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**Kent News:**
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

*SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.*

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

# Kent News.

Vol. 49. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888. No. 30.

**ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.**

**Terms of Transient Advertising:**

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

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

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

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

## CARPETS!

### CRANE BROTHERS

No. 423 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, (Near Gay.)

Have enlarged their store and are now prepared to show one of the finest lines of

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Mattings,
Rugs, &c.,

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at Low Prices. Our goods are not surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always guarantee to more than meet competition, as our expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of our goods before buying elsewhere.

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 423 E. Balto. St., three doors above Gay.
Sept. 28-3m.

### COMPLETE and SEASONED
## Stock of Lumber

GEORGIA SILLS, JOISTS and PORTICO FLOORING,

*Virginia Bill Stuff, Posts, Ties,*
*Plates, Joists and Scantling,*
*Stock Boards, 12, 14 and 16 ft. long,*
*Cypress Fencing, 1x6 16, 2x4 16 and 2x3 16,*
*White Pine Stock Boards, 12, 14, and 16 feet long,*

Also DRESSED 6-4, 5-4, 4-4 SELECT PICKS and COMMON WIDE, SELECT YELLOW POPLAR, Oak, Walnut, Ash, &c.

JOSEPH TURNER,
Oct. 13, 1888. SCOTT'S POINT, CHESTERTOWN.

### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

Your Mutual Wants Supplied at

J. LLOYD McFEELY'S
**Confectionery, Tobacco & Fruit Store**

opposite Court House, and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. The taste of ladies and children will be gratified by all sorts and kinds of Confectionery and Fruits. I have just opened a Fresh Stock and as Fine a line of Confectionery as the season will allow. Give me a call. Prices as low as the lowest.

### GENTLEMEN,

If you are fond of a Nice Cigar for a Small Price try those 2 for 5 cents of mine. Long Havana Filled Cigar for 5 cents, a still better one for 10 cents.

For Chewing Tobacco I can't be beat in Kent county for prices, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. B. F. Gravely's Superior is my leading brand. Remember

J. L. McFEELY'S
Tobacco Emporium of Kent county, opposite Court House and adjoining J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s Hardware Store. jy14.

### THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

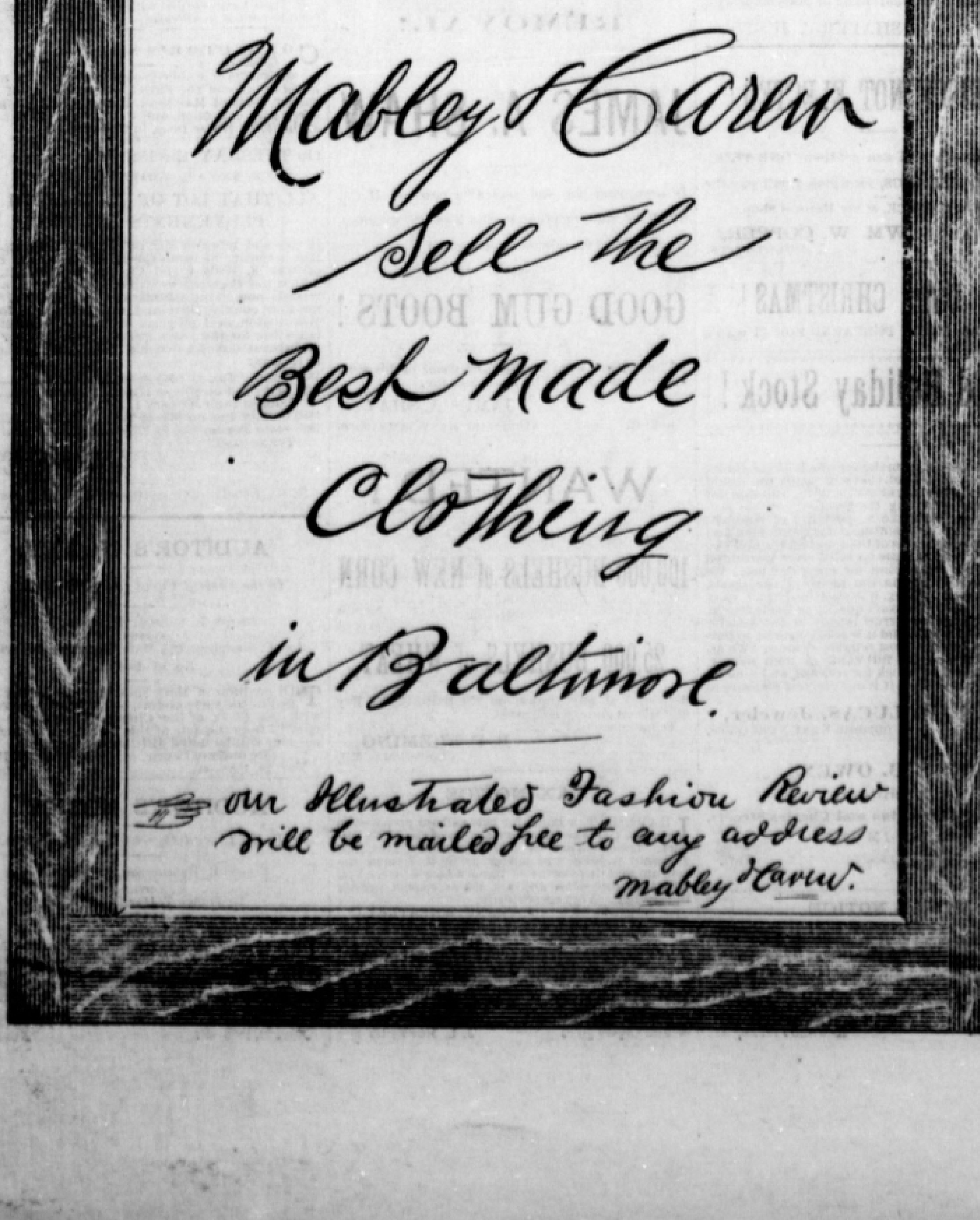
**Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.**

