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Kent News.

Vol. 50. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1889. No. 32.

THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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Advertisements inserted for three months or at longer periods at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

General Commission Merchants

For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.

No. 206 South Charles Street,

Jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

20 East Camden Street, (*Near Light Street Wharf*) Baltimore, Maryland.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ly29.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

118 East Pratt St., Balto Md.

We refer to our present shippers among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,

Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. E. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. B. NELSON STEVENS

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

PHILADELPHIA.

G. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 356 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

E. C. CROW,

No. 316 N. Front St., Philadelphia,

(Old Number, 6 Vine Street).

COMMISSION MERCHANT

FOR THE SALE OF

FRUIT, LIVE STOCK, POULTRY & EGGS.

PEACHES A SPECIALTY.

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND.)

FRUIT, PRODUCE and LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. *Berries and Peaches* a specialty in their season. Reference, ce National Bank of Northern Liberties, Third and Vine streets, Philadelphia; or, some of the large Fruit Growers of Kent county. (apr27-1y.) P. E. CREW.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fel2-y.

Professional Cards.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIST,

Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House

Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays excepted.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,

—GRADUATE OF—

The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,

CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,

Homeopathist,

CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.

OFFICE at his mother's residence.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,

(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)

fe2. *GALENA, KENT CO., MD.*

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE.

Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. tf

DR. JAMES W. URIE,

HOMEOPATHIST,

STILL POND, MD.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

JOHN D. URIE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s Store, will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

JACOBY & MILLER,

AUCTIONEERS,

HAVING had large practice in the Auctioneering Business, we guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. All persons wishing our services will *please have JACOBY & MILLER put at the bottom of* their bills and paper advertisements. In employing the two the charge will be the same as for one man. G. W. JACOBY, WM. H. MILLER,

aug. Auctioneers, Galena, Maryland.

BENJ. B. OWENS,

Architect,

N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets,

BALTIMORE.

References—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

CANTON FLANNEL from 6c. per yard up. J. H. SIMPERS.

IF WE GO BY THE ALMANAC

Only One Week is Left of Fall 1889.

THUS FAR the year has been noted for its unparalleled Storms, Floods, Freshets and Singular Wetness, and will pass into history as part of the record of a remarkable year. It was a strange fall. It was a Strangely Active, Good Fall for Us. Standing on the edge of Winter, the Holidays ahead of us, we are inclined to believe that we will have an Immense Winter Trade. Never did we have a

FINER STOCK of CLOTHING!

or Lower Prices to Offer.

You can find Bargains in every department. As money is scarce we know you will require double duty for every dollar expended, and in every case we will give you full value for your money. We have a good, durable Suit for $5 00, a good Cassimere or Wool Suit for $10 00, a good, substantial Overcoat for $3 50, a better Overcoat for $5 50, a Fine Dress Overcoat for $8 50. A full line of Men's and Boys' Kersey Suits, at Bottom Prices. Pants, Pants, Pants—We have the Greatest Bargains in Pants ever offered in Chestertown, from $1 00 up to $5 00. Boys' and Children's Suits—We have a Fine Assortment, price from $1 25 up to $7 00 per suit. *Storm, Storm, Storm—Storm* Overcoats in all the leading shades. Fine Dress Suits in Prince Alberts, French Wide Wales, Cutaway Frock and Cutaway Sack Suits, Satin-Lined, Corded-Edge Chinchilla *Overcoats, in Blue, Black and Brown; Fur Beavers, Meltons,* French Wide Wales and English Kersey Overcoats, in all shades, a luxury, nicely trimmed and made in the finest style, at lowest prices, and that guaranteed 20 per cent. lower than any other house.

A. FRIEDMAN,

Nov. 23, 1889. *The Clothier and Merchant Tailor, Chestertown, Maryland.*

ELECTION NOTICE!

FOR THE WOMEN!

