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

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

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 may be charged.
SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS
LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 53. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1893. No. 47.

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 longer period at low rates.

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

S. BECK. W. S. WALKER

BECK & WALKER,

FERTILIZER MANUFACTURERS.

OFFER TO THE FARMERS OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTI ES

FERTILIZERS OF ALL KINDS!

WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION TO OUR SPECIAL BRANDS FOR THE
—Spring Crop of 1893—

Corn, Oats, Asparagus, Potatoes,
TOMATOES and GENERAL TRUCK.

All of these goods were used by a number of our prominent farmers last year, and in all cases gave satisfactory results. We would be glad to refer intending purchasers of Fertilizers to the parties who used them. All of our brands of goods are prepared under the personal supervision of MR. P. B. HOLLIS, who is well known in this community as an experienced agricultural chemist.

BUSINESS OFFICE in the KENT NEWS BUILDING, where we shall be pleased to see our friends and the public.
CHESTERTOWN, March 18, 1893.

THE CELEBRATED CLEVELAND BAY STALLION

PRIDE OF ENGLAND

Registered No. 161, Imported, Stands Alternate Weeks at Elkton and Chestertown.

PRIDE OF ENGLAND, 161, is a Beautiful Blood Bay Color, stands 17 hands high and weighs 1300 pounds. He is registered in the Ontario Coach and Roadster Horse Breeders' Association of St. Thomas, Canada, as No. 161. He is a descendant of the best producing families on both sides for speed, beauty endurance and general utility. Tracing from Mark Twain, Moonstone and Old Clear Grit [859] as producers of speed, and through Rattler and Hornpipe to thoroughbred and imported coach horses, through Fox Hunter, Pride of England [161] sired by Mark Twain, he by Moonshine, by Old Clear Grit [859], he by Lapadine, he by Touchstone, the English race horse. Mark Twain's dam, Big Nell, by Foster's St. Lawrence, he by Old St. Lawrence. Mark Twain is sire of Nelly Baker with a four-year-old record of 2.32 with six weeks's handling. She gave a trial mile on Woodbine Track, Toronto, 2.21¾, and a half mile in 1.08. Moonstone's dam by Bradley's thoroughbred, he by Oliver's thoroughbred. Moonstone is sire of Nettie C., record 2.26, and several others that show their ability to trot close to 2.30. Old Clear Grit [859] was one of the greatest Canadian sires. Sire of Amber, record 2.23, made in Australia, and the fastest record for two, three and ten miles in Europe; Flora F., 2.24½; Bay William, 2.26¼; Little Billy, 2.23¾; Billy M., pacer, 2.19¾; Butler, 2.13¾; St. Patrick, 2.30¼, and a large number that trot under 2.40.

PRIDE OF ENGLAND [161], dame Fanny [51] by McQueen's Rattler, he by Wilson's Rattler, he by Wilson's Rattler, he by Baggart's Rattler, he by Sir Henry, he by the Garrett horse, he by Leonidas Imported Thoroughbred. Baggart's Rattler sire of Joe Brown, 2.23, also sire of Warner's Rattler, sire of Mary Davis, 2.26¼. Pride of England [161], grand dam by Hornpipe, he by Imported Thoroughbred, great grand by Fox Hunter, he by imported coach horse.

It will be seen that Pride of England is gilt-edged on both sides. Breeders cannot possibly err in breeding their brood mares to this noble stallion, as the intensity of his breeding is in itself a certainty that his stock will partake largely of the characteristics of their sire.

TERMS OF BREEDING—$25, one-half during the season and the other half when the mare proves in foal. For more than one mare special terms.

LAUDANUM, by YOUNG SMUGGLER.

Record 2.50, without training, at Poplar Grove Track last 4th of July. His owner went twice to the driver and told him to let him go. The judges on the third heat were going to take the driver out of the sulky, but the driver promised to take the next heat, which he did, which gave him his present record.

TERMS OF BREEDING:—$15 the season, payable at time of service; no limit.

JAMES A. RUSSELL, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND
March 4, 1893.

