KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

Kent News.

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Professional Cards.

DR. J. C. HACKETT,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
Offers his services to the people of the town and vicinity. Can be found at his office in Thomas' hotel at all hours when not professionally engaged. ☞Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children. jy16-6m.

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

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

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
☞Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. j8-tf.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO GROVES & WINPENNY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.
Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
No. 324 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

J. K. 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. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference— Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
150 West 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 Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. 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.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants National Bank.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
WITH
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

PHILADELPHIA.

WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE — My account sale and check every Monday. je4.

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

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

TWO VALUABLE KENT COUNTY FARMS
AT PRIVATE SALE.

FINE FARM of 200 acres, best quality soil; beautiful water location; good large buildings; peach orchard; conveniently situated; a GENUINE BARGAIN. Also a GOOD FARM of 280 acres near Edesville; peach orchards; good buildings, &c. ☞Very low prices and easy terms on both these farms. For full information address or, inquire of JUDEFIND BROS.,
ap23. EDESVILLE, MD.

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

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.

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

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!

Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.

☞ **PRICE LIST:** ☜
MADE TO ORDER:

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

May 14, 1887.

Prices to Suit the Times
AT
J. H. SIMPERS'
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

My stock is a general one, of which I enumerate in part the following:

Crinkle Seersuckers, Sateens, Lawns, Percales, Dress-Ginghams, White Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, Cassimeres, Cottonades, Linens, &c.

Hosiery all grades and prices, Gloves, Corsets, Jerseys, Gauze Underwear, Hamburg Edging, White and Red Table Damask, Nice Line Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

Men's and Boys' Fine Buttoned and Lace Shoes, Ladies' and Misses' Kid, Foxed and Pebble Buttoned Shoes, Ladies' Slippers, Children's Solar Tipped Shoes. Men's Plow Shoes as low as $1.00.

Matting as low as 12½ cents per yard.
Fine Straw Hats for Men and Boys, Newest Styles.

Queensware and Glassware!
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Meat, Vegetable and Butter Dishes, Pitchers, Bowls, Tureens, Glass Sets, Goblets, Fruit Bowls, Lamps, &c.

Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Rice, Yeast Powder, Laundry Soaps, &c. Tobacco and Cigars.

I carry a large stock at all seasons and always offer same at lowest market prices. A call solicited.
JOHN H. SIMPERS.
Jnue 18, 1887.

CAST YOUR EYES
Over These Prices

TAKE in every Store in Town, Examine the Garments they will offer you at these Figures, and, if, when coming to us, we do not Show You 20 Per Cent Better Quality, then Don't Buy of Us, that's all.

FULL SUITS:

Good Black Suit from.......	$ 3 00	to	$ 4 50
Good Cassimere Suit from	5 00	to	8 00
Fine Imported do. from.....	10 00	to	15 00
All Wool Cheviot Suit......	7 00	to	11 00
Fine Corkscrew Cutaway..	8 00	to	10 00
Fine Corkscrew Sack........	8 00	to	10 00
Imp'd Worsted Cutaway....	12 00	to	15 00
Imported Worsted Sack....	12 00	to	18 00
Prince Albert Suit...........	14 00	to	20 00

PANTALOONS:

Large line of Men's Pants......	$1 00	to	$6 00
Large line of Youth's Pants..	50	to	3 00
Large line of Children's Pants	25	to	1 00

Boys', Youths and Children's Suits!

Large line of Boys' Suits......	$3 00 and up.
Large line of Children's Suits	1 50 and up.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
☞ **SUMMER GOODS**
IN EVERY RESPECT.

Gent's Furnishing Goods:
Our Stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods is the LARGEST and BEST ever offered in this town before, and for the latest Styles and Prices in Stiff, Straw and Felt HATS of all colors, just take a look at our how windows.

A. FRIEDMAN,
The Popular Clothier opposite Stam's Hall
Chestertown, Md. May 14, 1887.

Save the Children. They are especially liable to sudden Colds, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. We guarantee Acker's English Remedy a positive cure. It saves hours of anxious watching. Sold by **Acker's** Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

Charles M. Gale. Custis W. Woolford.
Chas. M. Gale & Co.
(Successors to Harry Meginniss,)
MEN'S FURNISHERS,
30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Maltby House),
BALTIMORE, MD.
A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.
We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.
Shirts Made to Order Our Specialty.

