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

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Kent News.

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

THIS IS THE SEASON
—FOR—
HEAVY FOOT WEAR!

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

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

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

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

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

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

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

1 OF A KIND.
2 OF A KIND.
3 OF A KIND.
Now is Your Opportunity
—FOR A—
Genuine Bargain

We will begin today a CLEARING SALE of what Broken Lots of

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats

we have in store, in order to make room for our Spring Stock. Examine and see for yourselves. We intend to clean out the entire stock, and cost will be an after con-ideration.

Respectfully,
Few Doors Below Postoffice.

Moody & Perkins
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

WHAT KIND OF STOVES
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THIS FALL?

---LOOK OUT FOR---

J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S

Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!

SEXTON "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS.

Have your Old Fire Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,
at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,
Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,
Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,
144 Light St. Wharf — Baltimore, Md.

Look at ME!

I am ready to say good bye to my Brothers and sisters here.
Pay $1 to WM. K. McKNETT, Keanedyville, Maryland,
and I will come and stand a the head of your yard

400 YOUNGSTERS Now Ready.
Indian Games $2 each, Golden Wyandottes, Barred Plymoth Rocks and S. C. B. Leghorns $1 each.
E. E. HUDSON,
o1-tf. Kennedyville, Kent county, Md.

DR. W. FRANK HINES,
FRONT STREET AND MAPLE AVENUE, CHESTERTOWN.
OFFICE HOURS:—8 to 9½ A. M.; 4 to 6 and 8 to P. M

BARGAINS in TABLE LINEN.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

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

HO! FOR
THE NEW YEAR!

WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!

Want to Accommodate Everybody!

Now We are Ready for the Trade!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

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

You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen from 5c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!

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

New Year Goods

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

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

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

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

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

GOOD CHEER!

W. R. ALDRIDGE
HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF
Christmas Novelties!
HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF
Neckwear in Town,
and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.

GLASS AND CHINAWARE,
all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.

Groceries, Flannels,
Dry Goods, Etc.
UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

New Year Goods

WE ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF THE TIDE—THE CHRISTMAS TIDE—WITH A NEW AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
HOLIDAY GOODS
we have ever had. Everything new and attractive. These goods will be open for inspection
Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1892,
—and invite you to see our display of—
BOOKS of every description, DAINTY BOOKLETS and various SOUVENIRS for the season, WRITING DESKS, TABLETS, MIRRORS, GOLD PENS and HOLDERS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c.

M. A. TOULSON,
DRUGGIST, CHESTERTOWN.
Dec. 3, 1892.

JERMAN & COSGRIFF,
(Successor to W. M. Bell)
MANUFACTURERS OF
Porous Drain Tile.
Egg-Shaped, 2 to 8 inches calibre. Round, with collar, 2, 2½ and 3 inches calibre.
Send for price-list and circular.
Address, JERMAN & COSGRIFF, SMYRNA, DELAWARE
or T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Agents, Chestertown, Maryland.
f20-y.

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

A DETECTIVE SAYS THAT WOMEN ARE MORE CRUEL THAN MEN.

In Reality There Are as Many Female Criminals as There Are Male, but Circumstances Conspire to Shield the Wicked Woman—Women Seldom Reform.

Theodore C. Metzler, the well known San Francisco detective, has not had twenty-six years of experience in his profession without obtaining some very strong impressions and opinions in regard to crime and criminals.

"As a sort of text," said Mr. Metzler, "for what I have to say on this subject, I will state that in considering men and women as criminals, between whom and their deeds comparisons are to be made, I consider that, while man is undoubtedly, as a rule, the more prominent in crime, woman, on the other hand, is at once more cruel and cunning in what she does.

"From the circumstance that a considerable less number of women than men are convicted of crime the inference is drawn that in women the criminal propensities are weaker or under better control. Such a conclusion is, however, not borne out by the facts, for when crimes have been traced to women it has been found in the great majority of cases that the guilty deeds have been committed not only with systematic cunning, but also with a coolness and cruelty which have seldom been attributed to man.

"There are several reasons," continued Mr. Metzler, "why so few women have been convicted of crime. Man's natural sympathy for her often causes him to overlook important points against her, and then again he is always extra careful for fear he might do her injustice and injury. Men in the detective profession may pretend to have no sympathy for a woman, yet a good looking face and a bewitching smile always find a tender spot in their hearts.