For Early Applications This Spring

TRADE MARK

We offer the Following Brands of Fertilizers:

FOR GRASS:
As a top dressing for Grass our Phosphate has no equal, but it should be applied in February or March if possible. Mr. John Price, Massey's, Md., had ten acres that had been pastured so close was afraid it was killed, but an application of 200 pounds of our Phosphate to the acre made as much again Hay as the part on which he put none; says he never saw such a marked difference in anything in his life.

FOR OATS:
Use our Special Oat Fertilizer, which has stood the test now for years. One patron claims to have grown sixty-one and one-half bushels per acre with it.

FOR ASPARAGUS:
We have an article that has given more satisfaction as a feeder for this plant than $30 goods. We will sell to you at $16 per ton. Send for one of our regular Asparagus circulars giving you full information concerning it.

FOR POTATOES:
Our Special "Potato Manure" has been used for years in competition with Mapes,' Yarnell's and Baugh's, in fact, all the high grade goods on the market.

For General Truck:
We make a Special Truck Phosphate that contains all the required elements of plant food. One fair and impartial trial, will convince the most skeptical as to its merits.

Then as Another:
Don't forget your PEACH TREES by failing to give them an application of FRUIT GROWER. Some of our patrons like Mr. G. W. Davis, William Harlock and others, continue to use it year after year whether they have fruit or not; when they do hit it pays COMPOUND INTEREST. This year you are likely to have a hit, our advice is, therefore, to give your orchards a dressing, by applying broadcast, 250 pounds to the acre, and plowing in as early as the ground will permit.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturers of Standard Fertilizers, Chestertown, Md.

N. B.—In a few weeks we will give you pointers in this space concerning Corn, Tomatoes, &c. Feb. 11, 1893.

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 goods 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,
The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall
Nov. 19, 1892.

Bashaw, Jr.,

WILL COMMENCE THE SPRING SEASON NEXT MONDAY, MARCH 27th, 1893.

BASHAW, JR., is a light bay with dark parts, 16 hands high, record 2.50, 7 years old, sired by old Bashaw.

TERMS:—Season fee, $10; Insurance, $15. Season fee due at end of season. Insurance due when mare proves to be in foal.
JAMES T. DECORSE.
m25-3t.

SANBORN 3045,
(Record 2.26 1-2.)
—AND—
EDGAR DUDLEY, 7940,
(Four-year-old Record 2.29 1-4.)

will make the season, coming March 15th, 1893, at home and at Mr. GEORGE A. HAZEL'S, near Sudlersville, Queen Anne's County, Md.

For particulars, terms, &c., apply to
ALDAY CLEMENTS,
m11-4t. Crumpton, Md

CLEAN YOUR CLOTHING
—WITH—
Vandegrift's Eradicator

The following testimonials speak for themselves:

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Feb. 27, 1893.
MR. JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT:
Sir—Mrs. Smith has been using your Eradicator for a year and pronounces it the best article of its kind she has ever used, and unhesitatingly recommends it.
Very truly yours, MARION DEK. SMITH.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Feb. 27, 1893.
MR. JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT:
Dear Sir—I too have been using it in my family, and find it, as does Mr. Smith, superior to anything of the sort we have ever used.
Very truly yours, HOPE H. BARROLL.

CHESTERTONWN, MD., May 23, 1892.
MR. J. S. VANDEGRIFT:
Dear Sir—The piece of fabric given to you with grease spots on it, are thoroughly removed, and I think it is the only thing I have ever seen to effectually accomplish the work, and it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to its worth.
Resp'y, MISS KATE WHEATLEY, MILLINER.

CHESTENTOWN, MD., May 23, 1892.
MR. J. S. VANDEGRIFT:
Dear Sir—A good "Eradicator" is badly needed by everybody. The one prepared by you is, I believe, the best on the market, and will effectually and permanently remove all stains on the clothing. I take great pleasure in recommending it to the public, feeling assured that it will save many dollars' worth of clothing in the course of a year.
Very truly yours, C. F. STAM, DRUGGIST.

CHESTERTOWN, MD., July 19, 1892.
MR. JOHN S. VANDEGRIFT:
Dear Sir—I have seen some effects from your Eradicator and I believe it is the best thing of the kind I have ever tried.
Resp'y, M. A. TOULSON, DRUGGIST.