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

REID'S CREAMERY!
Butter Workers! Butter Printers!
SHIPPING BOXES, &c.,
for sale and guaranteed to give satisfaction. The great number of each of the above articles in use in Kent and elsewhere attest their worth. Below we give the names of a few who use Reid's Creamery:
MRS. GEORGE BECK,
" GEORGE BELL,
" JOHN BELL,
" JAS. L. BECK,
" P. A. M. BROOKS,
MRS. BEDFORD ROE,
" CORNE'US BROWN,
" COMEGYS BROWN,
" HENRY BROWN,
" ISAAC CLEAVER,
and others. Call and see them.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
May 14, 1887. Sole Agent for Kent Co.

Horse-Shoeing!
Improved Forging Shoe.
I HAVE an IMPROVED CONCAVE FORGING SHOE and a STEEL SHOE, VERY LIGHT, to which I wish to call public attention. All intelligent owners of horses can appreciate the importance of doing in the right way this matter of SHOEING, and they ought to be equally well-informed of the importance of using the BEST KIND OF SHOE. The Concave Shoe above mentioned, we think, is THE BEST ever invented to PREVENT animals from FORGING and the STEEL SHOE is used for the hind feet in connection with the Concave. ☞Call and see them. ☞I give personal attention to every horse and Guarantee satisfaction both in price and workmanship.
SAMUEL HICKS,
☞Shops near M. P. Church.

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

TO THE CITIZENS
OF
Hanesville and Vicinity
HAVING rented the storehouse formerly occupied by O. P. Beck I am ready to serve the public generally with anything usually kept in a country store, consisting of
Dry Goods, Notions,
Choice Lot of Groceries
such as Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Sugars, Spices, Syrups, Molasses, Vinegar, Provisions, Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, Mackerel, Salt by sack or bushel.
Machine Oil, Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, Lard Oil, Turpentine, &c. Tinware, Lamp Burners and Chimneys, Castings for Plows, Traces, Lines, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Candy, Cakes, Lemons, Oranges, Peanuts, &c.
Thanking each and all for past favors I remain ever ready to serve them in the future.
S. W. WALLIS, Ag't.
May 21, 1887.

STRAW MATTING as low as 12½ cents per yard.
J. H. SIMPERS.

WHAT IT COSTS?

High Washington Officials Who Live Beyond Their Incomes.

STRUGGLES OF PROMINENT MEN TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET IN WASHINGTON—MANNING'S PROSPECTS.

Ex-Secretary Manning's friends have received the most encouraging of reports from him since he took up the duties of the Western National Bank in New York. He has gained in strength every day, and instead of apprehension his family and his intimates find themselves very greatly cheered by the apparent good that his work does him. He is amid congenial scenes. For it is one of the most curious of results of political office-holding that it not infrequently depresses and vexes and annoys such men as Manning. The ex-secretary made very many men office-holders who were able to bear the burdens and annoyances without losing one wink of sleep. But to Mr. Manning himself it was always a great burden, a great and sleep-destroying responsibility, and in many aspects a great bore. But there is another feature of his escape from public office that especially pleases him. Mr. Manning had been paying some eight or ten thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket for the honor and responsibility there were in the office of the secretary of the treasury.

How do you make that out? will be asked. His salary was $8,000 a year, and he ought to have been able to live on that. But he wasn't, nor has any secretary of the treasury, who met the social requirements that that office entails, been able to live on the salary if he had a family. Mr. Manning gave up a place as president of an Albany bank and a salary of $5,000 to accept the treasury. He was also obliged to resign his active duties as president of the Albany *Argus* Company, and, it is understood, gave up the salary, too, which was $5,000 more. He was then receiving $10,000 in yearly salaries, when he reluctantly accepted the treasury portfolio. The net cost to him then was $2,000. But he maintained an establishment in Washington that cost not far from a clean thousand a month, and his other expenses, personal, political—he was always a liberal giver for political purposes—were not far from $2,000 a year more. It cost him, therefore, not far from $15,000 a year while he was in Washington. That meant going to his private income for $7,000 or $8,000 a year. Though Mr. Manning is comfortably off in fortune, his income from his property is not believed to be as much as this sum. Now see the difference. He is president of a great banking corporation. He works four or five hours a day, and works without worry. He receives $15,000 a year, and it doesn't cost him more than half of that to live. He saves his income from investment; he puts by half his salary; he is making money instead of losing it, and he will be some $30,000 better off at the end of Cleveland's term than he would have been had he stayed in the treasury.

OFFICE FOR THE RICH ONLY.

