Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887. No. 9.

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.

JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Professional Cards.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

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Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. js-tf.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

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SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
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jan5-y.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
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FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
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REFERENCES—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. [ja29.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
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Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.
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General Fruit and Produce
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We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

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Grain and General Produce
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ja29.

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FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
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Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE—My account sale and check every Monday. je4.-

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No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
IN
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

"Diamanta" Spectacles
EYE-GLASSES.

I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific priciples, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.
I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,
C. M. LUCAS,
mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

DRY AIR REFRIGERATORS, and Water Coolers for sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY.

HAY AND STRAW FORKS, Horse Muzzles, for sale by W. A. WHEATLEY.

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!
Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.
PRICE LIST:
MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters....	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters.....	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged....	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters.....	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots.....	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots.....		5 00

May 14, 1887.

CHESTERTOWN
MARBLE, GRANITE
AND
STONE WORKS
A Full Line of
Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing,
ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
Lower Prices than can be Found in the City
Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Show Room and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
May 21, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

STEAM ENGINES,
Steam Threshers.
I am Agent for
S. W. WOODS & SON'S ENGINES
AND
A. W. STEVENS & SON'S
Engines and Threshers.
THEY HAVE GIVEN SATISFACTION TO ALL PURCHASERS.
For Terms, &c., call on
A. F. HUEY,
May 7, 1887-2m. MASSEYS, MD.

OEHM'S.
Everybody knows the reputation of this house for supplying the public with the very best Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, at the very lowest of bottom rock prices; ready-made and made to order. This Spring Season we are way ahead of all previous exhibits. Come and see. You will be welcome, and it SHALL *pay you.*
Pratt and Hanover Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.
SAMPLE AND MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.
F. J. CARTER
HAS just opened under the News office a FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
WALL PAPER, PAINTS,
Putty, Glass, Kalsomines, &c.
I have 15,000 pieces of Wall Paper, to select from. Call and examine. My styles equal city styles and my prices cannot be beat anywhere.
Paper Hanging a Specialty!
Estimates on Painting and Paper Hanging furnished on application. m28-3m.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by C. F. STAM, Druggist.

Trustee's Sale of
VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned, as trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE on

TUESDAY, 5th day of July, 1887,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

At the Voshell House in CHESTERTOWN, Kent County, Maryland, the

THREE FARMS,
AND
Town Property,

of which THOMAS B. HYNSON, late of Kent county, Md., died, seized and possessed, and hereafter distinguished by the Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

No. 1

Is Called 'Huntingfield.'

Its situation is distinguished for its magnificent water view and eligibility. It lies directly on the Chesapeake bay opposite the mouth of the Patapsco river, within a mile of the steamboat wharf on Grey's Inn creek, not far from Tolchester Beach, and in an air line not more than twenty miles from the city of Baltimore, upon which it enjoys the advantages of a daily communication by steamers. It contains about

420 ACRES,

of which about 350 are arable, the balance in WOOD, TIMBER and MARSH; the latter affords a fine early pasture, and the former chestnut ample for erecting new and keeping in repair old fences.

The soil is in good heart and well adapted to cereals, fruits and vegetables. The arable land is divided into convenient tillages, Apple and Peach Orchards, and is substantially fenced.

THE PEACH ORCHARD

is six years old, and contains about 2,500 thrifty-bearing trees, and the Apple Orchard is in bearing.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE A

Good Frame DWELLING

and the usual OUT-BUILDINGS, all in good repair.

No. 2

Is the "Nichols Farm,"

and lies directly on Chester river and Lankford bay, containing about

457 ACRES,

about 325 acres are arable, about 50 acres in WOOD and TIMBER, and the residue in marsh and shore. The marsh land is high and makes an excellent early spring pasture, and is considered one of the finess stock farms in the county.

