDEBRAND,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

CHAMBER, PARLOR, DINING ROOM AND LIBRARY

FURNITURE,

223 N. Howard Street, Near Clay Street,
o3-3m. BALTIMORE, MD.

ALMOST every one who reads knows of our store and clothing. *Best Made is Our Rule.* Our Fall and Winter Line of Suits and Overcoats is now ready for inspection. They are all of proper fabric and right color, $7 to $20. All the way from neatness to luxury.

COMMANDING the largest patronage in Baltimore, our Juvenile Department carries the most extensive stock of Boys' Wear (more than any three other houses.) Our prices offer no excuse for keeping a shabby rig. Splendid Suits and Overcoats at $3.00, $3.50, $5 and $6. Full line of Shirt Waists, Underwear, &c., at bottom prices. 25 cents up.

MANY gentlemen prefer distinct individuality in their garments. Our Custom Branch contains the choicest weavings, both foreign and domestic, and is ever ready to meet the wants of the most fastidious at one-third less than exclusive merchant tailors. Splendid Suits $20 to $25.

EVERY Hat we sell is guaranteed. Your new hat should be the latest both in block and color. Our department is crowded with all the newest winter shapes. Special line of $3 Derbys at $1.98. Boys' durable hats, 39 cents up.

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT stocked with full lines of this season's Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, &c., at very reasonable prices.

MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention. Samples, Catalogues, &c., sent on application.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS AND HATTERS,

5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE.

A handsome souvenir will be presented to any purchaser presenting this order.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD.

Goods Within the Reach of Every Purse!

To state a fact is one thing, but to demonstrate it is another, and in order to do this we respectfully invite the public to call and see our stock of

Fall and Winter Goods.

Canton Flannels and Muslins, special brands and extra weight at 6 and 8c. per yard. Tickings, Dark Outings, Red Flannels, Dress Flannels and Plaids of every shade, first-class Navy Blue at 25c. per yard, and astonishingly low White Flannel at 10c. Dress Goods in plain and plaids. Our Black Henriettas at 50c., 75c. and $1; cannot be excelled in price or quality. Table Linen Napkins, a good one at 50 cents a dozen. Fine line of Towels, Apron Goods and Edges. The best styles in Dress Ginghams at 8, 10 and 12½c. per yard. Children's, Misses, Youths', Ladies' and Gent's Underwear of every kind and quality, one of the very best Ribbed Vests for Ladies at 25c. ever sold. A Double-Breasted and Double-Back Gent's Shirt for 50c., a regular knock out. Ladies ask for our Boulevard Corset, Dr. Warner's Health Corset, and our No. 848.

Fine line of Hoisery. The best black Hose, 2 pair for 25c., in all sizes, will wash as well as any 50c. hose, and to prove it we could give you 100 testimonials, but only ask one trial. Gloves, Mittens, Blankets and Comforts at all prices.

Boots and Shoes!

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gent's Shoes of good style and quality at low price. Gents' and Boys' Boots in Leather and Gum. Woodsocket Sag Proof Boot, the best, we never had a pair returned. Gum Shoes, Coats and a fine line of Gossamers for ladies.

Hats and Caps of the latest styles. Fine line of Gents' Neck Ware, Collars, Cuffs, and Champion Shirts at 50 cents. Oil Cloths, in Style. Groceries of every kind, ask for our Duck Soap. Tobacco at 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 76c. and $1.00, never lost a customer on our 75c. tobacco that we ever made. Cigars! Ask for our Racket Cigar, and we are kicking up the biggest kind of a racket with it. Queensware and everything else kept in a general store. Bring your trade at. This date we are giving 10c. for lard, 21c. for eggs.

yours respectfully
WESTCOTT & DODD,
Oct. 24, 1891.

MAUD S. IN KENT!

MAUD S. STILL HOLDS HER RECORD AND

—SO DOES—

Urieville Mills!