NOW that the two great parties have had their election, to settle very important questions, they are going to stand back now and see every woman in Kent County cast her vote for the superiority of our line of goods. Their ticket will be a sample sack of KENT'S FAVORITE FLOUR, WHITE TABLE, YELLOW TABLE MEAL, CHOICE PEARL HOMINY, CRACKED CORN—sifted or unsifted—SOL. CORN CHOP, MIXED CORN CHOP, HOMINY OFFAL, BRAN, MIDDLINGS and WHEAT TAILINGS. The above is kept by the leading dealers in town and the villages *of this county.*

Ask your dealer for any of the above, and if he *has not got it, ask him to get it for you; if he will* not get it, send us your order by mail or wagon and *we will deliver it at your door under very short no*tice. Don't be deceived with short weight and inferior goods, but insist that it must come from the URIEVILLE ROLLER MILL. KENT'S FAVORITE is strictly a straight grade flour, and is made from the choicest wheat. And while we do not claim it to be quite as white as the Best Patent Flour, (we do not ask so much for it) we do claim that it is white enough, and if handled properly, it will make a nice, white, sweet and soft loaf, such as every man delights to see come on the table. And it will hold its moisture from one to three days longer than patent flour.

Our Corn Goods is made from the Best Corn that is raised in the county. Our PEARL HOMINY is made from Genuine Hominy Corn, and is far superior to city hominy. Our Wheat Feed is pure and always reliable, and is much lower than city prices. Try them and be convinced. There are many reasons why we can give better results and offer our customers greater inducements than any other mill in the county, which you will see. We will soon enter our twelfth year in our business here. Does not that show that *we came to stay?* We have, by close attention to business, and strict business integrity, increased *our business three-fold. Does not that prove* that we have and can still offer lower prices and *better goods than can be found elsewhere?*

We have made many important changes lately *and have now a full roller system of making a straight grade* flour which gives general satisfaction whenever it is given a fair trial. In conclusion, will say that we shall put forth a greater effort than ever to keep our mill and our goods fully up to the demands of the people. We will be prepared to grind Corn CORN as soon as it is in condition to grind, but must insist on it being good clean corn.

We also have our saw-mill in operation, and can saw all kinds of timber at reasonable rates. We solicit your patronage to both mills, and thanking you for your patronage in the past, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,

WM. W. McKNETT,

no9-tf. Urieville Roller Mills.

—FIRST CLASS—

Eating and Oyster Saloon

IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE

"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"

THE undersigned respectfully notifies his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to serve at all hours Oysters in every style. Raw Box a specialty. Also, on Tuesdays, a FIRST CLASS DINNER for my country friends. Ladies not accompanied by their husbands will find accommodations at my house under the care of my wife. The Ladies' Parlor will be open at all hours, where bundles can be sent and taken care of. Horses fed and cared for. Hoping for a generous patronage, as I will leave nothing undone to please all,

I am, respectfully,

Oct. 19—3m. A. I. DUGAN.

WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN

—AND—

25,000 BUSHELS of WHEAT,

delivered at any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay and Queen Anne's Railroads. Telephone call 15.

B. F. FLEMING,

n17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up. J. H. SIMPERS.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Baltimore St., near Charles,

—DEALERS IN—

CARPETS, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

Mattings, Rugs, &c.

HAVING ENLARGED THEIR STORE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SHOW ONE OF THE FINEST LINES OF GOODS

ever exhibited in Baltimore city, in all the latest Shades and at LOW PRICES. Our Goods are not *surpassed in Baltimore. Remember, we always* guarantee to more than meet competition, as our *expenses are smaller than any other Carpet House* in the city. We respectfully solicit an inspection of *our goods before buying elsewhere.*

CRANE BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.

Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

D. T. WILLIAMSON,

Practical Watch Maker, Jeweler, and Engraver,

Cross Street, near High, - Chestertown, Maryland.

—A LINE OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY

Kept constantly on hand at LOWEST PRICES.

With Reliable Goods and Skillful Workmanship we solicit a share of the public patronage.

REPAIRING and ENGRAVING

accurately executed at short notice.