Mr. Manning's experience suggests that of many others, some of which have been described to me by the men that had them. Only a few days ago a newly-elected member of Congress said to me:

"I have given up a permanent place with a salary somewhat larger than that of a member of Congress. I presume if I don't tread on too many of my constituents' toes I can be renominated, and my district is sure to be carried by my party. That will give me at least four years in Congress and $20,000. Can I save half of that?"

I told him he could, but that it would require self-denial, almost entire abstention from social enjoyment, and satisfaction with humble quarters and plain food. As a rule none but the rich or very poor ought to accept office of any kind in Washington. The rich can spend money; the very poor are not expected to do so, but the men of moderate means, small incomes, who have been accustomed to some of the luxuries of life, are very fortunate if they make their salaries and their expenses meet.

Senator McCreery, who some years ago represented Kentucky in Congress, was reputed to have saved some $60,000 out of $75,000 that he received in salaries. But he lived in the utmost frugality. There was a cheap hotel in Georgetown, whose rates were some $7 a week for board and lodging, and here McCreery lived. He would walk from this place to the capitol and back every day, thus saving a dollar or so a week in car fare, and his personal expenses were insignificant. None of his salary went to hackmen, to florists, to Wormley or Chamberlin; he never played poker and never went to the theatre, and when he quit Congress he had enough to live on the rest of his days.

A representative from one of the New England States has served twelve years, and is believed to have saved $40,000 of the $60,000 salary he has received. But his habits were simple; he boarded at a second-rate hotel, his family remained at home, and he spent his evenings playing whist when at leisure, and had no more expensive habit than the taking of a single toddy just at bedtime.

A Missouri member was obliged to decline a renomination some four years ago because he found that in spite of all he could do he was running behind $3,000 or $4,000 each year, though he practised law in his vacations.

Said he to me when I asked him why he had declined to come back, especially when he seemed just about to win high esteem in Congress:

"I can't stand it to see my wife walking the sidewalks and B——'s wife riding in a carriage, and she can't either. I can't stand to go with her on foot to a reception and see Blank with his wife step out of a carriage, and it costs me more than my salary every year because I can't. I am going home to make my fortune. When I get rich enough to own a carriage perhaps I may come back."

WHAT HE COULDN'T STAND.

Gen. Collins, the brilliant Irish-American member from Boston, told me that he trembled to think what it was costing him to serve in Congress. He did not dare face the figure. His actual expenses exceeded his income, and his splendid law practice in Boston was threatened. He determined not to run again, and it went abroad that he had quarrelled with President Cleveland because of some question of patronage. This was not the reason. He declined because he could not afford to go back to Congress.

It cost William E. Chandler some $20,000 more than he got back in salary to be secretary of the navy, though he probably looked upon the expenditure as a good investment, as the office gave him a prestige without which he could not have been elected senator. But he once said he would have been many dollars better off had he been confirmed for the office of solicitor-general by the senate in 1881. That office paid nearly as much as a cabinet place does, and the social requirements are very slight.

It is impossible to hold a cabinet office and live at all in social life without going outside the salary. There has been some disposition to smile at Attorney-General Garland's manner of life, but it is the only one feasible to a cabinet officer who wishes to live within his salary. Mr. Bayard is not a rich man, though he has property investments that bring him an income of some $5,000 a year. But it must take every cent of this, added to his salary, to support him. None but a rich man can afford to take the office of secretary of state. Senator Wilson, of Iowa, once declined the place because he could not afford to take it. He also declined to go again to the House of Representatives because, he said, he had a competency to make. He had special advantages while a member of the House. He ranked with Blaine and Conkling, and Allison and Garfield, and the other younger men who made themselves felt in that body. He had the especial favor of President Grant. But he faced the situation boldly. He saw that he could stay in Congress as long as he chose, probably, but that as long as he did he would be dependent upon his salary for support. He decided to quit, and he returned to Iowa, built up his practice, made a comfortable fortune, and when he had done this was ready to take a seat in the Senate.

There is no telling how far Secretary Fish's splendid hospitalities aided Grant's administration in happy sentiments of complications with Great Britain and Spain. It is a beggarly salary for such an office—$8,000 a year. The man who is capable of performing the delicate duties of the office is capable of earning four or five times that sum in business or professional life. The result is that none but a wealthy man can afford to take the office. A poor man either ought not to have the place or ought not to be expected to take it. If he is worthy of filling it the sacrifice is too great to ask of any man.

