THE KENT NEWS:
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WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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

—93'S—
Spring Outfit

will soon be on our tables, but just now we are giving the trade the advantage of

OUR MARK DOWN SALES!

Now is the time to buy a Winter Suit, several months to wear it yet, and then have a good one for next winter. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity. The balance of our Winter Stock must go, and we will not stand on price. Make an early examination and see what cutting prices means.

Respectfully,
Moody & Perkins
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES
Few Doors Below Postoffice.

THIS IS THE SEASON
—FOR—
HEAVY FOOT WEAR!

Now is the time to get the best, and get it cheap from our grand new stock of popular goods, new styles, seasonable attractions and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

A clean fresh stock of desirable gopds at fairest figures. We show the latest novelties; keep strictly first-class goods and make the lowest prices, quality considered.

Patronize a safe, sure and reliable house, and you will get the worth of your money always.

The stove, table and chair will be given away January 1st, '93. Each pair of shoes one guess.

Stop in and have your measure taken for a nice pair of hand made shoes. Get you up any style you want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,
Nov. 19, 1892. The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall.

WHAT KIND OF STOVES
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?
~~~LOOK OUT FOR~~~
J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S
Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!
SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.
Have your Old Fire-Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,
at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,
Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,
1[illegible]4 Light St. Wharf — Baltimore, Md.

JOB-PRINTING
DEPARTMENT.
We are now giving Special Attention to Job-Printing. Our Job Department is supplied with New and Modern Types and Presses, and we are prepared to execute on short notice and in the most approved style every description of

JOB -:- WORK,
—SUCH AS—
Bills, Posters,
Dodgers, Programs,
Circulars, Cards,
Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Envelopes.

REASONABLE RATES.

All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

WM. B. USILTON & SON,
Printers and Publishers.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HO! FOR
THE NEW YEAR!

WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!

Want to Accommodate Everybody!

Now We are Ready for the Trade!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

WE HAVE PRESENTS IN ABUNDANCE
From OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT,
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT,
Ladies', Misses and Children's
WRAP DEPARTMENT,
FUR DEPARTMENT,
CARPETAN D OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND
LAMP DEPARTMENT,
RUG AND HASSOCK DEPARTMENT.

You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen, from 3c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!

R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 17, 1892.

New Year Goods

OUR OPENING DAY WILL BE THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1892.

WE propose to have the FINEST DIPLAY of Christmas Goods ever seen in Chestertown, and we cordially extend an invitation to the good people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to visit our store on that evening. We want them to come from far and near. We will have a comfortable room for their reception. The opening day will continue from the 8th until the close of the season, but the first day we want to make our store a marvel of beauty and attraction, so do not miss coming in on that day. Our stock will embrace

BOOKS, FINE STATIONERY,
Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen,
FANCY BOXES PERFUMERY,
LAMPS for the PARLOR and DINING-ROOM,
ALBUMS,
in Plush and Wood. Fine, Beautiful Vases and articles of Ceramic Ware from England, Germany and France. These latter are the most artistic goods seen in town. In PICTURES we have some beautiful Pastels, which show the fine delicate hand of the artist. You will have to give them more than a passing glance, as they are very beautiful.

CHILDREN, the fresh little Powers who touch our hearts at the sweet Christmas time, have not been forgotten by us, as you will see when you look over the stock of goods we have selected in remembrance of them. In closing our notice we again extend you a kind invitation to be with us on our special opening day.

COLIN F. STAM,
STAM'S HALL.
Dec. 3, 1892.

GOOD CHEER!

W. R. ALDRIDGE
HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
Christmas Novelties!
HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF
Neckwear in Town,
and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.
GLASS AND CHINAWARE,
all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.
Groceries, Flannels,
Dry Goods, Etc.
UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

A Great Man's Last Hour!

The Family Had Some Hour's Warning of His Approaching End—A Fit Scene for an Artist.

In the KENT NEWS last week was announced the death of James G. Blaine. The following will no doubt be of interest to our readers.

