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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to the THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 45. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1885. No. 43.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,

CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Notice!

THE KENT NATIONAL BANK,

OF CHESTERTOWN,

located at Chestertown, in the State of Maryland, is closing up its affairs. All note-holders and others, creditors of said Association, are therefore hereby notified to present the notes and other claims against the Association for payment. JOSEPH PETERSON, Cashier.

fe19-2m.

Treasury Department,

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1885.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

"The Chestertown National Bank,"

in the town of Chestertown, in the county of Kent, and State of Maryland, has complied with all the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking.

Now, therefore, I, HENRY W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE CHESTERTOWN NATIONAL BANK" in the Town of Chestertown, in the County of Kent, and State of Maryland, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In Testimony Whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this eighteenth day of February, 1885.

H. W. CANNON,
Comptroller of the Currency.

No. 3305. fe21-2m.

Paid Up Capital.....$1,000.000

Cash Assets Jan. 1, 1885....$4,938,501 92

3 REASONS 3

WHY FARMERS should INSURE

—in—

The CONTINENTAL Fire Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

1st.—It insures close to actual value of the property, and STOCK as well as building.

2d—It insures against ANY damage by Fire or Lightning.

3d—It gives the best insurance for the least money on FARM property and is absolutely safe.

REFERENCES:

J. A. Pearce, Esq. H. W. Vickers, Esq.
Mr. S. Vannort, Mr. W. H. Stewart, and many others.

JOHN D. URIE, Agent

fe7. Chestertown, Md.

OVER $200.00 WORTH

—OF—

Casperson Lamps Sold!

and not a word of complaint from any one. As there are several kinds of Electric lamps on the market we would call attention to some facts in regard to our Lamp. We know it is the best for the following reasons:

1st.—It is Better Made. 2d.—It has a Patent Gas Escape, Rendering it Absolutely Safe. 3d.—It has a Drip Cup which Conveys all the Oil that Rises to the Top Back into the Lamp and not on the Outside as Others Do. 4th.—It Does not Smoke or Break Chimneys. 5th.—Its Light is Perfectly Steady and will not Injure the Eyes.

If you are in want of the

Best Light Ever Made!

we would be pleased to place one in your house on trial. The price of our Lamp has been reduced and we can sell them as cheap as any other makes.

We have a few of the ordinary Hanging and Stand Lamps, which we will close out at cost. We keep everything in the lamp line.

SPARKS',

j31. opp. Court House.

$100 REWARD!

OWING to the many depredations lately made upon the Poultry houses in this town and vicinity, a number of citizens have contributed the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and have authorized the undersigned to pay the above reward in sums of Twenty-five Dollars for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of any person for the stealing of poultry or other things in this town a vicinity.

ALBERT J. DUGAN,
Deputy Sheriff.

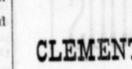
jan24-tf.

HACKETT & MEYER,

Still Pond,

Wish to inform the public that they have taken the old stand in Still Pond, where can be found a full stock of

PLOWS,



Harrows, Cultivators, &c

The attention of the public is called to the unquestioned merits of

OUR WAGONS,

which positively stand without a rival in the market; warranted free from imperfections in material or workmanship.

Farmers who have used them say they are THE BEST. The very best endorsement we can have is the universal satisfaction they have given.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Particular attention given to Cutting and Forging.

Our DEARBORNS and CARTS cannot be excelled for durability and finish. REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.

Economy is wealth, and why not save the mighty dollar? The many have too few and the few too many. What is the use of wasting a dollar when you can save it? We are enabled to offer great Bargains, and our sales are large.

Thankful for past favors we hope to merit a continuance of same.

Call and be convinced that you can save the mighty dollar by buying from

HACKETT & MEYER,
jan3-2m* STILL POND.

CHESTERTOWN

PLUMBING HOUSE!

CLEMENTS & YORK

WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS and PUMPS.

WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to WATER, GAS and STEAM; also a full line of STEAM VALVES, FAUCETS, STOP AND WASTE VALVES, also a Full Line of Brass Work and Fittings for Plumbing Work.

PIPE OF ALL SIZES | Both Plain and Galvanized.

Bath-Tubs, Kitchen Sinks, Hydrants, Street Sprinklers and Water Closets, Terra-Cotta Pipe, Bends and Branches of all descriptions.

Work done by Practical Mechanics.