We make a specialty of American Watches at low prices. *Our stem-wind and set Watch at $4.00 is pos*itively the best low-priced watch in Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes. March 23, 1889—y.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the *Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready* to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have *taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest* to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed *to indulge even though I were so inclined.* For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.

Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

TO MOTHERS.

Every babe should have a bottle of DR FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphine Mixture. Will relieve Colic, *Griping in the Bowels and Promote Difficult Teeth*ing. Prepared by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md. *Druggists sell it; 25 cent.* Trial bottle sent by mail 10 cents. f9-y.

A WOMAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

Everything in?

Mr. Pierce gave his brown leather traveling bag an interrogatory shake as he took it up.

Certainly, Dave.

Well, good-by, then! I'll be back on Wednesday, I hope you and Myrtle won't be nervous.

Oh, no! replied Mrs. Pierce. We will fasten all the doors and windows very securely.

She was a little, wiry, energetic, brown skinned woman of about 35. She had snapping black eyes, a good deal of gold filling in her teeth, and was evidently possessed of the most complete self-confidence.

But the kitchen window won't fasten, Miranda. What is worse, it won't even close. I pushed it up this evening to hurl a lump of coal after that dog of Bruce's, that was in our back yard, and it stuck fast. I tugged my best but couldn't get it down. We will have a carpenter fix it. Be sure you send for one to-morrow. But to night you had——

Now, don't you worry, Dave, advised Mrs. Pierce, briskly. I'll fix that window. You know that I am a woman of expedients.

Well, good by, Miranda!

He bobbed his sandy head and gave her the brief, business like kiss which expresses about as much affection as a dig in the ribs.

Good by, Myrtle!

Good by, pa, said Myrtle.

She was an angular child of twelve, with pale, hatchet face, a pair of round, watery blue eyes, and an air of alert timidity.

And now, said Mrs. Pierce, bristling with many expedients, we will go and attend to that window.

She was locking the door after her liege lord.

How, ma?

Come and help! was the terse and indirect reply.

The house was a frame dwelling, which stood in the meager grounds alotted to the majority of even those city houses which are not rigidly blocked.

The kitchen window looked out on a narrow strip of back yard, which ran directly to the alley in the rear.

Mrs. Pierce lighted the gas, revealing myriads of water bugs scuttling around the room.

Oh, ma!

Well?

She was exerting all her strength to put down the perverse window.

I am so afraid of the bugs. Let's go upstairs.

It's burglars, not bugs, you'll have to be afraid of if we don't get this window fixed, gasped Mrs. Pierce with grim emphasis, as she realized her efforts to persuade the obdurate frame were futile, as her husband's had been.

We'll have to go down stairs and bring up a couple of washtubs, she added.

Her particular ability was beginning to exhibit itself.

When they had brought the tubs upstairs and placed them before the window they filled them with water from the kitchen faucet.

Between them she placed a chair, and thereon balanced frying pans, bread pans, gem pans, jelly cake pans and pie pans.

Then she produced an old hammer, a piece of string and a couple of double pointed tacks.

The tacks she drove in lightly at each side of the window casing and ran the string through. One end of it she tied to the handle of the dinner bell and the other round the neck of a large bottle of water of ammonia.

Directly in front of the sill she placed a large mustard can, with the lid very lightly laid on.

It did not contain anything so mild as mustard, though. It was filled to the top with cayenne pepper—and Natal cayenne at that.

Now, declared Mrs. Pierce stepping back to view the result of the labor, if any burglar gets in there without our hearing him, it's a queer story. He's ceriain to flounder into the water, knock down the tins, ring the bell, break the bottle of ammonia, and get the red pepper into his eyes into the bargain. And serve him right, too! in aggrieved anticipation of a possible intruder.

Myrtle's round eyes were rounder than ever.

Oh, ma, it's worse than dynamite, ain't it! Ma, you're an awful smart woman!—Ain't you, ma?