The soil is fine, in good heart and well adapted to grain, grass, fruits and vegetables. This farm has all the advantages of our most favored water situations. Upon it are several fine ducking points, and but a short distance off its shore, both on the river and the bay, lie some of our finest oyster beds and fishing grounds; and is about two and a-half miles from the steamboat landing at Quaker Neck wharf, and a-half mile from the landing at Long Cove, on Lankford bay, and has a daily steamboat connection with Baltimore city.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE

A Commodious Dwelling

with Kitchen attached, and the usual Out-buildings, and fencing in fair condition.

A THRIFTY PEACH ORCHARD

of about 1,600 trees, about 4 years old.

The arable land is divided into six fields and two lot tillages independent of the peach orchard.

No. 3 Is Known as the

John Duyer Home Farm,

and is most eligibly situated, being two or three hundred yards from Worton Station on the Balto. and Del. Bay Railroad, about four and a-half miles from Chestertown, the county seat, and about four miles from the steamboat landing at Buck Neck, and has daily connection with Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore markets, both by rail and water.

IT CONTAINS ABOUT

376 ACRES,

all arable, except a strip of branch, which if cleared would make a splendid meadow.

The soil is of the best quality, being kind and answering readily to the slightest attention, and is well adapted to all agricultural products, especially peaches and pears.

THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE

A FRAME DWELLING

and the usual Out-buildings, and fencing in good repair. It is cultivated in six fields.

All these farms lie in Kent county, Maryland, No. 1 being in the 5th election district, No. 2 in the 4th election district, No. 3 in the 3d election district, and each enjoys the advantages of being near churches, schools, markets, mills, &c.

No. 4 is the

LOT or PARCEL of LAND

ON PRINCESS STREET,

in Chestertown, Maryland, have a front on said street of about 62 feet and a depth of 75 feet, and is divided into two lots.

ONE IS IMPROVED BY

A FRAME DWELLING,

with kitchen and wood-house, having a front on Princess street of about 36 feet, and depth of 75 feet, and is now occupied by Mr. Charles Estes as tenant; the other has a front of about 26 feet and depth of 75 feet, and is improved by a Frame Shoe Shop, occupied by Mr. S. Q. Moody.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-fifth of the whole purchase money cash on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the trustee's option; another fifth six months after the day of sale; another fifth twelve months after the day of sale, and the residue or balance in two years after the day of sale. The whole purchase money, less that portion paid on the day of sale, to bear interest from that date, and be payable semi-annually thereafter. These terms not to apply to the Huntingfield estate, as there is an annual rent charge thereon of $300.00, payable to Mrs. Mary A. B. Brown, of Baltimore city; therefore $5,000.00 of the purchase money to remain unpaid during her life, the interest thereon to be paid to her annually during her life, and at her death the principal, with the interest from that time, to be paid to the trustee; provided she lives 5 years from the day of sale; but if she should die within that period, the principal is not to be paid until the end of the 5 years from the day of sale, with interest from the time of her death, payable in the meantime annually to the trustee. The residue of the purchase money to be paid one-fourth cash on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the trustee's option; another one-fourth 12 months thereafter, and the remaining half of the residue 24 months thereafter, all interest to be paid with each instalment of principal. All of the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties approved by the trustee.

RICHARD D. HYNSON,
TRUSTEE.

CHESTERTOWN, June 4, 1887—ts.

A SUCCESSFUL SEANCE.

BY GARTAN POTE.

Mr. Clithers sat in his private office (just a corner partitioned off the great grain and meal store) in the thriving town of Bellevue, Ill. As he sat at ease in the armchair scanning with his keen blue eyes the choice items of news in his morning paper, he looked every inch the shrewd business man he was. Socially both he and his wife stood in the front rank.

One half-column in the paper seemed to interest him beyond all. It was a brief account of a mind-reading exhibition given in an Eastern city.

"Now, that is very remarkable," commented Mr. Clithers, mentally. "There is no trick about it either. I think the exhibition proved it can be done. Gracious! what a revolution if every one could become a mind-reader! But I suppose he must have a gift."

