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

TO MY CUSTOMERS!

As promised in a recent issue I will award the gold Money to those entitled to it

On February 1st, 1892,

and all tickets must be in on that date.

DURING THE YEAR 1892,

---to the---

Persons Guessing Nearest the Number of Beans

in a GLASS JAR, I will award:

1st—A New Parlor Stove,
2d—Nice Oak Centre Table,
3d--Fine 16th Century Oak Rocker.

All of these presents are on exhibition at my store. One guess with every pair of shoes sold.

T. G. WROTH,

Jan. 9, 1892. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

Great FEBRUARY Slaughter SALE!

—OF—

FINE CLOTHING!
and Shoes.

WE have concluded our inventory and have given stock general examination and find more Winter Goods than we care to carry over. In order to make a Clean Sweep me have

Put Them Down to Such Figures

that a man of limited means can get Suit or Overcoat for Self or Boy at a price that will be inviting to a close buyer and by coming early you can yet get a good selection. The goods are all ours—paid for—and we can sell them as we please. They must be sold in order to carry out our Spring Arrangements.

Respectfully,

A. Friedman & Co.,

OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL. LEADING CLOTHIERS.

A. F. HUEY,
MASSEYS, MD.

A. W. Stevens & Son's Engines and Threshers,
REEVES & CO.'S STACKERS,
EUREKA WIND MILLS,
Also, a Full Line of Agricultural Implements
always on hand.

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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.

1864 SADLER'S BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE BALTO.

FOUNDED IN 1864 by the present executive—27 YEARS of continuous and successful management—Increased annual attendance—Now occupying four buildings—Stands unrivaled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. In deciding upon a school for their children, PARENTS should send them to THE BEST, because it pays. It may require the expenditure of a few dollars more at first, but it will prove the cheapest in the end. CHEAP tuition is very dear, because it means cheap teachers, cheap surroundings, inferior facilities, and offers NO opportunities for securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This Institution, owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in desirable positions more young men and women from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed on application.

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BUSINESS COLLEGE, 6, 8, 10 & 12 N. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MD.

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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.

New Year Goods!

—IN GREAT VARIETY AT—

W. A. Whitaker's

GALENA, MD.

—COME AND SEE OUR—

HOLIDAY STOCK

CLOTHING
For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN.

Ladies' Coats and Newmarkets,
Shoes for the Large and Small,
Dry Goods, Notions, Blankets,
Furniture, Carpets, Groceries, &c.

—We are selling the—

Domestic Sewing Machine

AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

WM. A. WHITAKER,
Dec. 19, 1891. GALENA, MD.

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.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

General Blacksmithing,

WHEELWRIGHTING, &c.

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives Special Attention to HORSE-SHOEING, and having enlarged his shops and procured a full supply of material and skilled workmen, is now prepared to do general Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting, &c. My Wheelwrighting Lumber has been examined by good judges and pronounced to be of the very best and thoroughly seasoned.
NEW WORK kept on hand and made to order, and all Kinds of REPAIRING done at short notice at the most reasonable rates.

FULL line of UNDERWEAR for Men Women and Children, just received and as low as the lowest. Give me a call and I will convince you.
n8 WM. R. ALDRIDGE.

COLORED OVERSHIRTS at low prices. A good Unlaundried Shirt at 50c. J. H. SIMPERS.

MEN'S BOOTS from $1.50 up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

The Sands of Life.

The sands of life are running out,
To end this life of care;
And then the question full of doubts!
The awful question where?
Arises, and I am oppressed;
No answer can I give;
With fear and dread I am distressed,
Where next my soul shall live.

Yes, the sands of life will soon be run,
And I, compelled to go,
To answer for the deeds I've done,
While in this world below.
With doubts and fears so darkly dim,
I know I must appear;
How can I dare to answer Him,
Who reads the heart so clear.

