# Kent News.

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**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.

Commission Cards.

*PHILADELPHIA.*

**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.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
☞Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
**J. P. MOYER & CO.,**
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, PRODUCE,
LIVE STOCK, &c.,
*256 North Front Street, Philadelphia.*
Cards sent on application.
References—Cash. d17-3m.

*NEW YORK.*

**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.

*BALTIMORE.*

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.

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 Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

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.

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.

Professional Cards.

**WM. B. HIDDEN, M. D.,**
SPECIALIST,
208 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.
Practice limited to Diseases of the Chest, Throat and Nasal Passages. Specially successful in treating Enlarged Tonsils, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Asthma. Nasal Catarrh, and Deafness resulting therefrom.
☞Refers to Thomas E. Norris and others. o1-6m.

**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.

**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.

**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.

**WM. R. MILLER, Auctioneer,**
GALENA, MARYLAND.
I HAVE had large experience in this business and flatter myself that I can't be beat in this county. I look after the interest of all sales I am engaged to attend and I think persons intending to have sales will find it to their interest to try me. All orders will be promptly attended to by addressing as above
August 13, 1887—tf.

—VERY—
**Heavy Reduction**
IN THE
FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS

**SHAWLS--SINGLE and DOUBLE**
varying from 50c. to $7.50. Greatly reduced in price.

**Heavy Red-Twilled FLANNELS !**
I have just cut VERY HEAVILY.

*Hamburg Edgings, Laces and Swiss Embroideries,*
☞AT OR ABOUT COST☜

MY FIFTY CENT
**All-Wool BLACK CASHMERES !**
ARE MUCH BELOW VALUE.

**Ladies' Cloth BALMORAL SKIRTS**
AT MUCH LOWER PRICES than ever before sold.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
**Linen TABLE DAMASK**
HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

**T. W. ELIASON, Jr.**

**BOOTS AND SHOES**
Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES.
We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*

REMEMBER THE LINE OF
**Floor Oil-Cloths !**
REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.

**Men's Knit Underwear !**
at lower prices than can be bought at any other place in the county.

**T. W. ELIASON, Jr.**

—A LARGE STOCK OF—
**Men's HEAVY WINTER GLOVES**
CUT IN PRICES TO VERY NEAR COST.

☞*We mean to REDUCE STOCK THIS MONTH if Prices will do it !*

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*
**T. W. ELIASON, Jr.**
December 3, 1887.

**Mill Notice.**

I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roller Process of manufacturing the highest grades of

**ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR**

on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.

In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (⅛), Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1-12), Hominy made for the offal, Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.

For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number,

**KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,**

can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.

Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed, for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why

**URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,**

namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match, consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.

I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future, I remain yours truly,
**WM. W. McKNETT,**
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

Lea's *Highly* Farina.
Lea's *Nutricious* Farina.
Lea's *and* Farina.
Lea's *Palatable.* Farina.
Lea's *Try it.* Farina.

**STRAW WANTED!**

HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.
☞MR. JAMES BRICE is my authorized agent to buy.
**WILBUR ELIASON.**

Clifton *Highest* F. F. F.
Clifton *Grade* F. F. F.
Clifton *Patent* F. F. F.
Clifton *Flour* F. F. F.
Clifton *Made.* F. F. F.

**J. H. HILL, M. D.,**
MILLINGTON, - - MARYLAND.
Office and Drug Store on Cypress Street, opposite Thomas' Hotel. May be found at Mallalieu's Hotel at night. A supply of medicine carried for out-of-town patients. d17-6t.

**JUDEFIND BROS.,**
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
EDESVILLE, MARYLAND.
All kinds Real Estate bought, sold or exchanged, ame rates of commission as those in force by the Real Estate Exchange" of Baltimore city. Money to loan on land in sums to suit. oc15-6m.

Use *For* Kirkwood.
Use *a* Kirkwood.
Use *Fine* Kirkwood.
Use *Family* Kirkwood.
Use *Flour* Kirkwood.

