THE KENT NEWS:
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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Kent News.

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We Commence Today

—WITH OUR—

GREAT CLEARING SALES

—OF—

Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits.

WE begin little sooner this year with Our Reduction Sales, as We are Determined to GET RID of OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN at PRICES YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. They Must Go. We Don't Want to Carry any Winter Stock Over. Come and See for Yourself.

Respectfully,

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,

Opposite Stam's Hall. **Chestertown, Md.**

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 PURCHASE!

---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,
HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

Sept. 17, 1892.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,

144 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,
CARPET AND 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 Chrismas 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.

Why He Was a Bachelor.

'Twas a cold, bleak winter's night, just such a night when every one would prefer to sit by a hot stove or be comfortably seated in a genial warm room.

That very night a jolly set of fellows were gathered around a blazing fire relating stories, cracking jokes, and each narrating his experience among the girls.

"I tell you what, boys," spoke out George Jenkins, as a slight lull occurred in the conversation, "there's John Dobson; he's had a ripe experience among the fair sex. Maybe he'll tell us why he still lives in a state of forlorn hope."

John Dobson was a confirmed old bachelor of about fifty, and averse to female society, which he shunned on all possible occasions.

"Yes, yes, give us the story," chinned in a half dozen voices.

"Do tell us, John Dobson, why you never married one of those Gibson girls, for I know you once went it strong with one of them," said Bob Jamart, as he gave a sly wink at the rest of the party.

"Well, now, boys, have you no respect for a fellow," responded the goodnatured John Dobson, for in spite of his bachelorhood he was as clever a fellow as one could meet in a week's travel.

"I tell you what," he continued, "this is no trifling matter, and whenever I think of the last time I was in Sue Gibson's company, and the mishaps that followed, I always feel ashamed: but as I am strongly pressed, I guess I'll have to speak right out in meeting,' as Deacon Wilbur's wife used to say when they had a revival down in the Battle Swamp meeting-house. Maybe some of you do not recollect so far back; any how, there was old Squire Gibson down in Battle Swamp. He had two as "purity" daughters as any man ever had since the days of Adam. Their names were Sue and Dolly, and all the boys for miles around were in love with 'em. I have an old chum named Sam Williams. Well, Sam and I paired with the girls; I took Sue and Sam took Dolly under our wings. The girls looked upon us with favor, and created lots of envy and jealousy among the other boys.

"As I said before the girls liked us, but their old dad, the 'squire, didn't; in fact the old man didn't like any young fellows come poking around after his girls, because he thought they would marry them, and then he would be compelled to hire help, for the girls did all the work about the house and farm, such as milking the cows, making butter, baking bread and other things.

"Hard as the old man was on the girls, howsomever, he allowed them to attend singing schooi, which was held in the old log school-house, about three miles from the girls' home. We had singing school every Saturday night, and I was so much in love with Sue Gibson that I could scarcely wait till Saturday came, for that was the only time I could see her.

"As I said before, the old 'Squire was opposed to the girls having company; but these girls, you know, like all others, would have company in spite of the old folks. Well, that night, the last time I ever went home with the girls, turned out to be an awful one for me. We had a splendid singing meeting, and after it was over, I stepped up to Sue and Sam Williams took Dolly and off we started for home. All the way along I talked quite sweet to Sue, and she looked so sweet, that I felt that I could have married her right off. When we got to the gate that opened into the lane which led up to the house, Sue said to me, 'John you musn't come any further.' Says I, 'Why not? 'Because, you know,' says she, 'dad won't like it.' Says again, Yes I will, Sue, I'm going right up to the house with you, too, for I want to have a talk with you.'

"Sue finding that I was determined in the matter, submitted, and we walked up to the house and right into the kitchen, for we had no trouble. The old folks had gone to bed long before, and were fast asleep, so the field was clear. I courted Sue strong that night, and I made up my mind to ask her to be my wife, the next time I come around.

"It was now past midnight, and as we had over four miles to go, I told Sam we start. So we stepped out on the porch; as we did so, the sky was bright with lightning, the thunder pealed its loudest, and the rain poured down in torrents. We waited for it to stop, until we all got so sleepy that the girls said we should go to bed in the little room at the head of the stairs, which led up from the kitchen, and as the old man didn't get up very early, we could go home before the old folks were astir. So after kissing the girls a sweet night, and wishing them pleasant dreams, and promising to see them the next Saturday night we toddled up to bed.