Ah! yes, the sands of life must run,
And the glass exhausted be;
Then clearer than the noonday sun,
The past unrolled to me.
My soul must then itself accuse,
Myself of every sin;
For oftentimes I did refuse,
To hear the voice within.

Oh, that I could retard the flow,
Of the grains that run so fast;
Getting now in the glass so low,
That time will soon be past.
Fain would I, if I could prevent
The flow, and cause a stay;
To make amends for time misspent,
For time then thrown away.

The sands must run, I can't prevent
The ebb that has no flood;
And if I do not soon repent,
Repentance will be no good.
The thief upon the cross, 'tis true,
Repented when death was near;
But such examples are so few,
That to trust it, I would fear.

But oh! before the sands run out,
Before the course is run;
Let me feel sure, without a doubt,
That I the race shall win.
Contented I will then resign
My breath to Him who gave;
And they my body may consign,
To any spot, a grave. S. C.

Farmers Talk.

Scarlet Clover—Rivalry in Corn Growing—History of Still Pond—The Farmer 50 Years Hence.

The Still Pond Farmers' Club met Jan. 28th, 1892, agreeable to adjournment, at the house of James S. Harris.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted. W. D. Pennington, in answer to a question as to the depth to which the roots of weeds extended into the soil, stated that some recent experiments in trucking and washing of soils the fibrous roots of weeds had been found to reach a depth of three feet, showing that they were not always surface feeders, but extracted fertilizing material from the substrata and took it to the surface.

Mr. E. B. Pennington had observed that clover roots had extended to the depth of four feet, where surface soil extended to that depth.

In answer to the question, "What are the merits of scarlet clover?" Mr. Barnard stated that the winter so far has not affected the growth of vigor and the foliage continues green. It promises to make a good grass for winter pasturage in mild winters. Even the recent cold snap has not materially affected it.

J. S. Harris corroborated Mr. Barnard. Had recently seen two or three patches of the clover that presented about the growth and vigor of the ordinary clover during the months of October or May.

F. Crew, of the Agricultural Experiment Station, stated that at the station some was sown among the growing corn in September last. It presents a very vigorous and flourishing appearance.

W. D. Pennington thinks it valuable as a winter forage crop for poultry, and that they manifested a great fondness for it.

E. B. Pennington stated that there was some rivalry in corn growing in his locality, and that if one hundred bushels per acre could be produced during the coming season, he expected to have a hand in it, and wanted to know how it should be planted.

Mr. Hickman stated that in 1890 one of his neighbors had grown 104 bushels and 5 pounds to the acre by liberal fertilizing and planting in hills three feet apart, and allowing two stalks to the hill. That 4,840 hills to the acre, 9,680 ears of corn of medium size, when well developed, would produce 100 bushels.

Mr. Kemp was of the opinion that drilling in rows three and one-half feet apart, with single stalks eighteen inches apart in the row, would give the largest yield. Considerable discussion arose as to the possibility of applying sufficient fertilizer to a soil that had a natural capacity to produce twenty-four bushels of corn to the acre to make it produce such an excessive crop. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that where the mechanical condition of the soil was good and the season favorable it might be done. E. B. Pennington stated that in one application of thoroughly decomposed manure he had known an almost barren piece of land made to produce forty bushels of wheat per acre. And as evidence that the maximum capacity of the land had been reached the future crops on the same land had never exceeded that amount, thus clearly demonstrating the possibility of reviving land when nearly exhausted to a complete state of fertility. What could be done in the production of one crop might reasonably be anticipated in another.

The dinner hour having arrived, the club adjourned to the dining room, and the discussion assumed quite another form. Afterwards the joint session assembled and minutes of the ladies' morning session were also read and approved.