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

I have had considerable experience and will not undertake to do anything that I cannot do in a first-class manner. I only ask a trial, and that my work may speak for itself. I shall not only do good work but will also aim to make my charges as low as possible for a living profit.

Hose, Traps, Spigots, Sprinklers, kept on hand, at shop on Court street. REPAIRING done in the best manner at short notice.

A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. WM. T. SUTTON,
July 28, 1888—tf. Chestertown.




## Lumber! Lumber!

I HAVE NOW IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

**Shingles, Laths, Pickets,**

WHITE PINE, GEORGIA PINE,
NORTH CAROLINA PINE,
VIRGINIA PINE,
CYPRESS and POPLAR LUMBER

in Kent county and other large lots to arrive, all purchased at the LOWEST CASH PRICES direct from the manufacturers and are for sale at VERY LOW PRICES. Also, a stock of

**Doors, Door Frames, Window Frames,**
SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, &c.

☞Do not buy without giving me an opportunity to figure on your bills.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
June 9, 1888.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

CANNING HOUSE
## Steam Boilers and Kettles
A SPECIALTY.

ALWAYS have in Stock New and Second-Hand Boilers and Kettles of all kinds. Upright Boilers Kept in Stock for immediate shipment, up to 40 Horse Power. All Kinds of UPRIGHT BOILERS MADE TO ORDER.

JOHN T. COLEMAN, } Steam Boiler Works.
Holliday and Pleasant Streets, Balto., Md.

**MONUMENTAL LABEL COM'PY.**

JOHN T. COLEMAN, Holliday and Pleasants Sts., Baltimore Md., print only LABELS FOR CANNED GOODS PACKERS. Write for Samples and Prices. Orders for delivery next season received now at REDUCED PRICES. New Samples for inspection ready now.
apr28-y. JOHN T. COLEMAN, BALTIMORE.

## Coal, Coal.

To Our Friends and the Buying Community.

WE are pleased to say that we are now ready to receive orders for Fall Delivery of our celebrated SCHUYLKILL WHITE ASH COAL, and the best evidence of its good quality that we can produce is its constant increase in patronage. We have tried other Coal, but we can find no other that gives us the satisfaction of selling as the

## SCHUYLKILL COAL!

We think it would be advisable for all interested to call and inspect our stock, and compare our prices before giving your order. We would advise all to buy early as possible for the outlook to us is for higher prices. We have always and shall continue to give 2,240 pounds to each ton.

TERMS, CASH; interest on all unpaid bills from day of delivery if not paid within 30 days.

July 14, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

## New Store--Old Stand!

## Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

**Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies**

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

**CONFECTIONERY.**—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,
sep3-y. Up Town

**J. W. PURUCKER & CO.,**
No. 40 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Maryland,
Between Maltby House and Light Street,

**Guns, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle**
—AND A—
FULL LINE of SPORTING GOODS.

☞We have the most Practical Gun Smiths in the city, and guarantee Alterations and Repairs on Gun, with neatness and dispatch. s29 y.

## NEW Clothing House!

Low Prices
—AND—
Square Dealing.

We have just opened one of the Largest and Most Complete Stocks of

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
—AND—
**Gents Furnishing Goods**

—which will be—

**Sold at Prices to Defy Competition!**

☞Come everybody and examine our Stock and Prices and be convinced that we do as we say.

E. KLEIN,
Next door to Postoffice, Chestertown.
Oct. 6, 1888—tf.

CHESTERTOWN
## Brick Yards!

BARNETT & McILVAINE.

WE HAVE ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF FIRST-CLASS BRICKS.

**Prices of Bricks in Yards:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Paving Bricks per Thousand | $8.50 |
| Dark Red | 8.50 |
| Red | 8.00 |
| Arch | 7.50 |
| Light Red | 7.00 |
| Salmon | 6.00 |
| Run of Kiln in yard | 7.50 |

Fifty cents per thousand to deliver to cars or boat landing in Chestertown. Parties wishing to purchase from a distance by letter will be promptly attended to. Bricks shipped at all points, either on railroad or river.