"Sam dropped his wardrobe in a pile on the floor and bounced into bed without any trouble. I was always slow and full of curiosity, so I took a look around the room. At last I thought I would set down on a chest which was covered with nice white cloth, while I drew off my boots; so down I sat, when Jerusalem crickets, I went squash down into a big custard pie. I thought Sam would die a laughing, as he said I had smashed the custard all to thunder, and the plate right in two. I told Sam to hush; we had to be awful quiet for fear the old folks would hear us.

"At last I was ready for bed, so I put out the light and picked up my boots, thinking to put them in a more convenient place, when down went one of my feet through the pipe hole, which had been covered over with paper, clear up to the hip. As my leg was very long, it reached a shelf in the kitchen, which led just below us and turned it over on dishes, and plates and things, and producing an awful racket. The girls had not yet retired and I could hear them laughing fit to split their sides.

"I felt much ashamed, and was also scared that I felt my heart away up in my throat, for I expected the old man every minute. I pulled my leg out of the confounded hole just in time, for the old woman looked into the kitchen and asked, 'What's all this about, girls!' They made some sort of excuse, and said, 'The cat was prowling after mice and had knocked down some tinware,' and all was quiet.

"We were sound asleep and in the land of dreams. Once I dreamed I was sitting by the side of Sue, with my arms around her neck and sipping nectar from her honeid lips; and the next I would be making tracks for home at a race-horse gait with the old man after me with his big cane. When I woke I found the sun shining high and bright in the window. The next thing I heard the old folks having morning prayers down in the kitchen right below us.

"We were now in a purty pickle, and wat to do we didn't know. Sam got up, looked out the window, and said we could get down over the roof. Sam said to me. "Get up John Dobson, don't you see where the sun is?" In my hurry of getting out of bed, I got my feet tangled among the bed clothes fell pell mell down the stairs, and landing on the floor right before the old folks and the two girls.

"The old man bawled at the top of his voice. 'The Lord save us!' for he thought the devil had come. The old woman screamed so loud she could have been heard ahalf a mile. While the girls stood up to their faces; as it was very warm weather, I hadn't anything on but a shirt.

"I oppened the door in a hurry, and made a bee line for the barn. My speed was considerably hastened by a couple of the old man's dogs that had a glimpse of me. I ran right through a flock of sheep standing in the barn-yard, and an old ram not liking the way things were going on made far me as I approached, and gave me such a butt that sent me sprawling into a pond of dirty water.

"When I got to the barn, I climbed up to the hay mow and squatted right down on a hen's nest full of eggs, and I didn't leave a whole egg in the lot. The old hen, out of revenge, picked at my bare legs till the blood streamed down my feet. By and by Sam came along with my trowsers, vest and one boot, and vowed he hadn't time to find the rest. I fixed myself the best I could and made for home, some four miles or so distant, ill-luck all the way. From that to this I never saw Sue Gibson nor did I ever go to singing school. I felt so much abased that I vowed I'd never go to see another girl, and I didn't. This is why I am a bachelor still."

Personal and Newsy.

A Philadelphia oyster dealer is named Shellem, and a lawyer of the same city bears the name of Honestman.

The most beautiful unmarried princess in Europe, it is said, is the Princess Clementina, the youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians.

General Wade Hampton is vigorous and active at the age of seventy-five, and his friends say he was never in better health. He is often seen riding a spirited horse on the Washington avenue.

It was Edwin Forrest who said: "There are three things that cause me to believe in the immortality of man—Christ's sermon on the mount, Paul's sermon on Mars Hill, and the genius of Wm. Shakspeare."

Senor Sarasate, the noted violinist, is the possessor of many watches, no less than thirty-two of which have been given him at different times. Some of them are extremely valuable, and several are, appropriately, violin-shaped.

One gets an idea of the loneliness of the Pacific when learning that the City of Pekin, so long overdue, having broken her shaft and taken to wing, covered 1,240 miles without seeing a sail. She went out of her way in the hope of meeting a sister ship and receiving aid.

Mr. Hoke Smith is largely indebted for his Cabinet position, an Atlanta paper says, to a letter which Mr. Justice Lamar wrote to Mr. Cleveland shortly before the eminent Mississippian died. Therein the Supreme Court Justice said that he had but one request to make, and that was that the President appoint Hoke Smith to a place in his Cabinet. Of course, this was bound to have weight, and certainly was calculated to remove any doubts the President-elect might have as to the fitness of Mr. Smith for that place.