Mr. Evarts' house rent alone when he was Secretary of State cost $5,000 a year, and his expenses were $15,000 more than they would have been had he remained in private life. Mr. Frelinghuysen was abundantly able to pay the great sum he did every year above his salary for the honor of serving as Secretary of State, and Mr. Blaine expected that the office would entail an expenditure of $20,000 a year at the least.

While the demands are not so great upon other cabinet officers, they are enough to absorb far more than the salary. It may not be republican or democratic simplicity; it may be abhorrent to the idea of popular and frugal self-government, but it exists, this social demand. It cannot be shaken off, and the President in these days who turned the cold shoulder upon social life would find his administration in peril.

"Why do you resign this office?" I asked Mr. Gilfillan, then treasurer of the United States.

"Because I can't carry the responsibility of handling hundreds of millions of dollars at a salary of $6,000 a year. Why a bank cashier across the street gets more than that, and a paying-teller there receives as much as my cashier does. If I am capable of serving as treasurer of the United States I am capable of earning more than $6,000 a year."

He was right in theory and has found since his resignation abundant reason for tendering it.

THE FATEFUL MESSAGE.

In the winter of 1881 a member of Congress from a Pennsylvania district was in despair. He had failed of a renomination. He was in debt, though a man of good habits. The future looked black to him. During the six years he had served in Congress he had lost his law practice and he regarded those years as worse than thrown away. He had got to begin all over again, and burdened, too, with debt. One evening as he sat brooding in despair a telegram came. He opened it perfunctorily. It contained these words:

"You have been nominated by the republican caucus for United States Senator to succeed Senator Wallace."

Nomination meant election, and Mr. Mitchell was sure of being a United States Senator. Yet he hesitated. He did not see that it meant anything more than the staving off for six years his trouble, and if he had had a dollar in the world he would have declined the nomination. But he was compelled to accept the office because it meant an income. The six years have gone and Mr. Mitchell is out of public life. But he has bettered but slightly his condition, and he has always felt that he would have done well had he followed his impulse when he read that telegram.

The experience of men who have been long in Washington is this:

First, that ambitious young men who are poor had far better keep away. So far as the clerkships are concerned they are demoralizing. They take the snap, ambition and vigor out of men, and unless early abandoned make mere machines out of men. Let no poor young man come to Congress unless he comes determined to save money. It is possible in two terms for a young man to save, while living respectably, $10,000. With that he will be able to make a start again when he returns to private life. He will have to make a start. No man, either engaged in active profession or active business, goes to Congress without injuring his business.

Let no poor man, and above all no man of moderate property, seek a high office unless he is prepared to live as simply as Mr. Garland does. It will require heroism and self-sacrifice, but that will be better than debt and misery after leaving office. The day when office must be given up will surely come. The poor man who cannot accept official life without the determination of saving some of the salary will do well to keep wholly out of it. Nothing but misery, misfortune and the temptation to dishonor await him. One cabinet officer sold his favor because his income was too small to support his family in the manner they desired. And the young man who is building up a professional practice should shun public life until he has attained professional success. Two masters cannot be served successfully who are so jealous as any of the professions and public office are.

THE WICKED TWIN BROTHER.

A Queer Case of Duality Which is Exciting Justice in Iowa.

Anamosa, Ia., has a case of twins that is exciting a good deal of interest. A man is confined in the penitentiary there for the crime of bigamy who claims that he is the victim of circumstances. He says that the offence was not committed by him, but by his twin brother, who looks so much like him that they were always compelled to go about labeled so that each could tell himself from the other. The women in the case think they know what they are talking about, but a great many people think they do not, and that really some one has mixed these babies up."

A number of letters have been written to the warden from parties who plead for the twin, as they say, who is unlawfully confined, and condemn the heartlessness of the other twin, who has escaped. Some letters purporting to be from the missing brother have also been received at the penitentiary, but expert say that they are all in the same handwriting. An appeal was made to Gov. Larrabee in behalf of the prisoner, but after considering the case he refused to interfere, although admitting there are circumstances which cast doubt on the justice of the punishment.—*Omaha Republican.*

A Western Chicken Story.

An Indianapolis (Ind.) special says: "A novel sight was witnessed here as the result of the high temperature of the past three weeks. Some time ago a firm received a consignment of eggs packed in boxes after the usual manner. The eggs were placed in storage and a few days ago the consignee had occasion to open the case. When the lid was removed the low call of chickens sounded in his ears. One entire layer of eggs was found to be hatching out and in a few minutes after the eggs were brought to the light fifteen well-developed 'orphans' picked their way through the shells. Another layer began to hatch out about noon, and it now looks as though the entire consignment will hatch."