Respectfully, BARNETT & McILVAINE,
je30-6m. Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.

## Milk Wanted!

THE EXCELSIOR CREAMERY
is now in successful operation.

WE earnestly solicit the patronage of all farmers of this county. They will find it to their interest to bring us their milk.

Milk sent by the morning train will receive our prompt attention. Cans returned on the noon train. Cans can be obtained from us at cost.

SHAFER & DAVIES,
oc20-tf. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

—VALUABLE—
## REAL ESTATE
At Public Sale.

BY VIRTUE of the powers contained in several mortgages from Robert B. M. Massey and Virmadela S. Massey, his wife, dated October 9th, 1880—one to Wilhelmina Hurlock and Edna Hurlock, recorded among the Land Records for Kent County, Md., in Liber S. B. No. 1., folio 321, another to Andrew J. Hynson and by him assigned to Ann M. Urie and recorded among said Land Records in Liber S. B., No. 1 folio 324; and another to R. Hynson, trustee, and by him assigned to C. T. Westcott and by him assigned to H. W. Vickers and recorded among the said Land Records in Liber S. B., No. 1, folio 327, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Masseys, Kent County, Md., on

**WEDNESDAY, December 5, '88,**

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK M.,

*THE FARM KNOWN AS THE*

## "White House Farm,"

situated near the village of Masseys, adjoining the lands of Dr. C. H. B. Massey and others, containing

### 300½ ACRES of LAND,

MORE OR LESS.

This farm is one of the best in Kent county, nearly all arable, easily cultivated and very productive. It is improved by a

Comfortable and Roomy

**DWELLING HOUSE**

and all necessary FARM OUT-BUILDINGS in good repair. Also, a

**THRIFTY PEACH ORCHARD**

OF SELECT VARIETIES, IN BEARING.

**TERMS OF SALE:**

The terms of sale will be $3,000 to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments in one and two years, with interest from January 1st, 1889, when possession will be given. These terms may be modified. The wheat crop will be sold separately.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney named in Mortgage.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R. no10-ts.

P. S.—This sale is to be made with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Massey, and they will take pleasure in showing the property to any one wishing to purchase
C. T. WESTCOTT, ATT'Y.

**Mortgagee's Sale**
—OF—
## A SMALL FARM.

UNDER power contained in a mortgage from Isaac B. Worrell and Martha J. Worrell, his wife, which said mortgage is recorded in Liber S. B., No. 10, Folio 12, &c., of the land Records of Kent county, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale at the Court House Door in Chestertown, Maryland, at Eleven o'clock, A. M. on

**TUESDAY, December 4th, 1888,**

ALL THAT

### TRACT OF LAND,

located on both sides of the public road leading from Golt's Station to Masseys, in the First Election District of Kent county, State of Maryland, adjoining the lands of Samuel Clayton, Nicholas George and others, and containing

**33⅓ ACRES OF LAND, more or less.**

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a
NEW, TWO-STORY
**Frame Dwelling**

and NEW BARN, both erected about one year ago.

The land is in a fair state of cultivation, and it would make a good investment for any one wanting a small farm.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash on day of sale. These terms may be modified to suit purchaser.

JOHN D. URIE, MORTGAGEE.
W. R. MILLER, Auct'r. nov10-ts.

PUBLIC SALE OF A
## House and Lot of Land
IN CHESTERTOWN.

BY VIRTUE of a power contained in a mortgage from William J. Shriver and Helen M. Shriver, his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, a body corporate, dated December 3, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county, Maryland, in Liber S. B., No. 8, Folio 407, the undersigned as attorney for said association, will offer at public sale, at the Court House Door in Chestertown,

**On TUESDAY, December, 4, 1888,**

AT THREE AND A-HALF O'CLOCK P. M.,

## All That LOT of LAND

situate on the southeast side of Kent street, between High and Calvert streets, in Chestertown, having a frontage on said Kent street of twenty-four feet, and a depth of even width of sixty-five feet, and adjoining the lands of Mrs. Mary E. Ming and others.

THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a
STORY AND A-HALF
**FRAME DWELLING HOUSE**
in ordinary repair.

TERMS OF SALE are cash on day of sale or on final ratification thereof, at the option of the attorney, with bond and approved security, the purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale.

MARION DEK. SMITH,
Attorney named in Mortgage.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R. no10-ts.

PUBLIC SALE OF A
## House and Lot of Land
IN KENNEDYVILLE.