Miranda Pierce smiled the smile of appreciated supremacy. But she only answered modestly:

I have a genius for expedients, Myrtle.

When, after having made a final review round the house, they went upstairs to bed, the spouse of David Pierce produced a revolver, which she tucked under her pillow.

Now if we hear the crash in the kitchen, Myrtle, I'll just open the window, fire off the revolver and yell, Police!

Myrtle shuddered reverentially at such a heroic resolution.

Oh, ma, you're awful brave! she whispered as she got into the bed and covered her head up in the clothes.

The night wore on—a warm, moist, dark August night. Mrs. Pierce, profoundly confident of the success of her barricade, should an entrance be attempted—or rather assured in such a case she would be aroused, and brimful of other equally clever expedients—went placidly to sleep. But wide awake, half suffocated, shaking with terror. Myrtle cowered by her side.

Eleven!

How could her mother sleep when those terrible burglars might even now be creeping up the back yard. Another hour of agony dragged by.

Twelve!

There was the clink of a bell as it clattered to the floor, an appalling rattle of falling tins, and then a series of yells and groans and howls.

Oh, ma! quivered Myrtle, as a tremendous sneeze from the floor below terminated in a bellow of pain.

It's the pepper getting in its work, my dear! explained Mrs. Pierce, as she grabbed her weapon and sprang out of bed.

Across the room she rushed, flung up the window, fired off the revolver as she had resolved, and shouted, Police! burglars! patrol! at the very top of her shrill, sharp voice.

From the houses on either side heads *popped out.*

What is it? cried the neighbors.

They were still rather dazed by their rude awakening.

It's burglars, burglars, burglars! screamed Mrs. Pierce.

A half-garbed male figure went flying down the steps of the adjoining house, and ran rapidly toward the patrol box on the corner.

And still the floundering, noisy, sneezing stampede in the kitchen continued.

We never would have caught the scoundrel—never! cried Miranda Pierce, her black eyes glittering with exultation; if I had not happened to be a woman of expedients!

The neighbors were flocking up the steps now.

Mrs. Pierce was not reckless, if extraordinarily prompt in emergencies. She did not rush down to meet them. She threw the door key out of the window, and told them to open the door.

When she did so, she slipped a wrapper over her night gown, and joined them.

Behind her, holding to the tail of her gown, slunk poor little Myrtle, her teeth chattering like castanets, and the great big frightened lumps in her throat almost choking her.

Where is he?

Oh, the rascal!

Is Mr. Pierce out of town?

What keeps the patrol?

Can he have escaped?

No, I hear him.

Just listen to that!

That was a perfect fusillaside of groans, kicks, oaths, sneezes.

Despite the excited chatter going on around her, Mrs. Pierce was cool, Mrs. Pierce was collected. Indeed she was actually beaming.

What did men do, who, unlike Dave, had incapable and brainless wives?

Her burglar alarm had been effective. The scamp was most likely so blinded by the red pepper he could not find his way out.

Who was it, that said a woman had no inventive gennius?

She would be praised for her brilliant prudence. Perhaps—ecstatic thought!—she might even be written up in the papers under the caption of Heroic Mrs. Pierce, of A Brave, Brainy Woman.

Hark! some one said; here is the patrol wagon!

And there it was to be sure, dashing up to the door with a great flourish.

The officers leaped out—entered the Pierce residence.

All the crowding, half-clad individuals in the front hall commenced proffering clamorous explanations.

Which is the lady of the house? demanded an officer.

I am, modestly proclaimed Miranda; and if it were not that I am a woman of expedients, this contemptible law breaker would not be so neatly trapped.

And she positively grew as she uttered the laudatory remark.

Oh, come on! growled the officer.

Hurt but uncrushed by his brusqueness, she held the kerosene night lamp over her head, and, followed by Myrtle, the policeman and the ever-increasing group of neighbors led the way.

There he is! she cried, as she flung open the kitchen door.

Myrtle gave a howl of terror.

Yes, there he is! corroborated the neighbors.