SMOKE the 103 Segar, best in town for the money
For sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

### WOOD ANEMONES.

A mist of violets white and blue,
A fringe of fern-leaves, washed with dew,
And dried by April's breeze:
A belt of blue-bells all arow;
And on the tender grass a snow
Of wood anemones.

The wind-swayed branches rise and fall,
The little wood is musical
With dulcet tones and clear;
The hum of bee, the song of bird,
And in the carol's pause is heard
The streamlet running near.

Beneath the spreading woodland trees,
Among the white anemones,
Two children are at play:
The blossoms opening one by one
Their star-like faces to the sun,
Are not more pure than they.

They laugh away the merry hours,
They crown themselves with woodland flowers,
They mimic bird and bee;
Till one, the graver of the twain,
Holds up, to tell of coming rain,
A closed anemone.

Ah, sister mine! through all the years,
Through mists of shed and unshed tears
Mine eyes can yet behold
A picture of that sunlit wood,
The snow-white carpet where we stood
And watched the flowers unfold.

Ah, sister dear! 'tis meet for thee
To wear the wood anemone
Upon thy gentle breast;
Thou has not left life's quiet ways
To follow after gain and praise
With spirit of unrest.

I had no mind for woodland flowers
I scorned the simple woodland flowers
We pulled together then:
But waves of tender memory roll
Full often over my sick soul
In busy haunts of men.

And my true nature, finding voice,
Reminds me of thy better choice,
Thy calm, contented part:
My rose of life has thorns—thy flower
Is fresh and pure as in the hour
It blossomed from thine heart.

Ah, my sweet sister, words are vain,
Yet could I stand with thee again
Beneath youth's budding trees,
I think my heart would freely choose,
From out all blossoms of all hues,
Life's wood anemones.

*From All The Year Round.*

## TO DIE AT HIGH NOON.

### A French Scout's Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death in Mexico.

There was not a more daring and active scout in Bazine's army than Pierre Danton.

When Pierre volunteered to slip into Quinquimbo, to see what the Mexicans were doing, it never occurred to him that there was the slightest danger.

Quinquimbo was a little mountain village, with a small garrison, and Pierre determined to appear in the role of a deserter. The son of a Spanish mother, he did not look much like a Frenchman, and spoke the language of the country like a native.

But there was one thing the scout had not thought of. Colonel Campos, then commanding the post of Quinquimbo, had served on the eastern coast in the early part of the war. If Pierre had known this fact he would have blown out his brains rather than play the spy in the vicinity of the terrible Campos.

At sunrise the Frenchman walked boldly into the village and gave himself up to the first sentinel he met.

His story was plausible enough. He had lost faith in Maximilian and his cause, and had grown weary of hard fighting and scanty rations. Moreover, he had fallen in love with a black-eyed senorita, and could no longer bear arms against Mexico.

The sentinel called a corporal, and the story was repeated. To these simple soldiers it seemed that the deserter was telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Ah, that French devil, Bazaine!" said the corporal, "he is frightened, is he not?"

"Comrade," replied Pierre, "you have spoken truly. Bazaine is in dispair. His men are deserting by hundreds. They have nothing to eat, and the usurper is without money to pay them."

"In a few weeks they will be driven into the sea," said the enthusiastic corporal.

"You speak like a prophet," answered the spy.

In the presence of Colonel Campos the Frenchman measured his words. The veteran listened without showing any interest or surprise. His brown, leathery face never changed its expression, and his eager eyes were apparently fixed upon the ground.

"And you would serve the republic?" he asked coldly.

"Try me," was the enthusiastic response.

"How am I to know that your story is true?"

"Let me swear——" began Pierre.

"No!" shouted the colonel in a voice of thunder.

The officers and soldiers gave a start of surprise, and for the first time Pierre felt uneasy.

"Bind him hand and foot!" was the unexpected order.

Despite his protestations two men carried out the colonel's instructions, and then braced the prisoner in a sitting posture against a convenient wall.