BY VIRTUE of the power contained in two separate mortgages from John W. Holden and Emma K. Holden, his wife, to The Chester Loan Association of Kent county, a body corporate, one dated October 26, 1883, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county in Liber S. B., No. 4, folio 656, &c., the other dated February 13, 1885, and recorded among the said land records, in Liber S B., No. 6, folio 325, &c., the undersigned as Attorney for the said association will offer at public sale on

**TUESDAY, Dec. 4, 1888,**

At the Court House door in Chestertown,
AT THREE O'CLOCK P. M.,

**All that Lot of Land**

situate in the village of Kennedyville, and on the east side of the street or road leading south from said village, containing

TWO ROODS AND THIRTY-ONE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less.

The Improvements consist of a

**Two-Story Frame Dwelling House**

with Stable and other OUTBUILDINGS all in good repair.

TERMS OF SALE are cash on day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at option of the Attorney, with bond and approved security, the purchase money to bear interest from day of sale.

MARION DEK. SMITH,
Attorney named in Mortgage.
JOHN H. GREENWOOD, AUC'R. no10-ts.

FOR the Larges and Best Assortment of Tobacco and Cigars go to J. L. McFEELY'S.

### SMUGGLED LACES.

Herman Hatell was a Swiss boy whose father held an humble but important position in the service of the public. He was stationed in a small hut among the mountains that form a part of the boundary line between France and Switzerland, and his duty was to look out for smugglers, who practiced all sorts of tricks to get their goods across the frontier. For some time a great deal of fine French lace had been entering Switzerland without duty, and the frontier guards, one and all, had received strict orders to watch for lace smugglers.

Sergeant Hatell and his boy occupied what had come to be known as "the lace trail," on account of the large amount of contraband articles which had succeeded in crossing the frontier at that point.

It was a lonely enough place in which to live, and the Hatells were in constant danger, for the smugglers had threatened them with mysterious letters. But this did not dampen the old sergeant's ardor, nor keep Herman one whit less on the alert.

At odd intervals a little old Frenchman, a veteran of Napoleon's wars, and as shrewd as a Frenchman can be, would drop in upon the Hatells and pass several hours in their company. Nearly every time he was accompanied by a large yellow dog of the mastiff species. The animal had a thick coat of hair, and when he stood on his hind feet he was a head taller than his master.

Whenever two or three friends called at the mountain hut, the boy Herman was sure of some excellent stories about the retreat from Moscow or the battle of Waterloo. During the recital, Bruno, the dog, would lie quietly at his master's feet, watching him with a shrewd eye, and ready to spring up and vanish at the lifting of a finger.

"Monsieur Moscow," as Herman had nicknamed their visitor, professed to be the French agent for a Swiss watch factory. For once, at least, he told the truth; but the officials thought he was also engaged in smuggling articles across the boundary.

The orders: "Watch Monsieur Moscow and his dog," had been anticipated by the sergeant, but, be as shrewd as he could, he utterly failed to detect anything wrong with either.

"I don't see why we are to watch the dog," said Herman to his father, one day when they had been talking about the pair. "Bruno is friendly enough with me, and I have fondled him so often that I don't think he could carry any diamonds among his hair."

"We are to look out for the laces, my boy," was the reply.

"How could a dog carry such over the frontier?"

Sergeant Hatell smiled and answered that somehow or other the laces continued to cross, and he intimated that unless he discovered the smugglers soon, he would lose his place.

It happened one night that the old guardsman was called away, and Herman was left on duty. It had not been the first time, and when darkness closed in around the rough landscape, he took his gun and went down into the pass. Hardly had he reached his favorite sentry station ere the wind arose, and for the next half hour the boy listened to the roaring of a terrible mountain storm. He got the best shelter he could find, and while he held his post he thought of "Monsieur Moscow" and his campaigns.

"If Bruno were here, we could have a good time," said Herman to himself. "I would like to know why the custom-house people want us to watch the big yellow dog. His master may be a hard old nut to crack, but Bruno is so jolly that I can't think of him being a smuggler."

Then Herman thought of the singular reports he had heard about the dog the past two weeks. Some of the mountain guards said that they had caught glimpses of a large dog crossing the frontier alone, and they all agreed that it looked like Bruno, "Monsieur Moscow's companion. No one had seen a man with the animal on any of these occasions, and few had seen him long enough to say that he was really Bruno.

All at once Herman Hatell was touched softly by something, and the next moment he felt two large paws on his shoulders! In an instant he dropped his gun, and was calling "Bruno, Bruno!" in response to caresses of a huge dog.

It really was "Monsieur Moscow's" comrade, and the dog seemed as much delighted with the meeting as was Herman, the boy guard. The storm had by this time abated, and Herman sat down on a rock and fondled the mastiff.

"Listen to me, Bruno," said the boy, as he saw by the starlight the large eyes of the dog fixed upon him: "Do you know that you are accused of crossing the frontier alone? They say you come over into Switzerland one day and go back the next. Aha, old fellow! you are a smuggler too?"

Bruno's reply was a renewed licking of Herman's hand.

"Come to the cabin with me," continued the boy, rising.

And when he started off down the pass he had the dog at his heels.

A few minutes afterward the Swiss boy reached the hut and was about to turn on the dog, which had followed him in, when he was accosted by a gruff voice.