HAVING recently added extensive improvements, I am enabled to give 35 lbs. of PATENT, 36 lbs. of STRAIGHT, or 40 lbs. of SECOND GRADE Flour and a ½ bushel of Bran for 60 lbs. of first-class wheat.

—CORN GOODS—

With the new cleaning machines that I have lately added, I feel safe in *guaranteeing a cleaner* and *purer* line of Corn Goods than can be produced by *any mill* in the county.

Seed Wheat.

I have just placed a machine, by the use of which I can *thoroughly clean* SEED WHEAT of all foreign matter, for the cost of only 5 cents per bushel. My long experience in handling grain justifies me in saying that the use of this machine on SEED WHEAT is the only method by which the highest standard of excellence can be obtained. I can clean it for you while you wait, and you can take it right back with you. All screenings returned with wheat.

I am thankful for all past patronage and ask the continuance of the same.

WM. W. McKNETT,
s12-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

A VETERAN LION TAMER!

John Cooper, Who Has Trained 2,000 Felines—His Methods, His Career and His Many Perils and Escapes.

Lion taming is a very ancient industry says the New York *Evening Sun*. Mark Antony is reported to have driven about Rome in a chariot drawn by a pair of lions. Other great personages had lions which licked their cheeks and made themselves socially areeable.

Tamed wild beasts other than lions were, of course, still more common. There was the elephant mentioned by Mucianus, that could write Greek. He is depicted here in modern academical costume. There is no doubt that Barnum's show could produce an animal of equal erudition. At the same time a profitable field of labor for American college men might be provided.

Early in this century in England the exhibition of trained lions became very popular and the industry was revived strongly. In London a man of Atkins performed with a lion, a tigress and a hybrid cub, their offspring. The man rolled over the animals, and then the two large ones lay down while the cub rolled over him.

Then the famous circus man, Wombwell, conceived that lion and dog fights would be a pleasing diversion for a jaded public. A lion called Nero was first confronted with six bulldogs. The lion, however, was good-tempered, and the sporting qualities of the dogs appeared to have deserted them for the occasion. Later another lion, Wallace, was brought out and killed six dogs in short order. As a dog seldom came out of one of these fights alive, they were too expensive and were not continued.

The man-and-tiger fights of another showman proved more profitable. The tiger was a large and intelligent dog, who submitted under compulsion to be sewn up in a false tiger's skin.

The most famous lion tamer now living is said to be Jonn Cooper, an Englishman. He is now fifty-one years old, and in the active exercise of his profession. A famous tamer who flourished before him was the Dutchman, Van Amburgh, who is seen surrounded by his lions in a famous picture by Landseer, says the London *Strand*.

Cooper is a strongly-built, goodlooking man of quiet manners. At the age of ten, after a wide and thorough experience in the taming of mice, rats and rabbits, he obtained employment in a circus. When he was twelve years old he went into the cage of a most turbulent lion, who had got free of his collar and was about to break down the cage, and calmly put the collar on again and chained him up securely. His employer, a miserable man of the name of Batty, spanked him for this but shortly afterward advertised him as the boy lion tamer, the wonder of the world.

After working in several menageries he acquired one of his own. He had a great career as a tamer on the European continent. Victor Emmanuel of Italy having invited him to see his own menagerie. Cooper offered to go among the lions, who had never made the acquaintance of a tamer before, and did so. In recognition of this the King presented him with a pipe.

At St. Petersburg after a performance before the present Czar, Czarowitz, an officer a member of the suite paid an attendant to pull aside the shutters of a lioness's cage. The animal promptly put out her paw and tore the officer's arm, which had to be amputated. Cooper left the province for a time, but an inquiry righted him. The officer was years afterward sent to Siberia as a Nihilist. In France the late Prince Imperial was filled with a desire to go into the cage of one of the animals, which was not gratified.

Cooper put the lions which had killed two trainers, McCarthy and Lucas, through a performance for the benefit of the latter's widow immediately after his death. He has spent his life in this perilous business, and is still sound in health and limb, but the trademarks of it are plentifully scattered about him.