Mr. Blaine's death at the last came painlessly and quietly but not without premonition. The attending physicians have said repeatedly in these later days, since hope of recovery was abandoned, that when the end came it wou'd probably occur with at least two or three hours' warning. This one announcement at least, among many perplexing and contradictory statements, has been verified by facts.

The approach of death was made evident to the family fully two hours before its actual occurrance. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock this morning when the first dangerous symptoms were observed. The family had taken their breakfast and the trained nurse, Mrs. Price, had gone down for her breakfast also, leaving the patient temporarily.

James G. Blaine, Jr., had put on his hat and coat, preparatory to starting off for his day's duties in the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, where he is employed, when his mother suggested to him that it would be better to wait until the nurse came up. He promptly acquiesced. Mr. Blaine had passed a restless night and had been pronounced "Not so well," even by his cautious physicians. But beyond a perceptible increase of the languor which had marked his condition during the past few days, there was no very alarming change to be noted.

At His Bedside.

When the nurse returned from her breakfast, however, her experienced eyes at once saw that the end was drawing near. Both physicians were immediately telephoned for and arrived within a few minutes of each other. The powerful heart stimulant, nitroglycerine, which had several times brought the patient back from the dark valley of death, was powerless now.

Dr. Hyatt at 9.30 came out and said to the group of waiting newspaper men that he feared the end was at hand. In the meantime all the family had been summoned into the death chamber. In silent, tearful sorrow they witnessed the closing scenes. The patient lay so quietly that even the doctors were hardly able to say when he died. No word of consciousness, no look of recognition had passed. At 10.45 he lay so still that the window shades were raised to give more light to enable the physicians to determine if life still lingered. Fifteen minutes later they proclaimed him dead. The news was instantly flashed all over the world.

Young Mr. Blaine was in the act of writing a note to President Harrison to inform him of the event when the President himself arrived, accompanied by his private secretary and Secretary of State Foster. All the rest of the Cabinet quickly followed and the excitement throughout the city became general as the news spread. Both houses of Congress adjourned and the former associates of the ex-Senator and ex-Speaker of both political parties united in eloquent tributes to his memory.

A Scene for an Artist.

Mr. Blaine uttered no "last words." His passing away, however, while silent, was conscious, and was marked by a final scene which gave proof of his faith in God and Heaven. The scene was one to which some great artist may at some future day give fitting expression.

Surrounded by the members of his family and his faithful physicians, Mr. Blaine lay inert, helpless and still. He knew that death was at hand. All those about his bedside had put aside the last hope. The physicians had whispered the warning that the fluttering heart could beat but a few moments more. The dying man's eyes seem to be the only evidence of life remaining in the wasted frame. The very shadow of death had cast its geat pallor upon the incumbent figure. But the eyes, staring with unnatural brilliancy, turned from one to another of those about the room, and at last fixed themselves upon the countenance of his wife. For a moment there was absolute silence. Then Mrs. Blaine, her eyes meeting the last fixed gaze of her dying husband, leaned over the bedside and whispered the question: "James, do you know where Walker, Emmons and Alice are?"

There came immediate response. A new light flashed into the almost sightless eyes. A tremor ran through the wasted form. For two days the dying man had not moved, of his own volition, one of his limbs, but now the watchers' eager gaze met a surprising and a beautiful reward. The right arm, after a second's struggle, rose from the bed-cover. The white, almost pulseless hand, closed with the long, bony index finger extended.

Mr. Cleveland Shocked.

President-elect Cleveland arrived here at 1 10 o'clock this afternoon from Lakewood, N. J., and was accompanied by Don M. Dickinson. His visit was unexpected, as he said last night that he expected to remain in Lakewood until Saturday.

At Elizabethport word was received of the death of Mr. Blaine, and a reporter who was on the train informed Mr. Cleveland of the statesman's death.

"What!" exclaimed the President-elect, dropping back into his seat. "You don't mean it, do you?"

"When did it happen and how was his death? Tell me all about it," quickly asked Mr. Cleveland.

The reporter imparted all the information he had received, after which Mr. Cleveland settled back into his chair as if overcome by the sad news.