A marriage took place at El Reno, Texas, a short time ago that borders on the romantic. A woman who was divorced from her husband some years ago was stopping at a boarding-house in that city with her children. Her funds finally became exhausted, and her landlady learning the whereabouts of the woman's ex-husband, wrote him and acquainted him with the circumstances, and he immediately came to the rescue. A reconciliation followed, and the couple were remarried and at once left for their old home.

The Girl Who is Liked.

The girl who doesn't think every other pretty one "makes up horribly."

The girl who doesn't pinch her feet into shoes a size and a half too small for her.

The girl who is not in the least ashamed of a healthy appetite.

The girl who doesn't want to stop and stare into every other shop window she passes.

The girl who will sing under a trifle less than three-quarters of an hour's persuasion.

The girl who can receive a little polite attention from a man without at once jumping to the conclusion that he is in love with her.

The girl who doesn't tight-lace.

The girl who prefers a cookery book to a penny novelette.

The girl who can purchase a packet of pins and a yard of calico without turning over everything in the shop.

LOT OF BRIDES AT A FEAST.

Thirty-Two Marriages in the Presence of Prince Ferdinand.

BUCHAREST, February 5.—In accordance with the Roumanian coustom, the weddings of thirty-two peasant coupies, representing the thirty-two districts of Roumania, were celebrated today in the prescence of Prince Ferdinand and his bride. After the marriage ceremonies the couples drove in thirty-two carriages, decorated with flowers, to the Royal Palace, where a wedding dinner was served. King Charles gave a purse filled with gold to every couple, and Crown Prince Ferdinand clicked glasses with every bridegroom before drinking with him. The Crown Prince and his bride were received with enthusiasm by the street crowds when they drove from the church to the palace.

IF an alligator could talk he would probably declare he had a small mouth.

AN OLD HUNTER'S YARN.

He Has an Adventure With a Mountain Lion—It Carried Off a Girl.

"After all, the wust o' critter out in this Montana kentry," said the old man as we jogged along together over the trail out of Missoura, "is one which the papers don't seem to hear of very often. They print a heap o' stuff about grizzly b'ars and rattlesnakes, but this here critter I'm speaken' of wuss'n b'ars and snakes rolled together."

"What animal do you refer to?" I asked.

"What they calls the mountain lion, sir. He hain't no lion. He's half lion and half panther, with a big sprinkle of gineal cussedness throwed in to make him slyer than a Injun and uglier than a mad wolf. Cum around on the other side of this cavuse and notice that claw mark. Look at the scars on his rump! Them was made by a mountain lion, at the same time he bit through to the bone of my right shoulder and clawed most of the clothes and hide off'n me. It jest starts the sweat when I think of it!"

"Go on. I'm interested."

GOT THE DOG.

"I had some hoss stock in a valley along the Hellgate river, a hundred miles to the south of this, with a partner named Jim Hope. One night while I was lyin' in the tent and Jim was readin' a novel by the fire outside our dog began to growl. He hadn't got his growl out afore somethin' cum out of the darkness with a screech to raise yer ha'r, lit down on the ground between Jim and the dog and the next minute both was gone. I don't mean Jim, but the dog and the something,' and I can tell you that somethin' was a thumpin' big mountain lion. He was arter that dog and he got him and he was that clus to Jim he knocked his hat off as he switched his tail around. It was dun so quick that we could't realize what had happened. Jim picks up his hat and looks all around and says:

"Tom, did somethin' happen jist now, or was I asleep and dreamin' that a critter screeched out?

"'Whar's the dog?' says I.

"'Durned if he hain't gone!'

"'Bust me if I kin tell!'

A PRETTY GOOD JUMP.

"But we figgered it out arter a while, and we didn't feel a bit easy over it. We could tell that he was a bold critter to almost jump into the fire to seize the cog, and if he was hangin' around the nayborhood we'd hav to keep our eyes peeled. We planned to hev a hunt for him next day, and soon after breakfast Tom went up the river and I down, both on hossback and heeled for biziness. At about 10 o'clock I got into an old trail between the river and a chain o' hills. The trail was rough and full of turns, and I war jist windin' around a mass of rocks and bushes when a wild screech lifted me in my stirrups and that durned mountain lion lit on the hoss at my back. Jim and me arterward prospected with a line, and we figgered that he made a spring of twenty-two feet in the clear.