Repairing promptly attended to.

SANITARY PLUMBING,

DRAINAGE & VENTILATION

A SPECIALTY.

ESTIMATES MADE FREE OF CHARGE.

OFFICE—under "KENT NEWS" Office.

Jan. 24-1885.

BOOKS!

We propose carrying through the year a LARGE ASSORTMENT OF BOOKS.

Quite a stock on hand now. Some in sets as—

HAWTHORNE WORKS,
Rawlinson's Seven Great Monarchies,
Chambers' English Literature,
Symond's Renaissance in Italy.

Some singly—

Gilt edge Poets, E. P. Roe's Works, Cooper, Geo. Eliot and others, which will pay you to look over.

Our Stock of SEASIDE and LOVELL'S LIBRARIES IS VERY LARGE.

COLIN F. STAM,

DRUGGIST.

fe7

Cook Stoves! Heaters!

DOUBLE HEATERS,
FIRE PLACE HEATERS
AND RANGES.

OUR line of Cook Stoves is complete, and embraces the following, viz: The Brunswick, Farmer Girl, Southern Girl, New Emerald, Virginia, Farmer Boy, Orion, Leon and New Charm.

We guarantee our "Brunswick" to be heavier and larger in oven than any Cook Stove on this market. It has reversible cross pieces and lids.

Our Ranges are as follows: The Victor, Maryland, Reliance, Ardmore, Duval, Clifton, Daisy and Cozy.

Heating Stoves, such as The Argand, Alliance, Derby, Clifton, Astor, New Royal, Edison, Starling and others.

Truly Yours, Derby and Crown Double Heaters, also the "Splendid" Fire Place Heater, which has given such universal satisfaction. Every stove guaranteed. Call and examine our stock and get prices.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,
s29. adj. Kent Nat'l Bank.

S. Bernei & Sons,

S. E. Corner Lexington & Eutaw Sts.,

BALTIMORE, Md.

Our own importation of SILKS, VELVETS and fine DRESS GOODS this fall will excel in richness and style any previous openings, and shall endeavor to please every customer that may favor us with a visit. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MR. CLARENCE DYOTT will be glad to wait on all parties who may favor him with a call. j]12-y.

VELVETEENS, in new fall shades at J. R. SIMPERS.

CLOVER SEED.

WE ARE NOW TAKING ORDERS FOR

CHOICE

Western Clover Seed

which we propose to furnish at a very close profit.

TERMS CASH or exchange for Grain.

TURNER BROS.,

Feb. 14, 1885. BETTERTON.

DRUGS!

OUR STOCK IS LARGE AND FRESH!

We carry an assortment of the finest Drugs in the market.

OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT!

is first class in every respect and under our own personal care.

C. F. STAM,

feb7. DRUGGIST.

WHEAT & CORN WANTED

FOR WHICH THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE WILL BE PAID UPON DELIVERY TO

S. B. FOARD,

Agent for the Wm. Lea & Sons Co.

I have also C. W. WARREN at Kennedyville, who will always be in the market for Grain.

fe7-6m. S. B. FOARD.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

Locust Grove, Md,

Agents for the WM. LEA & SONS CO.

BRANDYWINE MILLS.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

Paid for GRAIN on RAILROAD.

d13.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in equity, the creditors of LUTHER A. KENDALL, are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated by affidavit, with the clerk of the Circuit Court, for Kent county within four months from the 10th day of March, 1885.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.

Jan. 31-4t.

Ratification Notice.

THE CHESTER LOAN ASSOCIATION OF KENT COUNTY,

versus

Albert C. Perkins and Sarah E. Perkins his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, January Term, 1885.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of Albert Perkins and Sarah E. Perkins his wife, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, attorney, under a power in the mortgage from the said Albert C. Perkins and Sarah E. Perkins his wife, to the Chester Loan Association of Kent County, dated January 24, 1883, and recorded in Liber S. B., No. 4, folio 13, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of April next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 23rd day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $375.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.

Feb. 21—4t.

Organs & Pianos.

WATERS & CO.'S New Scale Pianos and Organs, the best in the market; superb styles. New catalogues just out free to all. Stock or marketable goods taken in part pay if desired. Address,

WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO., Ag'ts.
j31. Edesville, Kent Co., Md.

VALENTINES.

A Choice Assortment

at STAM'S

feb7. DRUG STORE.