Ex-Postmaster General Dickinson, who sat a few seats away from Mr. Cleveland, joined him as the reporter withdrew.

The news of Blaine's death created genuine sorrow in this city, where he was almost as well known as in Washington, having spent weeks at a time here often. The flags on the City Hall were placed at half-mast as soon as the sad news reached the Mayor's office—an unusual act on the occasion of the death of a private citizen. "By the death of James G. Blaine," said Mayor Gilroy, in explanation of his action, "the country loses a great and noble statesman." The sad intelligence spread rapidly and soon reached the politicians, many of whom seemed to have been affected as by the loss of a dear relative.

Colonel Nevins, whose daughter had married young James G. Blaine, said:

"He was a great man—a great man! Had I been a Republican, I should have said at any time these twenty years that Blaine was the greatest statesman in America. He was the greatest secretary of state the Republicans ever had. But I think that his failure to get the nomination of his party last year hastened his death, and he would have been defeated had he been nominated."

Chauncey M. Depow said: "Mr. Blaine's death, while expected, is, nevertheless, a shock to millions of his countrymen who honored and loved him. He had the enthusiastic devotion, and, at the same time, the tender affection, of his following beyond any political leader of our generation. He never deserted a friend and easily forgave an enemy. He filled a great place, led a mighty and devoted army, and has left no successor. The only time that I was apparently against Mr. Blaine was during the last convention. I knew that he did not want the nomination, and would not accept it if it had been offered to him. Had he been nominated and elected, he would not have lived to have been inaugurated. Subsequent events have, therefore, vindicated my action at the Minneapolis convention."

His House in Washington.

For the three years previous to his death Mr. Blaine resided at No. 17 Lafayette Square, in the historic old building known as the Seward Mansion. This house is but a few hundred yards from the Executive Mansion, and the War, State and Navy Departments. For this reason it was preferred by Mr. Blaine to the handsome and more modern building facing Dupont Circle, at Twentieth and P streets, which he leased to Mr. Geiter, of Chicago. The entire neighborhood is rich in historic reminiscences, for it has been the heart of aristocratic Washington since the city was embellished with residences. Within the buildings fronting on Lafayette Square have lived the greatest men of this country.

Facing northward, the Executive Mansion has full command for this quadrelateral of greensward and handsome old trees, while directly north of the square is St. John's Church, the oldest and historically the most interesting religious edifice in the city. Here the aristocracy of Washington has worshiped from the beginning of the nation's growth.

Nearby is the graceful old dwelling where the last days of Bancroft, the historian, were passed. Here, too, is the house where W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropist, lived and died—a building owned at one time by Daniel Webster, and afterwards the home of the French legation.

These houses are all on the north side, among them being the Sumner House, at one time occupied by Charles Sumner, and now a part of the Arlington Hotel. On the east side of the square, in the immediate neighborhood of the Seward mansion, are a number of houses with histories of national importance. Adjoining the Seward mansion on the north is the Tayloe mansion.

It was built by Ogle Tayloe in 1828, and in its rooms have assembled the great men of this country from that day to this. For forty years Ogle Tayloe dispensed a lavish hospitality to men of political, military and naval prominence. Such men as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and General Jackson were his frequent guests. In later days the visitors have been hardly less conspicuous in national history. The feasts have been as numerous and as magnificent, and the reputation of the house has been considerably enhanced, for in later times the old mansion became the home of Senator Don Cameron.

The Tayloe house was the last place visited by President Wm. Henry Harrison before he was stricken with the malady which caused his death. The old mansion is but little changed since it witnessed the historic gatherings of Ogle Tayloe's guests, save that the valuable and interesting collection of art objects are now removed to a special room in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

On the corner above is the building occupied by the Cosmos Club at present—a house in which Dolly Madison held court for years after the death of her husband, President Madison. Here the wit and beauty of the nation gathered at the widow's receptions, and no more brilliant assemblages have graced later days than those which crowded the spacious parlors and halls of the Madison house.

