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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, JAN. 5, 1889. No. 35.

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.

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—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.

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 pluges, Quantity and Quality. Good Natural Tobacco for 25 cents per pound. H. P. 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.

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

TO THE CITIZENS

—OF—

Hanesville and Vicinity

HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions,
Choice Lot of Groceries

such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrup, Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.

Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.

S. W. WALLIS.
May 21, 1887.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Mortgages, in sums to suit.
HINES & SMITH,
no3-3m ATTORNEYS.

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.

WILLIAM PARR'S

NEW HARNESS STORE

I have just opened a nice line of

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, all Kinds of Harness,

which I am selling very low. I also have in stock everything that is kept in a First-Class Harness Store, from a 10-cent Hame Strap to a Set of Fine Harness.

Encourage me by buying your Harness Goods where you can have them neatly and promptly repaired. Thankful for past patronage I remain yours respectfully,

WILLIAM PARR,
no3-1y. STILL POND, MD.

The Sun
for 1889

AND FOR THE DEMOCRACY.

THE SUN believes that the campaign for the Election of a Democratic Congress in 1890 and a Democratic President in 1892 should begin on or about the fourth of next March. THE SUN will be on hand at the beginning and until the end of the most interesting and important political conflict since the war, doing its honest utmost, as ever, to secure the triumph of the Democratic party and the permanent supremacy of the principles held by Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden.

The great fact of the year is the return to absolute power of the common enemy of all good Democrats, the political organization for whose overthrow THE SUN fought at the front for fifteen years, the memorable years of Grant and the Fraud Hayes, and Garfield and Arthur.

It is the same old enemy that Democrats now confront, and he will be entrenched in the same strong position. It has been carried once by brave and hopeful fighting. Do you not believe with THE SUN that the thing can be done again? Wait and see!

The hope of the Democracy is in the loyal efforts of a united press, cherishing no memories of past differences non-essentials, forgetting everything but the lessons of experience, and that victory is a duty.

Probably you know THE SUN already as a newspaper which gets all the news and prints it in incomparably interesting shape; which chronicles facts as they occur and tells the truth about men and events with absolute fearlessness, making the completest and most entertaining journal published anywhere on earth; and which sells its opinions only to its subscribers and purchasers at two cents a copy—on Sundays for cents. If you do not know THE SUN send for it and learn what a wonderful thing it is to be in the sunshine.

Daily, per month	$0 50
Daily, per year	6 00
Sunday, per year	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year	1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

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ESTABLISHED 1845.

Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

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A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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—SELLING OUT—

AT COST

To quit business and leave Town,
OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

CLOTHING

BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,

And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MUST AND WILL BE SOLD

In the Next 30 Days!

☞Remember this is no Humbug Sale, but we are going to leave town, and we will sell you goods at YOUR OWN FIGURES. Don't fail to come and get a share of these Rare Bargains, as it don't last long and you don't often Buy Goods at Wholesale Prices, so come at once and see what we can do for you.

☞DON'T FORGET THE PLACE.☜

E. KLINE,
Next to Postoffice.
December 8, 1888.

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.

SPECIAL STATEMENT!

MRS. PHELPS, of Galena, desires to inform the public that she will continue with her late husband's, Dr. W. G. Phelps, business at Galena.

DR. J. D. FORD,
(FORMERLY OF BALTIMORE,)

will be in charge and perform all operations in DENTISTRY in a conscientious manner.

OFFICE HOURS:—9 A. M., to 5 P. M. d8-tf.

THE OLD MAN'S LECTURE.

A Thrilling Temperance Story.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, about ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, there was a startling announcement made to our people. I knew nothing of its import, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a temperance meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course would be best to pursue. The subject of the meeting came up at the table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of this same strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State.

The night came, and troops of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he refused. Finally thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and passed across the green to the church. I remember well how all the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off. In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued coming in, until there was a house full. All were curiously watching the door wondering what would next appear. The pastor stole in and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being there at all. Two men finally came in and took their seats near the altar. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a great stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick in build, the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience. But my childish interest was all in the old man, with his broad, deep chest and unusual height; looking giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow and there was a wild scar over his right eye. The younger arose and stated the object of the meeting and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery and attacked the position of the speaker, using the argument I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to bar up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking the old man had fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word. As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me at the time there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full gaze upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church. He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before the searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been sounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit.

I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said though the scene was vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a depth of voice the speaker continued:

"O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunken can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and unmoved, but a tear trembled in every eye, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others, like raindrops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart I came here to do good. Hear me and be just; I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey; there is deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been completely wrecked. I am without home, friends or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death, without friends, kindred or home! It was not so once!"