"A year ago," said Campos, "I captured that fellow near Vera Cruz. I shot off the little finger on his right hand, and he marked me here on the forehead with his sabre. The villian escaped that night, but another prisoner told me all about him. He is not a soldier. He is a spy. He has caused more trouble than any other man in Bazaine's army. Now, Pierre Danton, what have you to say?"

"The colonel is mistaken," said Pierre, "I never saw him before, and I am no spy. My name is Jean Rouville."

"Look!" exclaimed a soldier.

A glance showed that the prisoner's right little finger was missing.

"Only a coincidence," muttered Pierre.

"Guard him well" said the colonel. "No court-martial is wanted here," and the grim soldier walked off.

Securely pinioned as he was, Pierre saw that he could not escape. His eyes roved restlessly about, but there was nothing to encourage him.

"The barbarians," he growled. "They will butcher me in cold blood. I doubt if they will be kind enough to hang me. That Campos looks like a fiend, and the chances are that he is even now inventing some diabolical torture. Well, it's the fortune of war."

Quinquimbo did not look very interesting to the spy as he sat there propped up against the colonel's headquarters. There was a plaza and a few scattered houses around it except on one side, where they had been destroyed by fire. There were no citizens. The inhabitants had abandoned the town, leaving it to the garrison.

"There are not more than three hundred of the yellow rascals," mused the spy. "Lord! wouldn't I like to see some of our cavalry come along. They would take the place in the twinkle of an eye."

Just then two soldiers came along, and lifted Pierre in their arms, and carried him to the center of the plaza. The captive at first thought that his hour had come, but the men proceeded in sullen silence to tie him to the mouth of a solitary cannon, an old-fashioned twelve-pounder, pointed at the vacant side of the square. They lashed him with his breast to the muzzle of the gun, so securely that it was impossible for him to move.

Pierre thought of the brutal British fashion of blowing Indian rebels from the mouths of cannon, and wondered whether he was to be served in the same way.

"It will be talked about all over Mexico," said Colonel Campos, coming up.

"The French will get it into their heads that they are all to be treated in this way and very few will be willing to face such a death."

"Comrade," said Pierre to one of the soldiers, after the colonel had gone, "does he mean it?"

"When the noonday sun strikes that," replied the soldier, "it will be all over."

Pierre looked and noted an iron framework over the breech of the gun. On the top of this was a great round object so bright and dazzling that made his eyes blink.

"I do not understand," he said.

"The burning glass there," explained the soldier, "is so placed that it fires the powder exactly at noon. It never fails."

The victim shuddered. There was something horrible in the idea of being killed by the bright luminary whose rays had all his life given him light and warmth.

He knew that even in the large cities of Mexico what was called the midday gun was fired in this ingenious fashion during the dry season. For six months in the year there was never a cloud in the sky, and the action of the lens was as sure as fate itself.

The guard paced up and down his beat and Pierre was left to his meditations.

He struggled until his strength was gone, trying to loosen his bonds, but it was useless.

His head fell upon his breast, and he closed his eyes. But he could not calm himself, and he again looked around the square. All of the soldiers were marching off with the exception of one company. It was evident that the French were not supposed to be in the neighborhood.

"Stranger things have happened," reasoned Pierre, "I may yet be rescued."

His eyes turned upward, and he saw that the sun was directly overhead.

He glanced down the gun to the priming, and it seemed to him that he could hear the fizzing noise of the powder.

The sun was intensely hot, and this inspired terror.

"Saints above!" groaned the poor wretch. "On such a day as this the gun will go off ahead of time!"

What did it matter? A few minutes would not save him. This glass shown with an infernal brilliancy, and not a speck of cloud was seen.

"If ever I do get out of this," grunted Pierre.

He did not say what he would do.—There was no use in making any promises.

Higher and higher in the heavens moved the flaming orb. Surely it was noon!

The half-fainting prisoner held his breath. The muscles of his face twitched nervously, and his eyes were fixed with an intense stare upon the other end of the cannon.