On the west side of Lafayette Square are several houses of more than ordinary interest. One of them is the Sickles mansion, now the property of Mr. Washington McLean. Another is the Decatur mans on, which was built from designs by Latrobe for Commander Decatur, and it was from here that the gallant sailor went to meet his death on the Bladensburg quelling-ground from the pistol of his adversary, Commodore Barron. The house was occupied by Martin Van Buren while Secretary of State, and it is said that every president, from Madison to Grant, has been entertained in this mansion.

From one of the windows of the historic house where Seward was attacked by an assassin when it was the principal club-house of Washington. Barton Key signalled Mrs. Sickles across the square with his handkerchief, and in the same manner the fair dame replied, luring him on in an intrigue that resulted in his death. He was shot in front of the club-house, and was carried into one of its rooms, where he died.

Mr. Blaine's Estate.

There are various estimates of the value of Mr. Blaine's estate. Careless guessers have believed him to have been worth from $2,000,000 to $4,0000. A careful estimate of all of Mr. Blaine's financial interests places his fortune, however, at $800,000.

Although an excellent business man and with many opportunities for profitable investments, Mr. Blaine has lived expensively, and his political campaigns have cost him heavily. He supported generously three establishments—at Augusta, Bar Harbor and Washington. The Augusta property is worth $30,000, his Bar Harbor place as much as that, while his investments in local enterprises in New England will probably foot up $75,000. Mr. Blaine owned two houses here, the one in which he died and the modern mansion on Depont Circle, which has been occupied for some years by Mr. Leiter, the retired merchant from Chicago. These houses together are worth about $125,000. Mr. Blaine's holdings in West Virginia railroad stocks and coal lands were large, and he owned a thousand acres of the richest coal lands near Pittsburg. This property, it is said, is increasing in value constantly, and upon the West Virginia portion of it in particular Mr. Blaine put a high estimate.

It is said here that Mr. Blaine left a will of comparatively recent date, and it is thought that Mrs. Blaine will have by its terms a controlling voice in its execution. She is a woman of good business capacity, and was always consulted by her husband about his affairs. Her influence over him was always strong. She will, of course, have the assistance of her sons-in-law, Col. Coppinger and Walter Damrosch, in both of whom Mr. Blaine reposed complete confidence, and of Senator Hale, who enjoyed his friendship to an unusual degree.

There are three surviving children, Mrs. Damrosch, James G. Blaine, Jr., and Miss Hattie Blaine. All are of age. The grandchildren are the two sons of Col. Coppinger mere lads, the son of James G. Blaine, Jr., the infant daughter of Walter Damrosch, and the infant daughter of Emmons Blaine.

Two bequests are likely to carry express provisions—those to James G. Blaine, Jr., and his young son now with the divorced wife. Young Blaine has always given his father great anxiety. There is little doubt that the provisions made for the son of Marie Nevins Blaine will be found to have been put in trust, with Cardinal Gibbons probably as the trustee. The child is being reared in the catholic faith.

THE FUTURE OF BAY RIDGE.

It Will Be Purchased By a Syndicate of Bondholders.

The Bay Ridge Hotel and grounds, forming one of the most popular summer resorts in the South, was to be sold at public auction on January 17 for the purpose of foreclosing a mortage and to reorganize the company, as stated in Monday's *American*. An agreement has already been made by which it will be purchased by Messrs. Henry S. Paul and Thomas C. Musgrove as a committee for the bondholders. The new company will have a paid-up capital of $2,000,000 and will assume the entire management of Bay Ridge as a resort and the board of directors will be made up of two directors from Washington, two from Philadelphia and three from Baltimore. During tho first three years the re-organization committee is to have the right to name the two directors from Philadelphia and two from Washington.

The present indebtedness of the Bay Ridge Company amounts to $644,994.54, of which $300,000 is for bonds on which no interest has been paid for five years and about $76,000 due Receiver Charles Webb of J., in whose hands the property has been since 1888. It was opened as a summer resort in 1879 by Mr. James H. Vansant, of Baltimore. Among others financially interested in the scheme was Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia. It was very successful until 1886, when great improvements were made, but with them came a large burden of debt and subsequent losses eventually placed the property in the hands of the receiver. Bay Ridge has 387 acres of ground, improved by a fine hotel and restaurant buildings, three miles of excellent roads, etc. The new management will probably lay off a large portion of the property into building lots.