The officers advanced; so did Mrs. Pierce so did those following.

And this they saw: A room littered with scattered tins and broken glass—a room flooded with water—the air unbearable pungent with the odor of ammonia and floating particles of cayenne pepper, and in the midst of all, seated on one of the overturned tubs, his elbows on his knees, his head held in his hands, groaning and *moaning at an agonizing rate—the intru*der!

The bloodthirsty wretch! exclaimed Mrs. Pierce.

Hush up; he might shoot! murmured a cautious neighbor.

Officers, do your duty! loftily commanded the young man who was studying tragic recitations.

But they all were now sneezing in such a conclusive manner that an attempt to secure the midnight marauder was necessarily spasmodic.

Come! (a-chew!) You are under arrest! (t-t-chew!) Help here, boys! Confound that pepper!

The man on the tub raised his head. He looked around.

Mrs. Pierce gave a shriek of dismay.

Oh, pa! yelled Myrtle.

The officers fell back. Those of the neighbors who could speak between sneezing began to question and explain.

The man they had come to capture rose—spoke.

I missed the train (t-chu-u!) I went to the lodge for a couple of hours. I thought my wife might have failed (a-t-chew—oo-oo!) to fix this window, and I—ah—

He went off in another paroxysm.

A ludicrous and yet pitiful appearance he presented.

He was dripping from a tumble in the tub, dirty from a stumbling collision with the coal hod, cut by the battering shower of pots and pans, perfumed with ammonia and evidencing every sympton of a most aggravated case of hay fever.

Why didn't you use your latch key, Dave? asked Miranda.

Because I left it behind in the pocket of my old (chu-hu oo!) suit, with an angry glare.

Or—or, my faintly, ring the bell?

When the bell is broken? he inquired, with crushing sarcasm.

Oh! murmured Miranda.

She quite wilted.

Never again did she dare refer to herself as a woman of expedients.

CONGRATULATED HIM.—In New York. A number of enthusiastic men rush to the cell of a condemned criminal.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the leader of the party, "let us congratulate you."

The criminal was staggered with joyful emotion. "Am I pardoned?" he asked.

"Oh, no."

Then why do you come to congratulate me?"

"Because it has been demonstrated that our electric apparatus is sure death."

DIAMONDS were first discovered in India.

A MYSTERIOUS FORCE.

Louis Hamburger's Power of Making Things Adhere to His Finger Tips.

Louis Hamburger, the eldest son of Mr. Philip Hamburger Bros. & Co., Baltimore, is the possessor of a mysterious force, by means of which he can make objects of considerable weight adhere to his finger tips, contact only, being necessary. The young man, who is quite small and undeveloped for his sixteen years of age, has been studying some time at the Maryland College of Pharmacy, and has shown his parents and friends some astonishing feats and bits of magic. He went to his father about a month ago with the statement that his highly polished stylographic pen would stick to his hand as if glued to it, but Mr. Hamburger thought it was but another accomplishment of the trickster. When, however, he was shown that the young man, by merely pressing his fully distended fingers against a heavy cane, could hold it suspended in air for a long time, he realized the truth. Since then the young man's remarkable powers have had an opportunity to develop so that he is now able, by placing the balls of three fingers against the sides of a glass tube, to raise the weight of five pounds attached thereto. This about as much as he can hold at arm's length with his hand clasped about the object. When his muscles develop and harden from exercise, he may be expected to show how wonderful is this new force which he has only recently discovered in himself.