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye and I was no more ashamed of my own tears.

"No, my friends, it was not so once! Far away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home; I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols, that once were—now mine never no more."

The old man seemed looking through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its movements.

"I once had a mother. With her heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair a woman as ever smiled in an earthly home, her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away their brightness, and the loving heart was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and brilliant boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe—a sweet, smiling babe, but my hand destroyed it, and it lives with the one who loves children. Do not be startled, friends! I am not a muderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening star. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the hallowed touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My boy if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for his treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange interest and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degredation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. I left a wife and children amid the wreck of their home idols, and rioted at the tavern. They never complained, yet they were hungry for bread. One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a home. Mary was up and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling over her pale cheeks. At this time the babe in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James. I have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. Must we starve?"

"The sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I, yes I—struck Mary a fierce blow in the face and she fell forward upon the earth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before: but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clutched both hands in her hair."

"God of mercy, James," exclaimed Mary, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie?" and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him to her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door. As I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurried her out in the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wails of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers; and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never since believed such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp sound. My blood shot though my veins, and rubbed my eyes to keep out the sight. It was—oh, God, horrible! It was Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white upon its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of love and heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no torture could have been like those I endured in my bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic! I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark a one to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, the tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper. My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be; how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the left hand had been severed. They both looked for a moment in each other's eyes, and reeled and gasped.

"My own injured son!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's neck and wept, and it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul?" exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.—*Musical Million.*

A Good Newspaper Story.

When I was in Chicago last summer, says Luke Sharp in the Detroit *Free Press*, the city editor of one of the papers there told me this story, which will show the advantage of not having an excuse.

Some years ago a green looking fellow appeared in the city editor's room from no one knew where, and wanted a job. The city editor told him, as he had told hundreds of fellows before him, that there was no vacancy at present—that is the usual formula—but that if he came across a good bit of news it would be cheerfully accepted and paid for.

Well, the young man brought in what stuff he could, and sometimes an item or two was used; but more often nothing was available, and the fellow lived as best he could and slept in sheds or in the park and never grumbled. The editor began to get tired of seeing his want-stricken face, and once or twice advised him to go home, but the young man said that perhaps a chance would come along by and by, and anyhow he was there to stay. One night the city editor said to him:

"If you want a chance there's a beautiful one open for you to-night. The street car men are having meetings every night, and we can't find out what they are up to. They meet at the corner of—— street and ——avenue."

"All right," said the young man.

"Have you any objection to my saying I'm one of the reporters on this paper?"

"Not in the least," said the editor with a grin. "I may say, though, that Ratagan, who tried to get last night's meeting, is in the hospital to-day."

Seeing how much in earnest the young man was the city editor added:

"The meeting is Slade's regular assignment to-night, but I don't think he'll get much except a broken head, perhaps. Anyhow, if you get anything at all it will help out. Here's a couple of dollars to meet any expenses you may have."

Shortly after midnight the young man appeared in the city editor's room. He looked as if he had been principal in a big prize fight.

"Well," said the city editor.

"I couldn't get in," remarked the young man. "Has Mr. Slade brought you anything?"

"Yes, a first rate excuse, exactly similar to yours."

"I tried to pass the guards, but they flung me down stairs. That is how I got this," pointing to his cut and swollen lip.

"That's all right. I didn't expect that you'd get in."

"I bribed a fellow for $1 to let me in the back way. They found me out and dropped me out of the window. That is how I got this," pointing to his closed right eye.

"Well, you must not feel discouraged."

"I felt a little cast down when they dropped me out the window."

"That's not bad. You ought to apply for a position in the paragraph department."

"I climbed up to the roof on the rear fire escape, got into the top story through the trap door, went down to the room above them by the stair, and found that the stove pipe came up through the floor."

"Yes," said the city editor with increasing interest.

"They were having such a stormy time below that I removed the stove pipe without any one hearing and held the lower pipe from falling with my left hand."

"Yes."

"I could move it aside and see all I wanted and hear any and every word that was said."

"Yes."

"They have resolved to go on strike on all lines at nine to-morrow morning, and every one is sworn to secrecy."

"Great Scott!" cried the city editor, jumping to his feet, "write that up. Give us all you can of it."

"It is written up. You see the electric light opposite made the roof light enough to write by, and I had to stay there and hold the stove pipe till every one was gone, and then fit it up again so they wouldn't suspect. Good scheme for next meeting. So I wrote it up as I lay there."

"Great head," said the city editor.

That young man is now managing one of the biggest papers in the West, and all because his rule was:

"Never have a good excuse!"

THEY are to be pitied the most who have nothing to do. They are happy who must keep moving in the groove of duty.