Just then some painful thought seemed to intrude upon his mind, for he frowned, and then, throwing the newspaper aside, he rose and stepped to his desk. After a hasty glance about him, he slipped a key into a drawer and pulled it out. A pile of bills lay in the inside. He shut it again quickly, and locked it.

"So it is still there," he muttered. "By Jove! I'd give anything to find out who's been robbing me lately. I wonder if that mind-reader could tell me, or is it only a guy or trick? I wish I could get a mind-reader to try his skill on this racket; I know it has baffled me."

Now it is always well to consider whether we really want a thing before we express a haphazard desire for it, because sometimes that eternal schoolteacher, Fate, takes it into her head to accede at once. At least she apparently did in this case, for, as Mr. Clithers turned aside from his desk, the door opened and a tall individual, arrayed in close-buttoned frock-coat, and soft felt hat, advanced with a light step and presented his card.

Mr. Clithers read with a perceptible start the words:

"WILLIAM WILLIS CARDINALL,
MIND READER."

This latter, with one comprehensive glance around the office, removed his hat, and calmly seated himself, not failing to note, indeed, the effect his card had upon Mr. Clithers. That gentleman, after staring at the card some time, at length looked his visitor over, but got little gratification from his inspection.

A full beard covered the lower part of Mr. Cardinall's face and the upper part, showing two high cheek-bones and a peculiar hooked nose, pinched at the point, with a pair of very brilliant eyes, gave him a hungry look not at all prepossessing.

He smiled in a superior way at Mr. Clithers' scrutiny.

"Perhaps you wonder why I have called," he remarked, in a full but low tone. "I will tell you. I propose to give a seance in this town, and I wish to enlist the aid of the very best people, in order that it may be a success. Do not mistake me; I am not working for money, I merely wish to test my wonderful power before an audience composed only of the most intelligent and cultured people of Bellevue."

"And you really are a mind reader?"

"I am only an amateur as yet, sir, but I feel the power is in me. I have given exhibitions before physicians, men of science and others. I have letters from presidents of colleges and many literary men. Are you acquainted with the President of the Weehawken State University?"

Mr. Clithers confessed that he was not acquainted with him.

"There is a letter from him," continued the mind-reader, picking it out from a package drawn from his pocket.

Mr. Clithers read it. It seemed satisfactory, and he did not doubt the man at all. He was thinking deeply, though.

"Now, my dear sir," went on Cardinall, "I shall have to throw myself on your good nature. I desire to invite to the seance only the cultured and wealthy people of this town—all those who move in good society, in fact—and I must have their names and addresses."

"I have a list of those I invited to a ball recently, if that will do," said Mr. Clithers, who could see no good reason for refusing, and who was perfectly alive to the social eclat of introducing this lion to his friends.

"The very thing. I will fix the date for the evening of the day after tomorrow. I am extremely obliged to you for your great kindness to a perfect stranger, and if I could do anything to show—"

"You can," said Clithers; "by your mind-reading."

"Ah! and how can that be?"

Clithers drew his chair close to his visitor and spoke almost in a whisper.

"For the past month I have been missing money from that drawer in the desk there. It is evidently taken whenever I leave the office. I have always to keep a certain amount of money on hand to make change and I lock it up when I go out. Yet I find that somehow it is opened in my absence and five or ten dollars taken. I have watched and said nothing about it, but have failed even to suspect any one. Now, can you tell me who stole that money?"

Mr. Cardinall seemed uneasy. He hitched his chair back, and hemmed and hawed.

"Why, you see," he finally said, "that is rather an awkward test. I should have to read the mind of every employe and friend you have. Then, again, I should have to become thoroughly acquainted with this office, so that I could see it plainly in connection with any one else's mind. I am willing to try."

"If you succeed, I will pay you one hundred dollars."

"I want no reward, sir; I shall be only too happy to try. And supposing that I begin at once to convey the impression of this office to my mind, it will be necessary that you go out, sir—even out of the building—and I will, as it were, take possession of the office. Then it will become fixed in my mind."