A reporter of the *Sun* was given a seance by the young man at his residence, No. 119 East Baltimore street. He said that he had always remarked a peculiar feeling when touching any smooth objects which are wet or greasy, and in order to get the best results in his experiments he has to have both the hands and objects dry and very clean. For this purpose he always washed his fingers in alcohol and ether and wiped them and the object dry. The first experiment was to place a number of pins around the palm of his hands and on the tips of his fingers. On holding the hands vertically the pins are found to drop only after a long time. He next showed his ability to pick up from the table by pressing his dry finger tips against it any highly polished, smooth body, such as a pencil or pen. Much more striking, however, was the manner in which the pen, held perpendicularly, would stick to the ends of his fingers. It was noticeable that the hand was always inclined at an angle thus giving the object a little rest. This was soon explained on investigation that the tips of the index finger and the next finger showed much more power than the two smaller ones. The little finger of his left hand was not at all efficient, while the thumb shows no power. Both hands have the same remarkable power, though the right one does the better work, owing to repeated trials. The tips of the fingers, which are more than usually fleshy, are capable of the greatest feats.

He touched his finger pads against a glass tube three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and they stuck with such force that as he pulled them away from it, one after another, there was a click. The end of the tube thus raised was freighted with a plaster-of-Paris bloch, and on this were gradually piled leaden weights until 2,450 grains (5¼ lbs.) was reached. This he was able to raise with open palms and without much effort. A variety of other metalic tubes were held fast in the same manner. A glass tube, held vertically, adhered very long to his finger tips, and it required an effort on the part of the reporter by pulling downward to remove it. Some of the experiments appear at first sight as if they were tricks. For instant some people with strong fingers can hold their palms open, and by pressing in two different directions with the two fore-fingers can hold a pencil vertically. But Mr. Hamburger with no effort held the object in place against the ends of the first and third fingers. Some people by wetting the balls of the thumb can, by pressing it against a hollow surface, create a vacuum beneath it sufficient to support the object. The moisture of the fingers will make objects of small weight adhere after some pressure with most people, and this especially true if the surface be somewhat roughened. The young man loses control of his secret force, however, when the object becomes damp by perspiration or otherwise, and can only show its action on very smooth bodies.

The force is not electricity—a mysterious word nowadays used to explain anything and everything where ordinary reason fails—for it neither attracts nor repels. There are some cases reported where this kind of force was exhibited in human beings, thus showing man to have a producing battery of electricity in his body, wherein tissue currents are constantly flowing. A lawyer in Washington as stated in a recent article, found that his feet attracted to them all the paper in the waste basket. The silk stockings of a doctor are said to have been sprinkled with electricity, and on one occasion were consumed by spontaneous combustion. A new England lady for thirteen weeks gave out electrical sparks and snaps continuously, much to her annoyance, despite the fact that she changed her silk dresses for cotton and woolen ones. Afterward the phenomenon ceased. It is said a Capuchin friar had beneath his scowl a scald, a veritable source of electricity. On the other hand the electrical torpedo and other fishes can give forth sparks and heavy shocks until they are exhausted.

Another kind of mysterious force was that exerted by a French factory girl examined by Arago. Her approach set in motion many heavy articles made of a variety of materials. Afterward her peculiar strength failed her. The case of Miss Lulu Yearst of Georgia, was very much like this. When her fame was first spread she was able without even touching to repel heavy objects. When she appeared in Baltimore, by placing her hand on a billard cue and giving no evidence of muscular effort, she resisted the combined pulling of three or four men. She was also able to lift and repel many objects by lightly touching them. Other Georgia girls about this time were found to show the same remarkable powers. But they ultimately failed, and all *had to be withdrawn from the stage.*

Scientists are still in the dark in regard to these forces. They are called by the generic name "odic," but that only means "peculiar." Miss Hurst would not submit to scientific examination of her powers, although offered every inducement by such men as Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the Johns Hopkins University. In the opinion of one of the professors the kind of force shown by Mr. Louis Hamburger is what every one *possesses in a much less degree.* It is called adhesion, and is the same kind of phenomenon as displayed when two freshly cut surfaces of lead pressed together cohere tightly, or that which makes glue hold bodies together, or makes a tube placed in water become wet, or causes moisture and gases to gather on the surface of any exposed body. It is also called surface action. Another opinion is that the balls of the young man's fingers are covered with tiny tentacles, which fit into the roughnesses of bodies just as those of a fly enable it to climb a vertical glass with ease.