GUNS!—Muzzle & Breech loaders. Shot, Powder, Wads, Shells, &c., for sale by W. A. WHEATLEY, n15. adjoining the Bank.

A Bit of Experience.

I have met with a good many people
In jogging o'er life's varied way;
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave and the gay;
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I have been with the ugly, the bad,
I have laughed with the ones who were merry
And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey,
Ne'er to judge one by what he appears;
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Oft battle to keep back the tears,
And long sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile,
While the heart which is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind—
In hearts the most gentle and loving
Some blemish or fault we can find;
But yet I have ne'er found the creature
So low, so depraved or so mean,
But had some good impulse, some virtue,
That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And too, I have learned, that most friendships
We make are as brittle as glass;
Just 'et a reverse overtake us—
"Our friends" on the "other side" pass.
But, ah! I have found some few loyal!
Some hearts ever loving and true!
And the joy and the peace they have bro't me
Have cheered me my whole journey through.

A DECIDED BARGAIN.

"Oh, mother," said Bessy Jewett, "how hard it is to be poor."

"My child," said the widow, with a quivering lip, "do you think that I have not learned that lesson long ago?"

"Well, mother, it's too bad for me to add to your troubles by complaining," confessed Bessy. "But it always seems worse when Mrs. Fanting comes to see us."

"She means well, my dear," said Mrs. Jewett.

"Then I wish she'd mean ill," said Bessy, tempestuously. "Just for a change, mother. What business has she to lecture you, I'd like to know, about using white sugar in your tea, and wearing lace around your neck instead of linen? Why can't she say pleasant things instead of unpleasant ones? I declare, I could almost have boxed her ears when she asked you how much rent you paid, and expressed her opinion that you had no business to live in such a house as this."

"She did not know that Mr. Pardee gave us the use of the house for taking care of it until it was sold," apologized Mrs. Jewett.

"And I was sorry you told her," said Bessy. "What business was it of hers, I should like to know."

"My dear, my dear," soothed the gentle widow.

"Hush!" said Bessy, lifting her finger, "there she is now! Twice in one day. I declare this is too overpowering!"

Mrs. Jewett and Bessy were sitting together in the little back room. Although it was early twilight no lamps were yet lighted, a feeble fire of carefully husbanded coals glimmered faintly in the grate, and shone upon the antique furniture which was all that remained to Mrs. Jewett of the old abundance. Into this nutshell of a room Mrs. Fanting rustled with a strong smell of patchouli and an overwhelming amount of orange-colored feathers and sealskin furs.

"I hope I don't intrude," said she.

"Yes, you do," whispered Bessy so that only her mother can hear.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jewett, faintly.

"But it just occurred to me," observed Mrs. Fanting unbuttoning her seal-skin jacket and fanning herself vehemently, "that I should like that old family clock of yours."

Bessy glanced apprehensively at the old brass-faced clock whose carved top nearly touched the ceiling, and whose monotonous "tick, tick," measured the seconds like an unseen finger in the dusk.

"Of course you would be glad of a chance to sell it," went on Mrs. Fanting. "How very warm you do keep the room! Can't you open a window?"

"You forget," interposed Bessy, "that you are sitting with all your wraps on and that mother has a cold. No, we can't open a window."

Mrs. Fanting cast a vicious look toward Bessy. She and that young person never did agree. There was always a tacit antagonism between them. She turned brusquely to Mrs. Jewett.

"About the clock," she resumed. "Fanting has taken a notion to have an 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' There's a landing half way up where it would show beautifully from the hall. And he says it must be a genuine old-fashioned one, too. What will you take for that one?" pointing her finger to the brass-faced clock.

Mrs. Jewett started almost as if she had been struck.

"I—I did not think of selling it," said she. "It belonged to Grandpa Jewett, and—"

"That's all nonsense," said Mrs. Fanting. "You can't expect to keep all these old traps. Why, the very storage of them would cost you too much. And, besides, Fanting wants the clock. He will give you twenty dollars for it."

"I could not sell it for that," said Mrs. Jewett. "Doctor Sibley would have given me fifty for it before we left Oldvale."

"Then you were a fool for not selling it to him," said Mrs. Fanting, with a coarseness that brought the angry crimson to Bessy's cheek. "You can't expect to get any such price for it here, where people know the value of things. But, since you are a relation, I don't think Fanting would mind giving you twenty-five."