"Are you the guard's boy?" it said.

Bruno set up a low growl as Herman turned and saw before him a rough, desperate-looking character, a man who looked bad enough to do anything.

"I am Sergeant Hatell's son," Herman answered.

"I thought so. You don't want people to make a living, but you watch them like hawks day and night."

"We guard the boundary as best we can, which is right."

"Yes, but you report everything you see."

"Isn't that right, too?"

"No!"

The right foot of the man slipped forward, and Herman, as he instinctively retreated, saw a long knife along the smuggler's sleeve.

The boy-guard hardly knew what to do. He knew that the man was bent on dark mischief, for his eyes seemed to glow like coals.

Suddenly Bruno, without warning of any kind, leaped at the smuggler, and in a twinkling the two, man and dog, were struggling against the wall of the hut.

Then it was that the man became unmasked, for in the fight his false beard dropped to the floor, and Herman recognized a fellow whom he well knew.

With a sharp cry, the man pushed the dog off, and struck him with his knife at the same time; then as Bruno was recovering at Herman's feet he darted from the cabin and disappeared.

The next moment Herman opened his eyes wide with amazement for Bruno was no longer the beautiful dog he had been. He stood erect looking sheepishly at the boy guard, for the handsome jacket of hair which had covered him from his hind legs to his shoulders lay under his feet, and his body was wrapped closely with fine lace!

The knife of the smuggler who had fled had solved the mystery of the frontier, and Herman knew why the orders had been given his father to watch the dog.

"You're a shrewd old fellow, Monsieur Moscow!" laughed the Swiss boy as he examined the treasure carried by Bruno. "I have made a discovery that will keep this place for father, and I am going to see that the noble friend who saved my life tonight ceases to be a smuggler's property."

Herman was as good at his word, for when the Swiss officials heard of the strange discovery he had made, they took steps to arrest the little Frenchman; but he effected his escape, getting away without his dog.

Bruno was presented to Herman by the custom officers, and when his yellow coat grew again, he became the most watchful frontier guard in the service.

After Herman's adventure the lace trail was abandoned, showing that "Monsieur Moscow" and Bruno were its principal patrons.

### The World of Women.

There is a most sentimental story attached to the General Jacqueminot rose. Finding his daughter in the garden in the embrace of a lover he had forbidden her to meet, the general killed him on the spot, his blood flowing where a pale rose bush stood. The daughter soon died of despair and asked to be buried in the garden where her lover died. Out of the grave grew the blood-red rose that is now called the Jacqueminot.

Almost throughout the New England States the proportion of women to men is about seven to one.

The turning down of the corner of a visiting card is generally done to denote that the call is intended for more than one member of the family.

Some distinctive quality has always been associated in the public mind with the lady of the White House. With Mrs. Grant it was interest in national affairs; with Mrs. Hayes, temperance; with Mrs. Garfield, literary tastes; with Mrs. Cleveland, beauty, and with Mrs. Harrison it promises to be domesticity. Nearly all the items about her tell of her doing her own marketing and praise her skill as a good housekeeper.

It is said that an East Indian prince who lately visited this country was so smitten with a Brooklyn young lady, who gave him no encouragement, that since his return to his native country he has been going to the bow-wows as rapidly as possible.

A celebrated Persian sage gave this advice concerning the choice of a wife: "Don't choose any woman whose lips droop at the corners, or your life will be a perpetual mourning; nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolleth outward, for that woman hath little conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight, not thin, for then she is a shrew, but with just the fullness necessary for perfect symmetry."

There is a man living at Lurap, Va., who became convinced when young that kissing was wicked because Christ was betrayed by a kiss. He resolved never to kiss anybody. He has been married twenty years and is the father of eleven children and has never kissed his wife nor any of his offspring.

There is a mine near Leadville to which no woman is admitted. For every woman that visited it for a year or two an accident always followed, and the miners are now so superstitious that if a woman was admitted they would all quit.

### Hints about Horses.

It costs more to keep a poor horse than it does to keep a good one.

Change the feed for your horses often enough to make them relish it.

Improper feeding is the cause of nine out of ten cases of sickness among horses.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

Sweat and dust cause the horse's shoulders to gall. So do poor, ill-fitting collars.

The temperature of water for horses is not so much of an object as the purity of it. While it is best to have the water cool, it is more important to have it free from all impurities.

Mares in foal should have exercise and moderate work, and under no circumstances should they be subjected to harsh treatment, nor should they ever be allowed to go where they would be in danger of being frightened.

The horse that can plough an acre while another horse is ploughing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers ten miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement, taste, or what is called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to the owner as the other.

Affection cannot be pounded in. Kind treatment insures the affection of an animal while rough treatment is sure to cause its hatred.

It is alike dangerous to other horses and men to spare the life of a glandered horse. Glanders is a highly contagious, incurable disease, and as a rule fatal in the human subject.