Prof. Wm. Simon, of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, has developed whatever strength and remarkable powers the young man displays from the very smallest beginnings. He has hopes of making him perform yet more wonderful feats. At present he is engaged in experiments with him in a scientific manner in order to present the case to the public in a technical journal. He has called the attention of a number of medical specialties in this city to the case, and all are at a loss to give an adequate explanation. On the 11th inst. Mr. Hamburger, accompanied by his preceptor, gave an exhibition of his remarkable powers before the Scientific Association of the Johns Hopkins University.

What is Good.

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly;
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard;
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

Good Common Sense.

A Duluth manufacturer has recently increased the wages of his married employes and given single men notice that after a certain time if they are not married their services will not be required. This will perhaps be regarded by many as a mere whim, but is based on sound business principles. As a rule married men are more trustworthy and consequently more valuable to their employers than single men A man who has no place that he calls home is not altogether a man. To be a full grown manly man one must have something to love and cherish, upon which to bestow his manly affections. The man who packs everything he has in a grip-sack and is always ready to change his place of residence as soon as the next train goes is a rolling stone that gathers nothing.

The man who has a wife and children to love never becomes a tramp, and the man who has a speck of manhood in his breast tries to be respectable for the sake of his wife and children, if not his own sake. It is easy enough to see that a man who feels that he has something to live for is more trustworthy than one whose affections never go out to anything out of his own vest.

Marriage may sometimes be worse than a failure, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a man's fault. The man who cannot hold the affections of a good wife to the extent of making his lot a hundred times more pleasant and happier than that of the homeless wanderer's is a failure whether married or single. And whether he be penniless or worth his millions, he is a failure all the same. There is nothing illogical or unbusiness-like in the position of the Duluth manufacturer. The man with a wife and home is a more trustworthy employe, as he is also a better citizen.

Don't Pull That Thread.

When you see a man with a scrap of white thread on his shoulder or coat-sleeve *don't follow your natural instinct and pluck* it off, but like B'er Rabbit "lay low and say nuffin."

It is a trick—a cute Yankee trick—and all the men about town are practising it in the hotel corridors. For deceiving a wife *or your best girl, or even your mother,* there is nothing like it. Get a spool of *common cotton, unwind a yard or so and* thread a needle. Push the needle through the sleeve or shoulder of your coat, carrying the thread with it. Then remove the needle, permitting about four inches to rest on your sleeve. The spool you can put in your inside coat pocket or vest pocket. The fun begins just as soon as somebody sees that bit of thread. There is an irresistible temptation about it that not one woman out of ten can withstand. Indeed very few men can regard it with impassiveness. The first motion usually is for the miserable victim to try to fleck it off your coat. This failing the thread is taken between the thumb and finger and an effort made to remove it. The result is that a couple of yards of thread are pulled out, and then anxious to hide his confusion, your benefactor makes a sudden yank and pulls out a dozen yards more. He is bound *to get to the end of that basting, as he im*agines that to be, as quickly as possible, and the frantic manner in which he pulls and yanks and gets red in the face would make a wooden Indian howl with delight. If your victim happens to be of the opposite sex, she will try it to the extent of perhaps a dozen yards, and then her feminine intuition will tell her that she has started a seam somewhere in your anatomy and she will flee.

A HATER of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian?

"Yes, brudder, I spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures with declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because there's nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why I expects to leave my breff behind me when I go to heaven."

Some of Sam Jones' Recent Saying.

From the Lynchburg News.

God never called me to preach like other men, nor other men to preach as I do, though some have tried it and got badly left.

God Almighty made me just as I am, and I have never interferred with the job one particle.

I'll promise you one thing; to tell the truth so it will stick to you like a curkleburr to an old sheep's wool. It'll be there when you shear him.

I don't mean by an honest man one who pays his debts. That's the meanest sort of honesty. Any man of sense or decency will do that if he can.

Some church people, however, are afraid to walk along some streets in Lynchburg for fear of meeting a man they owe and won't pay. They do business as "agents," and board with their wives in order to successfully rob their creditors.