The address of the host being next in order, Mr. Harris gave quite an interesting history, legendary and otherwise, of Still Pond, the original small body of water from which the village, the club and everything that bears the name had derived the title. It is a small body of clear spring water, some fifty feet wide and eighty feet in length, about the shape of a horseshoe, almost surrounded by hills covered with timber, fringed on all sides by the beautiful and fragrant magnolia. A secluded, romantic spot, shut out from disturbing winds, the surface seldom presents a ripple. The subterranean spring or inlet is so strong that the temperature never reaches the freezing point—has never been known to freeze. When the Susquehanna river was frozen over so solidly as to permit the carrying of heavy freight and passenger trains for weeks, our little lake still wore its summer garb and presented its same liquid surface. The greatest depth was but twenty feet, notwithstanding the many fabulous stories as to its unfathomable depths.

A communication was received from a representative of the Columbian Exhibition, requesting the club to make an exhibit of a collection of the nuts natural to this locality, with description of the trees, &c. The club decided that the collection would not be very creditable, and no further attention will be given the matter.

Mr. Harris, as a delegate to the State Agricultural Society, the meeting of which was recently held in Baltimore, made his report, in which he stated that the organization had passed resolutions that all species of property should be taxed, except churches and church burial grounds, and recommended the passage of such a law as will compel every taxable person to list his property under oath, with suitable penalties for making fraudulent returns. All of which the club strongly endorsed, and appointed Mr. Harris and W. D. Pennington a committee to memorial the Legislature on the subject.

In answer to the question, "How often per day should cows be milked?" Mr. E. B. Pennington said not more nor less than twice. Evidently somebody must have been tired of milking, and hoped that somebody would say only once.

"Might not the pleasures of our intercourse with each other, as well as the profits of our labor, be materially increased by cultivating a habit of close observation," was referred to and answered by Mr. Hickman by stating that the habit of swallowing things whole was not always the best way of disposing of them. A close analysis of many things frequently made them profitably interesting. The Anglo-Saxon people were a strange people. That the term probably implied that we were not only descended from the Saxons, but that we in our mixture with other races were cut bias and had become somewhat angular in form and features. The Chinese people, who so universally retain all their national characteristics, think we are like cats and dogs, all colors and all sizes. Our mixed origin, our diversified callings and education, has made our faces, in a large measure, open books, in which our characters may be found recorded, a close analysis only being required. Many of the different features were named, and his hearers were asked to scan the faces and features of those around them and prove the correctness of the theory. Much amusement was thus furnished and something of the value of closer observation in this direction was thus presented.

"What will be the improved condition of the farmer fifty years hence?" was also referred to Mr. Hickman, who in answer stated that he presumed that the storage battery would by that time supercede the horse and mule upon the farm, and that plowing the soil would be done by electricity. Instead of being the mudsill of society, he would be the nabob. All the executive offices of the country would be held by the farmer, for he who feeds the people has the best right to govern them. His pleasure vehicle is likely to be a flying machine, and such methods of travel may be quite common. The small district may at that time dispense with the church edifices. Pastoral centres may be established, a central sanctum sanctorum, with immense transmitters with telephone connection with all parishioners. This would enable the great divines of that day to preach to all their parishoners without being annoyed by the sleepers. It was suggested by one of the lady members that nothing had been said about the dress reform. He stated that only the most comfortable garments would be worn, the wearer of which would have as an appendage a complete memoranda in large type, setting forth the many nice things in the way of dress she had on hand at home, too cumbersome to display by the method in vogue at the present day. But the most marvelous change, perhaps, that would occur in that decade would be that the farmers would be united in sentiment on all matters touching their interests.

"Is it more the duty of a mother to give her mite to foreign missions than to buy a pair of shoes for a little barefooted, fatherless neighbor's boy?" was referred to Mrs. J. D. Kemp. She answerod: Buy the shoes

"How can a raw, inefficient distrustful girl be so trained and taught as to become a thoughtful, obedient and trustful household servant?" was answered by Mrs. E. B. Pennington as follows: Teach her your ways. How to do right. If distrustful you must trust her and show her that you are worthy of trust.

"How san smut in oats be prevented?" Scald the seed before sowing, which will kill the spores, by which the smut would otherwise be propagated, was answered by Mr. Barnard.