Just for one moment Mr. Clithers hesitated, but the man's brilliant eyes were upon him and he acquiesced.

"You need be gone only ten minutes," was the gracious remark of Mr. Cardinall as Clithers went out.

In thirty seconds his retiring footsteps had died away, and quick as a flash the mind-reader stepped across to an old-fashioned safe in the corner and bent over it. A grim smile played over his face. Then noiselessly he turned to his desk, and was just putting his hand to the money-drawer when a slight rustle came to his ear. With the light tread of a panther he crossed the room and dropped silently into a chair that was behind the door. It opened inward, and the next instant there was a louder rustle and the door was pushed open an inch or so. Mr. Cardinall's mind was very busy.

"This is the thief," he said to himself. "Now to try the trick that never failed."

The door swung open and Mrs. Clithers, a handsome woman of forty summers, glided into the room and turned to close the door. At that moment a hand was placed on her shoulder and a harsh voice cried:

"Where is all the money you have stolen?"

With distended eyes she turned to look at her accuser, "Oh, my God!" she cried, "I am lost! Oh, have mercy, sir—I will never steal another cent. Oh, I shall die—oh—oh!" and then broke into the most agonizing sobs.

"Stop that," snapped the polite mind-reader, "and explain yourself. Who are you?"

"Sir, I am Mrs. Clithers, and I have as much right in this office as my husband. I am not afraid that he will arrest me; my fear is of his knowing it. Oh, sir, is there not some way of hiding this from him? I promise solemnly never to take any more money in this way."

"Humph!" remarked Cardinall, looking at her composedly; "so you are his wife. So you don't want him to know. Very natural, of course; but hard to do. No, I don't want money. Who do you think I am?"

"A detective, I suppose."

"No, a mind-reader. Don't be afraid," with an amused smile; "your secrets are safe from me. If you give me a little assistance, I shall be mum about this affair. In the first place, I want you to do all in your power to induce your society friends to attend a mind-reading seance your husband will tell you of. In the second place I want you to send by mail to this address to-night, if possible, a rough plan drawn on paper of your house, and also indicate the receptacles that hold, say a dozen valuable articles and their location — such as jewelry or silverware, &c. You wonder at such a request? It is in order that I may appear familiar with the inside of your house at the seance, and thus insure its success. Do this and keep a close tongue, and I am dumb. Of course you will be sure to be present at my exhibition to indorse the accuracy of my mind-reading. Is it agreed.

It was evident that she doubted him. Such an extraordinary request. But, then, the shame—the bitter shame.

"I will do it; only don't play me false."

And as he smiled in satisfaction she slipped from the room. He looked at his watch; the ten minutes were nearly up. So he settled himself in the chair, and with a dreamy look in his eyes and a mysterious smile, Mr. Clithers found him on his return.

"I thank you for your courtesy," he said, on taking his leave. "I have forged the first link of the mental chain that will bind your thief. Send that list you spoke of to my hotel — the Palace — and don't fail to turn up at my seance."

And so it happened that evening that two letters addressed to Mr. Cardinall were sent from Mr. Clithers' house.

* * * * * * *

There was quite a crush on the eventful evening at the Bijou Hall, which the mind-reader had secured for his seance. Mrs. Clithers evidently had not failed to keep her promise. Her husband, too, had exerted himself to secure a large attendance of the elite of society. The ladies' tongues were busy discussing from every conceivable point of view the new creed of reading the mind of man.

At 8 o'clock precisely, Mr. Cardinall stepped on the platform. He had made himself conspicuous around the town since his arrival, so he was pretty well known. After a few words of introduction, in which he humbly stated that he was as yet but an amateur, he begged the audience to choose a committee of two to assist him in his demonstrations. A dozen offered themselves, but finally after much discussion, a society youth, fearfully and wonderfully vain and pompous, and Mr. Clithers were chosen to represent the audience. When the latter was chosen; a gratified smile wreathed Mr. Cardinall's face, but at the sight of the dudish youth he appeared almost disgusted.