When horses are suffering from the bites of flies or stings of other insects, sponge the parts that cannot be protected by nets with water in which insect powder has been mixed—a tablespoonful to two gallons of water.

Of two colts similar in disposition and sense, one may develop into a steady and valuable family horse, while the other may be vicious, treacherous, and unsafe—all because of a difference in the men handling them.

### The Lesson of a Famous Pugilist's Downfall.

There is a moral to the brief story that is given in the short paragraphs below—a moral that every young man will do well to ponder:

John L. Sullivan, the gigantic prize fighter, the iron-ribbed athlete; who only a few months ago strode like a Colossus among his fellow men, is a wreck. His tremendous thews and sinews are still there, but they are weak and tremulous. His huge bulk, once the terror of the pigmies who looked at him in admiring wonder, is nothing but a flabby mass, a dead weight.

The shattered giant frankly tells the story of his downfall. It was drink that did it. Drink robbed him of his strength and made him at the age of thirty as helpless as a child. It is true that he does not use the word drink; he calls it "fun," but drink is what he means. "I have made up my mind," he says, "that I have had about fun enough."

There are a vast number of young men who, like Sullivan, call drinking "fun." But they forget that they who dance must pay the piper. That which is fun to-day will in a few brief years cause the wreck of the physical system. Sullivan has had "fun," but he finds himself, at the age of 30, without any vital energy, with a diseased stomach and vital organs, and without money. He has destroyed his constitution, and must be content to drag out whatever span of life may yet be allotted him in a state of chronic invalidism, a Samsonshorn of his locks, an athlete without the strength which was once his glory.

The brief story of the downfall of Sullivan is one that touches the lives of tens of thousands of young men in the United States. The world is full of men who, like him, have had "fun" enough—such fun as the broken-down pugilist refers to. Some of them have already found it out, and it is time that all of them had done so. Will they listen to the warning now, or wait till the attack of disease makes them listen whether they will or no?—*Easton Ledger.*

A NUMBER of people seem to be interesting themselves a great deal about the future movements of the President. Well Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will remain in Washington till about the middle of March. They will then visit in New York for a month or six weeks, and sail for Europe the first of May, arriving in Paris in time to attend the great Exposition. They will remain abroad until they they get tired, and return to this country. Then Mr. Cleveland will go into business for he could not live without business, if he had a hogshead of money for he is a business man. The business that Mr. Cleveland will engage in is that of banking. He will be President of one of the most prosperous banks in New York.

One of the most gigantic men of whom there is any reliable data as to exact size was John Middleton, born in 1578, and who was commonly called "The Child of Hale." His hand, from the carpus to the end of his middle finger was seventeen inches long, his palm 8½ inches broad, and his height nine feet three inches.

### A RICH WOMAN'S ECCENTRICITIES.

**She Has a Mania for Trying on Coffins.**

**The Pretty Widow's Daily Visits to Her Husband's Grave.**

A letter from Wilmington, Mass., in the New York *Sun* of last Saturday says: There is one lady in this part of the country who enjoys "trying on" new coffins. That eccentric individual is the pretty millionaire widow of the late eccentric Dr. Hiller. Her deceased husband was content to have his coffin placed in the house, where could see it and guard it from injury. She can't get along without lying down in her costly casket every week or so. She is said to have made several changes in the stye of her coffin. It has not been an unusual thing for neighbors to find her reclining in her coffin. It is rare, however, that the same neighbor is caught twice. The shock to the nerves of ordinary people is too great for repetition. This is the manner in which she ascertains the "fit" of the coffin:

Rising very early, she takes a bath, and robing herself in the finest of lace underclothing, she puts on an expensive white satin dress, which she has made for her burial robe. Her hair is combed away from her forehead and fairly sparkles with diamonds and other jewels. Throwing a mantle over her finery she rides away to the workshop. A large mirror is suspended from the ceiling directly over the coffin. Under the mirror and above the coffin, suspended by tackles and pulleys, is a snow-white silk hammock, in which Mrs. Hiller is placed by her attendants, who take great pains to adjust her draperies and body to suit her taste. When all is ready she gives the signal, and the hammock and its contents are let down into the carved mahogany coffin. Here Mrs. Hiller lies for several minutes looking up into the mirror overhead and giving orders as to details of laying out. When everything is arranged to suit her she says:

"I wish I could die now. Then I should know that everything would be all right. This waiting is tedious."

Having been fitted to her coffin, she is raised out again, gets out of the hammock, goes straght home and there changes her clothes.

The workshop is about forty rods back of the Hiller mansion. It was intended as a cranberry house, and now holds some 9,000 bushels of cranberries raised on the estate. Over the cranberry house is the workshop, where the coffin which holds the doctor was made and where the coffin intended to hold the widow, as well as the two $1,000 boxes intended to hold the coffins of husband and wife, are now in process of construction. Ever since her husband's funeral, when she locked up the sarcophagus, as though it was a safe, and put the key in her pocket, her vigils have been unremitting. She has gone to Boston every day to attend to the business of the New England Medical Institute, a combination of hospital and pill factory, which she and her husband started nearly twenty years ago, and which they conducted with great profit. Before taking the Boston train she orders her coachman to drive her a mile over the hills to the tomb where the remains rest. Dismounting from her carriage with a bouquet in her hand, she goes up to the tomb and taps gently on the iron door. Getting no response, she says very softly:

"May I come in?" Silence giving consent, she unlocks and opens the door, and says in a loud voice:

"Good morning, my dear; how have you passed the night?"