I'm a-tellin' you, mister man, that a hundred Injuns, every one racin' tight arter me and yellin' fur my life, wouldn't have upset me the way that critter did. It was all over in a minute. The hoss jumped me outer the saddle and run off and my tumble seemed to skeer the varmint into makin' off into the bushes. He worked mighty fast durin' the few seconds he had. I've got ten claw marks on my back and side and leg, and the way he bit into my shoulder would hev made ye think he was uncommon hungry fur breakfast."

"Were you able to return to camp?" I inquired.

"I walked some and crawled some and finally got thar to be laid up for a month," he replied. "We thought the hoss would die for sure, but he somehow pulled along. It was six or seven months before the claw marks on him healed up, and he won't never be the hoss he was before that. You might want to know how we cum out with that lion? Wall, it was a bit curus. I'd jest got so that I could sit up, and I was sittin' in the doorway one evenin', with sun about half an hour high, and Jim was slicin' bacon fur supper on a flat stun over to the right, when I happened to look at a bunch of grass about fifty feet beyond him. It was a bunch about as big as a barrel and was dead grass. Thar's allus bunches like that in the valleys, and the boys say it's the pizen from rattlesnakes as makes 'em.

"When Jim cum to know what had took place he jest sot down and got as white as a woman and shook all over, and I don't think he's quite got over it yet. If the beast had a-lit on him it would hev fastened its teeth in his neck, given him a shake or two as a dog shakes a rat and he'd never hev known what sort of a critter picked the meat of his bones.

CARRIED OFF BY A LION.

"I'll tell ye what I saw with my own eyes down in Cold Spring Valley, beyond Emmettsburg," he continued, as I pressed him for another incident. "Thar wus a party campin' out that—a party of about twenty men and women. I can't jist remember whar they was from, but back in the States somewhar.' They was huntin' and fishin' and hevin' a happy time, and had bin thar' ten days when I went up into the hills west of 'em to look fur an old claim I had got track of.

"Bimeby I com out on a spot wher I could look down and see four or five of the campers fishin' in a creek fur trout. The nighest ones to me was two young gals. I could see 'em, plain as day, though I guess they was a good two miles off. I sot down on a stun to rest and waz kinder wonderin' if the gals had any luck in fishin', when I suddenly seen a sight which made my ha'r curl. It was one o' them mountain lions stalkin' the gal nighest to me. He'd crept out of a thicket and was a skulkin' for'd jest like you've seen a cat do. He'd twist and dodge and shelter himself behind every stone and bush, and she was a-fishin' away and perhaps singin' to herself."

"And you were helpless?"

"I was, and you don't know what an awful feelin' it gin me. I fired my Winchester as fast as I could pull trigger, hopin' the reports might be heard down thar and skeer the varmint off or bring one of the men to the rescue, but the wind was agin me. I also yelled at the top of my voice and waved my hat, but it was no good. I jest had to stand thar and see that critter creepin' neigher and neigher and know that the gal hadn't a chance in a hundred. Mebbe if she'd hev turned her face or started and walked off or dun sumthin' sort o' sudden like the lion would hev been skeered off, but she didn't.

"I saw the beast make two jumps from behind a rock and seize her. I don't think she ever cried out, because none of the rest of 'em heard a sound. I watched and saw him drag the body off into a thicket and then I started down. You can bet thar was an awful time when I got to them and told what I had seen.

We went to the thicket and routed out the lion and got the poor gal's body. He hadn't started in to eat it yit, perhaps not bein' very hungry, but he'd mighty nigh torn the head off in draggin' it along. He got away afore we could git a shot at him, and though the men gave me $100 to hunt him down I never got sight of him again. The cunnin' critter probably 'spected what was up and made tracks for a safe locality."

EXPRESS TRAINS IN A RACE.

A Fine Burst of Speed for Twenty-five Miles Near St. Louis.

Webb Ross, the unfortunate engineer on the "Big Four," was noted for his bravery and skill in handling a fast locomotive. His record for making up lost time is common talk along the division over which he ran. In an article written by Agent H. C. Rood, of the American Express Co., some years ago he gives a vivid description of a race between the "Big Four" and the Wabash between East St. Louis and Alton. Between these stations the roads are parallel and the two night trains from St. Louis leave almost the same time. Exciting races often result from this arrangement.