For instance, he lost the top of a finger at the hands of a wolf when he was ten. The third finger of his left hand is shortened, and the nail grows over the top toward the palm. This was done accidently in Italy by a lion, whom he was persuading to open his jaws. In connection with this incident, Cooper denies the good old tradition that the taste of blood infuriates a wild beast. This lion, he says, spat out the blood and piece of finger and showed evident signs of distaste.

With his right arm he attempted to drive off the beast, but it seized that and bared the bone from elbow to wrist. The other lions drew round and began to chew him surreptitiously in the legs and elsewhere. Still he retained his presence of mind, continued to hammer at the lions, saved his own life and quelled his friends—the enemy for this occasion only.

The injuries would have killed a man of less strength and vigor, but in three months he was well again and performing, without even having lost one of his mutilated arms. The new lion became one of his most attached and faithful animals.

In training Cooper's object is to make the animals fear him and to treat them kindly, because familiarity teaches contempts of the punishment which, man is able to inflict on a ton of muscle bone and sinew. He can tell the temper of an animal and the bent of its mind by a glance at its face.

Some lions like to be stroked, others resent it. He finds lions better tempered, and also more reliable than tigers.

He does not carry on in the lion's cage like a bad actor, nor does he remain perpetually upright with his eyes fixed on them. He considers it very important that a lion tamer should always enter the cage sober, and for this reason he never drinks anything stronger than light dinner wine.

The playfulness of the felines is apt at times to be embarrassing to the trainer. A young lioness two or three years ago gave Cooper a tap as he passed her, and removed the flesh from his arm for a foot of its length. If a trainer, teaching an animal, for instance, to jump on his shoulder, budges a point, it may slip and claw him. To be knocked down in accident or in play is dangerous in the extreme. The feline method of walking may be fatal to a person lying on the floor.

The veteran Cooper has trained 2,000 members of the feline family and many elephants and other animals.

The Mechanism of the Hand.

Take alone the hand, and what a wondrous instrument it is! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reigns in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! The instrument that can bring us honor, illumine our name; or, by one stroke or action, bring us into eternal disgrace. In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good. Not a finger too much, which truth you never realize until an accident temporarily deprives you of the use of one. Marvelous creation and arrangement! We do not, by one-tenth, appreciate our blessings, because God is so good to us that we think we are entitled to all He gives us.—T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Chestnuts.

BY M. PHELPS DAWSON.

Ten little urchins sitting in a line:
Twenty little bright eyes sparkle and shine;
Ten little school books open in a row;
Are ten little lessons being studied? No.

For ten little minds wonder through the town,
And off into the woods, shake the chestnuts down,
Pelt each other with prickly chestnut burrs—
Making Madame Squirrel's heart thump in her furs.

See a score of little pockets with nuts bulge out,
And strong and little feet prance and dance about;
But little on the books, spread to make them wise,
Bent as if learning, are twenty little eyes.

"Class in Geography!" Oh, in a wink,
Ten little minds are back to try and think;
But the keen teacher reads in the faces pale
For he's a knowing one, signs that cannot fail.

Set boys and squirrels, in chestnut time, their tasks!
So half in jest the cunning teacher asks,
"Do you know what fruits in Madagascar grow?
"Chestnuts!" yelled the ten little boys in a row.

Oh, but the laugh the merry teacher leads!
He's no fossil, so the burning hint he heeds:
"All who would rather put their lessons by,
And go, instead, a nutting, please say 'I.'"
"I! I! I!" Till the hidden stars quiver in the sky!

CUNNING FARMER GUILFORD.

He Planned a Corn Huskin' Without Red Ears, but It Didn't Work.

From the New York Sun.

WINSTED, CT., November 30.—J. J. Guilford, of Winchester, does not believe in promiscuous kissing. He thinks it harmful, except between husband and wife or parents and children, and he doesn't propose to allow it where he can prevent it. So last week, when his corn was ready to husk, he went over each ear of his one hundred or so bushels, and carefully pulled down enough of the husk to disclose the red ears. These he laid one side. Then he piled the ordinary ears on his barn floor and sent out his invitations for a huskin'.