GOODS in the hands of a merchant who does not advertise are like row-boats. They have no sale.

A ROCK salt bed has been found in Michigan, but most men prefer a hair mattress for real comfort.

THE KING OF CONJURERS.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT HOUDIN, THE CONJURER.

How He Finally Secured a Patron and Built Up a Handsome Competence—His Experience Once Upon a Time with a Burglar.

From the New York Evening Sun.

In the year 1843 a French nobleman, the Compte de l'Escalopier, was one day passing through a street leading out of the Palace Royale, in which his residence was situated. His attention was attracted by a clock labled, "pendule de precision," which was exposed for sale in the window of a watchmaker's shop. The mechanism of the clock was peculiar, and the Count admired and purchased it. At the same time he entered into conversation with the ingenius inventor, whom he quickly discovered to be gifted with remarkable talent in his art. In this way Robert Houdin, destined to be subsequently the greatest conjurer of his day, made the acquaintance of the conjurer by whose assistance he was enabled to realize his cherished ambition of appearing befor the public as a prestidigitateur.

The unskillful manner in which the professors of the art of sleight-of-hand had hitherto executed the tricks they exhibited, and the clumsy apparatus they made use of had led him to believe that it would be in his power to improve considerably upon their performances. In the intervals of leisure which his narrow circle of clientage afforded him he had occupied himself in constructing various mechanical appliances that would help him in the calling he was desirous of pursuing, should the opportunity present itself of his doing so; but hitherto the want of capital had prevented his putting his project into execution.

The Count, who had some knowledge of the mechanical arts and took a warm interest in their development, was much pleased with several of the inventions shown him, and later on, when his acquaintance with Houdin had become more intimate, he offered him a loan of 10,000 francs for an indefinite period, in order that he might have the means of embarking in his own new enterprise. This generous proposal Houdin felt it to be his duty to decline, since in the event of the experiment proving unsuccessful he saw no reasonable prospect of his ever being in a position to repay the money. The Count was hurt at the refusal of his proffered assistance and left the shop in anger. A few days afterward, however, the Count again visited Houdin, to whom he said: "My friend, although you are unwilling to place yourself under an obligation to me, I am not too proud to solicit a favor at your hands. The circumstances are these: "For months past I have been robbed by some of my servants. I have discharged several whom I suspected and replaced them by others, in the hope of getting rid of the thief, but to no purpose, for the robberies still continue. I come, therefore, to you to beg that you will afford me your help in discovering the culprit."

Houdin replied with a smile: "Why Mons. le Counte, this is an affair for Vidocq rather than for me. I cannot pretend to any particular skill in a business of this kind. In what way do you suggest that my services shall be made available?"

"As a mechanician," was the response. "For certain reasons I am desirous of not making the matter public, or, long before this, I should have put it into the hands of the police. Can you not invent some piece of mechanism that, attached to the door of the safe in which I keep my valuables, will lead to the detection of the delinquent?"

This hint sufficed for Houdin. An idea struck him, and he demanded a delay of only twenty-four hours in which to construct an aparatus that should effect the desired end. On the evening of the following day he presented himself at the Count's house, carrying with him the contrivance he had invented. The safe stood in a small room which communicated with the Count's bed chamber. The door of the safe was kept invariably locked, the key of it never left the owner's possession and it was obvious that the thief had provided himself with a false key, since there was no appearance of force having been employed in picking the lock. Houdin, having pointed out this fact to the Count, proceeded to attach his aparatus to the inner side of the door of the safe. In doing this the right hand of Houdin was protected by a stuffed glove, similar to that used by boxers. This circumstance excited the curiosity of the Count, and he demanded why the precaution was taken.

"Let it be assumed," was the reply, "that the robber had opened the safe. Well, by means of my contrivance, directly he has turned the key in the lock and pulled the door open, even a single inch, a pistol shot is fired. At the same time on the back of the hand of the burglar is indelibly stamped the word voleur. You perceive, therefore, the necessity of my wearing a glove."

"Explain the working of the machinery."

"The pistol shot is simply to give you warning of what has occurred in whatsoever part of the house you may be at the time. But scarcely will the door have been opened when the claw, mounted on a wire and working with a spring, will fly out and clutch the hand of the individual who has inserted the key in the lock. The claw is a tatooing machine, and the short sharp needles of which it is composed are so arranged as to form the word voleur, as already stated. These needles pass through a pad impregnated with nitrate of silver, which injects itself into the wound and leaves for life ineffaceable marks."

