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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 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. 47. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887. No. 35.

Professional Cards.

INTERESTING CARD
—FROM—
Dr. PHELPS

People demand GOOD DENTISTRY at REASONABLE CHARGE without PAIN. I can meet the demand. Some think false teeth cannot be fitted over old roots. I do it with great satisfaction to my patients.
Thanks to an appreciative public for my increasing practice. I am trying to merit it.
j22-tapr30. W. G. PHELPS, D. D. S.

DR. EDWARD A. SCOTT,
A graduate of the University of Maryland, and with a practice of twelve months in hospital attached thereto, having located in Galena, offers his professional services to the public. He will be found at all hours at the residence of his father, Cornelius J. Scott, when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

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

Dr. THOMAS H. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

LYDIA F. DOUGHTEN,
late of Wilmington, Delaware, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1887.

J. FRANK BIGGS,
Adm'r C. T. A.,
jan15-4t. Wilmington, Delaware.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS MASSEY,
late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of January 1887.

HENRY T. MASSEY,
Jan. 8-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN B. PARROTT,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1887, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.
Given under our hands this 11th day of January, 1887.

WM. S. BUSICK,
JOHN B. PARROTT,
Jan. 8-4t. Administrator.

1837. THE SUN. 1887

A. S. ABELL & CO.....PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

On the 27th of May, 1837, the BALTIMORE SUN will celebrate its Fiftieth anniversary. From the earliest period of its career the SUN has been a "Household Word" in the homes of its subscribers, and a synonym for accuracy of statement, fair dealing, promptness, energy and enterprise in the collection of news. It is noted throughout the country for the independence, conservatism and thoughtfulness of its editorial utterances. There is probably no newspaper published in the United States whose opinion carries more weight or whose influence is more widely extended than the Sun's; a fact upon which it may justly pride itself as the legitimate result of painstaking care in the preparation of all matter admitted to its columns. The SUN'S facilities for collecting news from all quarters of the globe are being constantly extended and improved, and new features are added without regard to expense as occasion demands.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN has long occupied an enviable position as a model family newspaper, containing not only the news of the world and a variety of literary matter and miscellaneous reading for the family circle, but special features of recognized value, including an agricultural department, which supplies every week a mass of well-digested information for the farmer.

Full commercial, financial, cotton, cattle, market and stock reports up to the hour of going to press.

Terms of subscription by mail, invariably in advance. Postage on all subscriptions in the United States and Canada prepaid.

One Year	$6.00
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As an advertising medium its value is, of course, in proportion to its immense circulation.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN.

Terms invariably cash in advance. ONE DOLLAR a copy for Twelve Months. Premium Copies to getters up of Clubs for the "Baltimore Weekly Sun:

FIVE COPIES	$5.00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun for one year.	
TWENTY COPIES	$20.00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun nine months.	

Address A. S. ABELL & Co., Publishers, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 1, 1887.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the old FAMILY RECORD of JOHN and JANE CAVENDER, New Castle County, Delaware, long since deceased. A suitable reward.
Address ALEXANDER CAVENDER,
jl-1m. 19 N. Mount St. Balto., Md.

UNDERWEAR.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Vests, Gent's Undershirts in large variety, prices right.
sep18 J. H. SIMPERS.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

A COLD WAVE COMING!

Which probably may last all Winter. For prevention and comfort you can obtain

A Stove at a Low Price
—AT THE STOVE STORE OF—
JOSEPH S. CLARK,

Who has a full and complete line of HEATERS, both Single and Double, COOK STOVES and RANGES, FIREPLACE HEATERS, both for Comfort and Beauty, with or without Slate Mantels, at a LOW price and put up at short notice

STOVE REPAIRS FOR ANY MAKE OF STOVES.

In addition to Stoves I have a full line of HARDWARE, both ship and builders' supplies; a full line of TINWARE, GUNS, Ammunition, and everything pertaining to a First-class HARDWARE STORE. Call and examine my Stock and I think I can convince you of the fact that I am selling goods as LOW as can be bought.

HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE
OF
J. S. CLARK,
Under Town Hall, (Postoffice in same department), Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

GEO. H. CLARK'S
GENERAL STORE.

The Leading Dry Goods Store of Still Pond.

WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FINE GROCERIES AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Also, a complete line of BOOTS and SHOES. We have everything in the line of NOTIONS that the people need and the Stock is new and complete.

GLOVES To Fit any Hand—Prices and quality cannot be beat! **GLOVES.**

We have a HAND-MADE BOOT which we GUARANTEE.

This is the place to buy your ROPE YARN, as we buy direct from headquarters and we can give you the benefit of the LOWEST PRICES.

We Guarantee Complete Satisfaction Both as to Our Goods and Low Prices.

STILL POND CLOTHING HOUSE
AHEAD OF ALL!

Genuine, Honest CLOTHING at Prices Lower than any store in the county. A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR FIVE DOLLARS!

- WINTER CLOTHING -
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Elegant Cutaway and Prince Albert SUITS, Satin-lined, Tailor-made, at the LOWEST possible price. OVERCOATS of all kinds and prices, from a heavy Overcoat for $5 to a Gent's Satin-lined, Corkscrew or a nice Melton, Satin-lined.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS A SPECIALTY.

PARAGON OVERALLS, warranted not to rip. HATS and CAPS.

LOUIS LAMBORN,
Nov. 20, 1886. Middle Store in Town Hall.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Opposite Stam's Hall

OUR SPECIALTY:
Choice Family Groceries
ALWAYS A NICE FRESH STOCK

All kinds of standard Canned Goods, a nice stock of Package Goods, only a few things we have room to mention. Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Graham Wafers, Oat Meal, Leggett's Oat Flakes, Leggett's Wheaten Grits, Hominy, Grits, Coraline, Gelatine, Cocoa, Chocolate, Corn Starch, Chowchow, Pickles, Cheese, Boston Baked Beans, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Spices, Powdered Sugar, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Glassware, Plain and Fancy Crockery, Lea & Sons Co.'s Flour, all grades.

Full Stock of Domestic Dry Goods
AND NOTIONS.

All of our stock was bought at CASH prices. Come and see us, it will pay you.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,
Dec. 11, 1886. Chestertown.

SHINGLES!

A Bonanza in Shingles
that were never offered LOWER.

ALL KINDS of SHINGLES

Another lot of CHEAP NORTH CAROLINA CULLINGS received; WHITE PINE CULLINGS, etc.

Buy Where We Sell on Low Cash Figures

Small, fair profits and large sales.
We do business to the advantage of our customers as well as ourselves and when we can't we will try another clime.

JOSEPH TURNER,
SCOTT'S POINT LUMBER-YARD, Dec. 11.

BOOTS and SHOES.
A large stock, carefully selected bought at lowest prices, which we offer as prices as low as can be found.
sep18. J. H. SIMPERS.

OUR MATCHLESS
Mark Down Sale
is now in full operation. Such an opportunity to get Strictly FIRST-CLASS
CLOTHING
For Men, Boys and Children
at such incredibly LOW FIGURES has not occurred in Fifteen Years. Everything MUST BE SOLD, cost what it may. Don't delay, as goods are being eagerly purchased by shrewd buyers. For the Greatest Bargains of our times visit or write to
ACME HALL,
New No. 17 E. Baltimore St. near Charles.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that all levies are due and payable on the first of January and they will see the necessity of making payment on or before that day.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 11 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., until further notice.

STEPHEN LEGATES,
Dec. 11-tf. Collector 4th District.

SECOND DISTRICT TAX-PAYERS.

For the convenience of the tax-payers of the SECOND DISTRICT I will be at the following places on the days named until further notice:

At Chestertown	- -	on Tuesdays,
" Still Pond	- -	on Thursdays.
" Kennedyville	- -	on Saturdays.

Prompt settlements are earnestly requested.
jl-tf. JOHN P. HENDRICKSON, Coll.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

The Tax-Payers of the THIRD DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1886.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the Court House in Chestertown every Tuesday and at Worton Heights every Saturday, until further notice.

M. M. RASIN,
oc23-tf. Collector Third District.

Thousands of cases of Consumption are cured every year by Acker's celebrated English Remedy. It is a guaranted preparation; if it does not help you it will cost you nothing. Try it. A single dose will show its good effect. Trial bottles 10 cts.
O. F. STAM, Druggist.

IN A TRANCE.

ITS WONDERFUL REVELATIONS.