Speaking of one of these races Mr. Rood told how he had sat in the locomotive cab and watched Webb Ross manipulate a fast flying locomotive. He boarded the engine at East St. Louis, and was greeted with a smile by the engineer, whose face was so familiar to everybody along his run. He asked him if he wanted to take a ride, and he said he had no objection to making the run to Alton, a distance of twenty-five miles. He accepted the invitation, and the train started out at the normal speed up north. Only a few miles had been made when the engineer noticed that the Wabash was only a short distance ahead. A storm was raging at the time, the lightning flashed vividly and the thunder rolled at frequent intervals. Webb spoke of the storm and said it was a good night for a race. Manager Rood, as he writes, said he was ready for it, and Webb then let go the throttle and, as he remarked to his guest, "gave her a full head." The fireman was kept constantly employed, fuel was thrown in the box unsparingly and extraordinary time was made. The Wabash engineer, aided by his fireman, worked hard and the passengers on both trains excitedly watched the race. For miles it was neck and neck and both engines rocked and threw out sparks as they had never done before. On Webb's train, as Mr. Rood's description covers it, the steam gauge registered its full capacity. During all the time Webb was cool and collected and when he was not working the machinery he kept telling Mr. Rood that the locomotive would win out. When Alton Junction was reached Webb's locomotive was away ahead and ran into the depot far in the lead of its competitor. The passengers on Webb's train applauded and jeered at the travellers on the other train as they rolled into the depot.

DON'T TALK SO LOUD.

An Excellent Thing in Women, Says Solomon, Is a Low Voice.

Truly an excellent thing in a woman is a low voice, even as Solomon wrote three thousand years ago, and yet how very few American girls possess it! A cultivated, low-toned voice gives more pleasure, affords more gratification even than music; and although our climate seems to deny to our women the silvery, melodious voices one hears so often in England, surely every girl can avoid the loud, strident, disagreeable tones one so often hears even among the well-born and the well-bred.

An honest, thoroughly American girl seems to think voice culture an affectation. This is a very great mistake. By all means be American—keep your Americanism, if you will. The writer remembers, apropos of this, two little boys—fast friends—who each conversed fluently in the slang of his own country, each understanding but scorning to use the other's vernacular. So one "skinned" up a tree and the other "swarmed" up one, and so on.

But to return to our subject—why should we not cultivate our accent and intonation, and call it not imitation, but culture? We all wish to use pure English—we say English, mind you, not Americanese—so why is it an affectation to begin to train voice and expression at any age? And yet many a woman who would think nothing of beginning a new language—of taking up a new study with the avowed purpose of improving her mind—who would openly diet herself to grow fat or thin to improve her person—would hesitate and fear being called affected if she corrected really serious faults of voice and intonation.

What the Presidents Died of.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only man who held the position of President to die of heart disease. Washington expired of pneumonia, John Adams of natural decline, Thomas Jefferson, of chronic diarrhoea, James Madison and James Monroe of natural decline, John Quincy Adams of paralysis, Andrew Jackson of consumption Martin Van Buren of asthmatic catarrh, William H. Harrison of pleurisy, John Tyler of bilious attack, James K. Polk of Tcpronic diarrhoea, Zachary aylor of bilious fever, Millard Fillmore of natural decline, Franklin Pierce of inflammation of the stomach, James Buchanan of rheumatic gout, Abraham Lincoln assassinated, Andrew Johnson of paralysis, U. S. Grant of cancer, Jas. A. Garfield assassinated, Chester A. Arthur of Bright's disease. He was of three Methodists to become President, Johnson and Grant being the other two.

Evidence of It.

"Do you know Mr. Drydust?" said Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie. "He's very learned, isn't he?"

"What makes you think so?"

"He can talk so long on such uninteresting things."

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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

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

Advertisements inserted for three months or a onger period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

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

DON'T STAND IN THE WAY!

ONE OF MOODY'S SHORT SEMONS IN BALTIMORE.