The original question was postponed for next meeting at W. D. Pennington's on the last Thursday in February. EUSEBIUS.

Reading for Ladies.

Little tippets and muffs of white rabbit fur are well suited to children, and so are the Suede shoes. Bibs are made of pique and of quilted muslin, but the newest have an entredeux let in above the border. Babies' cloaks are made with very deep capes, embroidered all over and often trimmed with fur, the under portion wadded.

A curious fad of fashion is now to have the tea table made of red, blue or yellow majolica.

The most valuable set of furs known were presented to the present empress of Russia on her coronation by the town of Vikoutsk, in Siberia. The value is $60,000.

Now is the time to procure the Chinese lily bulbs for home culture. They may be bought from most florists and require little or no care. The bulbs are placed in a shallow china dish with pebbles at the bottom, and partially filled with water and grow rapidly.

Lovely shades of pinkish-mauve for evening toilettes are shown in the finer qualities of suede.

A pretty and instructive amusement for winter evenings is the collection and arrangement of photograph albums of famous places or persons. Courses of reading—travels, biography, etc., can be thus illustrated and made very delightful.

"Do you love your teacher, Johnny?" "I dasen't. She's already got a feller six feet high."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Head of the House Shaves Himself, Mrs. Bowser to Blame as Usual.

BY M. QUAD.

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord made a display of a small package when he came home the other evening.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, "did you read of that case in Troy where a barber cut a customer slightly on cheek and he died of blood poisoning?"

"No. Say, you've gone and got another shaving outfit!"

"Another? When did I ever have one?"

"You got one two or three years ago in Detroit, and how did you come out with it? Mr. Bowser, you do the most foolish things of any man I ever heard of in all my life!"

"I do, eh? Is it foolish for me to want to avoid blood poisoning by shaving myself, to say nothing of the enormous saving of money? Yes, I did get an outfit in Detroit, but I had a boil on my arm and couldn't handle the razor."

"And you cut yourself and pranced around and whooped until the neighbors thought we had a fire. How much did this outfit cost?"

"Only ten dollars."

"Ten dollars thrown right away."

"Is it? Let's see about that. Having my own outfit I can shave daily. That's 70 cents a week, or $2.80 per month. Seems to me that $34 per year is worth saving. In the twenty years I have been shaving I could have saved the trifle of $680. Where are you now, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Just where I was before. You'll shave once and that'll end it."

"Will it? If that's your opinion I have a great surprise in store for you. I've been taking lessons of a barber on how to handle the razor, and I can shave clean in exactly four minutes. Easiest thing in the world when you know how. Just think of the $680 I have thrown away!"

"Well, I suppose you'll try it in spite of anything that I can say, but I shall decline to be held responsible for any trouble."

"Responsible! Trouble! How could I hold you responsible? And what trouble can there be?"

"Why, that time in Detroit you almost tore the house down because you cut your ear."

"Pooh! I was probably joking. Don't remember a thing about it."

After dinner Mr. Bowser took a bowl of hot water and started up-stairs, saying to Mrs. Bowser as he went:

"Better time me by the clock. I may be six or seven minutes this time, but I'll be right on tick to-morrow night."

"Let's see!" he mused as he opened the box and stood before the glass. "The first thing is to lather, of course. That's as easy as rolling off a log. This is something like comfort, this is. Hanged if I don't believe I shall want to shave twice a day!"

Mr. Bowser decided to put on plenty of lather. He put it on his chin, cheeks, nose, forehead, ears and throat, and more or less fell on the carpet. When he had lathered until both arms ached, and no more would stick to him, he picked up the razor and chuckled:

"I just hold it with three fingers, this way, and lay it on my cheek this way, and move it gently down. A child three years old could do that. I'll show Mrs. Bowser a trick or two before I'm through. Good woman, but she thinks she knows it all. Razor just slides——"

Mr. Bowser gave a jump and at the same instant he saw the lather stained with blood.