The first sound that I can remember hearing was the slam of a door; I presume it roused me from my stupor, or whatever my previous state might have been; then I heard my brother-in-law say:

"Shut those windows, please; there's draught enough to kill a dozen well people! And Kitty, have one of the servants bring that little air-tight stove down from the trunk-room, and then see that there is a gentle fire kept up here at least until midday tomorrow. I will be back in a few moments."

I had been trying to open my lips to say something, to ask why I was lying in my bed at this hour of the day, or to request my sister Kitty to put another blanket on the bed; but I could not utter a word. While I was wondering what ailed me and why I felt so queer, one of the servants, who had entered with the little stove, said to her companion:

"Sure an' the masther's that quare! Niver before did I hear of any one wantin' to kape a dead man warrum; begorra, some o' them gets warrum enough where they've gone, but not the likes o' Masther Fred."

Why has Norah such a sound of tears in her voice?

"An' why, I wonder, didn't some o' thim miserable spalpeens round in the back street git runned over and kilt, instead o' him." Norah continued, "It will about kill his sister."

A cold chill came over me; who were they talking about! A score of weird tales which I had read came rushing through my mind—how people had been buried alive; how dear ones had permitted husband, brother, father, even mother or child, to be neglected as past hope; and how, after infinite suffering, the supposed corpse had struggled free from the coffin and winding-sheet and come home again; and I thought, too, of the many who had never been able to free themselves and I would have shuddered if I could have moved a muscle or even an eyelash; but I was as immovable as any corpse.

In what seemed a century I again heard my sister's voice. Considering that her only brother was supposed to be dead before her very eyes, I thought she seemed very blithe.

"Oh, Otto," she said to her husband, "then you do not think Fred is really dead?"

"No more dead than I am, my dear; he has evidently received a severe blow upon his head which rendered him senseless and has thrown him into a sort of trance or cataleptic state. I have just been to see Dr. Burke, and he says it is very probable. Anyway, Kitty, I insist that the room be kept warm, quiet and comfortable; if alive, he is weak, and this place, when I came into it, was cold enough to have frozen any invalid, and then, on the other hand, if he is not alive it will do no harm to have the temperature a little high, for any sign of decay will settle his condition beyond a doubt—and until I am quite positive he is dead I will give him the benefit of the doubt."

I had always liked and respected my grave brother-in-law; now I loved him. How I blessed him for his words! That he would stick to them I had no doubt, for he was a mule for obstinacy—no, no, never again would I call him obstinate, but firm!

I certainly was weak, for I either dozed now or had a faint turn, for the next thing I knew the room was warm, a soft scarlet shawl was spread over my feet, as I could see through my half-closed eyes, the curtains were drawn down, and the house was delightfully still. My sister seemed to have been persuading her husband into a grudging consent to something, for he was saying:

"Well, have your own way, Kitty; I can't pretend to fathom the minds of you women, and you may be right; I do not like the girl myself, and I think our Fred is thrown away on her. But then, you see, there never was but one woman in the world to me."

"You are the best man in the universe, Otto! I do hope that you are right, and that dear dear Fred can hear what we say," answered my sister, kissing me tenderly.

"If he can," answered Otto, laying his firm, cool hand on my forehead, "he knows that he is to be cared for, and that no harm shall come to him if Otto Kramer can defend him."

Alas! my tear-ducts too were paralyzed, and the tears which I felt rise in them could go no further.

Kitty now spread a large white quilt over me, letting it hang straight and smooth, and then she and Otto left the room. I had faith in them and again I allowed myself to elapse into a state of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a voice which I knew right well—the voice of Feroline Palmer, my betrothed, she was saying, calmly:

"I will be glad, Mrs. Kramer, if you will leave me quite alone with—with Fred for a few moments; give me just five minutes! I know you have never liked me, but surely you will not refuse the last request I will ever make of you."

What could she mean? Could Kitty have been so heartless as not to tell her that Otto knew that I was still alive? Kitty and she were no good friends, for my sister showed plainly that she did not think Lina (whom she always spoke of by her full name, Feroline) half good enough for me; but I was of a different opinion. In my eyes Lina was not cold, but only full of pure maidenly reticence; that she was at all mercenary was, to me, disproved by the fact that Harold Carter, the matrimonial prize of our town, had not been able to win her from me; though everybody could see that he was head-over-heels in love with her.