"Of course there are exceptions, but they are very few. If there are men in this profession who are not susceptible to a woman's plea, I, in my experience of twenty-six years, have failed to find them.

"Another thing: It is seldom considered that girls are watched more carefully than boys and are under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into account that older females spend more of their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not always the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have little or no share, as they spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions. Most homicides, you know, are the results of anger excited when persons are away from their homes and families, as violent quarrels generally take place in the street or barroom, and not in the parlor or sitting room.

"Now as to the cruelty and deliberation of the female criminal. The history of crime shows that most of the murders committed by women are those perpetrated by the administration of poison. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed, the victim being invited to partake of refreshments by one who is presumed to be a friend.

"Murder by the administration of poison is considered the most foul and the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one that women have been addicted to more generally than men in all ages and countries.

"Another very remarkable fact," continued the detective, "has recently been mentioned in a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell jail. It is that some criminals are practically incurable. From a table prepared by him it was shown that during last year there were committed to the prisons and jails of England and Wales 5,686 men and 9,764 women who had been convicted no less than ten times previously. You see the force of the comparison.

"A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things, good, bad or indifferent, than the men. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a shortcake, the making of a crazy quilt or the poisoning of a rival, woman devotes all her time, knowledge and talent to what she has in view.

"Then, again, a woman has less chance of reforming than a man. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, let his whiskers or shave those he had, assume a different name and commence life anew. He can generally find employment, but with the woman it is more difficult. Disguise is not so easy, and if she goes to a different place some one is liable to recognize her.

"A strange woman is always looked on with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in a business for himself, but such is not the case with a woman. If she is once discovered her own sex are the first to point their fingers at her, turn up their noses and refuse to associate with her, the result of which is that she becomes hardened and callous, and is again driven to crime."—San Francisco Post.

As Far As Looks Go.

"They've raked in a pretty tough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger, who had dropped in at the police station.

"You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken. "Those are not the prisoners. They are the lawyers."—Exchange.

Where Boston Streets Got Their Names.

The English names given to the Back Bay streets were evolved by a couple of Irish-Americans on the board of survey, aided by a copy of the "British Peerage."—Boston Pilot.

A Man of Many Names.

There are almost as many ways of spelling the name of Columbus as there are ways of arranging the distinguished discoverer's whiskers. On the French medal he is called Christophorous Colomb; on the Italian he is Christophorus Colombo. The new Milanese medal calls him Cristoforo Colombo, while our own medal has him plain Christopher Columbus. As for Christopher himself, he spelled his name Colon.—Boston Herald.

Frightened Into a Fever.

Frederick I of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and dabbling her clothes in blood rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.—Dr. Elder in Washington Post.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

The Sort of Risks People Run Every Day Without Getting Scared.

Why don't more people die of pneumonia, quick consumption and other lung troubles?

That is what I think every night in upper Broadway. There you'll see a score or two of men coming out of superheated theaters between the acts to stand in unprotected full dress around the cold and drafty lobbies or out on the sidewalk for a chat or a smoke. You'll see them at the Madison Square garden—square acres of white shirt front—standing for hours in an atmosphere suggestive of overcoats. They pour out of clubhouses and hot restaurants at all times of the night, often in a dripping perspiration from exercise and with careless or no provision against the evils of a sudden change of temperature. You can meet them on Broadway in topcoats thrown wide open and the chest exposed from necktie to waistband.

Yet it is only now and then that we know of a man who was out around town in apparently good health the day before yesterday who is a corpse today.

There are more than a thousand men taking such desperate risks every night during the fashionable season in New York.

If you were to tell one of these that he was running a greater risk of sudden death than if he were going into the heat of an ordinary battle, he would probably laugh at you. Yet it would be the solemn truth.

If he were a soldier going into action it would be with blanched face and trembling knees and silent prayer, whereas it is now with careless mien and flippant tongue and spirited devilry that he dares the awful specter of death.

If he were confined to his room with a mortal disease he would be surrounded by his sorrowing family and anxious friends, and his will would have been made and duly witnessed. But being blessed with reasonable health and manly strength and the sublime confidence of ignorance, he plunges into the danger without a thought on his part or a qualm of conscience on their part.