THE editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. It must have been a horrible sight to behold.

PHANTOMS.

They come from the land where our dead selves sleep
In the dust of the vanished years;
Their faces bring back life's summer time,
When the days flowed on in a low, sweet rhyme,
And the eyes were undimmed by tears.

There's a beautiful strain of a sweet refrain
Floats out on the tremulous air;
There's a kiss on my brow—the sign and the seal
Of a love and a trust unbetrayed; and I feel
Their shadowy hands on my hair.

And our faces glow with a sweeter grace,
And the lips have a smile more rare;
For the light that glows in her starry eyes
Was caught from the sunlight of Paradise
That threaded the gold in her hair.

Their faces are pages whereon I read
What passed in those olden times;
A chapter of joys and a chapter of tears,
An episode haunting the weary years,
And the mockery of wedding chimes.

Sweet day-dreams of youth that were never fulfilled;
Good counsel a mother gave;
A prayer of faith and a whispered vow;
A ring, and a kiss on a stainless brow;
A tear and an ivy-grown grave.

But the vision is fading; the angel stands
With his hand on Memory's door;
I stretch out my arms for a last caress—
I fold to my breast but the emptiness
Of shadows that fall on the floor.

—*Jean Inglesde.*

WHEN AND HOW TO SMOKE.

An Authority on Etiquette Gives Some Rules for the Use of the Weed.

A late authority on etiquette promulgates the dictum. "You should never smoke in the presence of ladies anywhere." It is a safe cigar code. It should be followed undeviatingly by every man who is not perfectly certain that he is well-bred, and that he has the innate tact to know where to make exceptions to established forms and ceremonies. All etiquette is based on reason. The reasons why men should not smoke in the presence of women are two: First, the smell of tobacco may be distasteful to them. He is to take that for granted in all cases till he has certain proof to the contrary. It is not sufficient to ask any individual lady if she objects to his indulging in the weed. Ladies have their unwritten code of minor manners, and one of the rules is to smile sweetly when asked if tobacco smoke is offensive" and say "not at all," even when they know with direful certainty that five minutes after fumigation commences they must retreat or choke with coughing. Therefore, never smoke in the presence of any lady until you have seen yourself preceded in that act by some gentleman whose knowledge of her true attitude toward the weed is unquestionable. Second, the act of smoking in another's society indicates a temporary release from forms and ceremonies. It is an indication of intimacy. Among men that intimacy is as ephemeral as you please — it may only last the closing hour of a banquet—but any observer seeing a gentleman smoking in a lady's presence would draw one of two conclusions—either that the lady, from ignorance or from loss of self-respect, held lax ideas of her own dignity, and was tolerant of short intimacies, or that the gentleman's position towards her was one of well-established social intimacy. Now, it is in the latter case that he may, under certain restrictions, indulge in his cigar. When walking with any lady on the public street he may not smoke. Why? If she is not related to him, he should not tacitly imply their intimacy. If she is his wife, or sister or mother, observers may not know that fact, and whether they do or not he should not treat his female relatives with less respect than he would accord other lady companions. He may not ride in public in a lady's company with a cigar in his mouth. Why? Riding presupposes greater intimacy than walking. In the latter the couple may be the subjects of a chance encounter, but a vehicle indicates a prearranged association. It is not just to your lady companions to indulge in an act when in her society which shall cause an instantaneous query as to the basis of your intimacy in the mind of every spectator. A gentleman will not smoke with a young lady's brother in her presence. Why? Because the young lady will, or ought to, feel de trop. If the sister is elderly the brother's proffered cigar may be accepted.

A man may smoke with his friend in the presence of his friend's mother. Why? To decline would be an aspersion on the filial respect of his friend.

A man, unless he is old, may not smoke with an elderly husband in the presence of a young wife. Why? Because the young wife will draw an unfavorable comparison between him and other young men who abstain from taking the freedom. If he is near the husband's age he may smoke, for all the wife cares.

A man should not smoke with a young husband in the company of the elderly wife. Why? She will naturally lay any of her husband's marital aberrations to his influence. A man may smoke with a well-mated husband in the presence of his wife. Why? She is her husband's constant associate; she enjoys his intimacies. A friend strengthens his standing with the husband when he wins the wife's regard. Moreover, to refuse would be an implied reproach to the husband. Never smoke in a grandam's presence, always withdraw to enjoy your cigar. Why? You can never show her too much respect. Never smoke in the presence of a very young girl. Why? She is too immature to draw distinctions, and may lose her maidenly dignity enough to tolerate the same act in some fast young man.