Mr. Guilford chuckled to himself as he thought how his plan would work. He could see the boys and girls eagerly yanking the husks off the ears, searching for the mystic color which entitled the finder to a forfeit from the prettiest girl in the room, and he dwelt on the increased activity and energy of the young men as they dipped into the pile of corn searching for the red ears that must be there somewhere. As time went on and no red ears were found, Mr. Guilford imagined that the air would be thick with husks, so intense would be their anxiety to get at least one carmine-hued ear.

But Mr. Guilford's smartness over-reached itself. Among the members of the farmer's family is a very pretty eighteen-year-old daughter, who heard her father telling her mother of the trick he had put up on the boys. She communicated the fact to a young man, who is a warm favorite of hers and he in turn told other boys, so when the night of the huskin' came they were prepared. Every one of the sixteen young men had scoured the town of Winchester that day for red ears of corn, and those who couldn't find them had recourse to paint and elderberry juice.

Farmer Guilford welcomed the huskers with considerable equanimity, considering the mean job he had been guilty of, and when he had lighted the lanterns he fixed the straw for the workers to sit on he retired to one of the stalls to have a good laugh. His glee was interrupted very quickly by the sound of a rousing kiss, and he looked up in amazement to see his pretty daughter blushing as she arranged her hair, which the too ardent young swain had disarranged in his eagerness to secure the first kiss. Mr. Guilford's eyes grew bigger as he saw a long red ear in the hand of the kisser, and they nearly popped out of his head as he looked over the manger to see another red ear go skimming over the floor in pursuit of a pretty girl, who was somewhat coy.

He thought it was apoplexy that had struck him when at the same instant five red ears were unhusked immediately under his nose, all coming from the pile which he had so carefully gone over the day before.

Farmer Guilford's huskin' has gone down in the annals of Winchester's amusements as the most glorious event of the kind in ten years, and all because the agriculturist did not approve of kissing. It is said that three weddings will be celebrated in that town this winter, each story of mutual love having its origin in this huskin'.

A Negro Slave-Owner.

"Aunt Eliza" Held Forty-Five of Her Race in Bondage.

The Filson Club, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, held its first meeting since the summer vacations recently. Miss Ida Symmes read a paper on one "Aunt Eliza," a colored woman who had been a large slave-holder up to the time of emancipation.

The subject of Miss Symmes's historic sketch lived the greater portion of her life on the Newburgh road, in the vicinity of the "Wet Woods," where she died in 1887. She herself was a slave until the year 1883, when she received her freedom from her master, John Hunley. Upon Mr. Hunley's death a few years later, she came into a considerable portion of his property, a part of which was an old two-story log cabin near the "Wet Woods," which at that time was the handsomest dwelling in the neighborhood. Her chief ambition from the moment of her freedom, it seemed, was to become a slave-owner and a lady.

She set about getting slaves any way she could, but her usual method was to buy children. At the beginning of the war she owned forty-five of her own race. According to a special statute no negro was allowed to hold slaves, and, to avoid any violation of the letter of the law, all the property of aunt Eliza, including the slaves, was held by Mr. James Guthrie, the eminent financler, in trust. In this deed of trust to James Guthrie appears the name of a female slave who had cost $600, a man for whom she paid $400, a half-grown girl for whom she paid $375, and a number of small boys who cost her $100 each.

While never cruel, it seems Aunt Eliza never allowed her slaves to stop work except to sleep or eat. Her farm, consisting of forty acres, was kept up by slave labor. The old woman herself never did anything, and it was her custom, when rebuked for idleness, to say that there was no need for her to labor, as she owned enough men and women to work for her. She owned several carriages, and always went attended by a footman.

The old woman was married three times, and once to a slave. As she did not buy him from his owner, he took the first opportunity to run off to Canada. She never owned any of her husbands, and would never use any of their money. At the death of her second husband she refused to accept the property he had left and distributed it among his kin. From the account given of her by Miss Symmes, who knew her intimately, Aunt Eliza must have been a strange creature. At her death she willed her house and farm to the woman whom she had bought for $600, who was, according to the deed of trust, the most valuable piece of property she had ever owned.