Like the echo came the familiar sound wafted upon the mountain breezes.

"Oh, God!" gasped the miserable man though his pallid lips.

Was it a bugle? Even if it was it was too late. If relief came it had to be at once.

Louder, clearer sounded the triumphant note, giving forth the sweetest ring that the listener had ever heard. He threw his head back, and the light of hope and courage danced in his eyes.

"The devil!" he shouted, "whether I am saved or not, these yellow dogs will soon bite the dust!"

The Mexicans heard the French bugles, and in another moment Quinquimbo was in a tumult of disorder.

But the defenders of the town, weakened by the departure of their comrades in the morning, were unable to cope with anything like a strong force, and no sooner did the French dash through the outpost than the Mexicans fled to the woods, fully half of them being shot down before they reached shelter.

Pierre's bonds were cut by a trooper, who, with three whacks of his saber set the prisoner free.

To Pierre's immeasurable gratification, Colonel Campos and his command had been captured on the way and brought to town by the raiders.

"I must see him," said the spy. "I have a little settlement to make with him."

Boom!

"Sacre!" yelled Pierre, "I had forgotten all about the gun!"

The smoke slowly lifted, and on the open side of the plaza was seen a group of dead and dying Mexicans. The discharge had occurred just as the prisoners were marching by.

One of the unfortunates was lying on his face but his uniform showed him to be an officer of high rank.

Pierre turned this man over, gave one look at his face, and then fell upon his knees in a prayer of thanksgiving.

In the dead man he had recognized Colonel Campos!

◆

A YOUNG LADY of Philadelphia received a special delivery letter. The messenger handed her the book to sign for it. She took the book, and instead of writing her signature she wrote: "Dear John: Glad to hear from you. Come up Sunday night." She had answered the letter.

◆

"MY LITTLE CAT" is a favorite term of endearment with the Frenchmen. A Frenchman, however, who applied it to his Yankee sweetheart found that he had stroked the fur the wrong way.—*Boston Transcript.*

HE—"What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith." She—"Yes, I like it. My papa gave it to me. It came from Paris and is hand-painted." He—"Indeed? And how nicely it matches your complexion."

### A Personal Postoffice.

A traveling postoffice inspector went up into Scott county a few days ago for the purpose of investigating certain reported crookedness. One afternoon he reached a small cabin situated near a lonely road. He stopped, intending to get a drink of water, and as he drew near was astonished to see a signboard bearing the following inscription, "Postofis." An old fellow with a grizzly beard and a hairy chest—displayed as his shirt was unbuttoned—came out, and merely nodding his head to the inspector, sat down on a stump.

'How are you?" said the inspector.

"Tol'ble."

"Have some fresh water handy?"

"Plenty uv it down thar in the branch. One uv ther boys shot my bucket all ter pieces, an' sence then I have ter go ter ther branch we'en I wanter drink."

Just then a man mounted on a mule, rode up and asked, "Mr. Plummer, got any letters for me?"

"Yas, thars one here. Bill Pattorson, but you kain't get it. Get away frum here, or I'll make you wush you hadn't never come."

"Wush yer would give it to me."

"Yas, and ther nigger wushed that ther coon would come down outer ther tree, but he didn't come."

"Sey, Mr. Plummer—"

"Shut yer mouth and say nothin', and mor'n that, you'd better mosey away from here."

The man rode off, and the inspecter, addressing the postmaster, asked:

"Why didn't you give that man his letter?"

"Kase he worked agin me when I run for Justice of the Peace."

"Yes, but the government doesn't care anything for that."

"Reckon not, but I do."

"But you were appointed to serve the people."

"Yas, an' sarve 'em, too—sarve some of them like old Nick."

"My friend, I am a traveling postoffice inspector an——"

"All right, then, travel."

"If I report you to the Postoffice Department, which I shall be very apt to do, you will travel."

"Reckon not. This establishment belongs ter me, an' nobody's got a right ter tell me ter git out."

"How long have you had this office?"

"Ever since I built it."

"I mean how long have you been postmaster?"