"Very well," answered my sister, in the tone of a woman convinced against her will, "I will leave you now, and return in five minutes."

As Kitty shut the door behind her, I felt a glow of pleasurable anticipation come over me; I said to myself that surely the warm kiss which Lina would give her dead lover would break this strange thrall that held me as in a vise, and that I would seem to come back to the life I had never left. Fancy my surprise, then, to find that when she drew near my bed it was not to give me my kiss, but to gaze calmly upon me and say, in a quiet, audible whisper:

"Free at last! Now, if I can only get those idiotic letters of mine, I can easily convince Harold and the world that I never, even at first, returned any of the wild fancy Fred bothered me with. I wonder if, had I never seen Harold, I could ever brought myself to care two straws for Fred Montrith? But time passes."

So saying, she drew from her pocket a little key which I at once recognized. In the earlier days of my courtship when Lina was not as yet quite won, I had two oaken boxes made and fitted with very peculiar locks; one of these I had given to Lina for her to keep her treasures (my letters, a lock of my hair, &c.,) and had used the other myself for a similar purpose, as well she knew. She only could unlock my box, for no other key but my own would have any effect on it. She quickly went to my table where the box was placed, and opening it, she hastily snatched from it the thick packet of her own letters, a bow of blue ribbon, an old glove and one or two pictures and thrust them in her pocket. Then she came to me, and taking my hand in hers, drew from it a ring she had once given me, and in its place put the one like it which I had given her; the only difference in the two was the inscriptions within them.

I was so astonished, so curious, that I forgot my disappointment in regard to the kiss, but listened with eagerness to what she should say now that Kitty came back to the room.

"I suppose that you have wondered, Mrs. Kramer, to see me so calm about your brother's death, but the truth is we came to the conclusion, only this very morning, that we were unsuited to one another — you knew that he was coming away from my house when he was run over, did you not? Yes, I thought so. Well, he had just returned my letters to me, and in his presence I have burned his to me. As had been pleased for some time to be jealous of the attentions Mr. Carter had paid me, and I had at last owned that if I were free I should accept Mr. Carter. Of course, under these circumstances, you cannot expect me to bewail Fred's death nor wear any mourning for him; indeed, I don't see why I need go to his funeral. I believe I'll go and visit my cousins in Albany until it is all over. I speak thus plainly to you because I know that there has never been any love lost between us two."

Now, there was not one word of truth in what Lina had said! And you may imagine how her story surprised me. What with being considered dead when I was keenly alive to all that was going on around me, and with hearing such a remarkable tale, I had no chance to be broken-hearted over the defection of my lady-love.

So I had been run over! Well, it was something to have learned that much. I had a faint memory of starting to cross a street, and then of a shout, a rush, a blow—and then nothing until I heard my brother-in-law utter the words already quoted.

But my surprises were not at an end. The statement thus calmly given by Lina was scarcely out of her mouth when my door was again opened and Theresa Ainsleigh entered. My sister welcomed her cordially; she and Kitty were very intimate, and she was as much at home in our house as any one of us were. The greetings exchanged between her and Lina were, however, of an icy character. While Kitty and Lina were saying a few parting nothings, Theresa drew near my bed, and I saw, to my surprise, that her eyes were full of tears, which would not be stayed, but welled up until they dropped upon my unresponsive hand; yet Lina had not showed a trace of feeling! I had a queer sensation as if I were assisting at some spectacle, and were an invisible auditor at that.

As the door closed behind Lina, Theresa threw herself on her knees and sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Fred, why were you taken? My darling, my darling!"

Here was a revelation! Theresa loved me! So it was for my sake she had refused more than one capital offer, and I had simply set her down as cold and maidish! She was a dear little thing, anyway.

Kitty has since said that she too, was so astonished, she did not know what to say first; suddenly she remembered that perhaps I could hear all that was going on, and, if so, maybe I would at last appreciate Theresa as she deserved, so she would not, just now, undeceive her. Then again, if she told Theresa it was not a cadaver, to whom she was telling her love, the poor girl would be too much mortified to ever look us in the face; by and by, if Otto was correct in his opinion about my condition, it would be easy to tell her that I had been restored but not to let her know that I had been given up by my own family.

Theresa confirmed Kitty in the intention by rising and pressing a long, warm kiss on my stone lips and hastening from the room.