SOME men will plow and work around a bowlder for half a lifetime. The cheapest way to dispose of it, if it is too large to be hauled off, is to dig a pit and topple it over into it. We have seen many an unsightly, bothersome stone effectually disposed of in this way.

W. A. HENRY, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, conducted an experiment with a view to ascertaining whether sheep can utilize their food as well as hogs. It costs $2.61 to produce 100 pounds of gain with the lambs, and $3.03 to accomplish the same with pigs.

MONEY spent in improving property will usually yield more profit and happiness than money spent in making payments on more property than can properly be managed.

BABY STOLEN FOR CASH!

A Servant Girl in a Dastardly Plot—Millionaire Beals Compelled to Pay $5000 to Secure the Return of His Boy.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Nov. 27.

Last night David T. Beals, Jr., the two-year-old child of David T. Beals, the millionaire cattleman and president of the Union National Bank, was boldly abducted from the magnificent Beals' residence on Independence avenue, in the very centre of the most fashionable East side residence section.

Up to tonight nothing but the most vague clues had been discovered as to the course of the abductors, when, at 8.30 o'clock, the child was returned as mysteriously as it had been stolen.

The abduction occurred at about 7.30 o'clock last evening, and for cunning and reckless daring it is unexcelled in the local annals of crime. When the child was taken from among its playmates its father and mother were not fifty feet from it.

Three weeks ago Wednesday Mrs. Beals advertised for a servant girl, and early the next morning a girl giving her name as Lizzie answered the advertisement and applied for the position. She was pleasing in appearance, frank and open in her answers to the questions asked and altogether created a favorable impression.

According to custom all the family gathered yesterday about six o'clock to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Lizzie, the new girl, waited on the table. After they had finished and the children had been put down from the table and gone to play in the back end of the hall, and the other members of the family were still sitting around the table, Lizzie said she would step out and get Mr. Beals' paper, which was usually thrown on the porch.

Three or four minutes afterward a door on the back of the house was heard to slam, and Mr. Beals got up from the table and walked back through the hall to see the cause. As he passed the children he noticed that little David, "Junior," was not with them.

"Where is Junior?" he asked.

"He just went down stairs with Lizzie."

He opened the door and looked out in the darkness, while Mrs. Beals went down stairs to tell Lizzie to bring the child back. When Mrs. Beals reached the basement she saw that the outside door of the basement was open, an unusual occurrence any time. Then suddenly the truth flashed upon her Little David had been kidnapped In a moment the house was in commotion. Such of the servants as could be found were summoned, and word hastily sent to the neighbors. The police were notified, and in less than half an hour after Lizzie Smith was last seen by the family, the railways were guarded, and patrolmen all over the city had been notified and furnished a description of the missing child and his abductor. Everything possible in the way of finding the child and the woman was done.

This afternoon Mr. Beals offered a reward of $5,000 for the return of his child, no questions to be asked. He meant it to be positively understood that the offer was made in good faith and was not for the purpose of apprehending the abductor. Shortly after noon today Mr. Beals received a note handed him by a messenger boy. The boy said an unknown man gave it to him on the street. The writer asked Mr. Beals to meet him at the postoffice building. He gave sign Mr. Beals was to use that he might be identified.

He said that the stolen boy was securely hidden and that all the detectives in the country could not find him, but he would return the child for a stated amount. He wanted fair treatment and protection. Mr. Beals went to the postoffice in answer to the man's note, and at four o'clock was found there anxiously pacing up and down in front of the free delivery window. He said that he had seen nothing of the man and was afraid that it was a hoax.

Tonight the child was returned as quietly and mysteriously as it had been removed yesterday. There was no way to tell how it was brought back, or who brought it. The girl has not been seen and the reward has not yet been paid.

The baby is a fair-haired little fellow with blue eyes, and seems none the worse for his adventure.