Legal Notices,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM H. PENNINGTON,

late of Kent county, Maryland.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 26th day of September, 1893, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 21st day of March, 1893.

R. OLIVER PENNINGTON,
March 25, 1892—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

SAMUEL G. MEREDITH,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 12th day of September, 1893, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 7th day of March 1893.

JAMES E. BLACKISTON,
March 11, 1893—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HENRY GRAVES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 12th day of September, 1893, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of March, 1893.

WILLIAM GRAVES,
March 11, 1893—4t. Administrator.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Richard D. Hynson, Trustee,
versus
William H. Davis,

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity.

ORDERED, this 17th day of March, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate of William H. Davis, made and reported by RICHARD D. HYNSON, Trustee, be Ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 28th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 27th day of April next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $900.

SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.
True Copy, Test:
SAMUEL G. FISHER, Clerk.
March 25, 1893—4t.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Hope H. Barroll, Assignee,
versus
Alfred White and wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent Co., in Equity. Number 1012.

ORDERED, this 9th day of March, 1893, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by HOPE H. BARROLL, assignee, under the power contained in a mortgage from Alfred White and wife to Thomas A. Strong, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 9th day of May next;—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $150.00.

SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.
True copy, Test—
SAMUEL G. FISHER, CLERK.
March 11, 1893—4t.

Wedding Presents!
WHAT IS MORE APPROPRIATE?
—THAN—
ARTICLES OF FURNITURE?

Call and see my Stock. New goods constantly coming.
PERCY T. MCFEELY,
j21. Chestertown.

WHITE BLANKETS—$1.00 per pair, up.
J. H. SIMPERS.

CANTON FLANNELS, all grades, at lowest prices
J. H. SIMPERS

1893. 1893.

SPRING WORK!

HAS COMMENCED AND THE

South Bend Chilled Plow
AND CASTINGS

are in great demand, also Fence Wire, and Whitewash Brushes. Get our Prices before buying, which we guarantee to be as LOW as the LOWEST.

Remember our stock is complete with Building Hardware, Gate Hinges, Bolts, Plows, and Castings for the South Bend and Remington Plows, Rope and Chain Traces, Single Trees, Plow Lines, Back Bands, Hames, Shovels, forks, Spades, Hoes, Rakes, Grindstones and Fixtures, Rock Salt, Horse Yokes, and other articles too numerous to mention.

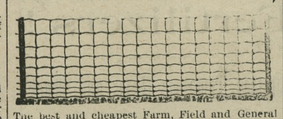
Roofing and Spouting
done at Short notice and Satisfaction Guaranteed in Work and Prices.

Assorted Bolts cheap by the hundred. A large assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery always on hand.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S
HARDWARE STORE, ADJ. OLD BANK.
March 18, 1893.

NEW GOODS!

WOVEN WIRE FENCE,



The best and cheapest Farm, Field and General Purpose Fence on Earth. Over 30 miles sold in Queen Anne's county in two months. It is now being extensively used in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, and is highly recommended. C. H. Latrobe, Esq.: Will last a lifetime, and only 3 posts to the one hundred feet.

ITS ADVANTAGES:

Being a SELF-REGULATING it is always ready for business, slacks up for 30° below as cheerfully as it takes a new grip for 90° in the shade, gently, but firmly, persuades a runaway team to reconsider its action. An unruly bull is as safe as a canary in its cage; it saith unto the festive hog, "thus far shalt thou go." The fierce wind and drifting snow pass by and it heeds them not. There is no terror in the locomotive spark. The trespasser is not led into temptation, and the rail stealer's "occupation is gone." The hired man and the lagging tramp, alike scorn its proffered shade. Like the model housewife, when well-supported, it is always neat and tidy. ITS ONE FAILING is the continual tugging at the end posts. The requisite strain of several tons needs thorough bracing and anchoring of these posts. But forewarned is forearmed.

COMPARATIVE COSTS.