With the exception of the ladies of his own household, a man may never smoke while alone with one or more ladies. No matter how many times he may have smoked in their presence when the gentlemen of their household were present, the moment the lady's masculine protector is absent the element of good comradeship becomes latent, and the gentleman visitor must, for the time, appear oblivious of former hours of freedom and familiarity.

Why He Was Saved.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. Eighty-one vessels were wrecked in Hartlepool Bay. While the storm was at its height, the Rising Sun, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. The vessel sunk, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves. The life-boats were away rescuing wrecked crews.

The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the life line went booming out of the mortar the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With wild amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten faces of the old fishermen near him and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hands and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

AMONG the impossibilities may be mentioned an ugly baby.

WM. CONGDON'S BAD LUCK.

Hard Lines Fallen Upon an Old Negro Who was Once Shoemaker to Rich and Able men.

Black as gunpowder, or a stage negro, or black paint; polite as Chesterfield and persuasive as Chauncey Depew, venerable William Congdon is an attractive and far from unwelcome visitor, albeit he carries a few subscription papers with him and calls on gentlemen with the ulterior motive of making them go down into their pockets.—He is 85 years old and so rheumatic that he walks with difficulty; but he is young in heart, blithe and genteel.

Every once in a while he comes from his home in Baltimore, calling at Albany, North Adams, Worcester and Boston, recouping his finances. He can't be called a beggar, for, though he asks for money, he does it in such a plain, unsophisticated way that those who give rather feel that they have been complimented by the call. Nor is he promiscuous in his asking. He goes only to those who have known him for many years and on whom he can demand for a substantial contribution.

Years ago William Congdon asked no man for money as a gratuity. He was a hard worker at his trade and earned money, but he was generous, and gave then as freely as those who give to him to-day.

"Why, chile," he said in the *Telegram* office yesterday afternoon, "there was ole Fred Douglass. I tried to find him in Washington a little while ago. But mebbe he wouldn't want to see me. Up in Rochester, in York State, when he was so poor he did not have nothin' to eat, I uster feed him.—I was a shoemaker then an' he uster come to my house for his meals."

"What did you do when you didn,t find him?"

"Well, sir, I'll jest tell you. I went to see our present administration, an' he gave me five dollars. Yassir, that's what he did, certain."

"What are you raising money for now?"

"I'll, jest tell you de troof. I live at No. 49 Saratoga street, Baltimore; but I ain't got no friends there, and they'se goin' to turn me out for $56 I owe. I kaint live in Boston, or I'd stay there. I've got to live in Baltimore for my rheumatiz, and thought if I got my debt paid I could do some more cobbling and keep going. This is the third time I'se come Norf for help."

And so rattling along he told his story.

He was born in Connecticut, but he has all the traits of a Southern negro. For eighteen years, including the war times, he lived in Albany and made shoes. Thurlow Weed and his family were among his customers. Speaking of the dead statesman, old Congdon offset the footgear, which required an abnormal amount of leather, by the largesse the great man gave. Once started on pedicular reminiscences of the great, the old man rode his hobby at a smart pace. Commodore Vanderbilt wore his shoes. He wanted nattiness combined with comfort. The old negro was his cook too, on the Lexington, the tragic wreck of which is not forgotten yet. The present Secretary of War wore balmorals of the Congdon make, and was very particular even then. Wendell Philips was another customer.

"He didn't have such a big foot," said the old man. "It was rather a nice foot, something like mine," he added, with unconscious self-laudation. The old man's foot looked something like a fifteen-inch projectile that had been shot through the yard-thick side of a war ship and had come out on the other side flattened, elongated and distorted.

Not only did Congdon make shoes for the silver-tongued orator, but he became his messenger and acted in that capacity for six years. He is familiar, too, with the quality of Beacon street, and speaks admiringly of Martin Brimmer as a gentleman with feet easily fitted and a heart full of kindness.

In fact Congdon has walked into the hearts of the wealthy and generous through their own boots and has cobbled his way into the affections of the great.