"I cannot sacrifice it for any such sum as that," said Mrs. Jewett, decidedly.

"In that case you may keep it," said Mrs. Fanting, rising to her feet, and waving the fan back and forth more energetically than ever. "There are plenty of old clocks to be had at Byington's for reasonable prices. And I hope you may never live to repent your obstinacy."

She rustled out of the room without further ceremony, leaving Mrs. Jewett and Bessy looking at each other.

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Jewett.

"Mother, why should you be sorry?" cried Bessy. "For my part I am rather glad that Mrs. Fanting has received a check. But isn't it strange, mother. Byington's is the very place where Doctor Sibley advised us to send the old clock to be sold. We'll speak to the expressman tomorrow. For we must have money, dear mother, and I would starve sooner than ask help from Mrs. Fanting."

Mr. Fred Byington himself, the son of the spectacled old connoisseur in antiques, came up to look at the clock, and pronounced it a genuine curiosity in its way.

"You ought to get a hundred dollars for it," said he; "but I don't know whether you will. Times are dull just now, but I'll do the best I can for you, Miss Jewett."

"It seems almost like selling one of the family," said Bessy, with tears in her eyes, "I can remember this clock ever since I was a baby."

Fred Byington's handsome face became intensely sympathetic. "It does seem cruel, doesn't it?" said he. And I am so sorry that it should be necessary to part with it. But I'll send over our wagon for it this afternoon, and you may depend on your pet receiving the most careful treatment."

"How kind he was," said Bessy, gratefully, after Mr. Byington was gone. "I didn't know that it was usual for dealers to send their own wagons after these things."

While old Mr. Byington shook his head at his son.

"Fred! Fred!" said he. "Take care that you don't get too much interested in your customers!"

But Fred only smiled.

The old clock had scarcely occupied the post of honor in Byington & Co.'s immense warerooms for three days when Mr. Fred Byington sent a note up to Bessy:

"MY DEAR MISS JEWETT:—I have an offer of a hundred dollars for the old clock. What shall I do? F. B."

And Bessy wrote back:

"MY DEAR MR. BYINGTON:—Sell it.
BESSY JEWETT."

And then Bessy cried a little over her stocking mending. She could not help it.

Fred Byington came up that evening with a check for a hundred dollars, having the firm signature of "Byington & Co."

"I have sold the clock," said he.

"I am very glad," said Bessy, who had decided that it was best to put away all vain repinings. "It was very kind of you to take so much pains about it. Who did you sell it to?"

"To Mrs. Ebenezer Fanting," said Fred. "I believe if I had asked a hundred and fifty for it she would scarcely have hesitated. She declared it was the finest specimen of the antique she had ever beheld. I sent it home this afternoon. She is to have a grand party tonight, and was kind enough to honor me with an invitation."

"Are you going?" Bessy involuntarily asked.

"Not if you will allow me to spend an hour with you," said Fred, a little timidly.

Mrs. Fanting came the next day.

"Well," said she, "I've bought a beauty of an old clock; far handsomer than that of yours, Cousin Jewett. And—"

"Wait, wait!" said Bessy, with sparkling eyes. "Don't be too precipitate Mrs. Fanting. You have bought our very old clock. We sent it to Byington's to be sold."

"What?" cried Mrs. Fanting.

And then Bessy explained not without a thrill of mischievous exultation. And Mrs. Fanting went home in a rage.

But she was still more indignant when she learned that Mr. Fred Byington was becoming a regular visitant at the Jewett house.

"And he never accepted any of my invitations," said she, wrathfully, "because, forsooth, he couldn't leave his business."

Nevertheless, Maddalena and Georgietta Fanting, her two hard-favored daughters, went to the wedding, all smiles.

"The Byingtons are rich," said they, "and move in excellent society. It's a great deal more sensible for us to be good friends with Fred and Bessy than to quarrel with them. And after all, it was your own fault mamma. If you had paid Cousin Jewett a decent price for her old clock it never would have been sent to Byington's, and ten to one Fred never would have seen that girl."

Mrs. Fanting burst into tears.

"I am the most miserable mother in the world," said she. "As if it wasn't bad enough to be disappointed in the dearest hopes of one's life without being reproached by one's own ungrateful daughters."

For the old clock had proved rather an expensive bargain after all.

A GLIMPSE OF GREYSTONE.