The Count's countenance assumed a serious expression. "We have no right," he said, gravely, "to brand a man in this way. That is the prerogative alone of the law. Besides, even granted that we were permitted to do this, would it be consistent with the dictates of humanity to stamp upon the flesh of a fellow-being a cruel and criminating mutilation which must of necessity forever rank him with the enemies of society? The man who has robbed me may not be a hardened offender; he may be young and his principles not yet so fixed as to enable him to resist the temptations that life in Paris afford."

Houdin recognized the justice of this reasoning. He also shrewdly guessed the reason why the Count had evinced an insuperable reluctance to invoke the aid of the law in the matter. He had sons who were young men and possibly he entertained some fears of finding in the culprit a member of his own family.

"I admit," said Houdin, "the force of your arguments. It will only require a few hours to effect such alterations in the instrument as will remove your objections to its employment in its present form."

The aparatus was consequently so modified that the claw, instead of tattooing, gave only a catlike scratch, which would soon heal and leave behind no branding scar. Under these circumstances the Count no longer saw any reason why the instrument should not be used and it was at once attached to the safe.

In the course of the next few days the Count instructed his steward to draw from his bankers considerable sums of money in gold, which were deposited in the safe. In this way it was anticipated that the thief might receive an additional stimulus. For upwards of a fortnight, however, no attempt was made upon the strong box, and the Count began to fear that the precaution he had taken had come to the knowledge of the members of his household. But in this he was mistaken. On the sixteenth day a pistol shot was fired in the room where the safe stood. The Count, who at the time was in the drawing-room, rushed upstair to the apartment; there he found his steward, pale and agitated, endeavoring to conceal his right hand by placing it behind his back.

"What is the matter?" demanded the Count.

"A few moments ago," was the reply, "I came in under the impression that I should find you here, as I wanted to speak with with you on business. But I was surprised to see a man attempting to force open the door of the safe. A pistol went off—how fired I know not—and the burglar, alarmed by my presence, jumped out of the window on to the piazza and descended the steps into the garden, whence he made his escape through the little back gate."

The Count, without saying a single word, went into the garden and discovered the gate locked and the key on the inside—a palpable proof of the falsity of the steward's story; then, returning to the room, he insisted upon the man's hand being shown him, which proved to be bleeding freely from the scratches it had received. The case, therefore, was perfectly clear.

"For how long a period have you been robbing me?" asked the Count, quietly.

"About eighteen months," was the cool response of the culprit, who by this time had recovered his presence of mind and, seeing that the game was up, resolved to make a clean breast of the matter.

"And what is the total amount of the money you have stolen from me during that time?" was the next question.

"A little over 15,000 francs."

"What have you done with this sum?"

"I have invested it in Government securities; the bonds representing them I have in my desk at home."

On condition of the steward's delivering up the bonds and signing a paper admitting his guilt, the Count, out of consideration for the offender's family, contented himself with discharging his dishonest servant. The money that had been recovered de l'Escalopier forced upon Houdin as a loan, to be repaid only at his convenience.

Possessed of this capital Houdin took a small hall in the Palais Royal and fitted it up with considerable taste. The stage was set so as to represent a drawing-room, in white and gold, of the style of Louis XV. The little auditorium would hold only two hundred persons; but the prices were rather high, the front seats being five francs each, and no place was obtainable for less than forty sous. The entertainment was highly popular with the Parisians; and the profits realized by Houdin from his venture were so large that in less than a year he was enabled to repay his kind patron the whole of his loan.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art, and he built a handsone villa at Saint-Gervais, near Blois. When he had retired from business he amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some four hundred yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker, and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face, making but a faint sound, when a large bell was set in motion in the villa. At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate, bearing the name, "Robert Houdin," disappeared, and another took its place on which was engraved the word, "Entrez." When the postman had delivered the letters he had brought, he was instructed to drop them through a slat in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house. Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stall fifty yards from the villa; for, on touching a small button, there was put in motion an an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a little ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited its occupant on the other side, the bench returned to its original position.

Since Houdin's time the feasts of legerdemain he performed have in some few instances been surpassed by those of his successors in the art. But, conceding this, it is due to his memory to state that he was the first individual pursuing his calling who recognized and utilized the resources that modern discoveries in science had placed at the disposal of the juggler, and some of the most curious tricks exhibited by Houdin were executed by the aid of electricity. It was therefore not without justice that the countrymen of the ingenious Frenchman bestowed upon him the title of "King of Conjurers."

LITTLE bit more from the literature of kissing from a magazine article on the subject: There have been bargains for kisses. A French post speaks of a country girl who required "thirty sheep for one short kiss." The shepherd thought the bargain a good one, but the next day he was agreeably astonished at being able to get from the same girl thirty kisses for one sheep.

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