"Don't amount to anything—just the head of a pimple!" he whispered to himself. "Barber told me to keep my arm stiff, and I forgot. Can't expect to get the hang of it in one minute, you know. A little more lather."

He lathered away until it began to drop off, and then picked up the razor again.

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?" called Mrs. Bowser as she kicked on the door.

"Nothing!" he answered.

"Then what are you jumping around so for? I thought you'd shake the chandeliers down?"

"The blamed thing must have slipped on me!" he growled as he returned to the glass to survey the cut. "Probably didn't hold it exactly right. Ah! that's more like the way the barber told me to hold it. Now, then, take it easy till you get the hang of it. May be ten minutes this time, but on the next occasion I'll——"

"Mr. Bowser, open this door!" called Mrs. Bowser from the hall.

"W-what do you w-want?" he gasped.

"I want to know what all this swearing and kicking over the chairs means? Didn't I tell you how you would come out!"

"You go away! I'm all right! It was the man next door you heard!"

Mrs. Bowser heard a yell and started for the stairs. She met Mr. Bowser half way up. The lather was flying about and the blood streamed down on his shirt bosom and his eyes were as big as onions.

"Well, didn't I say so?" she demanded.

Her words brought Mr. Bowser to himself. He turned back, beckoned to her to follow and as they entered the bedroom he silently pointed. The razor lay on the floor, the bowl was broken in three pieces and there was lather everywhere.

"Well!" she inquired, as she picked up three towels and placed two chairs on their legs again.

"Woman!" he hoarsely whispered, "this is too much."

"Why, what have I done?"

"Sure! Done! Look at me!"

"Yes, but you tried to shave yourself."

"But who dragged me into it?"

"Mr. Bowser, you certainly can't blame me. I told you before you——"

"That's enough! This is the limit! I understand it all, and can see just how you planned it! It is not your fault that I did not cut my throat and that you are not now a widow! Mrs. Bowser, leave me to myself! I have some papers to look over before consulting a lawyer to-morrow!"—*New York World.*

THE old man in his second childhood is rarely as ridiculous as the young father in in his first-babyhood.

"O MAMMA! why does the preacher always say 'lastly in the middle of his sermon?"

HOPS go into beer at breweries and beer goes into men at hops.

SPEARING PIKE FISH.

Pike spearing is a recognized industsy on the shores of Hamilton Bay, Lake Ontario, the harbor of the beautiful city of Hamilton, during the winter season. The first intimation the citizens have that the ice is formed thick enough to bear is when they see some fine morning the little square huts of the adventurous spearsmen shoved out on the glistening surface of the frozen waters. The huts in which the spearsmen shelter themselves from the cold are small wooden structures about five feet square by six feet high, with a small door on the side, and sometimes a window. They are easily fitted on sleds, so that their owners can draw them over the ice from place to place in search of an advantageous location. When the spearsman has deported his hut to the proper point, he proceeds to cut a hole in the ice about eighteen inches in diameter, and over this he sets the hut, having taken it off the sled. The outer edges are banked up with snow, and water poured over it until it freezes solid, and the cold is effectually excluded. The interior furniture is very simple, and usually consists of a piece of board nailed across one corner for a seat, and another shelf on which stands a small cast iron stove, the pipe of which goes through the roof. A village of these miniature houses makes quite a picturesque appearance on a bright winter morning. The spears, hand nets, poles, etc., piled against the sides, the little heaps of fire wood besides each door, the spiral wreaths of delicate, blue smoke ascending almost perpendicularly up into the clear, crisp, frosty air, and the long shadows cast by the rising sun along the shining surface of the snow-covered lake make up a picture against the background of somber evergreen-covered bluffs that is not easily forgotten.