"This is really too bad," whispered he to Mr. Clithers, when the committee were on the platform; *he* has no mind; I cannot read a vacuum; do—*do* let me use you as a medium. Just make the youth fetch and carry." And he winked solemnly at Mr. Clithers, who was evidently flattered at this evidence that he had a mind at all. The first test was the hiding of a gold watch by Mr. Clithers — the mind-reader and youth retiring. Now, when they both emerged Mr. Cardinall seemed to change his mind about the brains of the youth, for he asked him if *he* knew where the watch was hid. The youth answered yes, having watched through a small crack in the door. Then the mind-reader said, "I will find it through you." Immediately both turned their footsteps toward one of the window-sills and stopped at it. There was the watch. But whether the mind-reader led the youth, or the youth the reader, was more than the audience could determine. However, this success elicited the greatest applause.

Cardinall then requested some one in the audience to hide an article and he would find it. As he spoke he fixed his eyes on Mrs. Clithers. She read that look at once and conquering dislike stood up and said she would hide something. He bowed, apologized and retired. She went to the stage and laid the article at the right-hand corner on the floor. It was a common pin. The mind-reader appeared blindfolded, as usual, and stepping down from the stage, took her hand in his. "Where is it?" he whispered, as he bowed. She told him. After a few maneuvres indicating uncertainty he rushed to the spot, and picked up the article triumphantly.

The rest of the exhibition consisted entirely of a description of the inside of Mr. Clithers' house. Having asked that gentleman to say to the audience that the mind-reader had never been inside the house, he proceeded to make a minute statement of the location of nearly every article of value Mr. Clithers possessed. The latter was perfectly astounded. There could be no denying the gift of this man. He declared Mr. Clithers was the best subject he had ever operated on, adding that he had a remarkable brain cell organism. In fact, he had Mr. Clithers blushing with pleasure and the audience in high good humor, when the town clock struck eleven. He was apologizing for the lateness of the hour when a sudden bustle became manifest at the door of the hall. Some one was trying to force an entrance, the ushers interposing. A harsh, gruff voice said something in a low tone, and then a passage was made. The audience turning around to ascertain the cause, heard a murmur of "law" and "officers," as two burly men advanced toward the platform. A couple of silly women shrieked. All eyes instinctively turned to the platform. Mr. Cardinall had retreated to the rear. A fearful frown was on his brow and he was biting his nails convulsively.

"Don't be alarmed," said one of the intruders. "I make no doubt you have had a nice evening of it, he's so very funny" —pointing his finger at the mind-reader— "when he gets started. But he's a lunatic, just the same."

"A lunatic! crazy!" came in a chorus. Some of the women rose hastily and attempted to go out.

"You'd better all keep still," continued the man. "He takes queer notions and if he saw you all going out, he might think there was a fire and get very violent, and maybe kill some one."

"Come, come," angrily remarked Mr. Clithers, loath to give up his idol, "are you sure you're not making a mistake? Say, Mr. Cardinall are you crazy?"

Whereat both men burst into very loud laughter.

"Why, look at him," said the first spokesman; and indeed he did not appear sane. His eyes were flashing vindictively at the audience, and moving right and left as though looking for a chance to run.

"Oh, he'd deceived a smarter man than you," continued the keeper, for that is what he evidently was. "You see he's got mind-reading on the brain. He's been that way these five years. He got away from the State Asylum six weeks ago, and we've been after him ever since. Here's our papers."

But everybody was so disgusted at this turn, the affairs had taken, that no one cared to examine the papers; they were only anxious that the lunatic should be got rid of. Some dropped an anxious word that the keepers might have difficulty in taking him off.