In the intervals of consciousness which came to me I had leisure to meditate upon the two girls. I blamed myself for being hard-hearted because I could not feel the sorrow at Lina's loss which it seemed to me that I ought to experience; and Theresa's bright eyes and sweet mouth would rise before my mental vision in a most unaccustomed way. I really felt quite grateful to Kitty for what I was sure was a little artifice on her part to convince me how little Lina actually cared for me, although her scheme had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

A few hours convinced all my physicians that the Angel of Death had not yet been sent for me and, though I was ill for several weeks, I was at last restored to my usual health. In the days of my convalescence Theresa frequently came to read or sing to me, and my eyes now being open to virtues, I found myself getting seriously in love with her.

One day I surprised her by saying:

"By-the-by, Theresa, when is my old sweetheart, Feroline Palmer, going to be married?"

"Why, hasn't Kitty told you? Her engagement to Harold Carter was broken off in less than a fortnight; it turned out he was already married, though separated from his wife, and her father made such a talk about it that Harold has disappeared."

"And left Lina in the lurch, eh? Well, she got her pay for jilting me much sooner than I fancied she would. Why do you look so surprised? Did you believe the story she told Kitty? There was not a single word of truth in it."

"But you had your own ring on, and the box where you kept her letters was unlocked and empty; Kitty said she looked into things to see if she was misjudging Feroline in disbelieving what she had said."

"Oh, Lina was cute; she took he letters and changed the rings when she was left alone with her so-called dead love," I replied most incautiously.

"Oh, Fred you must not be so unjust, so bitter! Probably that blow on your head made you forget what had happened that morning; she is free now," and Theresa gave a faint sigh, and I saw the corners of her mouth droop.

"Yes, she's free, and likely to remain so; she can't play her game forever. She is a cold-hearted, mercenary flirt!"

Theresa thought my words were induced by wounded pride, so she tried to console me.

"Feroline has been to inquire for you ever so many times, and I told Kitty that I thought she ought to bring her up to see you."

"No, no!" thought I; "Kitty knows better; she knows by my silence about her that I have lost my interest in her."

These were my thoughts, but as I said not a word, Theresa, continued:

"She sent you those lovely roses which you have been admiring."

"Did she?" I exclaimed eagerly. "Please hand them to me."

Theresa did so, fully expecting to see me press them to my lips, and not at all anticipating that I would take and fling them into the bright fire which glowed in the grate before me.

"Why, Fred!" she cried, in amazement.

"There goes her gift, and there goes my fancy for her, if there was any of it left, that is. That blow on my thick skull, Tressie, convinced my dull intellect that I had been mistaking pinchbeck for gold. What a fool I was to have looked at Lina when you were still unmarried and therefore free to be loved!"

"Fred!" gasped Theresa; but I checked her flow of words by the usual means that lovers employ.

When Kitty came into the room a little later to see about my luncheon, the arch-hypocrite pretended to be immensely surprised to see the close embrace in which she found the two of us; but a glance which we exchanged over Tressie's unconscious head told me that she was satisfied now that I had heard all that was going on in the hours when I was left for dead.

But she kept my secret, and it was not until Theresa and I had been married two years that the secret was ever revealed. Kitty at that time also told Lina what her share in the matter had been, and the two women have not spoken since that time.

How Little We Know of Each Other.

How little we know of each other,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife,
We see things alone on the surface,
For few of us glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
Of fires that rage wildly within.

How little we know of each other,
The man who walks quietly by
With wealth and with honor and title,
And holds his head proudly on high,
Oft carries dread secrets within him
That render existence a curse;
Dread secrets that sear his soul over,
Of crime, or misfortune, or worse.

How little we know of each other,
The woman of fashion who sneers
At her sister whom fate has abandoned
To poverty, misery, tears,
May prove ere the sun rise tomorrow
More deeply immersed in disgrace,
And the sadness sneered at in another,
Be pictured upon her own face.

How little we know of each other.
Of our own hearts how little we know,
We are all feeble under temptation,
Be our station in life high or low.
Ah! then let sweet charity rule us,
And help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive for
Avoidance of shame and of sin.

DIPHTHERIA IN ELKTON.

A Report That Shows That the Town Needs Cleaning Up.