I'd go to the chain gang and stay there before I'd ever write my name, "Sam P. Jones, agent," for my wife.

God Almighty never bestowed a greater blessing on any community than in giving it a good game preacher who doesn't fear man or devil.

If anybody asks you to take a drink, he thinks you're a hypocrite, and if you take it he thinks right.

I've more respect for a faro dealer than a progressive euchre player, because the faro dealer plays for money to support his wife and children with, while the progressive euche player plays for nothing but a booby prize, for which he risks damnation.

The church member who rents his house *for a saloon is like the Confederate who* fought on our side, but ran a powder mill for the Yankees. He didn't kill any Yankees, but supplied the powder with which they shot down thousands of rebels. The preacher that will house such a member ain't any better than he is.

I wouldn't give ten cents to hear Ingersoll on "The Mistakes of Moses," but I'd give ten dollars to hear Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

DANCING DESERT GIANTS.

Curious Destructive Phenomena Witnessed in Nevada.

Curious atmospheric conditions on the deserts and high plateaus at certain seasons of the year produce strange phenomena but little understood except by persons who have long lived in such regions. The dry weather in Nevada has produced a host of giant dancers there. Formerly they appeared only in the spring, the Peranegat and Humboldt valleys being their great rendezvous. Now they are down in Lyon county, far to the southwest. These dancing giants, or waltzing sand-augers, says a resident of that State, are puzzlers to all the scientists. How they brace up and hold together so long is what gets them. On a quiet, sunny day you see a little handful of sagebush soar aloft on a light breeze. Some more joins it, until it is big as your hat and then your body, and then sand and rocks and soil by the bushel begin to roll into the mass from the ground, ascending upward like a column. It is soon as big as a telegraph pole, and all the time gaining and ere long its top maybe reaches 1,000, maybe 5,000 feet. While you are watching this one, probably three or four others will spring up, or a half-dozen will come waltzing down from the upper end of the valley, having traveled probably 25 miles and torn up the soil like a steam plow in their waltzing zigzagging. These are some of the things I saw last week 10 miles below Proche. Horses sniff the air and get wild when they see them. The augers tear up hillsides, smash houses like a cyclone, and suck up men like waterspouts. Then when they have spent their force, quit sashaying and have lost their cohesive powers, they go all to pieces in as strange a way as they were formed, and there is nothing but a pile of sand, sagebrush, stone, loose boards and what not, to tell what they once were. Strange things, these dancing giants.

Co-Education—A Noble Sentiment.

At a banquet of the University of Texas, which is co-educational in all its departments, S. B. Maxey, ex-United States senator, said:

To the female students I beg to say that co-education of the sexes is no longer an experiment. It is a proved success. The just revelations between the sexes are better understood than ever before in the world's history. Woman, without loosening her hold on that knightly respect and courtesy with which she has always been treated in our favored land, has proven herself intellectually a formidable competitor of that sex which in the very olden, distant time proclaimed man to be the lord of humankind. Here, as elsewhere, she has proven her right and ability to compete for honors. The moral influence of co-education is great and beneficial to both sexes. The attention paid to female education during the present century, and especially in the last half of it, is a high evidence of advancing civilization. I glory in the civilization which educates the girl equally with the boy and gives employment to the woman equally with the man in all stations for which by nature and education she is fitted.

A Bashful Youth.

"You think you need a wife, young man, do you?" said Mr. Kajones, as he looked at the agitated youth who was sitting on the edge of a chair and nervously twirling a hat; "and my daughter would fill the bill would she?"

"She would, indeed, sir," replied the young man, with a ghastly attempt to appear at ease. "As the young men who start newspapers sometimes say in their prospectus, she would fill a long went fault—or, rather, a long lent want—no, wrong font welt—indeed she would, Mr. Kajones," persisted the bewildered youth, "though I should have said, of coorse, a feng——"

"George," interposed Mr. Kajones