"Never you fear," chuckled one of them. "We know our man." And so saying, he walked to the edge of the platform, and drawing from his pocket a large luscious pear, held it up for Mr. Cardinall to see. That worthy glanced at it and turned away his head. Still it dangled there and do what he could, his gaze returned to it. Greed sparkled in his eyes. Finally he shook his head. The keeper said, "Come?" He shook his head again. Then from his other pocket the keeper drew another pear and held it up also. The poor mind-reader fixed his eyes on them.

"Both?" he cried.

"Yes both of 'em, if you'll come quietly," replied the keeper.

"And can I eat one now?" with a comical assumption of shrewdness.

"You shall have them both, now," asserted the keeper. The victory was complete. With a formidable grin, the lunatic came forward, stepped from the platform, and calmly left the hall, demolishing his pear, and occasionally looking at his other prize in exultation.

At the door of the hall a carriage stood, loaded with trunks, and the crowd who had rushed to the door saw two bags lying in the inside of the carriage. Mr. Cardinall and his keepers entered, and the carriage rolled away. It would be useless to report the Babel of tongues that then found expression among the audience. It was the strangest experience that they had ever met with, and the unfortunate Mr. Clithers encountered many an ill-concealed rebuke in the form of the oft-repeated query:

"How could you ever be so deceived?"

He didn't know himself. What indeed affected him the most was the fact that the mystery of stolen money was as far from being solved as ever.

So they separated finally, each to his home; but to many there was no rest that night. Most of them did not discover it until the morning; but all the next day there was weeping and wailing in that pretty town. It was found that while they were attending the seance, nearly every house belonging to the wealthy people had been entered, at the second story, and ransacked. It was a perfect night of looting. Mr Clithers suffered the most. Many jewels which he supposed hidden had been taken, and, worst of all, his safe had been blown open, and all his available cash carried off. He was ruined, and indeed very many besides himself came near to bankruptcy. Somehow, the good people were many hours discussing the matter before they connected the mind reader with the robberies. Then Mr. Clithers' explanation of his safe robbery opened their eyes fully It was still a mystery to him how they obtained an acquaintance with the inside of his house, and it is so still, for his wife, although she privately sorrowed over her fault, kept faith with the mind reader. She dared not confess about the money she had purloined, and Mr. Cardinall kept his word.

Sortly afterward, Mr. Clithers received a note, as follows:

"DEAR SIR: You wanted to find out where your money was gone. I think you have discovered by this time who stole it. THE MIND READER."

But this insolent note did not satisfy the merchant, and to his dying day the truth was hidden from him.—*Frank Leslie's.*

A Land Rich in Roses.

Bulgaria, the little country in Europe which we hear so much about of late, is a veritable rose garden in itself. In no part of the world has the cultivation of the rose come so near perfection as in this small State, and, although the soil and atmosphere of the country have much to do with the success of the work, the native inhabitants have made such a long and careful study of the plant and its needs that they have created wonders out of their fields of blooming roses. As is well known, the flowers are grown there for the purpose of extracting the precious aroma known as "attar of rose," but this circumstance does not detract in the least from the appearance of the roses. The bushes require considerable care and attention, and they are seldom allowed to attain a height of over six feet.

In the great rose gardens where the flowers are raised for manufacturing the "attar of roses" the bushes are seldom grafted or budded. The roots forming the bushes of a young rose garden are taken from the old bushes and carfully buried with plenty of manure, where they send up young shoots. These reach their full growth in about five years, and for fifteen years will yield large crops of roses. When the old beds begin to fail the bushes are cut away and new shoots allowed to spring up, or the whole field plowed up and roots from another bed set out in their place. A successful rose-grower keeps several rose gardens at all times in different stages of development, so that when one garden begins to be unproductive another one is about ready to come in. The roses blossom in the latter part of May, when all the neighborhood is employed in picking them and getting them to the distillery.

In addition to the great industry of extracting the precious aroma from the roses the inhabitants of Bulgaria make quite a business of exporting rose slips and roots to different countries. The facility with which the roses grow in the fertile valleys of that country make it a profitable business to raise the bushes for market. The cuttings for buds are sent hundreds of miles, packed in long grass and surrounded with straw disposed longitudinally.—*Vick's Floral Mag.*

Found His Stay Cut Short.