"Bout a year."

At this juncture an old fellow, cautiously picking his way among the bushes approached the postmaster, who, upon seeing him sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"What in thunder do you want here, Abe Smith?"

"Come after that paper."

"Didn't I tell yer that you kain't git it?"

"Yes, but I 'lowed that yer mount alter you mind."

"Wall, I hain't. When yer refused to lend me yer slide and hoss ther other week I told yer that you couldn't git nothin' else outen this office."

"I'm er going ter git that paper."

"Not lessen yer a far better fighting man than I be."

"An' that's erbout what I think."

"Wall, help yerself."

With agility surprising for such old men they grappled each other and began a desperate struggle. Abe Smith succeeded in throwing the postmaster.

"Now," said Smith, as he began to choke old Plummer, "goin' ter let me have that paper?"

A gurgled "yes" came from the postmaster's throat. Smith released his hold and suffered Plummer to get up.

"Wall," said the postmaster as he stood brushing fragments of leaves and bark from his beard, "I reckon I wuz sorter mistaken in yer. I didn't know that yer wuz such a nice man. Come in, Abe, an' git yer paper, for you have earned it like a white man."

"Ain't thar a letter for me, too?"

"Yas."

"Wall, I want it."

"Kain't git it, Abie. You fit fur ther paper, only."

"Got to have it Plummer."

"Not lessen yer whip me ergin."

"B'l'eve I ken do it."

"All right, Abie."

They went at it again, pranced around, striking at each other. Finally Plummer struck Abe a heavy blow and felled him, seating himself on the prostrate man, he said:

"Don't want the letter, do you brother Abie?"

"Reckon not, Plummer."

"All right, come erhead and get yer paper."

When Abe had gone the postmaster turned to the inspector and said:

"Want anything outen me?"

"No, I believe not."

"Ef yer had er letter here an' I didn't want yer to have it yer wouldn't argy the pint, would yer?"

"I think not."

"Don't want no truck with me?"

"None."

"Well good-byer. Got ter go in now and make up ther mail."

### Interesting Turf Statistics.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* statistician has figured out the fact that 69 horses ran a mile in 1.43 or better last season, against 55 in 1886 and 24 in 1885. Ten of the 17 races in which 1.42 were beaten were run over the Sheephead Bay track, where Stuyvesant put 1.40 and 1.40¼ to his credit and Burch 1.40½. Eolinan ran there in 1.40¾, and Troubadour and Orvid each in 1.41. Stuyvesant's race was the fastest ever run, for Ten Broeck's 1.39¾ was made over a specially prepared track, with the benefit of a running start. Up to last season 1.41 had never been beaten in a race. It was done five times last season, and 46 horses ran in better than 1.43, all but 10 of them carrying over 100 pounds. Eolian carried 120 pounds when he ran over the Sheepsheads Bay track in 1.41¼, and Troubadour ran over the Brooklyn track with 122 pounds up in 1.42½. Stuyvesant carried 11½ pounds when he ran 1.40, and but 110 when he ran a half second slower. Garrison rode four of the five horses who ran in better than 1.41, Harris riding the other, Jacobin, at Chicago.

### The Country Sexton.

Almost every man, no matter what his walk in life may be, has some sympathy from his neighbors. The doctor is unconsciously sympathized with when people tell him how hard it must be to arise at two o'clock on a winter morning and go forth in a hailstorm to minister to the sufferings of a patient more thane five miles off.

And as with the doctor, so it is with the clergyman, and the night editor, and the man who thrusts his head into the lion's mouth daily for so much a week.

But no one has yet seen fit to express the opinion that the lot of the country sexton is a hard and trying one. Every one who has any business connection with the church owns him. He has to saw wood for the rector and beat carpets for the vestrymen, and do odd jobs around the places of any other member of the congregation who may see fit to call upon him.

If he goes out on the street for an airing, he is apt to be met and snapped up by some old lady who has just moved and would like to have the shades of the old house cut down to fit the windows in the new one.