The spearsmen usually select portions of the bay where the water shoals and has a smooth, sandy bottom. They do not, as a rule, venture into deep water, but prefer the shallow eddies where the bottom is plainly visible. The hut is kept carefully closed, and the only light to the interior comes up through the ice beneath. It needs great patience as well as endurance to make a successful spearsman. There he sits hour after hour on his little ledge with his six-pronged spear poised above the hole in the ice, watching for the curious pike coming up to investigate the shining minnow bait at the entrance of the hole or to get a breath of air. When sport is good the occupation is fascinating enough as a pastime, but it often happens that the spearsman may sit in the bitter cold for an hour at a time, not daring to move, and yet never see the slim, graceful outlines of a fish in the translucent waters below. When a pike does appear, the spearsman waits until it is well under the hole, and then, before it has time to be alarmed, darts down his six-pronged spear like a flash. The spear resembles lightning, according to the small boy's definition, it that in never needs to strike twice in the same place. It is seldom the fish can dodge it.

Sometimes the houses are larger and more pretentious than those above described, and the spearsman is occasionally accompanied by a boy to feed the stove, bringing in wood and generally look after his comfort. But at the best it is rather a lonely and arduous way of making a living. Hamilton Bay is particularly well adapted to this mode of fishing, as when the ice is once formed it seldom breaks up until the winter is over, on account of the inclosed nature of that body of water. Frequently as many as two or three hundred of these huts can be counted on the surface of the bay and among the many coves that mark its beautiful shores.—*Dominion Illustrated.*

Newsy Notes.

The gold medal given to Virchow on his seventieth birthday is the largest ever made. It weighs nearly six pounds, and the metal alone is worth $1,750.

Two trains are now being built in Russia for the czar, the coaches of which will be lined with heavy steel plates. The Russian steel manufactures have been severely taxed to produce plates of the requisite length to avoid pieceing, but the Alexandrowski works, of the Societe Franco-Russe, have succeeded in rolling plates 60 feet long and four feet wide. This establishment was found to be the only one in Russia that could do the work.

A new paving material now being introduced in London is composed of granulated cork and bitumen, pressed into blocks, which are laid as bricks or wood pavements. A pavement of this material is very elastic and pleasant to the feet and affords an excellent foothold for horses. There is almost an entire absence of noise.

In Texas there is a stone about 20 feet in diameter that has wonderful magnetic power. It is said that it will draw a hammer or an ax to its surface even when placed ten to fifteen feet away on the ground.

How to Take Out Spots.

If the spot was made by paint and disfigures cloak or gown, wet it with benzoin and rub with a woolen cloth; then wet and rub again.

If there is a grease mark on your prettiest frock, break an egg and touch the place with a bit of the yolk delicately, then lay a piece of white linen over the fabric; repeat with fresh water three or four times. Take away the linen and rinse the spot with cold water.

If you have dropped ink on white paper you can take it out with a camel's brush dipped in a solution of oxalic acid.

If you have dropped ink on a white apron you should wash it with oxalic acid and then with warm water.

If the ink is on the carpet, try javelle water.

If it is a fruit stain that spoils the apron, rub with yellow soap, put on wet starch and hang in the sun several days.

If it is a case of iron rust, dip in tartaric and hang in the sun.

If tar has done the mischief, rub with spirits of turpentine.

Finger marks yield most easily to javelle water.

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT," so the boy said when the school mistress seated him with the girls.

THE book that makes the greatest stir in society is the well-filled pocket-book.

BEAUTIES OF THE SOUTH.

A Funny City—Its People and Houses—Local Option Prevails.

Special to the News.