Remember the first cost does not always determine the cheapness of an article. One dollar's worth of barbed wire has been known to save a man from paying taxes on a thousand dollars worth of horseflesh. An inefficient fence often seem to fail when just needed most. A short lived fence, or one that needs constant care, will be dear at half the price of ours. While there are some good wire fences on the market besides the Coiled Spring, they are entirely lacking in elasticity which we consider the most important feature of our fence. We therefore compare ours with post and board fence. This is the favorite of all breeders of fine stock who have not yet become acquainted with the merits of our fence. We asked one hundred users of our fence to give an estimate of its value compared with this style. Three out of a hundred place ours on a par with the board, while ninety-seven rated it from twenty-five to several hundred per cent. better. In most cases our fence can be furnished complete at 25 per cent. less than one made of boards and posts.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO., Ag'ts.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD. f4-tf.

FOR THE SPRING OF 1893.

GARDEN SEEDS!

FRESH,
GENUINE,
RELIABLE.

LARGE STOCK! LOW PRICES!

COLIN F. STAM, Druggist,
m4-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Wanted to Purchase Immediately!

LIVE, FAT HOGS,
Calves and Cattle,

Also, Muskrat, Mink, Rabbit Opossum, Coon, Fox, Sheep and all kinds of FURS and SKINS.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR ALL.

BUTCHER THOMPSON,
d10-4m. Opposite Voshell House.

THE MILLINGTON MILLS.

Having recently purchased the MILLINGTON MILLS and put them in thorough repair by putting in the latest improved machinery, I now solicit the custom of all housekeepers wishing good bread. FLOUR, MEAL and other MILL FEED for sale.
j14-tf. E. W. SPEAR.

STRUGGLE WITH GHOSTS.

A Blacksmith's Adventure in the West Virginia Mountains.

RONCEVERVE, W. Va., March 15.

Among the mountain people of this vicinity, as well as in the small railroad towns along the line passing on to Staunton, Virginia, there prevails the wildest excitement that has struck this out-of-the-way region since the war. And this tumult is over the doings of certain "haunts" in and about a ruined hut just above this point and back in the peaks of the old "Sun Down Ridge," as the backbone of the mountain range here is known.

For the last twenty years the cabin has borne a foul reputation and has been an object of fear among the mountaineers, who declared it to be haunted then by the ghost of old Anderson Crowe, a famous moonshiner of ante-bellum days, and who was one day found lying across the door of his still with a bullet in his forehead. On his breast was pinned a paper on which was scrawled in a rough, untutored hand: "So be it to all what makes this stuff 'thout license from the law."

And it was in revenge for this murder of himself that old Anderson Crowe's ghost was supposed to render the precincts of his cabin and the mountain for a radius of a mile or so—which was presumed to include the hidden still—unendurable for years after. But this old story had nearly died out when recently revived by the story of Judge Peter Gorham, an officer of the law and a resident of this place, who, returning home from a journey up into the mountains to wait out a warrant for a bedridden old fellow, ran across a man in an old-fashioned jeans suit and big hat of woven straw, who passed him moaning and holding his hand over his heart.

LED BY A PHANTOM.

The Judge hailed the man when the phantom faced about, and, raising his hand as if to beckon him to follow, started on again. Gorham had the reputation of being as brave a man as there is in these parts, but when he found that he could as plainly make out the rocks, trees and so on in the other side of the figure as though it was not there, his courage failed him, and leaching a path leading down the mountain and in the direction of home, he took and made all speed in getting to his own fireside.

Fearing the "boys" would be ready with jibes, whether warrantable or not, that the sight had been due to spirits of another sort, the Judge held his tongue in regard to his experience until the story in another form was brought in by an enterprising sewing machine agent, who had been out in that vicinity showing his wares. This man states that it was nearly dusk when he heard some animal coming on behind his vehicle and giving heavy, painful gasps as if worn out. On looking back he saw a large white dog with the blood flowing from a deep wound in its side, and every now and then the poor creature would pause as if to reassure itself that it was on the correct trail.

At last, though it looked as if it would die every moment, this strange animal was joined by a tall man in a queer, outlandish garb, who also appeared to be wounded, and the two vanished just as he was about to hail the man. This disappearance, he says, took place when he was within seven or eight feet of the pair, and there was no rock or tree or aught indeed behind which they could have concealed themselves so thoroughly and so quickly.