If he is going to the city for recreation, he is sure to be met before he reaches the railroad station, and ordered to make a church pew cushion for the settee of somebody's new Dutch house.

And no matter what the poor sexton may have on hand, he has smilingly to abandon it to perform anything that is asked of him. He is generally what is known as a handy man and a satnd-by, and his general resignation under circumstances that would be trying to the average layman would be simply edifying and beautiful in the rector himself.

If the sexton wants to take a drink, he has to do it down his cellar. He is afraid to go into a public drinking place, for fear he may meet some church dignitary there who will report him.

He has to be very circumspect in all his ways. If any one hits him he cannot hit back, because he must reflect the sentiments and teachings of the clergyman and, in short practice what the clergyman preaches. Consequently, through the teachings of the clergyman, the sexton becomes a paragon of virtue which the clergyman himself would do well to follow.

But, in spite of his humility and goodness, he is never regarded according to his worth. He never receives the credit of having any patience, although he gives up his entire life to the church, and is ever ready to do anything that is required. He has to mend the cushions, sweep the church, and have a perfect knowledge of all the feasts and ember days. He must know whether it is the first Sunday in Advent, or the third Sunday after Easter, be able to define the functions of an archdeacon, and move a piano upstairs without waxing profane when his fingers are flattened out like those of a pair of new kid gloves against the wainscoting.

When his children are baptized, he cannot select the hour himself, or decide if it is to be done in public or private. It is all decided by the clergyman, who may prefer quiet simplicity or full dress.

The sexton always has to attend service regularly, and appear to be deeply interested, even if he is thinking of rabbit hunting or foot-ball at the time. In fact, he is obliged to appreciate each sermon so keenly, that to look at him you would suppose that he himself was the author of the whole thing.

He has to go forth to the woods and cut Christmas trees about this time, and a little later wear out all his clothing against the church walls, as he lies against them on his wish-bone while adjusting the emerald decorations of the season.

And he has to see that the church is warm, even when the furnace won't work. Let him get a cough, even during the regular season of the Palestine cough, and he will not be sent to the Holy Lnnd to mend his shattered breath. He gets no slippers delicately embroidered with rose and heliotrope about Christmas time, and no cough treche firm pays him to write it a complimentary letter to be printed as an advertisement. In fact, he is never treated the same as the rector, except when his salary is allowed to go past due.

The only thing that can be said against the country sexton is that he prevaricates and breaks engagements. He promises to split your wood on Monday, and doesn't come around for a week. He says when he sees you, that he had to do some other job for some one else, and that he was in arrears with his work. You can never find him except at the church, and that is on Sunday, when you can't start him to work on the spot.

A country sexton, to be happy, should be deaf, and live on an island in the middle of a swamp that is not soft enough to sail a boat in and not hard enough to walk on. He should reach his house by a bridge that could be drawn into the front door after him, and used inside as a staircase.

◆

WHAT is my opinion of winter weather walking?

First, it is slippery,
Then it is sloppy;
Now it is skippery,
Now it is hoppery;
Jumping and dashing,
Plunging and splashing,
Muddery, slushery,
Gum shoes and gushery,
Gossamers, wraps,
Falls and mishaps,
Arnica, lint—
Words not for print.

### Melancholy.

Melancholy
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
And man—an everlasting mist.—*Byron.*

### The Master's Touch.

The string that jars
When rudely touched, ungrateful to the sense,
With pleasure feels the master's flying fingers,
Swells into harmony, and charms the hearers.—*Rowe.*

◆

Now that coal is seven dollars a ton prospective fathers-in-law should require their prospective sons-in-law to go home early or bring a scuttle of coal along with them. Sentiment is all right, but it won't buy coal. —*Breakwater Light.*

◆

THIS is leap year, having fifty-three Sundays in which the girls will have a chance to "pop the question."