Lizzie Smith, the kidnapper, is 25 years old according to her statement. She is tall, with dark brown hair and eyes of the same color, and is of plump figure.

Shortly after the evening papers appeared with the offer of the $5,000 reward a man whose description no one has obtained went to the Beals residence and called for Mr. Beals. The latter appeared, and the man said that if $20,000 was paid him at 9.45 o'clock tonight in cash and the police instructed to keep out of the way he would return the child. He finally consented to take $5,000.

Mr. Beals willingly made the promise asked, and sent down to his bank for the money in small bills.

At the hour appointed the man with the boy safe and sound appeared at the residence and delivered up the child.

He was paid the $5,000, counted it deliberately and bowed politely and disappeared.

At about the same time the child was returned the woman was arrested in a vacant house in a lonely locality. She was taken to the police station and then to the Beals' house, where she was fully identified and will be held for prosecution.

Mr. Beals believes the child was never out of the vicinity of the house.

The Pendulum of the Mouth.

I remember hearing of Mr. Moody saying to one who had said the trouble was with her tongue, "No, madam, the trouble is with your heart. You need a new heart, and then you will have a new tongue." And there is no use in throwing the blame on others and saying, "They provoke me so!" You can be so made over by the One whose name you wear over your heart, that, no matter what may be the provocation, you will be like Him who "opened not His mouth."

I asked a woman once the name of her Circle, and she answered, "The Silent Circle." What does that mean, I inquired? "One passage of Scripture we have chosen, answers that question," she said—"He opened not His mouth." I saw it all; they were to be silent when to speak would stir up strife. Oh, the power of silence in the family!

I know all about it, for I had a mother who knew when not to speak. There are so many who say, "Well, I cannot bear an injustice; I must speak." Well, all that I can say is, that we have only one example that we are told to follow: "When He was reviled He reviled not again." But He did commit Himself to Him who judgeth righteously, and there is the source of power.

I know men who are afraid of their wives' prayers, and they may well be. Now, you let your little cross mean—I wear a name over my heart that is above every name, and I trust in His love and power to make me what I cannot make myself—*good!*

THERE is not, nor can there be, a strict comparison of breeds, with a view to determine which is the best. There is room for all, and if one has a fancy for particular breed and its particular work that is the breed for him to have. Any improved breed is better than scrub stock.

A. P. TOADVIDE, a farmer of Wicomico county, tried the experiment of how many grains of corn could be raised from one grain. The result was four ears, containing by actual count 2,490 grains, which filled three pint cups.

CORN is an emblem of peace, but is never appreciated until it gets in the ear.

FUN FOR OUR FRIENDS.

The crack of doom ought to be heard at the break of day.

How many pins will often make young people happy? Ten-pins.

The Labor question—Are you going to get up and make the fire?

What part of a schooner does a merchant like best? The sails (sales).

The farmer who closely packs his load of wood is sure to strike the popular chord.

Sack—I'm in an awful dilemma. Dick—Engaged to two girls I suppose. No; to one.

He—"Are we going to have some music?" She—"No. Miss Van Howl is going to sing."

"That was the stroke of a master hand," said the boy when the schoolteacher punished him.

"I suppose you take after your father, Johnny?" "I do, if there is anything left to take."

A liquid laugh may be infectious, but it is not considered as stimulating as a liquid "smile."

Why should officials spend thousand shooting dynamite balloons when an ordinary teamster can draw rein?

"Strange, but true," mused the victim of untoward events, "that crooked management often produces straightened circumstances."

"I thought you said that Potterby was such a broad-minded man. I can't see it that way." "Perhaps you got an edgewise view of him."

Restaurant waiter (to Mr. Clover)—Aheml Anything, sir, for the waiter, sir? Mr. Blover (rising from the table)—Sartin. Take all there is left; I'm stuffed.

"I feel constrained to tell you, Fred, that I have been engaged before this," she whispered. "Don't mention it," he said, gently; "I too have been jilted."