From every direction are received tales of strange sights to be seen at the old Crowe cabin.

A TRAIL OF BLOOD.

Every night for the past ten days it has been illuminated as if with blue flames, which have the inexplicable peculiarity of throwing no shadow. In this can be seen strange figures of men and occasionally that of a white dog of the mastiff breed, which leaps up and down howling frightfully. Several times this animal has left the cabin, passing directly through the crowd, which falls back from it, impelled by some unseen influence. Many have essayed to follow the dog, and have seen it come upon a trail of blood, which it takes up then as the one sought, when it soon out-distances its pursuers, who find themselves wandering about the mountain side in a darkness supernaturally profound.

On one occasion Luke Elcott, a character of this place, undertook to fire upon the dog, and though the bullet must have passed through the animal, it had no effect of staying the dog, and as for Luke's arm, it has not yet become straight and flexible again, but remains drawn and bent in a painful position.

The figures seen in the cabin are very indistinct and have only been made out to be those of men dressed, for the most part, in rough mountaineer attire, though some declare to have seen the glitter of a uniform or two among them. Several nights the crowds collected in front of the old structure have had showers of stones hurled at them by no ungentle hands, and curiosity seekers have in a good many instances gone home with lumps on their heads, black eyes, broken or bent noses and various contusions on the body.

The local blacksmith, one Juff Witherspoon, who boasts he fears neither ghost, God nor man, recently made a wager, including his anvil and tools, that he would not only enter the cabin, but that he would remain there for one hour by the watch. Witherspoon, armed with a trusty six-shooter loaded by himself, and not "monkeyed with by no chap as was getting up this here business," as he put it, and a well-trained, powerful bulldog, walked resolutely into the ruined, weather-shattered hut, and found first to his amazement that the interior was entirely dark, though he had but that instant left outdoors where the whole had seemed as bright as day, and, as he afterwards learned, was still so to the lookers-on.

He seated himself on what had once been the hearth, and scraping together a few chips and pieces of broken beams, etc., soon had a fire, when he was amazed to see three men enter in ragged clothes, unkempt beards, and whose faces had that horrid, swollen, pasty appearance of the long dead, and whose nails showed black and thickened. These did not seem to notice him at all, but presently there appeared at the feet of the ghost trio, another man better dressed in what seemed the remains of a uniform or elegant dress, this all stained and blackened with blood, and about this man's neck was a rope tied so tightly as to almost sever the head from the body.

MALTREATED BY GHOSTS.

Upon this the dog precipitated itself, and the three first apparitions, falling upon the dog and its dead master, attempted to tear them apart. This only served to dismember them themselves, until there was a pile of dead, swollen limbs, decapitated heads, etc., left at Witherspoon's feet. At this point in the blacksmith's narrative there is a pause, when he says there occured before his eyes what he could not relate and keep his mind. After this was over and while he sat there sick and disgusted unto fainting, he saw his dog rise up from the heap in which he had thrown itself at an invisible something in the room, when a gigantic hand covered with long, coarse hair like that of a chimpanzee, reached out of the invisibility that surrounded it, and seized the bull dog by the neck and threw it with ease of a man hurling a pebble against the wall.

The poor animal fell with a single cry with, as was afterward ascertained, every bone in its body broken. After this Witherspoon's fire went out and he was assaulted by a number of things in the darkness, which maltreated him in such a manner that he lost consciousness, and on opening his eyes at last he found himself in the fresh air surrounded by his friends, but too much bruised and exhausted to [illegible] some hours. His body, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, was one mass of blue and purple marks, where large, fierce fingers had pinched and gouged his flesh. If he won his wager it was only because he had been unable to leave the cabin at the end of the hour, when he was finally hurled out by unseen hands, followed by his dead dog and revolver, this latter being being bent into an iron ring, a feat beyond the strength of human beings.

These narratives are those heard from every one's lips today. Whether they are simply the result of some undertaking to frighten the mountaineers away from the vicinity of the old still, which is a secret to this day, and where it is contemplated running another, it is impossible to say. But this much is certain, the stories related are regarded as solemn facts by the people hereabouts, and that Witherspoon lies today the most fearfully bruised and maltreated man in the South, and that no one has since been seen to leave the cabin after the deed.