The State Board of Health held a meeting at the Baltimore city hall on Friday of last week. All the members were present except Dr. C. W. Chancellor, who is in Europe. Dr. Piper occupied the chair. Mr. John Morris made a report in reference to the epidemic of diphtheria in Elkton. He states that he visited the town on the 13th inst., and during his investigation consulted Drs. Ellis, Mitchell and Jamar, the health officer. The epidemic continued nearly three months, and there were about sixty cases, with ten deaths. While there have been sporadic cases of diphtheria from time to time in Elkton and locality, never until recently has it assumed an epidemic form. About a year ago three children of a family named Realy, residing on Main street, suffered from the disease, but it did not extend to other parts of the town. Dr. Mitchell thought that they had contracted the disease from a cat suffering from the diphtheria. While this was a possible cause, Dr. Morris felt convinced that it was not the true one. Upon examination he found the premises in the worst possible condition, with an open sewer in the rear, in which all manner of filth was emptied. It was stagnant, and could only be flushed by rain storms. Dr. Ellis, who attended the first case, could find no local cause about the house to account for the disease, though he admitted that the house was very damp. Dr. Morris thinks that contagion had much to do with the spread of the disease. He states that the sanitary condition of the town is lamentably bad, and in some respects worse than that of Frederick. "Pigpens and slaughter-houses exist in back places, but the privy system is better in Elkton than in Frederick, where the infamous pit arrangement is the rule. The great standing nuisance of Elkton is an open sewer, which courses along the northern side of the city, and receives drainage from all the premises in its course, including the pigpens. A number of privies are built immediately upon its margin, the contents of which flow into the sewer, and at one point was seen a pipe running into it, carrying off the house refuse. The drainage of the large stable of the hotel, including the ever-present pig-pen, flows into this receptacle. The stream is tideless, and can only be cleansed by storm water. The authorities of Elkton should be compelled to make this open drain a covered sewer, which could be effectually flushed. On the southern end of the town there is a marsh of some extent which receives the great part of the drainage, as the watershed of the town runs toward it, and as it is the receptacle of much filth. As long as this marsh and the open drain exist, Elkton cannot be considered a wholesome or sanitary town. Typhoid fever and diphtheria, under certain conditions and at certain times, will be sure to prevail. Diphtheria, particularly, which is a filth disease, will prove a menace to the people." The report was accepted, and it was decided that it be printed for distribution in Elkton and elsewhere. Dr. Piper submitted a long report on the condition of the water supply in Baltimore county and other localities. This report was also ordered to be printed for distribution, as it was considered a very good treatise on the subject.

TIGER BILL.

The circus season is over and a number of people who have been on the road are making their headquarters in a Western city. A few of the guild happen to assemble at Clancy's the other day, and entertained each other with reminiscences of their summer work.

"When we were at Orlean," said Tom Dolphin, who was with Pollman's circus, "we picked up a gigantic lumberman named Wm. Pike, who had never been further west than Michigan. We proceeded to bill him as 'Tiger Bill,' a noted scout and reformed desperado. He was an awfully big fellow but as tender as a chicken, and wouldn't dare to shoot a cat. At Johnstown we got five or six tame Indians and painted them up to kill. Then we started a wild West show on top of the performance. Tiger Bill was announced as the best shot and altogether the most remarkable cowboy of the age. He would come into the ring, sniff, cry, 'Ha, I smell Injuns!' and then stalk stealthily along until he discovered them lying in ambush, when he would blaze away and kill all but one or two, whom he would finish with a knife. The audience was assured that he obtained his name from the fact that he once killed three tigers on the plains with one shot. He loved to impress people with the notion that he was a very tough cuss. Every hotel we'd go to he'd say to the waitress in a deep voice which you could hear all over the room:

"'Bring two pounds of raw beef and a pint of blood.'

"The girl would reply that she couldn't get the blood, and he would resignedly ask for milk instead. The raw beef he ate right along. I don't think he liked it, but he worried it down in good style. After a while, in addition to his wild West show act, we got him to do feats of marksmanship. He would knock the pipe out of the mouth of the man smoking it or brush the ashes off a cigar with his trusty revolver. The weapon was loaded with blank cartridges, and the moment he fired the other man would bite the pipestem in two or bite the cigar so suddenly that the ashes would tumble off. One night when Tiger Bill had inspired the audience more than usual with a sense of his ferocity, he essayed to shoot the ash off a cigar in the mouth of one of our boys, who, for the fun of the thing wouldn't disturb the ash, but kept smoking the cigar as cool as before. Tiger Bill fired four or five unsuccessful shots and then the audience began to laugh and hiss, and he ran off in a rage."