A government employee expresses the hope that the new rapid-firing machinery will not be brought into use after any change of administration that occur.

It is a well-established principal of economics that the young man who would get up with the sun should not stay up later than 10 o'clock with the daughter.

Primus—Is the breach irreconcilable? Does the father cast off the son for marrying a type-writer? Secunds—Yes: it was the father's typewriter, you see.

There are a hundred good lessons you can learn from the falling of the leaves. One is that when you take a drop too much you are likely to be picked up.

"What makes the policeman take in so many tramps?" said one of the profession to another. "Cos it's so easy," was the reply. "They knows we won't run."

In the Restaurant.—Mr. Feeder—"Whats that awful thumping out there?" Walter—"Dat's de cook. Yo' ordered a tenderloin stake, didn't yo', sah?"

"Do you work miracles here?" said an intruder who had come in to break up the meeting. "No," said the leader, as he collared the rascal, "but we cast out devils."

Lieut. Starboard of the navy making a late call—I notice this sea is going out. Miss Rocks, with a yawn—Yes; I thought you followed the sea, Lieutenant?

Talkative Drummer (to stranger on train)—What's your line? Stranger—Brains? Drummer (sarcastically)—Indeed! how do you sell 'em? Stranger—By the case; I'm a lawyer!

Poet—Two weeks ago I sent a poem and inclosed a stamp for approval. Editor—Yes, I remember. We approved of a stamp. It was a daisy. I don't remember the poem.

"How came you to construct such a lax divorce law?" "Pardner," replied the South Dakotan, "them that goes to our state for divorces has to buy real estate to acquire a residence."

Some men never lose their presence of mind. A Milwaukee man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building and carried a feather bed down stairs in his arms.

Teacher—Johnny Comso, if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them? Johnny—They'd never get it done. They'd sit around and swap fish stories.

A MYSTERIOUS SLEEPING.

Went to Bed Before the War, and Has Stayed There.

A despatch from Mitchell, Ind., says: The recent newspaper articles regarding the supposed mysterious sleeping boy at Seymour, Ind., recall a very curious case at this place. About thirty years ago a mulatto, John Bond, went to bed, and he is still there. About the time the war commenced the Bonds moved here from the Carolinas, and, having some money, were enabled to buy a farm, near town, but a little later Widow Bond decided to sell the farm. Old colored people, who know all the circumstances in the case, say John did not want his mother to sell the farm, and threatened that if it was sold to go to bed and quit work. The farm was sold, nevertheless, and it seems that John is still keeping his word to the letter. Some folks say that it is not contrariness on John's part, but that his strange actions are caused by being kicked by a horse a short time before the farm was sold.

His actions created no little surprise at first. Some of the best doctors examined him, and could find nothing the matter with him. He was finally dropped as a subject of conversation, so that in later, years many of the people who lived near did not know of his strange condition nor existence until one night when several were sitting up with the corpse of his mother at the house, John suddenly came into the room with pale face and ghastly appearance, and very much frightened some who were present, as he knelt by the side of the corpse.

Several of Bond's friends have talked with him on religious matters and say that he talks sensibly enough, but he seldom talks much now. He has been in bed so long that he is very pale and weak; and the slightest exertion causes him to tremble noticeably. Sometimes he gets cross and contrary, and the neighbors are called in to help arrange his clothes. About four years ago he got mad at one of his sisters and created much surprise by the strength displayed in jumping from bed and trying to punish her.

A person visiting at the house would not know that such a man was under the roof, unless he were to ask concerning him, as he keeps very still, and nothing much is ever said of him. Many persons who have moved here in late years do not know of his existence.

To see Bond as he is now, one would hardly realize the possibility of a man shutting himself out from the world and spending his life in bed, until his weakness from lack of exercise would make it necessary for him to remain there the rest of his life. He is surely one of the most curious men living.

NOT every farmer has the time or taste to cultivate flowers and shrubbery to much extent, and it is better not to plant at all than to plant and neglect, but there are two thing which cost little yet will beautify the home acre on any farm.