A French traveler in this country last summer gave an account of a visit which he had paid to Russia, to illustrate the manner in which the czar guards and preserves its power.

In 1863 M. de B——, an elder brother of the narrator, spent some time in Russia, and on returning to France published an account of his travels, with some stringent comment on the condition of the lower classes. The book was of course prohibited in Russia and had but a limited circulation in France. It long ago dropped out of public notice.

In 1883, just twenty years later, the younger brother of the author, in making a tour through Europe, came to St. Petersburg.

"I arrived," he said, "at night and was driven to a hotel. The next morning an officer in a gorgeous uniform called on me, and after an introduction and most ceremonious salutations, inquired: "Your name, I believe, is M. de B——?"

"Yes."

"From the province of Blank in France?"

"I assented."

"A kinsman, it may be," with still more profound bows, "of M. de B——, who, in 1863 published a certain voulme entitled?" giving the name.

"He is my brother," I replied. "What of that?"

"Nothing. But I have the honor to be detailed to accompany monsieur to Memel."

"But I am not going to Memel! I am going to travel through Russia."

"Pardon," with the most extreme suavity, "monsieur is going to Memel by the noon train, and these gentlemen and myself will bear you company." He opened the door; two gendarmes were in the corridor.

It was useless to resist. He accompanied me to the train, sat beside me, that I might not speak to any other person, was civil, but a jailer. At Memel he took leave of me with the utmost courtesy.

"Monsieur is now outside of Russia," he said. "A mere hint is sufficient to a person of his intelligence. He will probably remain there."—*Youth's Companion.*

An Editor Takes to the Swamps.

The editor of a paper at Storm Lake, Iowa, is now hiding in a swamp near that place in consequence of the way in which he mixed up the report of a cattle show and a concert. His paper said: "The concert given last night by sixteen of Storm Lake's the most beautiful and interesting young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed and sung in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them the finest breed of short-horns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers were finebodied, tight-limbed animals, and promise to prove good property."

A CLERGYMAN who married four couples in an hour, the other evening, remarked to a friend that it was "pretty fast work." "Not very," responded the friend. "Only four knots an hour."

IN THE WRONG ROOM.

In one of the big family hotels that stand in the upper part of New York city there happened the other night a mysterious incident that has kept at least three people in a state of excitement bordering on hysteria ever since. On the fifth floor has lived for over a year a gentleman we will call Albert—a modest, retiring clerk in a bank. He has lately been inducted into a little private poker game carried on in the house, and during a session in the poker-room has imbibed more whisky sours than his gentle, meek architecture is able to control. On the fourth floor of this hotel, directly under Albert's room, there resides Helen, a relative of the proprietor, and Emma, her friend, who is a Jersey girl, studying art here in New York. Emma is matrimonially engaged, and she frequently goes to theatres with her fiance, and, returning, has a bit of supper in the restaurant. In the vestibule, to which Emma is escorted to take the elevator, there is always a last little talk. Then Emma goes up to her room-mate, and the engaged man, full of pleasing anticipations of the hour when he'll take the elevator, too, turns up his collar and goes out into the silent street.

Albert has a room-mate and chum, who, however, has nothing to do with this story. Saturday night was inclement, and Albert, after dinner, smoked a cigar in the reading-room and then went up to the little room off the parlor, where the friendly game was in progress. He played with variable luck until 11, when, with a last whisky sour, he withdrew. Albert is sure he was not tight. He knows he was sleepy and that the elevator boy was slumbrous. At all events he went to his room, where his chum was sound asleep in bed. Albert pulled off his clothes and threw them about the place, slammed things around generally, wanted to wind his watch, but couldn't find the key, thought he'd find a spare one in the bureau drawer, went to turn up the dimly-burning gas, but turned it short off, said piously, "Cuss the key?" bolted the door, turned down the clothes and slipped into bed.