FURROWS IN A BIG FIELD.

Ideas and Observations for the Progressive Farmer.

When a farmer wishes more land he should try the experiment of aiming to double the product of his farm, without extending its area. When he has worked in that direction for a few seasons he will then be more inclined to get rid of some of his land instead of desiring more. A ten-acre farm is a large one if it is properly cultivated to its highest limit to production.

In some sections the farmer will incur debt in the winter because there is no source of revenue at that season. This does not apply so much to the dairyman as to the fruit grower. The poultry business should come in well to fill up the gap in winter. It will enable a great many to be employed who would otherwise be idle, and eggs are always sold for cash, thus giving daily returns.

Two of the most prosperous sections of New Jersey contain farms mostly of 5 and 10 acres, the produce being fruit. They realize more profit than do some farmers with ten times as much land that is devoted to general farming.

If the cattle sent to market by the farmers in this section were of the best quality for beef the increased prices would be very remunerative. Those who procure steers, and fatten them, do not omit the food, while the best of care is bestowed, but that point which is lacking is the breed, the ability to make the most beef at the least cost. Scrubs cannot convert their food into a marketable product except at greater cost than for the beef breeds.

It is at this season that the plow, harrow, cultivator and small tools will require being in order, for even a bolt out of place will be sufficient to render some tools useless; but the fact is that rust and decay, from exposure during the winter, will have been the cause. Look over the tools, and use the grindstone, sandpaper and plenty of oil in getting them in order.

One eighth of an acre, used as a plot to make tests and experiments, will be sufficient to enable the farmer to learn how to better manage his whole farm.

The hot-bed should be ready now. It should contain enough fresh manure to ferment and create heat. Unless complete protection from frost can be secured the plants will not make sufficient growth to be of advantage compared with latter crops.

One of the implements that should be completely overhauled and put in the best order is the seed drill. The slightest disarrangement of its working apparatus may cause a loss of seed, while many places in the rows may not be seeded at all.

Hauling wood is sometimes made the winter work as but little time for that duty can be given in the summer, but the condition of the roads will regulate the cost of the hauling. The taxes are small compared to the wear and tear of wagons and horses on bad roads at this season.

The fodder that has stood out in the field all the winter will not possess much feeding value now.

The amount of water that passes into the manure heap which is exposed to the rains and the amount of matter that is carried away by being dissolved out, during the winter and early spring is very great. Hundreds of loads of manure are hauled to the fields that is not worth the labor of hauling, simply because it was properly cared for.

There are many corners and nooks on the farm where grape vines might be placed instead of allowing a crop of weeds to stock the farm as fast as the soil is cultivated. A single vine will sometimes supply a whole family with grapes, and there are dozens of places on every farm where grape vines could be placed without sacrifice of valuable space.

THE BIGNESS OF TEXAS.

A recently printed statement that the Western States of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that, through various manipulations, tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of the magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi.

Of the vast area of the larger Western States people who have not visited them and traveled over them have no comprehensive idea. Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader, says Kate Field's Washington, these figures mean very little: they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more that fifty-four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

It it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg State, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return there should be as many persons in the state as there were before the train left with its cargo, and if each were placed upon an acre of ground upon his arrival in Texas, the train would be obliged to make 224 trips or to depopulate Connecticut 224 times, before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 703,808 empty acres.

It may be of passing interest to know that such a train, made up of coaches twenty feet long, capable of accomodating fifty passengers each, would extend over a distance of more than fifty-six miles.

If the entire State of Texas were planted with corn, and the hills were two feet apart, and the rows were three feet apart, and if every man, woman and child in the State of Connecticut were set to work in the field to hoe the corn, and each person were able to, and did hoe two hills in five minutes, it would take this army of laborers 7 years 280 days and 7 hours to hoe every hill of corn in the state, laboring continuously day and night 365 days each year.

To those persons who have never stopped to consider how great a country they are living in these figures may be of interest. The man who fears that he could not elbow his way round in the crowded West without chafing the nap of his coat sleeves may gather some solace from the statement that the entire living population of the globe, 1,400,000,000 souls, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half-acre lot, and there would still remain 50,000,000 vacant family lots.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

A DISCONTENTED man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

WENT THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

How the Maid of the Mist Once Made the Journey.