That these are friends in deed and in need is attested by the subscription paper with the names of those of them now alive signed opposite substantial amounts. One paper which Mr. Sewall has drawn up and signed binds subscribers each to give the aged negro $2 a month for life. The other paper devotes the cash donations to paying the old man's debt of $56 and setting him up in business again. Six men have each paid $15 into this fund, so that, even with some small expenses in his travels, he is secure as to his home and business.

He seems to have little difficulty in making his long journey. The railroad men all know him, and when he has raked up enough to pay half his fare they make up the other half among them and send him along. Before the Interstate Commission began to work Congdon used to travel free. The officials gave him passes. It costs him little for food on the road, and seldom anything for lodging.

As he says, and it is a queer commentary on human impulses, "white folks treat me better than my own race." It was simply repeating another phase of the biblical apothegm, "a prophet hath no honor in his own country."

The old man has no family to speak of, only a grown single daughter who keeps house for him. He will go from here to Boston to-day and after he has visited his great friends there he will take the old Colony Railroad back to New York, and the Pennsylvania Railroad to Baltimore.

Thoroughly sensible and quick-witted is William Congdon. There is no rheumatism in his brain. If his legs were as nimble as his mind he would have no need to wait for help to ride on trains. There must have been worth in the man, or he could never have made and kept the friends he has.—These rich men are no fools, and their generosity to the aged negro is evidently impelled by remembrance of his industrious life.—*Worcester Telegram.*

Tobacco and the Eyes.

"Cigarette smoking is doing more injury to the eyes than anything I know of," said an optician recently to a reporter for the New York *Mail.* "Smoking pipes and cigars is bad enough, but there is something in the paper with which the cigarette is rolled that is very injurious to the eyesight. There are more men and boys wearing glasses now than I have ever known before, and I attribute it to excess in tobacco smoking. Nine out of every ten Germans wear spectacles. They are inveterate smokers."

Doctors at the English Court.

I saw a list of the household of Queen Victoria the other day, and I am astonished that she has lived to celebrate her jubilee. She has three physicians in ordinary, five physicians extraordinary, two sergeant surgeons, three surgeons extraordinary, a physician to the household, a surgeon ditto, a surgeon apothecary, two surgeons and apothecaries at Windsor and two at Osborne, a surgeon oculist, a surgeon dentist, a dentist to the household and two chemists and druggists.

Three Feet Deep Enough.

An exchange in commenting upon the death of a lad by drowning while in bathing says—"His death should prove a warning to boys everywhere not to go bathing in water that is beyond four or five feet in depth. Any one is liable to become cramped, and to become cramped in deep water means certain, sure death. Water three feet deep furnishes all the bathing advantages possible, and we would advise every one to venture no further."

WOMAN may be a puzzle, but man is not willing to give her up.

THE dried codfish is the only animal that wears its shirt open on the back.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Eleven Italian Laborers Killed by an Express Train on the Erie Railroad.

A dispatch dated New York, July 21, says: One of the most frightful accidents which come with appalling suddenness when there is no apparent reason why they could not be easily avoided took place this morning on the Erie Railroad, between Allendale and Hohokus. The catastrophe was attended with an appalling loss of life, and over a dozen mangled bodies on the track attested the neglect of some one whose duty it should have been to give warning of the impending disaster.

A gang of Italian laborers were at work ballasting on the railroad a little distance from a sharp curve about three-fourths of a mile above Hohokus. The Chicago express, which was due an hour before, had not arrived, and these men, whose foreman should have given a warning whistle when the train was approaching the sharp curve, were busy at work, unconscious of the terrible fate which was in store for them.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A train was on its way up from New York, and the Italians had all crowded over on the down track. Many of them had their backs turned, and all were ignorant of the coming of the engine which drew the Chicago express. Suddenly the express swept around the sharp curve and dashed into the mass of men. It literally mowed its way through, slinging the unfortunates right and left, tearing their legs and arms and heads off and grinding flesh into the roadbed for two or three hundred feet.

Some of the bodies were mangled beyond description and crushed out of all semblance of humanity. To most of the victims death must have come instantaneously, but some of them appeared yet to be quivering and life ebbing away when the train was brought to a standstill. So fierce was the shock that, although the engine struck nothing but human beings, the powerful cowcatcher was torn, twisted and broken into pieces. Some of the Italians were crowded in against the rocks, a very narrow space, and they crouched down in terror.

A WILD SET OF MEN.