He was just floating off into a dream haunted by fulls and flushes when a female voice so near his face that he felt the warm breath on his cheek, said:

"What a fool you are, Em; you have been talking at that elevator until you are cold as a frog."

The perspiration broke out all over him; he lay paralyzed. He strained his eyes into the darkness till they became used to the surroundings. Sure enough, the window was not in the right place it should be; he made out a sofa where it had not ought to be, and made up his mind that he was where he should not be, and was a lost man. On a chair by the window was a pile of white stuff, a monument erected to the cardinal virtues by a fair young girl. He made out the fluting on a petticoat, the strings on some other garment, a wire sort of cage on the floor. Great Scots! he was in the wrong room, the room of a woman —in her very bed, and, oh! hair-standing conclusion, she had got there before him. There are no words in which to picture his condition and the frame of mind in which that picture should be mounted. He lay like the dead, revolving like a buzz-saw what he should do, till his hair turned.

Then the lady who had addressed him evidently thought she had been too harsh, for she whooped over toward the wall and said:

"Never mind, dear; hug up to my back and get warm."

Albert couldn't tell under oath if he obeyed this suggestion or not but certainly silence fell on that deeply agitated young man, who lay counting his heartbeats. A long breath, just bordering on a snore; another regular, even flow of nasal music. The friend of Emma slept. As "Don Joan slipped half smothered from the bed," so Albert, bathed in a cold perspiration from head to foot, glided from between those sheet. Swiftly and silently he gathered his effects. He had to carry even his hat, for his hair stuck up so he couldn't get on his head. He stole to the door, his great toe cracking ominously in Stygian darkness. With trembling fingers he drew back the bolt, and, as a cyclone sweeps down on a western town, he dashes down the corridor, up the stairs, around a corner, and in a state of hysterical collapse, fell into his own bed nearly fainting. On slept the gentle woman who kept a warm back for her friends. When a commotion in the room startled her, there was Emma lighting the gas.

"What on earth are you doing with your things on?"

"I've just got in. I know it's pretty late. I stopped to talk with George."

Helen sat up dazed.

"Why you were in bed half an hour ago. I spoke to you."

"You were dreaming. I've just this minute got in."

"My heavens! I say I spoke to you; you were near giving me a chill with your cold feet."

"My dear, I'm as warm as a toast, and I have this instant come into the house. Go to sleep, you were dreaming."

Out went the light. Emma has disrobed and snuggled down to the half-convinced girl in the bed.

At 8 o'clock next morning Emma, taking her beauty nap, was rudely shaken. There sat Helen bolt upright, with widely distended eyes, as she pointed with stiffened finger to a glowing, red heap on the floor. There was no mistaking it—a 40-inch band of white cotton, decorated by five white buttons to hold it in place, two crimson drawer-legs, a pair of men's Mephistophelian scarlet underdrawers.

Those girls hung on to each other with fearful fear.

"Was I dreaming?" said Helen, when she found voice.

"It was a man!"

"Right here," said Helen, as she slapped the pillow. "I told him to snug up and get warm."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned Emma, "Had we better call for the police?"

Helen had climbed out, and had discovered an Albert tie, with a diamond horseshoe pin stuck to it, lying on the bureau.

"Well, he wasn't a horrid burglar after all," said Em.

And then they agreed to bury in their beating bosoms the awful mystery of that Saturday night.

Not a word has been heard. The girls have cut the infamous red cashmere garment into small pieces and burned it on the grate, in company with the scarf.

The pin they take from its hiding place and hourly contemplate; while Albert locks the door and looks frequently at a long striped stocking that he found in his trousers pocket, and the shape of a woman's limb still in it, and the pretty elastic that kept it in place still around it.

Only these memories—these broken relics of a wild night in the — hotel.—*Clara Belle.*

Little Sally was Mad.

Little Sally came home from school full of indignation. She is only five years old, but she was full of "mad" as her little body would hold. "Mamma," she said, "I think that teacher was real