Mr. Tilden's House by the Hudson of Late a Mecca for Democrats.

Greystone is a huge pile of gneiss rock, quarried from the neighboring hills, and is impressive from its very size. It contains ninety-nine rooms and has a frontage of four hundred feet. In the centre is a tall square tower. Its effectiveness is in its massiveness, and Mr. Cleveland might scour the banks of the Hudson without finding its equal in this and many other respects. The edifice stands in a park of one hundred and twenty acres of magnificent woodland slopes, broad meadows, sequestered lawns and lovely glades and glens. From the uppermost room of the tower, four hundred feet above the surface of the Hudson, the scene is magnificent. To the north are the Peekskill Mountains and the environment of West Point. To the west are the Palisades; to the south the upper part of New York city and the hills of Staten Island, while in the east are the sail-flecked waters of Long Island Sound. On every hand the prospect is not less beautiful than vast. Near the house are several large silver firs, which Mr. Tilden imported from Greece. These are interspersed with a unique and beautiful collection of trees and shrubs, among which are oaks and alders, purple beeches and evergreens from the deepest shades of green to the richest shades of gold. Chief among the latter is a beautiful specimen of Japanese arbor-vitæ.

From the rear veranda the grounds descend by a succession of six terraces to the Hudson, four hundred yards distant. Standing directly west of the mansion is an oak tree that towers above the other monarchs of the forest. It is symmetrical almost to a fault and never fails to attract attention. Mr. Cleveland asked if there was any tradition connected with it. His host smilingly informed him that he knew of none, except that it had been dubbed the "Tilden Oak." The spread of its foliage is seventy feet.

The main hall of the building extends clear across, from east to west, and is lofty and wide. On the right is the secretary's office. The secretary, as he sits at his desk, can look at portraits of William Cullen Bryant, Chas. O'Conor and Samuel J. Tilden. Next to this room is a wide stairway and next to it the dressing-room. At the end of the hall is the entrance to the rear piazza and on the left side one may enter the reception room, the dining room or the library. Mr. Tilden's sleeping apartments and the chief guest's room are on the second floor. In the latter Mr. Cleveland slept. The furniture is of satin-wood, trimmed with bamboo. The room is twenty by forty feet in size and is perfect in its appointments. Not far from this room is another, fitted up with a handsome billiard table and other requirements of the game. The third floor is entirely occupied by sleeping rooms.

No Case.

"Prisoner," said Prosecutor Buxton, "you are charged with gambling."

"Gambling! What is gambling?"

"Playing cards for money."

"But I did not play cards for money; I played cards for chips."

"Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game didn't you?"

"No; I didn't have any chips at the end of the game."

"I must shake off this bad habit," said a tramp, as he gazed at his tattered coat.

A $60,000 PICNIC.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR MARCH 4TH.

The Biggest Ball Room the Country Ever Saw—High Prices for Windows.

A dispatch from Washington says: There has been so much doubt expressed as to whether the Pension building will be ready for the ball on March 4th, that the *American* correspondent last Friday asked Secretary Clagett, of the committee, what he thought about it. Said he: "We have had some setbacks, but we will surely be ready. We are working men day and night, paying men big prices and sparing no effort. We shall be ready."

"Are the tickets for the ball selling in a way to indicate that it will be largely attended?" he was also asked.

"Yes. The sales here are large, and we are receiving large numbers of letters from all parts of the country asking about tickets. It is evident that the attendance is going to be very large."

"Larger than the capacity of the ball room?" was the next question.

"No, probably not for the ball room will be the largest ever seen in this country. You see, when you get a ball room on the floor of which two thousand or more people can be dancing at once, and a promenade where two or three thousand more can be made comfortable, a dining-room where a thousand people may be fed at once and galleries where four or five thousand people may be comfortably seated, you have an immense affair. No one can appreciate the immensity of the ball room and its belongings until he has seen it and realized how little a show a few hundred workmen make in it."

"How will it compare with that of four years ago?"

"There is no comparison between the two balls. And there is every reason to look for a very much greater attendance than four years ago."

"And as to the other features of the inauguration—the procession, for instance?"

"The procession promises to be a fine one. There are to be from seven to ten thousand members of civic associations in the procession, judging from the communications we have had, and as for the military, there is no end of it. Pennsylvania alone is to send seven thousand of her State troops, New York five thousand and many of the other States large numbers, while the United States government is also to furnish a large number of men. The procession will be something quite worthy of the occasion."