The engineer of the express reversed his engine and was coming to a stop when the passengers told him to go ahead. Looking back he saw the uninjured Italians acting like maniacs. They were yelling, gesticulating and tearing their clothes. Some were kneeling and others dashing about in the middle of the ghastly pile of mangled bodies. When they saw the train stopping they made a rush for it, and had they reached it undoubtedly the engineer, fireman and conductor would have been murdered. For this reason it was deemed best to come on to Jersey City. Passengers on the following train had an awful sight when they reached the scene. All along the track were pieces of flesh, legs, arms, hands and heads, while the roadbed was a mass of blood. Here and there scattered were pieces of red handkerchiefs, trousers, coats and hats. Those of the Italians who escaped with their lives had disappeared. Some of them took to the woods and others fled to Hohokus. It is believed that many of them are demented, the awful suddenness of the slaughter and the deadly work of the big engine crazing them. It is impossible to give their names, for they, like all other gangs of their countrymen employed on similar work, are known not by names but by numbers.

BUYING A BONNET.

The Clever Way in Which Mrs. Flim and the Milliner Got Ahead of Flim.

"Did I tell you," asked Fogg, "how Mrs. Flim got ahead of Billy? No? Then I must tell you. You see that Billy and his wife had had a good deal of talk about shopping. Billy said a woman didn't know any more about laying out money than a hen. Billy's wife is a quiet sort o' woman, not a bit given to wrangling, and so she said:

"Billy, I'm going to buy a bonnet this afternoon. If it isn't too much trouble can't you go to the milliner's with me and give me the advantage of your experience."

Well, Billy fixed himself and trotted down with Mrs. Flim. The milliner showed them two bonnets. One of them was a plain, dowdy affair—that's what Mrs. Flim told my wife—and the other was perfectly lovely, so Mrs. Fogg says:

"What's the price!" asked Billy.

"This one," says the milliner, taking up a pretty one, '$10, but perhaps you want something nicer, Now, here's one, just out, imported; this I can sell for $12—a real bargain." And with that she held up the plain bonnet.

Billy looked first at one then at the other. Then he whispered to his wife. "This cheap one is a good deal handsomer than the other."

"Do you think so, dear?" asked Mrs. Flim.

"Of course it is," said Billy. "I'd rather give twenty for it than five for that other one."

"Would you, dear?" said Mrs. Flim. "Well, just as you say, dear. I should prefer the $12 one, but if you think the other—"

"That's no comparison between them," interrupted Billy. "That thing I wouldn't give $3 for. This one's a beauty, and cheap at $25."

The bonnet was bandboxed and Billy carried it home, as proud as a peacock at the big trade he had made. And he couldn't help reminding Mrs. Flim every now and then what a foolish bargain she would have made if he hadn't been with her.

Next day Billy came home from the shop raving, "Look here!" he exclaimed. 'That milliner's a cheat. That bonnet, that neat, pretty one, that we didn't take—you know I advised you to buy that one—(the lying rascal)—is in the window marked $6.

"Is it?" asked Mrs. Flim. "But then what do we care? You said you wouldn't give $3 for it; you know you would rather give $25 for the other one."

Billy hadn't a word to say. But my wife says: "How he would bounce and sputter if he only knew that Mrs. Flim and the milliner had it made up between them how they'd fool the old fellow!"

"SIR, I hear you using the word donkey very frequently in your conversation."

"Yes, your ears do not deceive you."

"Am I to understand that you apply the word to me?"

"Why, what makes you harbor such an unjust suspicion? Don't you know that there are lots of donkeys in the world besides you."

"OUR professions are somewhat similar," said a minister to a lawyer. "You save the bodies of sinners from punishment, while I do the same for their souls." "Yes," said the lawyer, "but you have the advantage, you get your pay before your clients know whether you have succeeded or not, and I frequently get nothing even when I do succeed."

A CHICAGO PAPER puts it thus: "The best 'anti-poverty society' for a multitude of people would be to enroll their names among teetotallers. Whisky and beer money thus saved would make a million people rich, who, with continued tippling, will end up in the poorhouse."

A NEW servant having been engaged at an aristocratic Bennett street residence was informed they usually had breakfast at about 8 o'clock. She replied, unconcernedly: "Well, if I ain't down to it don't wait."

GOOD intentions do not justify acts that are productive of annoyance. The man who starts out to play the trombone at midnight with the intention of pleasing his neighbors isn't a benefactor of his race.

NEVER fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

"SELF-REVERENCE, self-knoweledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power."—*Tennyson.*

BEWARE of the man who listens much and talks little. He is getting your thunder and saving his own lightning.

THE truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

HE who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.