It was on April 1, 1861, that one of the most thrilling events in Niagara's history occurred. Between the Canadian and American banks of the river there had plied for years a little steamboat known as the Maid of the Mist. The vessel was built on the American side, and all the time it had floated around on the rough waters here it never went more than a half mile from the spot where it was constructed and launched. The reason for this is very simple, says the *Chicago Herald*. It could not move up the stream because of the falls, and it could not go down further than the new suspension or foot bridge. If it ventured too far in this direction, it was liable to get caught in the swift current, carried down to the whirlpool rapids and then to the whirlpool itself—certain death to every one on board. The vessel was not a success in a financial way. Not as many people visited the falls then as now, nor were there so many willing to brave the dangers of a ride on a small boat in these turbulent waters, knowing that if the machinery should give way the craft would soon be swept to destruction.

The builders of the boat had never been paid in full. They grew tired of waiting for the balance, secured the necessary papers and were about to attach the boat. The owner, however, got wind of the affair, steamed over to the Canadian side and anchored there. Efforts were made to patch up a truce, but without success. Something had to be done. The owner could not afford to let the vessel lie in the dock and rot. The boat could get no passengers unless it was allowed to land on the American side. This was impossible on account of the officers who were there night and day ready to pounce upon it the moment it poked its nose into port.

OFF FOR THE WHIRLPOOL.

The owner, who also acted as captain and pilot was also a man of nerve. He saw there was but one way to get the boat away from American creditors, and that was to move it from the falls. But how this was to be done was the question. There was but one route, and that was through the rapids and the wider whirlpool. He consulted his engineer and fireman. Would they aid him in the attempt to make the perilous passage? Yes, they would, and they did. All the men had grave doubts as to how the journey would end, but they did not propose to back out. They settled up their affairs and prepared for the trip.

One morning, before the sun had risen, the Maid of the Mist was throwing great clouds of smoke from her stack. People who saw her thought the difficulties had been settled, and that the boat was about to resume business at the old stand. The officers on the other side thought the captain had given up the fight and was ready to surrender. Suddenly the lines were cast off and the steamer started out into the stream. She ran up toward the falls, the route always taken when starting for the other side. She tipped and tossed about up near the cataract for a second, then wheeled around and pointed straight down the stream. As she whizzed by the waiting officers the captain doffed his hat and smiled. Could the people aboard be mad, or were they just playing a joke, asked the men who were around at that time? They would run down a short distance and then return, of course. Surely, they could not be thinking of forcing a passage through the whirlpool and expect to come out alive. Down the vessel went though, and she never came back.

As far as where the cantilever bridge now stands the trip was comparatively a quiet one. Here, though, the water commenced to seeth and foam; there is a big fall in the river bank and the current is as swift as at any place in the world. The men on the boat were lashed to their respective positions, and every pound of steam that fire and water could make was on. The captain gave the signal, and away went the Maid of the Mist on her journey over the angriest piece of water to be found on this or any other continent. The Maid dashed into the boiling, foaming mass, and for a few seconds kept gallantly on her keel. Then she struck the curve in the river where the water seems to leave the bed and shoot into the air. She raised on the crest of a gigantic wave that is always formed here by the curve and the currents, and many cross-currents, and for an instant her keel was visible its entire length. She gave a plunge, diving down deep enough, it seemed, until her nose could touch the bottom. It appeared as if she would never rise from the trough of the awful sea, but an instant later she commenced to climb the next great wave, so steep that her prow was pointed to the sky. Up she came and down she went again, the whole vessel being lost occasionally behind the mountains of water.

Thus far the engine had worked nobly, and the steam had held out well, the boat's nose had been keep to the front, and the nerves of the men on board were still like steel. Forward went the little steamer, tipping on her sides at times until her smokestack would almost touch the top of a neighboring wave, nearly standing on her prow one second and the next rushing along on her stern. That she missed striking one of the many rocks and being crushed to splinters was a miracle. Providence and good pilot kept her on her proper course.