"And the evening features—the fireworks?"

"They are promised to be something very handsome. We have arranged to pay pretty nearly five thousand for what is promised to be nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of this sort of thing. The Avenue is to be 'red' with rockets, candles and colored lights, and on Washington Monument grounds there are to be some very elegant and costly 'set pieces.' The company which has this contract promises to do itself especial credit in this particular."

"All of which is going to cost money, Mr. Clagett. Eh?"

"Yes. It will cost, all told—decorations, parade, fireworks, ball and other incidentals—fifty or sixty thousand dollars. We have thirty thousand dollars already subscribed—nearly all by citizens of the District, too; and we expect to make at least as much more off the ball—perhaps enough to return all the money subscribed."

A good deal of anxiety is felt about the weather on Inauguration Day. There has been so much very cold weather this winter that it would not be at all surprising if the military would have to march in extremely bad weather. It is recalled with a shiver that twelve years ago the weather was so very bad that many men were made sick from the exposure, and several lives lost solely on this account. Some of the Annapolis cadets, who were obliged to march without overcoats, suffered terribly on that occasion. Another class who are anxious just now are the seat speculators. On every "reservation" and park along the avenue where the procession is to march are being erected platforms, with seats to accommodate thousands and thousands of people. All along the Avenue the windows are placarded, "This window for rent for the inauguration parade." The prices for windows range from $5 upward as high as $50. If the weather is stormy, the outside and uncovered seats will go begging; but if nature smiles on the incoming administration, all the seats will bring from a dollar to five dollars apiece.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Wonderful Powers Vouchsafed to an Invalid in Her Last Illness.

The following incidents happened during the last illness of a relative of the writer. The deceased was a young married woman, about the age of 32. Her husband was a mechanic, and she herself was by trade a coat-maker, at which occupation she worked until about three weeks before her death. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in New Hampshire, brought up in the usual plain manner of the region. When she first ceased her work and acknowledged herself an invalid her symptoms were feverishness and an unusual activity of mind, which was at first called flightiness, then hysterics, and later insanity. As a matter of fact, however, she was entirely normal in her mental action up to the very last, excepting in the matter of clairvoyance. Soon after she was taken sick she told her husband: "I am much sicker than the doctor thinks me; I am going to die pretty soon. I don't mean that I am really sick, for I am not; and I am going to die, that is all."

The queer thing in her sickness was the development of genuine clairvoyance of a kind which no theory satisfactorily explains. Upon one occasion her mother came into the room after having left it for a few moments and found her making her bed. She said: "Emma, you ought not to do that; let me do it." "Oh, no," she said, "I am strong enough to do it. Aunt Mercy is coming down. She just started a few minutes ago, and you know how she hates to find anything in disorder." After a look in the glass the invalid returned to the bed, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of Aunt Mercy's approval. Nothing was thought of this at the time, but a few days later another case happened. The family doctor could make nothing of her sickness, and disposed of it under that convenient carry-all, "hysterics." So, without her knowledge, her mother sent to a town some thirty miles away for a more skillful physician, a relative of the family.

The next morning as she and her mother were together she suddenly remarked: "Why there is Dr. Lathrop just getting off the cars. How fast he walks." Then a few minutes later, she laughed and said: "Why how fast the doctor does walk; and he is coming the long way round, too. Why don't he take the short-cut?" Presently the doctor came in, out of breath, when she immediately said: "Oh, I saw you running; but why didn't you take the short cut? But of course you wouldn't know."

Another day she said to her mother, "What made you tell father to come down here today? He is too lame to walk so far." Her mother replied that she had not done so, and that she had no idea that he would come. "Oh, yes," said Emma, "he has started and he is just passing Mr. Smith's now." So she went on from time to time, telling how far he had got, until at the end he came in, just as she had seen him. One day she said to her aunt, who was with her, "Uncle Jo has just started to come up to see me, but what did he get those blue pants for?" Uncle Jo lived about forty miles away. Her aunt said, "I don't know. I should think Jo would look well in blue." Then the invalid said, "Oh, yes, he has got a blue coat. Well, it is becoming to him." After a little she said: "He is now opposite Ipswich, but he will not stop." When the train arrived Uncle Jo was on it, in the new blue suit, as she had seen him. When he came in she said: "What made you get off on the wrong side of the train at P.? I thought you would get left." Uncle Jo owned up to having gotten off upon the wrong side at the junction and to having had a narrow escape from being left.