The Abstemious Arab.

How is it that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region? They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where the water will collect. They regard this fluid more, perhaps, in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the exterior of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. General Colston tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp water would be offered them, but would often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness, they are able to cover immense distances, which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage animals.

How Little We Know of Each Other.

How little we know of each other,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife,
We see things alone on the surface,
For few of us glory in sin;
And an unruffled face is no index
Of fires that rage wildly within.

How little we know of each other,
The man who walks quietly by
With wealth and with honor and title,
And holds his head proudly on high,
Oft carries dread secrets within him
That render existence a curse;
Dread secrets that sear his soul over,
Of crime, or misfortune, or worse.

How little we know of each other,
The woman of fashion who sneers
At her sister whom fate has abandoned
To poverty, misery, tears,
May prove ere the sun rise tomorrow
More deeply immersed in disgrace,
And the sadness sneered at in another,
Be pictured upon her own face.

How little we know of each other.
Of our own hearts how little we know,
We are all feeble under temptation,
Be our station in life high or low.
Ah! then let sweet charity rule us,
And help one another to win
The crown that awaits those who strive for
Avoidance of shame and of sin.

CODDLED LIKE BABIES.

Pet Dogs Which Live a Life of Royal Luxury.

Pet dogs are not always beautiful nor amiable, and yet what young man has not, at some moment, longed to be a pet dog? To be caressed by the sweetest hand and voice in the wide world, to be called a thousand fond names in as many moments, to live in a land of swan's down and honey, and to be waited on like a prince. The pet dogs of fashionable ladies lead lives of luxury and splendor often denied the husband and children of the family.

An advertisement appeared recently calling for a 'maid for a pet poodle, who understands thoroughly how to wash and dress, feed and nurse dogs, and care of their wardrobes. Must be pretty, gentle and refined. Wages $20 a month.'

A maid for a dog! Ladies' maids are often expected to wash and comb lap dogs and to take them out for an airing, but an expensive maid for the exclusive benefit of the pet dog seemed to be an oddity.

It is said, however, that in New York there are dozens of dog maids; most of them get excellent wages and have a comparatively easy time.

A young woman who had served in this capacity at the home of a wealthy matron of Fifth avenue for several months told a reporter about her various duties to His Majesty, a little King Charles spaniel.

"He always slept in a little bedroom next to my mistress," she said, "and his bed was a real little brass bedstead with a fine spring and hair mattress, and he had silk sheets and a little quilt of down, besides rose-colored curtains and a small feather pillow. In the room stood his little painted bathtub, his case of brushes and combs, and a small table on which I combed him. I was never permitted to wake him until 9 o'clock, but I had to sit in the room in case he should wake. Then I gave him a dish of beef soup to strengthen him and prepared his bath.

"His mistress always came in to see that I didn't hurt him. He was washed in lukewarm water and the finest of castile soap, and dipped in rosewater before drying. Then I had an hour's task brushing and combing out his long silky hair, putting on one of his various collars and taking him down to the breakfast room. He always ate with his mistress, when her husband wasn't there.

"Oh, no, he wasn't cross at all. He used to make me almost cry, he looked so sad, as though he was too much petted. One day when out carriage riding he died, and was buried in a little white casket all lined with satin, in the garden up at the family country seat.

"Then I was recommended to a lady to be maid to her pug dog. I only stayed there two weeks. He was a dreadful dog. The lady gave him chocolate for breakfast, and always kept a box of the most expensive candies where he could go and help himself, and every time I went to wash him he would snap and bite and act dreadful. His mistress said it was because I wasn't 'gentle enough with darling, sensitive Philip,' as she called him, so one day not long ago, I just dumped him into a bath of cold water and left. Why, you know that dog was so fat he couldn't turn his head, and he wouldn't eat anything that didn't have sugar in it."