This done she inspects the costly casket, removes the old bouquet and puts a fresh one in its place, and locking up the door departs for Boston, where the clerks say she is "all business." This is not all the attention the doctor receives. The widow has hired a night watchman in a mill close by to go to the tomb every morning at 6 o'clock and open it and say: "Good morning, Dr. Hiller." At 6 o'clock in the evening the same man visits the tomb and says, "Good night, Dr. Hiller; we hope you will rest well." For performing these services the widow pays the watchman $5 a day, and he hopes the job will last, as he gets only $12 a week at the factory where he is employed.

Mrs. Hilles has a great dread of growing old and gray, and is constantly in fear lest she may look bad when she is laid out.

### A Millionaire's Way of Doing It.

The other day I said to the millionaire senator from California, "How would you abolish beggary?"

"There's only one way," he said, "Dry up the source—abolish the conditions that make beggars. To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor."

"What causes poverty?"

"First—Ignorance of how to save money. I found beggars in California in 1850, when any man could go out with a tin pan and earn $5 before breakfast. When by working three hours a day a man could make his board and clothes, there were always shiftly creatures around whom the rest had to support. It is the same way now. The soil is wonderfully fruitful there. Merely 20,000 men produce all the wheat of the State, and export 1,000,000 tons of it every year, and yet there are beggars. We can cut, thresh and stack wheat at an expense of one and a-half cents per 100 pounds. Potatoes cost only half a cent a pound, and flour is only $4 a barrel, and yet there is want. An important case is unthrift. People do not understand economy or practice it, as almost every rich man has to at some time in his life. I really believe that there would be beggars in this world before night if $20 gold pieces were to be sown broadcast every morning, and so distributed that every man, woman and child were certain to get some.

"Second—The sale and use of liquor. As long as there are ten times as many saloons in this country as there are of both churches and schools, and they are mainly supported by the very poor, the sources of misery are pretty obvious.

Third—A lack of manual training. This last need is most serious. If so many people could be taught trades that the entire product could be doubled next year the wages would be doubled, either in increase of money received, or in the smaller cost of the necessities of life to be bought. More capable skilled hands—that is one of our greatest needs. My great hope is in my university, which I wish to build so tall and deep and broad that the rudiments of every useful trade and occupation may be taught. When everybody knows how to do some difficult and useful thing poverty will rapidly diminish."

### A Passion for Cloves.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) *Standard* says: "A physician of this city says that one of the strangest cases that has come under his observation in practice is a Syracuse young lady who is addicted to the habit of chewing cloves. For several years her friends and physicians have been fighting to break her of a habit which she carries to such excess that her life will be the penalty paid. At times she breaks herself of the habit for a few weeks, but sooner or latter steals away to buy a quantity of the cloves. She has been known to dispose of a quarter of a pound in a day. Druggists have been warned not to give her the spice, but there are so many stores whose proprietors have not been called upon that she has no difficulty in obtaining a supply. Excess in the use of cloves is considered more harmful to the system than the use of opium."

### TEN YEARS AFTER.

ROSE B. KANE.

"It does seem too bad, girls, to think this must be our last night together. We have been so very happy; and we may never meet again."

"Why, Winnie, how despondent you are. We can write to each other and visit, at rare intervals, I confess. Just think of it; next week I shall be in Savannah, Winnie in St. Louis, Dell in Boston, and Addie in New York," and Lina Dean looked lovingly over the group about the fire.

"Yes, Lina, we shall be separated. They say a school girl's love is not very lasting; I wonder if ours will be." And Addie Crosby arose and laid her bright head on Lina's shoulder. "I hope you will hear about the pictures I shall paint. I shall be famous some time if Professor Dae's prophecy is to come true."

"So you will be. I suppose we shall hear from Winnie through the society journals. The rich Mrs. Farley's dresses, fetes and all that. Well, girls, I shall write my book, and you can all say, 'Lina Dean went to school with me.' Let's hear from you now, Dell. Where will we find little Dell?" to the quiet little figure at Winnie's side. Dell was the pet.

"Well, girls; I shall never be famous. I shall, as you all know, teach music. I shall have the regulation cat and parrot, and live up six flights some where in the city. It will give me much pleasure to read of my girls' success at night when I come home to my old maid's parlor. If we are alive ten years from to-night I wonder were we shall be. Oh, for one little peep into the future!" said Dell, wistfully.

"So much for sentiment. Now I vote that we go to bed. And stately Winnie Fairchild laughingly bade them all good-night.