The incidents here given are literally true. They are but samples of many others which took place during this strange sickness. No autopsy was allowed. It was the opinion of the distant physician that her disease was cerebral. But in what way disease could operate to liberate the senses from their customary bondage to time and space the physician had no opinion to offer. The writer will add that a cousin of the deceased had in childhood the gift of seeing friends at remote distances. The faculty was tested at the time, and seemed to exist beyond dispute. It was lost at a later age.

MISHAPS TO A CORPSE.

Three Times Throw Out of Its Casket by Accident—Its Final Interment.

Special to the New York World.

EAIK, Pa., Feb. 17—The remains of a daughter of John Wells were being carried into a Methodist Church in Wesleyville, Pa., yesterday, by four young lady pall-bearers, when two of them slipped on the ice-covered steps and the coffin fell. The casket was burst open, allowing the corpse to roll out upon one of the prostrate young ladies, who was frightened into insensibility. The body was replaced and the service concluded.

At the entrance to the cemetery the handles of the casket broke and the corpse again rolled out. As the remains were being lowered the cord slipped and the casket was smashed at the bottom of the grave. The grave-digger, losing his balance, fell into the grave upon the corpse and was drawn out palsied with fright. Another casket and shroud was procured and the remains at last found rest.

A Queer Sort of Sight.

One of the most singular cases of vision on record is found in the fourth grade of our schools, in the person of Belle Kinney, a little girl twelve years of age. She lately came from Kenton with her parents and shortly after entering school here her teacher discovered that she always read with her books upside down, and that while writing she invariably placed the copy in the same position and wrote backward, with the letters inverted and with her left hand. Not knowing whether to attempt a correction of the habit the teacher sent for Dr. I. N. Hamilton, one of our prominent physicians and president of the Board of Education, who tested her thoroughly yesterday with figures, pictures, reading and writing, and discovered that she was equally skillful with her books in any position, although the child herself had never particularly noticed her peculiarity, but expressed a desire to use her books as others do. The doctor says it is the most remarkable case of the kind of which he ever heard.—*Marysville Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Boy Who Eats Wool.

A New London, Conn., boy, aged five, eats all the woolen and worsted threads he comes across. He picks the nap from blankets and the worsted from the chair tidies, and it is hardly required to state that he is in a constant condition of ill health. His affectionate mamma does not know what to cover him with when she puts him in his little bed. His appetite is excellent, and he eats holes through the blanket in no time. In the parlor and sitting-room, when he manages to enter those apartments, he makes the tidies and curtains look as if an army of moths had been at work. The only sure way to cure him would be to padlock his mouth and encase his hands in short iron gloves. But if they let him alone and can afford the expense for awhile, such food will soon send him among the angels.—*Philadelphia Progress.*

Eli Perkins on Law and Medicine.

"Stop that coughing over there!" cried a New York Judge. "Such coughing disturbs the business of the court."

There was a short, painful silence, writes Eli Perkins, during which a pale, consumptive man struggled with himself, then coughed again, and continued it for several minutes.

"I'm bound to stop that coughing!" exclaimed the Judge. "I'll fine you $10. I think that will stop it."

"Jedge," said the cadaverous man, "I'd be willin' to pay $20 to have that coughed stopped. If you can stop it for $10, you'd better get down off that bench and go to practicing medicine. There's money in it, Jedge—money in it."

Strange.

He died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him; sudden fame
Those suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, You'd seek his like in vain—
Gentle, and strong, and good; none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Wondered—was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues, lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread;
And made him, living, wish him dead.

—BY E. R. SILL.

Only a girl on roller skates,
Only a female defying the fates;
Only a step or two out on the floor,
Only this, then something more.

Only a man on the backward glide,
With hand outstretched and feet spread wide;
Only a bold dash, then a dull thud,
Only a scream that would curdle your blood.

Only a mingling of stripes in air,
Only a shower of auburn hair;
Then she sat on him by the ton—
Never was man so sat upon.

A LITERARY SWELL—an editor with the dropsy.

AN OPPONENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A Baltimore Lawyer Thinks them No Good—Prof. Newell Tries to Teach Him Better Sense.