Lungs are not made of chilled steel. Yet it is wonderful what they are daily and nightly subjected to, and how much they will stand—sometimes. You must often feel that they really are practically indestructible, they are put to such severe tests and with so little concern.

Pondering upon this, the faces of scores of personal friends and acquaintances who fell in the prime of manhood—men of stalwart frame and superb muscular energy—rise before us in memory, while the way is strewn with physical wrecks of the mortally wounded victims of fashion.—New York Herald.

A Waterloo Veteran.

On Sept. 27, 1892, General Karl Friedrich Muller, of the Hanoverian army, died at Hanover in his ninety-seventh year. The deceased general was present on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, 1813, at the famous "Battle of the Nations," an engagement that cost Napoleon 78,000 men, 300 cannon and 1,000 standards.

Karl Friedrich Muller was present at Quatre Bras on the 16th and at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815. After the victory he marched with his battery of artillery to Paris and remained in the French capital during the whole period of occupation by the allied armies. Karl Muller, who began his military career at fifteen, was never wounded and rose to the rank of a general in the Hanoverian service.

He retired on a pension not long before the overthrow of his sovereign, with whose misfortunes he sympathized, and to whose cause he remained strongly attached. On Sept. 30, in presence of a vast concourse of people, this distinguished man was buried with full military honors, and the identical colors carried by the brave Hanoverians at Waterloo were unfurled around his grave.—Notes and Queries.

Danger in Furnace Registers.

"I can tell you of one danger that is generally overlooked," said a friend, "and that is in letting inflammatory substances fall through the register. The other day I had a case of china unpacked in the dining room. The box was filled with 'excelsior' packing, and after the dishes had been taken out I told the maid to clear up the litter on the floor. A little later I came into the room and smelled a strong odor of burning. It was a very cold day, and there was a hot fire in the furnace, and as the smell seemed to come from the register I lifted it entirely out and stuck a bent poker as far down the pipe as I could reach. With a lot of dust and rubbish I brought up a quantity of excelsior shavings which were distinctly scorched by the heat. It was the first time that I had ever thought of the danger of 'sweepings' connected with the open registers."—New York Tribune.

A London Idea.

In certain London restaurants each customer is allowed to make his (or her) own tea. The waitress lights the gas burner, which is affixed to each table and sets thereon a silver kettle. Then she presents to the teamaker a silver caddy divided into compartments and offering a choice of Souchong, Ceylon or green tea. Any one who is compelled to drink the lukewarm stuff called tea at restaurants will appreciate the new idea.

More Potato.

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of a literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine ladies, who set himself to prove the existence of God. His eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard.

But all the ladies were intensely interested. They would not have their pleasure spoiled.

"In a moment, M. Renan, we will listen to you in your turn."

He bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said:

"Now, M. Renan"——

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand."

"No, no!"

"I wanted to ask for a little more potato."—Fortnightly Review.

An Unsuspected Orange.

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AN ANGRY INSPECTOR.

Mrs. Helen Hunt's Experience in a Museum in Copenhagen.

One of the sights of Copenhagen is the Rosenborg castle collection, officially known as the "Chronological Collection of the Kings of Denmark." When Mrs. Helen Hunt went to see it she bought a "full ticket," so as to insure the entire attention of the museum inspector. He was a handsome man, fifty years old or more, and when he began to speak English the visitor's delight was unbounded. What an afternoon she should have! "I am sorry," she said, "that we have so short a time in which to see these beautiful and interesting collections. Two hours is nothing!" "Oh, I shall explain to you everything," he said, and he proceeded to throw open the doors of mysterious wall closets. Says Mrs. Hunt:

The first thing he pointed out to me was the famous Oldenborg horn, said to have been given to Count Otto of Oldenborg by a mountain nymph in a forest one day in the year 909. As he pointed to it I opened my catalogue to find the place where it was mentioned, that I might make on the margin some notes of points that I wished to recollect. I might have been looking at it for perhaps half a minute when thundering from the mouth of my splendid Dane came:

"Do you prefer that you read it in the catalogue than that I tell you?"