At one of the Moody meetings in Baltimore last week, the great evangelist said:

"I don't want to preach this afternoon, but just to give you a simple talk, and I shall take no text. There are three classes of people I want to preach to, and I want in those three classes to cover everybody in this house. I like to divide my audiences into classes, as that helps me to touch everybody. There are lots of people who flatter themselves that they are getting a great deal of good out of these meetings, when in fact they are not being benefited at all. They don't take preaching home to themselves. They say they were so glad Mrs. Smith was there, because the minister said something that fitted her exactly, Mrs. Smith says she was so much pleased that Mrs. Brown was there, for something was said that went right home to her. Mrs. Brown was glad that Mrs. Somebody Else heard the sermon, for she knew it did her good, but none of them take the preaching direct to themselves, so as to profit by it.

"I like to talk to everybody and have everybody to apply what is said to themselves and not to somebody else. The first class I shall speak to is that composed of Christians, and I suppose the large majority of those here are Christians. Another class is that composed of backsliders, and the last the unconverted.

DON'T STAND IN THE WAY.

"Now, Christians, did you ever think a man or woman can be a Christian and yet stand right in the way of the unconverted? I believe the greatest obstacles to Christ's work are Christians. Look out and see you are not any enemy of the cause, not an obstacle in an unconverted friend's way. I believe there is a great awakening in this city. This house would not be crowded daily if there was not. You hear the subject discussed on the streets, in the street cars, everywhere. Some are taking one side of the question and some the other. Some are favorable to revival services and many are not. But I venture to say that four-fifths of the Christians in this city were converted in times of revival. Even the churches sprang from revivals.

"Take the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Lutheran, Wesleyan, Quakers and all down the list, you will find they had their birth in times of great awakening. People are afraid of excitement, but there has been more excitement in one saloon in Baltimore than in all the churches.

"This is a critical time.

"I believe if the Church of God would arise the whole city would be reclaimed. I met some ladies here yesterday who couldn't understand this sort of meeting. They had never seen anything similar before. Well, you want something different sometimes. I don't believe the preaching of John the Baptist was similar to what the people of Judea were used to, but will anybody dispute that preaching? I wish we had a few John the Baptists today to waken up this country.

"Now you all take the right attitude.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

"You will hear people scoffing, but just stand up for Jesus at every opportunity. I knew of a mother who, when she heard that Mr. Sankey and I were coming to her city to hold meetings, took her son and went away to spend a whole month to prevent her son coming to hear us. She said she was afraid he would be converted and join the Y. M. C. A., and would degrade himself by distributing tracts on the street. Before the month was up that boy died, and when his mother brought his body back to the city while our meetings were still continuing nothing can describe her anguish. But it was too late.

"These meetings are going to continue another week, and I want you all to make up your minds to work. Give up balls and parties and other engagements and come here and pray for us and work at your homes. Let us begin there first. If you have children go to work to save them. I think it a most lamentable thing that so few boys of from 13 to 15 years attended our meetings. Where are they? In the billiard parlors, the saloons, the gambling dens? They can be reclaimed if you go to work.

"Now, to the backsliders. There are those who claim to be backsliders who are not. The trouble with them is they never slide forward. If you were really converted the pleasures of the world can never satisfy you. You will drink as it were from broken cisterns. You can't find a backslider to-day who will not admit that it is an evil and a bitter thing to be so. Sickness, death and darkness comes without a ray of light, without comfort to the wanderer from God. My friend, you had better return to God. He wants you to come back.

"Make up your minds this day, this hour that you will turn to God, your Saviour. Oh! what a great thing it would be if this whole congregation were to be brought today to the foot of Calvary. Would to God that he brought you there."

The World's Food for One Day.

The average healthy man eats nearly 2½ pounds of solid food in a day. Some racers each much more than others, but against this we can set the smaller consumption of the children and the delicate members of the civilized communities. Now, as there are, according to the most careful computation, 1,497,000,000 human beings on the planet, we may conclude that 3,607,770,000 pounds, or about 1,610,602 tons of solid food are eaten every day the world over.

With the regard to the drinking capacity of the human race, as the proper individual allowance is nearly 2¾ pints a day, we may take it that the above named quantity of food is washed down with about 4,047,888,000 pints of liquid in some form or other—that is to say, enough to fill a reservoir 144 yards long, 144 broad and 144 deep.—*Boston Globe.*

YOU SEE.—An exchange attributes this statement to a professor of chemisty who was explaining why an experiment had failed: "As you see, gentlemen, at present you see nothing. Why you see nothing you will see directly."

WE love the body for the souls sake, but never the soul for the sake of the body.

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