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Up in a dingy room, in a large tenement house, sits a pale, sad-eyed woman, bending over her sewing. On that careworn face still linger traces of a former beauty. Now she turns to look out into the quiet falling snow, and the sad eyes fill with tears.

"Mamma," and a small rosy-cheeked boy enters hurridly. "I've sold all my papers and all the men were kind to me. What makes you cry, mamma?"

"Robbie, darling, how brave you are. Mamma's heart is aching to-night. I went down to Deering's store to-day to sell one of papa's pictures, and I saw a picture there—a grand, beautiful picture—painted by a celebrated artist. It is the picture of mamma and three school-mates as they were ten years ago. Ten—can it be ten years to-night? There, Bobbie, mamma feels better. Dear Addie, if I could only see you." And Winnie arose to prepare her evening meal.

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"Addie, who was that tall, elegant-appearing woman you spoke to me about to day at Deering's. I mean the one whose eyes were wet when she saw your picture. Did you succeed in overtaking her?" And Colonel Wheaton arranged the overacloak over his wife's shoulders.

"I did not succeed in overtaking her, but found out her address. I will call on her to-morrow. Poor Winnie; I am afraid all is not well with her. I was surprised to see her in New York. She was Winnie Fairchild, and the beauty of our class. She married Guy Farney, a wealthy St. Louis flour merchant. They did not live happily. He was addicted to drink. Winnie was proud and sensitive. I do not know the circumstance, but he died and left her destitute. I must find her to-morrow. Come, we shall be late. I am so anxious to hear Patti to-night."

Colonel Wheaton assisted his wife into the carriage—his celebrated artist wife, whose name was in every home. She was once Addie Crosby.

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"Well, Lina Dean. Does it seem possible that you are thirty years old to-night? Dear girls. Where are you to-night? Are any of you thinking of me? How we are scattered. Addie, the famous artist, going to California. Poor Winnie! yours was a hard road. I wonder where you are to-night? And little Dell; I wonder how she would feel if she knew I was keeping old maid's parlor here in Boston! That book is not written yet, and I shall never grow famous standing behind a counter in a dry goods store. But I'm happy. Come Puss, we will have supper. Life is a queer puzzle." And Lina Dean put aside the evening paper.

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The light in the hospital is dim. Midnight, and naught can be heard but a stifled groan from some poor sufferer as the night slowly passes. Sitting at one bedside is a black-robed figure. In her hand is a small glass, which she raises at intervals to the feverish lips of a little boy.

"Sister, will Jesus hold out his hand and help me across the dark river you told me of?"

"Yes, dear child; he will care for you."

"And you don't think my back will ache any more after I get to God?"

"No, Willie; there be no more pain, dear."

"Oh, I am so glad! God must be real good. You won't go away, Sister Agatha, will you? 'Cause I might get afraid; I'm so little you know."

"I will not leave you, Willie. Pray for me, too, dear."

"Yes; cause you wasn't afraid to stay with little me. The morning is coming. Please let me see the sun. I'm sorry you won't have any little boy. I—ain't afraid—now."

She had laid her little burden down tenderly, and when she parted the curtains the first smile of the sun touched the little dead face lovingly. As the sister of mercy soothed the pillow, and goes across the room to another sufferer we see her face. Despite the change we recognized her. Little Dell Franklin. She has found her life work.

### Took Advantage of Leap Year.

An Ansonia lawyer was sitting on the steps of the Central house in Newton, Wednesday, says the Ansonia (Conn.) *Sentinel*, when a pretty young lady passed out of the hotel and up the street. "There goes a remarkably pretty girl," exclaimed a gentleman conversing with him, and there's quite a little romance connected with her, too." The legal gentleman was all attention at once as his friend continued:

"She belongs down in Baltimore and her father is a wealthy liquor distiller of that city. She's got a cool $200,000 in her own right, and a decisiveness about her that means business. She located at the George hotel, Back Rock, this summer, coming there all alone. A young man sitting at her table attracted her attention. She spoke to him one evening after he had met her about three times, and she broke him by asking him if he was married. He replied that he was too poorly situated for marriage just then; he hadn't much money and had to support his father. 'Well, I've plenty of money,' she said; 'why don't you marry me?'

"She returned to her home in Baltimore, told her father about the circumstance, got his consent, and returned to Back Rock with her father, was married in Bridgeport, and she and her husband are passing the remainder of the summer in Newport, as happy as turtle doves." The lawyer has been thinking ever since what chances there are for young men in this country.

THERE was a curious sensation at a church wedding at Bridgeport, Conn., Thursday. The groom, a person of violent temper, swore because the bride and her party were behind time. During his ravings to his best man the bride arrived and overheard her fiance roundly abusing her and swearing outrageously. The bride's face assumed a deadly pallor. She approached the altar and stood motionless until the minister asked if she "would love, cherish and obey," to which she replied in a clear, ringing voice: "Not by a long shot," and majestically marched out of the edifice.