The order of the Anne Arrundel county court, in directing the sale of the Bay Ridge property, which is an agreement of parties interested, restricts the trustees from receiving any bid under $75,000.—Baltimore *American*.

Appeased for a Time.

"Travel on this road pretty often?" inquired the passenger with the long, slender, pointed nose.

"Yes," replied the sleepy looking passenger on the seat.

"Come to town most every day, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"In business of some kind like as not?"

"No; I work for another man."

"Drygoods business?"

"No. Wet goods."

"Saloon?"

"No. Fish market."

The inquisitive passenger was quiet a moment. Then he came at him again.

"Find it cheaper to live out o' the city?"

"No. Dearer."

"Rents are cheaper, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Groceries and things don't cost any more, do they?"

"No. Cost less."

"Have to pay out too much for railroad fare?"

"Railroad fare doesn't cost me $75 per year.

"Then what makes it dearer?"

"Running for trains. Wear and tear of shoe leather."

The long nosed man ruminated on this a few moments and then said:

"They pay bigger wages in the city than in the suburbs don't they?"

"Yes."

"What might it be worth, now, to hold a job like yours?"

"The man I'm working for pays me $20.99 a week.

"Always make the exact change?"

"Always."

"What's the idea of making it just $20.99?

"He pays me $20 for my work and the 99 cents for minding my own business."

And the sharp-nosed man went to the other end of the car and took a seat on the coal box.

He was a gainer and not loser; he has all the ribs he ever had; can breed his own stock, grow his own garden, churn his own butter, raise his own cabbage and turnips, as in the years agone; or if he prefers, can profit by the knowledge and industry of the specialist as necessity may require. The great danger is that of becoming dependent upon specialties. He can purchase a draft horse, or a roadster, or a phaeton pony, or a Jersey milker at the stock-breeder's annual, or semi-anual sale, and he therefore, makes no effort to raise such stock himself; leaves all this to the stock-breeder.

What could you think of the farmer who may have half a dozen or more cows, yet, for two or thre months in the year buys butter from the merchant or possibly the near by creamery. He scorns to descend from the tilling of his one hundred acre farm in wheat, corn, oats, &c., to the cultivation of an old fashioned, luxuriant, starvation-defying garden or truck farm; leaves that to the supervision of the already over-taxed wife, or the ill-judged or odd-time efforts of the cook; and it all results in a compulsion to patronize a specialists in canned goods, fruits and vegetables of all kinds. Does it not seem strange that the whole frame, blood and muscles, will depend on these articles from a aingle rib.

To be a farmer means to breed your own stock, and year after year intelligently improve it; raise your own vegetables and seeds; bud and graft your own fruit, or know how to do it; milk your own cows; raise and kill your own pork and have some to sell; raise and carve your own turkey and pig. Why not? These are the little things, even on what is now considered a fairly-well regulated farm, and ought not to be despised.

But he must know how to do and produce these things. If needs be he must sit at the feet of age and wisdom: read and ponder; experiment and repeat his experiments, and be able to give a reason for what he does. The farmer's son, as a preparation for his high, honorable and important calling, should have practical instruction, a thorough apprenticeship to the business. An apprenticeship that will embrace more than the duties of the cow-boy, involving an intimate acquaintance with the minutest details, as well as the more important matters of farming. Because one is a farmer it does not follow that his son also knows how to successfully conduct the business any more than a ship-builder's son should know how to build ships before receiving the regular course of instructions.

The farmer should stand the rival of any man in the matter of living. But if he continues to rely on the products of the grain grown, fails to raise his own stock and endeavor to get the best, fails to grow his own seed and vegetables, neglects the garden, does not care whether the county paper publishes an agricultural column or not, he will remain as dependent as he is today, whilst the one rib industries swallow him by littles. Think of it.

Now, Messrs. Editors, we do not wish to supplant your regular correspondents, Obser, Sylvanus and R., but trust you will give us space. UNCLE SAM.