I am not sure, but my impression is I actually jumped at his tone. I know I was frightened. I explained to him that I was not looking for it in the catalogue to read then and there, but only to associate what I saw with its place and with the illustrations in the catalogue, and to make notes for future use. He hardly heard a word I said. Putting out his hand and waving my poor catalogue away, he said:

"It is all there. You shall find everything there as I tell you. Will you listen?"

Quite cowed, I tried to listen, but I found that without my marginal notes I should remember nothing. I opened my catalogue again. The very sight of it seemed to act upon him like a scarlet flag on a bull.

Instantly he burst out upon me again. In vain I tried to stem the tide of his angry words, and the angrier he got the less intelligible became his English.

"Perhaps you take me for a servant in this museum," he said. "Perhaps my name is as good in my country as yours is in your own!"

"Oh, do—do listen to me one minute!" I said. "If you will only hear me I think I can make you understand. I do implore you not to be angry."

"I am not angry. I have listened to you every time—too many times. I have not time to listen any more."

This he said so angrily that I felt the tears coming into my eyes. I was in despair. I turned to Harriet and said, "Very well, Harriet, we will go."

"You shall not go!" he exclaimed. "Twenty years I have shown this museum and never yet was any one before dissatisfied with what I tell them. I have myself written this catalogue you carry. Now I will nothing say, and you can ask it you wish I should explain anything."

He folded his arms and stepped back, the very image of a splendid man in a sulk. I hesitated what to do, but at last I gulped down my wounded feelings and went on looking and making notes.

Presently he began to cool down, to see his mistake. In less than half an hour he had ceased to be hostile, and before the end of the hour he had become friendly, and more. He seized both my hands in his, exclaiming:

"We shall be good friends—good! You must come again to Rosenborg; you must see it all. I will myself show you every room. No matter who sends to come in, they shall not be admitted. I go alone with you."

A Story About the Pansy.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife.

The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub.—Detroit Free Press.

A Refractory Youth.

A child four years old is the son of a man who is almost abnormally pious. This youth was told to go to see a family visitor who had incautiously shown an interest in him. Instead of doing so he backed away, lodged himself in a corner, and with a convincing shake of the head and flourish of the fists exclaimed: "I wont, I won't, I won't, for Jesus' sake. Amen."—New York Recorder.

Breaking It Gently.

"Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his landlady, "I thought you didn't allow smoking in the parlor?"

"I don't," replied Mrs. Small with energy. "Who's doing it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, if you have time you might step in and remonstrate with the lamp."—Exchange.

Accustomed to Being Waylaid.

There was a Bavarian prince who was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers that once on coming out of the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round and angrily exclaimed, "This is really not the place!" before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched, in passing, on a nail.—Exchange.

Ethan Allen's Reply.

While Ethan Allen was held a prisoner in New York an offer was made him of a large tract of land in Vermont or Connecticut, as he preferred, provided he would espouse the cause of England. His reply is characteristic:

"If by fidelity I have recommended myself to General Howe, I shall be loath by unfaithfulness to lose the general's good opinion."—Youth's Companion.

Guarded Sympathy.

Very Stout Nervous Old Lady (to guard)—Oh, guard, wouldn't it be dreadful if there was a collision on the line I'm about to travel by?

Facetious Guard—Yes, mum, it would be for any one you happened to fall on.

A Railroad Pass That Never Came.

An old neighbor of the Goulds at Roxbury, Delaware county, told a story about the millionaire's visit to his old home in the midst of one of his busiest financial seasons.

"Jay and I was always good friends," said the old man, "which is more'n I can say for him and most of the other folks here. You see, old John Gould married my sister for his second wife, and there was always more or less of a family feeling between the Goulds and us. Says I to Jay: 'Why don't you come and see us once in awhile? You're always going to get the best we have, yo' know.' Jay said suthin 'bout been always hayin season with him and couldn't spare the time. There wasn't anythin he'd like as much as to visit up here, for he liked the old folks, he said. He asked me how I'd like to go down to York. I said farming was not so good as it was and money was mighty scarce. He said that was all right, an then he fumbled around his pockets for something, but it was not there. He explained that he thought he had his book with him, so that he could give me a pass for myself and my wife down to York, but he must have forgotten it and left it at home. He said he'd send the pass to me; but if he sent it some other one must have got it, for I never did. I was a-speakin 'bout it afterward down at the hotel, and the boys said it was most likely Jay Gould never sent it. One thing anyhow I'm certain of—that is, of he had that air book with him that time we met he'd a writ out that air pass."—New York World.