These two dogs are fair examples of the little creatures that the women of fashion pet and spend their time and money on. Very few young girls possess lap dogs. They prefer St. Bernards, setters and collies that can take care of themselves. Most women who have small dogs are over thirty and married. The reason for this is not easily explained. Some women say they must have something on which to shower their love and devotion, and a dog is the best they can do. When it is suggested that it would be of greater benefit to humanity if they would adopt some child, they exclaim, with a shrug:

"What! take a child from the slums and pet it? Mercy! It might bring some dreadful disease into the house, or turn out a thief or something else as bad!" And so the dog is everything, expensive, fed on the fat of the land and mourned sincerely when it dies.

There is a little man who lives in one of the New York side streets up town, over a large livery stable, and he earns an elegant living by cutting and fitting dog clothes. He keeps a stock of fine broadcloths, silks, braids, bright buttons and other necessaries on hand and sews away from morning till night on the curious little garments.

"I learned the tailor's trade many years ago," he said to the reporter, "and after I became so lame with the rheumatism that I couldn't be a coachman or a butler and more I took to this trade. My customers are the best people in the city"—this was said with great pride—"and I have made coats for some of the most costly dogs. Only yesterday there was a lady in here who wanted me to make a promenade jacket of hunter's green and scarlet for her little black and tan. He only weighs a pound and a-half and cost $300, she told me."

The jacket for this minute specimen of canine beauty was brought out and displayed. It measured just six inches long, and was lined with scarlet silk, tiny gold buttons fastening the straps of dark green. This article of wearing apparel was to cost the black and tan's mistress just $15, and was counted very reasonable at that price. Another coat made for a large pug was of fawn cloth, embroidered in pale blue silk, and had tiny pockets which were for his handkerchief and candies. The reporter was shown little smoking caps with tassels, which he was assured was worn by many dogs at home, curious little blankets of plush and velvet, cloth and silk richly wrought in silk, and even little white silk nightcaps, which are worn by delicate pet dogs during cold weather.

But the most unique articles were little overshoes. Yes, real overshoes made to fit the feet and worn on muddy days by dogs of high degree. These were nicely lined with downy cloth, and held about the ankle with elastic bands, and cost from 50 cents to $2 a pair.

Dog collars are so varied nowadays that it is difficult for one to make a choice. For mastiff's and St. Bernards, collies and Newfoundlands, the large leather strap covered with brass or silver nails, and fastened by a silver buckle, are the most fashionable. These cost everywhere from $2 up, but when a silver padlock, or a little silver flask, or barrel is added they are much more expensive. Then there are the little linked silver and gold collarettes for the small dogs, bands of plush and velvet and of gold set with precious stones. About a dozen dogs in town possess these latter kind, and are, of course, very vain of them. Silver bangles for black poodles have been in vogue for three or four years, but most dogs do not appreciate them.

Regular dog baskets of willow-ware are sold in all the large furniture and fancy stores, and are generally furnished with a bright-colored mat of sheepskin. These cost from $2 to $20, and when ornamented with a bright bow of ribbon make a pretty piece of furniture for a room.

What with doctor's bills, medicine, expensive clothing and feeding, it takes a large amount to keep a pet dog. Very few women who own one spend less than a $100 a year on them, and the majority many times that amount.

Woman's Work.

Do you ever think of the great change that has come about in the last ten or twelve years in regard to woman's work? Ten years ago the sight of a woman as cashier in any of our stores was a novelty, and such a thing as one in an insurance office or "among the men" was scarcely thought of. Go where you will in our cities today and you will find women earning their way and doing their work well. They are our stenographers, typewriters, copyists, cashiers, and workers in many ways. Every manufacturer who can employ them does so. They are in the postoffice, pension office and other government departments and you needn't be surprised to find them scattered through the city hall when there comes a deal by which candidates can be elected unpledged. And right here it may be said, as a hint to candidates, that one good looking, worthy young lady would influence more votes in Detroit than any five young men you could name. If a situation for her depended on any certain candidate's election he would be pretty certain to get there.

Col. Yerger—"That parrot keeps up such an infernal racket that you can't hear yourself speak." Mrs. Yerger—"I know it, George, but I must have it on account of my nerves." "On account of your nerves?" "Yes. I am going out into society a great deal this winter and the women keep up such a chattering that if I don't accustom myself to the noise by listening to this parrot screeching my nerves will not be equal to the emergency."

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