FOR THE KENT NEWS.

"HOBBY HORSES."

How to Ride 'Em—Farming as a Business—No Pay in It—Two Strings to Her Bow.

Every boy and every man should have at least one of the above-named animals. There is, indeed, nothing wrong in a man's having more, but it don't pay to ride more than one at a time. Two boys may ride on one hobby horse, but experience teaches me the impossibility of one boy successfully riding two hobby horses at once. There are some that are able to carry several men at a time—brains and all—and they seem to thrive under the burden, but again experience has taught us that the man who expects to ride several hobby horses at once will reap only the results of his divided and sub-divided energies.

Two men are stronger than one. One man ought to be stronger than a half a man. So, when a man puts half of himself in one business, and half in another he ought only to expect half-way success in either business. As an illustration, I may remark that the young lady who persists in having "two strings to her bow," is most likely to be "left over," or compelled at last to take the one she didn't want. The farmer who puts himself and his best horse on the road to sell fertilizers or sewing machines, is another illustration of the truthfulness of our proposition. The same is true of the merchant who leaves his business to his boy clerk while he "runs for office," or the physician who runs several farms and his practice by the same head.

We think the statemen true that the most split-up set of men in the world are the farmers. In sme cases it is quite a job to get the whole man together; a part of him is behind the counter measuring dry goods; another part is administering the important duties of some country office; another part is pulling the wires with a view to political control; while the remainder endeavored to carry on a farm. Such a case reminds us of a tenant, who, while tilling land for half, engaged to give to his merchant half of his crop of potatoes as a compensation for seed potatoes furnished. Later on, he was of course surprised to find that a crop of potatoes had only "two" halves.

There are more men than occupations in this world, and a man has no more business with two or three occupations than he has with two or three wives. Plurality of occupations is as ruinous to one's business prosperity as plurality of wives to one's domestic peace and happiness. Why not raise and educate lawyers for the bar or bench; statesmen for legislative and congressional halls and the political affairs of the nation; merchants for the counter and conduct of the commerce of merchandise; artificers and mechanics for the demands of architecture; and *farmers for the farm*. Put a man in the place for which he is adapted by natural gifts, and the added acquisition of education and training, and keep him there. Keep the *whole man* there if you would get the best results!

You can't have a buggy horse, dray horse and saddle pony all in one horse. When a man becomes an enthusiast—a hobbyist if you please—in a work, he is just suited to the work, and never reaches this point until he gets his whole self into it. A farmer should make farming his hobby. This hobby has a broad back; insures a secure seat to the rider, whilst it is impossible for the longest legged man to do more than reach the stirrups. He is also a comprehensive hobby; and ability to ride him successfully involves some acquaintance with several minor hobbies, which are sometimes denominated specialities. This is the age of specialties, and they have taken hold of the farm; one has gone off with the horses and has become a stock-breeder; another has seized the milch cows and is running a creamery; a third has monopolized the vegetables and has become a truck gardener; and still another has had surprising success as a seed grower. There are many other specialties or hobbies that are so many ribs, as it were, that have been taken out of the side of our great hobby, farming.

Notwithstanding the depressing influences during the past decade, which slowly, but surely had its effect on the value of all farm products, (and from which we hope soon to be freed), the remedy is in the hands of the agriculturist.

This period presented the opportunity for these specialty creators to carve out from his monster sides these valuable ribs, and bear them off with delight and profit. But, like Adam of old, farmers must endeavor to see in each of these specialities an "help-meet" for him. It is both useless and unwise to frown upon them or to quarrel with them; make friends with them, and above all things let the farmer hobbyist remember for his encouragement, that while each of these specialists has only a rib to ride, to the farmer is left the body and blood, backbone and muscle. If these specialists can ride a rib to success, ought not the farmer do as well on the backbone? Let that intelligent "club" of farmers at Still Pond answer; they are on the right track.