Getting the Most Out of the Horse.

The art of getting the most out of horse flesh on the line of march is one which needs study and practice to every whit the same extent as do race riding or the haute ecole, and therefore feats of endurance should form part of an officer's education as well as those upon the tan or between the flags.

To cover many miles with success a man must, first of all, study his own condition, and while he makes his charger fit must not forget to render himself so too. He should carefully watch how his horse takes its food and vary the amount of it, the time of feeding and the nature of forage, so as to insure that the animal derives the maximum amount of benefit from the nourishment it takes.

Then he should endeavor by experiment to discover the pace which suits its conformation best and the most judicious manner of varying it, so as to afford relief to the muscles and yet get over the ground.

The particular pace that best suits the animal having been arrived at, it should be trained to go at that pace evenly and methodically and with the regularity of a machine. And care should be taken never to stretch the bow to the utmost, or the subsequent reaction will more than counterbalance the present gain.—London Saturday Review.

Scavengers of Conversation.

"Deliver me from what some author has called the 'scavengers of daily conversation,' a class of people who refuse on every side to offend the intellectual nostrils of the thoughtful." And Colonel Marcus Bauermann stretched himself in his chair and proceeded to explain. "A dude with a thimbleful of brains won a basket of champagne from me on the bet that q-u-i-r-e meant a band of singers—which it does, though c-h-o-i-r is another way of spelling it—and ten minutes afterward a street car conductor used the word 'transpire' for 'perspire' and won a box of cigars from me on that.

"The latest is the case of a drummer for a Boston shoe house, who is sixty years old if he is a day, and whose gray hairs ought to indicate some faint gleams of intelligence, and yet who soberly asked me the pronunciation and meaning of the word 'bac-kac-he,' and when I told him I did not know coolly said it was pronounced 'backache,' and meant a pain in the back. Of course such people are afflicted with paresis, but oughtn't they to be restrained in some way?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Three" in Mythology.

In mythology we find the three (3) occupying even a more honorable place than the so called "mythical No. 7." There were the Three Graces, Cerebus with his three heads, Neptune holding his three tined fork, to say nothing of the Nine Muses, which are made up of three threes, and the third wave, which was thought to bring death and destruction to everything in its path. In nature we have morning, noon and night; fish, flesh and fowl. Hundreds of trees, vines and grasses have their leaves and blades set in groups of three.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Looking Postage Stamps.

The postage stamps of China are queer looking specimens with their wriggling, crawling dragons stamped upon them. The Turkish stamps are quite pretty and are nearly all adorned by the crescent and star. The stamps of Paraguay present a fine appearance, the main design being a lion supporting a pole which is surmounted by a liberty cap. The stamps of England have undergone fewer changes than any other country and have suffered no change whatever in the main design, the portrait of the queen.—Ohio State Journal.

Quite a Relief.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear."

Wife—No, but I can think with all my might and main what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.—New York Weekly.

La grippe has made such terrible ravages among us that the smile that once arose when reference was made to it has now changed into a grave and very serious expression.

The modern form of football involves excitements of a very dangerous kind. The players put into it the utter recklessness of soldiers on the battlefield.

Some barbers pack the face after shaving in towels saturated with hot water, and very soothing and refreshing it is too.

It has been discovered that the weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1,200 to 4,500 pounds.

"The physician," says Brown, "is the man who tells you that you need change and then takes all you have."

Feminine Contrariness.

Old Rooster—What have you stopped laying for?

Old Hen—It's too cold.

Old Rooster—Huh! Just like you females. Quick as it gets cool enough for me to crow without getting into a perspiration you quit laying.—Good News.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, oh, sleep, my lambs a-weary!
Shining sunbeams all are o'er,
'Tis the time when little children
Sail away to Slumber shore.

Gliding, gliding to the music
Of a tender lullaby,
Gently drift the little children
When the stars come out on high.

Oh, the lovely flowers that open
Right across the Slumber sea!
Float away, my birds that twitter,
For the dreamship waits for ye.