The trip through the rapids was ended, but the most perilous part of the voyage was yet to come. As the Maid approached the whirlpool the black smoke that went up from her stack showed that she was preparing for the final plunge. Down she went at a speed so great that the fast-running waves could not catch her. She wavered as she struck the ever-whirling waters, toppled over to leeward as the twisting torrents met her, and for a moment it looked as if the engine would be powerless to drive the boat through; that the gallant vessel would be whirled around on the rocks where the brave trio would meet certain death. The little wheel, though, made itself felt, and in just seven seconds the Maid was safe on the other side of the whirlpool, and in four minutes from the time she started from the falls she had completed the most perilous trip made by any vessel before or since. Neither boat nor person ever went through those waters before and came out alive, and, with the exception of a man who made the trip in an iron barrel, no one has ever attempted the voyage since.

Just as the good people were beginning to stir at Lewiston the Maid of the Mist hove in sight, coming leisurely down the stream. She steamed to Niagara on the lake, at the mouth of the river, and anchored. When the pilot, the owner of the boat, grasped the wheel that morning as the journey was commenced, his hair was raven black, but when he stepped on land, at the end of the voyage, it was gray. The men, however, beyond being somewhat bruised and weak from the excitement of the trip, were uninjured. They are all yet living. The maid, after a few days, proceeded to Port Dalhousie, where for many years she was engaged in towing on the Welland canal.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at M. A. Toulson's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

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What's News.

The Omaha Bee.

The death of a statesman; the birth of a prince;
A president's partisan views;
A candidate's chances; the fate of a bill;
The breach of a treaty—that's news.

A railroad collision; the fall of a bridge;
A buccaneer's plundering cruise;
A merchant's misfortune; a suicide's end;
A corner in silver—that's news.

An earthquake; a winter without any storms;
A summer without any dews;
A cyclone; a meteor as big as a barn;
A rainbow at midnight—that's news.

John W—'s marriage; John X—'s divorce;
That last joke of Chauncey Depew's;
A coming-out ball in McAllister's set;
A White House reception—that's news.

The subject, in short, would consume a whole book,
And then get no more than his dues;
For nothing on earth is so hard to define
As that wee monosyllable—News!

THE HOLLISTER HEIRESS.

Mr. Hollister sat reading under the shelter of his own vine—a beautiful one trained over an arbor. He considered himself a very lucky man, since at fifty he was able to retire from business on a large fortune. The money was not made by his own exertions, however. It had been left to him in the most unexpected manner by a man who had made a fortune out of one of Mr. Hollister's "ideas."

He had bought a splendid mansion and lived there with his only daughter a girl of seventeen, very sweet, and rather pretty, but until now not a belle by any means.

However, in this fine dwelling, dressed perfectly, and with all the things that go to make a girl look charming about her, she had become one.

To day, as she tripped out of the arbor in her white dress, rich with embroidery, and her pretty red parasol held over her head, her father thought her perhaps the prettiest girl in the country and did not marvel at the awakened admiration in the hearts of young men.

"As pretty as her mother was," the father said to himself—"as pretty as her mother was when I courted her."

She had gone away, and he had taken up his paper, when two voices were heard without in conversation; the voices of young men. One Mr. Hollister knew; one he did not recognize.

"That is the heiress, then?" said the stranger. "She is not as ugly as most heiresses are."

"No," replied the one he knew; "I like blondes myself, and this girl is only dark, not brilliant. She's neat, dresses well, but it is her money that gives her popularity. I'm engaged myself, but all the disengaged young men in —— are after her."

"No wonder," replied the other, "an only daughter, with a millionaire father, is an uncommon temptation."

They passed on. Mr. Hollister listened until their footsteps died away. He was thinking very seriously and his thoughts were not delightful.

"I had better have remained poor," he sighed, "if my money is to make Lillie the prey of a fortune-hunter. However, the girl has some sense. I am on my guard now."

The summer past; winter came in. The Hollisters went to town and lived in their splendid mansion in elegant style; and suitors gathered about the new heiress in throngs.

Amongst them were but two favored ones. Lillie herself hardly knew which she liked best. Certainly, Vance Albright was the more intelligent, but Roy Atman was very handsome. He was persistent, too. He managed to thro