We maintain that farming has not been hurt by the creation of these specialties. After the creation of that dear and indispensible specialty, Eve, Adam was still himself; robbed, it is true, of a rib, but shorn of nothing that made for manliness—nobler indeed, and prouder and happier and more capable than before. So farming today is farming still, notwitestanding the ill-judged legislation heretofore referred to, and the existence of these specialties. Farming as a business can look around upon these and say with complacency and pride: these specialties are "bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh."

He is gainer and not loser; he has all the ribs he ever had; can breed his own stock, grow his own garden, churn his own butter, raise his own cabbage and turnips, as in the years agone; or if he prefers, can profit by the knowledge and industry of the specialist as necessity may require. The great danger is that of becoming dependent upon specialties. He can purchase a draft horse, or a roadster, or a phaeton pony, or a Jersey milker at the stock-breeder's annual, or semi-anual sale, and he therefore, makes no effort to raise such stock himself; leaves all this to the stock-breeder.

What could you think of the farmer who may have half a dozen or more cows, yet,

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

An Interesting Apartment in the Capitol to Be Occupied by Mr. Stevenson.

From the New York World.

The room to be occupied by Mr. A. E. Stevenson after March 4 next, as his office at the Capitol is one of the handsomest as well as one of most historic in the way of relics there is in the city of Washington. In the Senate wing of the Capitol there are two rooms set aside as offices for the President and Vice-President of the United States. The former room is by far the handsomer of the two, but it is little used as an office. The latter, however, though not as pretty as the President's is a very beautiful room. It is used daily as the office of the Vice-President while the Senate is in session, and it contains some very interesting relics.

It is large and square, with stuccoed ceiling and tinted walls, and is situated just at the end of the Senate lobby. Its furniture consists of a very beautiful ecru-tinted carpet, five large chairs, including a rocking chair, upholstered in dark-green leather, two flat-top rosewood tables and an office desk. There is also a large sofa, fire-screen, drop-lights, &c.

The fireplace is old style—wood being used for fuel entirely. Just between the Vice-President's seat at the centre table and fireplace is the large glass screen, and this serves to throw off the heat, but still does not spoil the effect of the burning hickory logs. The large brass fender around the fire used to protect the carpet from the sparks is a very elegant affair, and it has been the custom for many years to give the retiring Vice-President this finder with its accompanying poker, tongs, &c.

In the right-hand corner as you enter the room is a small safe upon which is marked in gilt letters: "Vice-President of the United States." This safe is used as a repository for the electoral votes as they came from the different States just after the election until they are counted in the House of Representatives. The custom prevails and probably will always prevail, that during the period when the electoral votes are within the safe, two officers of the Capitol police force are detailed to watch them night and day, and they are so vigilant that even the Vice-President's private secretary is not admitted to the room without one of the officers accompanying him. The combination of the safe is at that time known to the Vice-President then holding the position as President of the Senate.

The former entrance to the Vice-President's chamber, just outside of the lobby, has been for some years closed, and the little alcove made thereby is now used as a wash-room. This little place contains one of the most interesting relics in the room. It is a small mirror, two and one-half feet long by eighteen inches wide, and was purchased by the Senate for John Adams, the first Vice-President of the United States, who was on the ticket with Washington. It has a very ordinary gilt frame and is made of poor material. Still, it caused a great controversy in the Senate at the time of its purchase, some of the Senators objecting to the price, which was $40, saying that that amount was entirely too much for the Government to expend for a mirror, even for the Vice-President, but after a lengthy and interesting debate, it was decided to buy it. The mirror has received every care and is now almost in perfect condition, having been for the last fifty years in the care of the venerable Capt. Bassett. Another article in the little wash-room is a very beautifully carved toilet case. This cabinet is of ebony and was made for Mr. Chester A. Arthur by his special request.

Upon the right wall, looking from the entrance, is a painting of George Washington, considered the best of Washington in existence. It was executed by Rembrandt Peele, in 1795. Peale had three sittings of Washington, and at that time dentistry was not practised so scientifically as at the present day, and it is a historical fact that at each of these sittings Washington used raw cotton as a substitute for false teeth so as to fill out the mouth and cheeks. This adds great value to the portrait as it gives his face a determined look, which was very natural in Washington.

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