Softly to the swaying grasses
Fall the gracious drops of dew,
Yet more softly at the gloaming
Close the bairnie's eyes of blue.

The First Sleeping Car.

No single thing has contributed more to the comfort of modern life than the Pullman car. Its inventor, George M. Pullman, worked out the details of his invention while a merchant in Colorado in 1859. In 1864 he carried his idea to Chicago and employed a master carbuilder of the Alton road at a salary of $100 a month to superintend the construction of a model car. The inventor was determined that it should be the handsomest car in all respects that had ever been made in the country. He came on to New York and here happened to meet the artist who had just decorated the house of Samuel J. Tilden. He at once closed with this artist, took him west and set him at work decorating the car.

When the Pioneer was finished it had cost the extraordinary sum of $18,000, a large price even now for a sleeping car. It was a wonder to everybody. It was just as Mr. Pullman had expected. The beauty of the finish and the marvelous innovation he had made were advertised far and near by the newspapers and by railroad men, and some of the latter began to believe that the ideas of the inventor after all were practicable.—New York Herald.

A Suit of Wilkie Collins' Clothes.

The tweed suit that Wilkie Collins purchased in Philadelphia as he passed through the city so many years ago is still here. The novelist by accident ruined one that he brought over with him by spilling broth over it and stepped across Chestnut street to invest in a new one before returning to his hotel. Collins instructed the tailor to send the spoiled one to his rooms, and when he gave his name the clothier said, "Are you the author of 'No Name' and 'Armadale?'" Wilkie had to own up, and the tailor was overcome with pleasure, announcing that he was the most sincere admirer of Collins in America. Unfortunately the suit was not a good fit, but the novelist had too much delicacy to acquaint his sincere admirer with the fact. So the garments were relegated to George H. Boker's attic, where they remained over a generation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Great Favor.

He was in his study on a Saturday night when a visitor was announced, and there entered one of his subterranean parishioners, who, having cautiously looked round to see that there were no listeners, addressed his clergyman with an air of grave, mysterious importance: "Mester Whitworth, you've been very kind to my ould girl when she wor sick so long abed, and I want to do yer a good turn, and I can do yer a good turn. There's going to be the gradeliest dog fight in this place tomorrow, and I can get yer into the inner ring!"—Dean Hole's "Memories."

The Height of the Atmosphere.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that that distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent; but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Two Striking Heights.

Sir William Don, when quartered with his regiment at Nottingham, was walking in the market place, and was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know yer 'ight." Sir William answered, "My height is 6 feet 7, and yours is the height of impudence."—London Journal.

Love's Strategy.

An ingenuity worthy of a better cause was shown by a man and his wife in the lockup at Bath the other day. They were in separate but adjoining cells, and managed to keep up domestic happiness under these difficulties by playing a game of high-low-jack through a crack in the partition.—Lewiston Journal.

Soulless Corporations.

Child—I don't believe the canal companies cares much for children.

Mother—Why not?

Child—In the summer they put the water in, so we'll get drowned, and in the winter they let the water out, so we can't skate.—Good News.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"I am beginning to believe that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun, but that every thought is a revival or an imitation or a downright plagiarism of some one which preceded it years and years ago," said Calvin S. Southwood as he warmed his feet against a heater in the rotunda of the Lindell. "Even the inventions that appear so brand new may have existed or their possibility been suggested away back before the dawn of history. At any rate this is evidently true in the realms of literature. In this line, if in nothing else, history repeats itself and the world runs in cycles. I attended church Sunday—fact, I assure you—and heard a distinguished gentleman use a metaphor as his own which I at once recognized as used once by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which in different form I once ran across in an old book containing the 'Canterbury' Tales. Yesterday I read in a magazine an article by a writer of national reputation, who used as his own the expression, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt.' "This expression was evidently taken bodily from the 'Poor Richard's Almanac' of Benjamin Franklin, and this distinguished philosopher I feel sure borrowed it either consciously or unconsciously from an old German book full of folklore. Many of these old thoughts in more recent writers are unconsciously reproduced, and in their new dress can hardly be recognized. 'A guilty conscience needs no accuser' may easily be recognized in Hamlet's soliloquy, 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,' but it appeared far back of that, in the sacred pages, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' and no doubt in other shapes ages before that. No, there's nothing new under the sun."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.