In previous letters I have tried to show that Tallapoosa is ambitious to become a great industrial city—a resort of pleasure and recreation—and a place where invalids may regain health. That Waco's aspirations are educational and social. That as a place for health its locality is exceptional; but about three miles east of Waco, still on the Piedmont Plateau, there is a double town, the west end of which bears the name of Bremen, while the other rallies under the name of Kramer. It is a long town. It is a funny looking town, and to have some fun seems to characterize its people. It is said Boston was laid off along a cow-path. New Orleans becomes a crescent city from the crescent shape of the Mississippi, along whose banks it was originally laid; and Savannah is a narrow city from following the river instead of spreading out. So this double town assumes a serpent's shape by stretching along the Georgia Pacific Railroad. Its houses are funny in position and shape. There is one that leans like the tower of Pisa, but without its height or grandeur. Now you see another facing the street at an angle of forty-five degrees; another with its entrance on the side, instead of the front; another that may be said to have its "back up," as its back is much taller than the front; and so on in various poses and shapes, but all ambitious to be on some kind of a line with the railroad. The road is very spacious, and abounds with tracks filled with cars, some with coal, some with Armour's beef. These beef cars are painted yellow, with Armour's advertisement on them in large letters, and may be seen on all the roads down here. Others were empty, showing this point to be a stopping off place for freight cars, which I suppose accounts for the houses being built along the road, as every one nearly is a store of some kind. The signs on the stores are of muslin instead of wood, and the name printed thereon. One I noticed was that "wine can be bought here." I asked a friend how it was that wine could be sold so openly in a local option county. He said the wine was made of the Scupponong grape and was probably unfermented; but he supposed the man who kept the place was a "blind tiger," and would sell to some persons something stronger. "Blind tigers" are those who violate the liquor laws, and they are dealt with without fear or favor on this plateau. The anti-liquor sentiment is very strong hereabouts, and I have not seen a drunken person since I have been in Georgia. It is impossible to buy intoxicants from a druggist, even if you have a doctor's prescription. The doctors themselves keep it and use it when they see fit to do so. In fact, the doctors supply their patients from their own medicine chests, each one of whom, when called, takes his chest of medicines along with him.

For our entertainment while in Bremen-Kramer, they gave us a specimen of their sport. It was called a "nigger hunt." It reminded me of a Worton fox hunt. Instead of a fox, however, they had as black a "nigger" as they could find. He was started in full run. The dogs were held until he had a good start, and then turned loose. Then away went the dogs, howling like our fox hounds, and away went the men, yelling "hi! hi! hi! hi yi! hi yi!" as loud as their lungs would allow. The most excitement was when the dogs were close to their prey. Then Mr. Nigger would climb a tree in double quick time, while the dogs would howl and try to climb after him. Sometimes the hunt was quite exciting and all seemed to enjoy it. The dogs were not at all vicious, and were not of the genuine blood of the hounds of slave times. A few of these vicious bloodhounds are kept to assist in catching escaped convicts, I am told.

These Kramer-Bremen people are busy and enterprising, with all their fun. They are laying off lots, building houses and doing all they can to induce capital and enterprise to join hands with them, and before many years shall have passed will have stretched their long town to Waco. Some time in the near future Tallapoosa, Waco, Bremen and Kramer will be as near each other as Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Key East and other rapidly growing towns along the railroad and Atlantic Ocean in the northern part of New Jersey.

On account of its climate, its healthfulness and its beautiful scenery, the Piedmont Plateau is destined to make Haralson county the business county of the gem State of the South—the great State of Georgia. Yours, truly,

WILBUR C. STEPHENS.

An Overworked Brain.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into the night, who during the evening follow attentively the program of the theatre or concert, or who engage evenings in the proceedings of societies or clubs are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. He is particular to say that he does not refer to the kind of headache that follows certain kinds of convivial indulgences. This headache affects many persons who are quite well otherwise, and is due in part to the previous excessive work of the brain, whereby an abnormal flow of blood to that organ is caused; and in part to other causes, for example, too great heat of rooms, contamination of the air with carbonic acid, exhalations from human bodies, and tobacco smoke. For a long time the doctor was himself a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from it by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening or to be out late at nights in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed, he takes a brisk walk for half an hour. While taking this walk he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep he awakes with no trace of headache. There exists a clear and well known physiological reason why this treatment should be effective.

THE confidence man who swindles clergymen may be called a "shephard's crook."

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