Mr. C. J. Bonaparte, a Baltimore lawyer, recently delivered an address in that city in which he severely criticised the public schools and questioned the wisdom of such institutions at all. Prof. Newell, in the *Sun*, indulges in the following very sensible comments on Mr. Bonaparte's strictures:

Mr. Bonaparte has the courage of his opinions. There are not a few who hold his sentiments, but are not brave enough to avow them. He has done the school system a service by his criticism. "Truth like a torch, the more it's shook it shines." If our schools cannot stand such a small shaking as Mr. Bonaparte has given them they deserve to fall.

Mr. Bonaparte can see no difference in principle between a free soup-house and a free school. But I can see many differences. Multiply free soup-houses and you multiply paupers. Multiply free schools and you increase intelligence. Between a charity school and a free soup-house there is but little difference in principle. But the free schools are not charity schools; they are public schools, of the people—the *public*—for the people and by the people. They do not increase pauperism; they diminish it. There is no more charity about them than about the post-office, or the service of water and light.

There was a time when every householder was required by law to hang a lighted lamp at his doorway on dark nights. Afterward it was found more convenient, more effective and more economical to have the city lighted at public expense. A century ago many parents of the class that now send their children to the public schools would have had a private tutor in the family, or a few families would join and hire a teacher.

This was the origin of the private school. But it was found that the teaching could be found more cheaply and of a better quality when all the families united and supported a school system at the common expense. This is the common school, or public school system. Charity has nothing to do with it; it is a measure of economy and efficiency.

There are but three agencies by which the children of a whole community can be educated—the parents, the church and the government; municipal, State or national.

When the education of the masses has been left to the unaided care of the parents, the masses have remained uneducated. All history proves this. It is not worth while in this country to discuss the church as a universal educator. If we had a universal church, church education might be tried. There remains only the State capable of doing the work.

The State needs intelligent citizens. A certain measure of education is a necessary foundation of this intelligence. Such a measure of education the State proposes to furnish, not as a charity, not even as a right, but for the protection and well-being of the State itself.

Mr. Bonaparte may be right in his assertion that the public schools teaches some things that are unnecessary and omit to teach some things that are necessary. The system is by no means perfect, and Mr. Bonaparte might have contributed something to its improvement had he specifically named these sins of omission and commission. It is not likely that his redistribution of the subjects taught would be much more satisfactory than the present arrangement, but it would have been pleasant to hear his views.

Of one thing he may be sure—class education can have no place in American schools until this government has been greatly changed. We cannot educate a boy to his future, for we cannot guess what his future may be. Certainly very few American boys will want to be tied down to the trade of their fathers.

"The schools unfit boys for physical labor." Not so. Nobody wants to work hard if he can avoid it. The avoidance of hard work is not in the schools—it is in the air. No change that could be effected in the public schools would change human nature. "We lose a good smith and get a bad clerk." And this is charged on the schools. But the smith needs more brains and a higher education than the clerk. Both must receive the same education, for we cannot tell who is to be smith and who is to be clerk.

Not Easily Imposed Upon.

A citizen who had been playing poker the night before dropped a blue chip into the contribution box by mistake:

After service he went to the deacon who had passed the plate and told him of the mistake.

"So I'll just give you a dollar in its place," he said, "and we'll keep the matter quiet."

"No, you don't," replied the deacon, ignoring the money offered; "that's a blue chip. It's worth five dollars."

THERE is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended, and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." The prisoner's counsel collected his fee, and then said to the vindicated statesman: "Well, get out. You are free." "I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff; "I don't want him to see me." "Why not?" "'Cause I've got them breeches on."

A RESIDENCE in Indianapolis has the following conspicuously posted up in front:

"No younge man ALLOWED
to come and COURTE my
DARTER UNLESS
he has $250 to PAY DOWN
on a HOUSE and LOT
balance in 1, 2 & 3 years
for SAIL by me. WITHIN."

A LITTLE ROCK MAN sold his cooking stove to get money enough to take his family to the circus. When one of his friends remonstrated with him he said: "We had no use for the stove—had nothing to cook." "But why didn't you buy something to eat with the money you got for the stove?" "Then we should have had nothing to cook it on. Don't talk to me; I'm a philosopher."

"YES, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

THE village milkman of Galesburg, Ill., made a mistake and delivered some pure, lactose fluid to his customers, whereupon their local papers announced that a new cattle disease had broken out in the vicinity.

MEN of note—the bank cashier.