### ARIZONA'S BURIED CITY.

#### Lieutenant Cushing Describes the Relics of the Past Unearthed at Los Muertos.

"In to-night's lecture," said Lieut. Frank Hamilton Cushing at a special meeting of the Academy of Science, "I will detail, first, the circumstances which led up to my discovery of the ancient Los Muertos, or the City of the Dead, in the Salt river valley of the Arizona, and then show the relations of the characteristics of this city to those of the modern Zuni, and vice versa.

"At an early age I contracted the habit of wandering about the woods of Western New York and discovering fossils, curious stones, etc., and from their resemblance to living forms I had seen I tried to formulate some theory as to their origin. These theories, I subsequently found, harmonized very wonderfully with those entertained by a whole people as a religious belief. I refer to the Zunis. I began to ponder whether there was any system observed by these people in this matter, and I was led to observe characteristics of soil and topography which accompanied the occurrence of a camp site among the Indians."

After minutely describing his course of training in this respect and showing how, even in plowed fields, traces of former human occupation had been discovered—Professor Cushing referred to the five or six years he had lived with the Zunis, and said that the narration of his experiences and discoveries had so interested a New England lady named Mrs. Hemingway that she organized the Hemingway Southwestern Ethnological expedition to carry out the line of his explorations, and this led to the discovery of Los Muertos.

"A number of like mounds," continued the speaker, "happened to meet my gaze, and hidden away under the mesquite forest I saw unmistakable signs of an ancient Indian village. Art remains—fragments of pottery and other peculiarities precisely similar to those found in Zuni—were discovered. After several feet of excavation had been made the walls of a veritable city more than three miles in length were laid bare. From deductions made from the surroundings I concluded that the newly discovered city was about twenty times the size of the modern Zuni. The architecture may be characterized as composed of terra cotta.

"Thirty-three blocks of houses have already been excavated. The population of Zuni, being 1,600 souls, that of Los Muertos may be estimated at that about eleven centuries ago when it was abandoned. The most interesting characteristic which proved that the city had been overwhelmed by a succession of earthquakes was that the walls opened up as it were, as though they were on hinges at the bottom. Similar peculiarities have been observed during the recent earthquakes in Mexico.

"On account of the suddenness of the catastrophe the inhabitants had no time to remove a single article, and, therefore, all that could withstand the effect of time are scattered about as in their days of use, such as ancient jars, mills and axes. The latter bunches, with their handles burned off, lie on the ground as they fell.

"A most interesting discovery was made," said the lecturer, "respecting the pottery in this ancient village. The water jars contained an apparently artificial break in the continuity of an ornamental band on the exterior and the food jars on the interior precisely similar to those of the Zunis, so that I am led to believe from this and other peculiarities that the inhabitants of Los Muertos were the ancestors of the Zunis. These bands, I found, while living with the latter people, were not caused accidentally and possessed a deep meaning.

"I endeavored to learn the unmanly art of making pottery, for the women always make it, and while sitting among them molding some clay, I commenced to whistle softly. The women rose in horror and exclaimed: 'Child! child!' I was amazed, but an old woman led me aside and said: 'You must never whistle or sing or make any sound that would awake an echo in the canyon while making pottery, for if you do the voice will go out while it is burning and the pottery will crack.'

"All savages, I found, believed that everything that has motion, heat or sound of itself must have life. The Zunis have observed that whenever a vessel breaks or becomes useless, in other words when it dies, it gives a loud twang, especially during the burning process, and they think a vessel is imitative like the echo. Furthermore, they think when a vessel is put on the fire that it sings, and they believe that the vague existence they give to the vessels has something to do with the good qualities of the food taken from them.

"They would not let me whistle because they believed the sound of my voice would enter the clay and break it when it was subjected to heat. These ideas give a more rational aspect to the superstitious feeling the savages bear towards their fetiches and idols.

"I supposed there were no Zuni ruins west of the centre of Arizona, but here, much further in that direction than I could ever have imagined, I found this marvelous city of the dead. The Zunis consider their households as entities, and by a natural course of reasoning they have been led to believe that their household articles should take their place among their gods. The Zunis' conception of the soul is very curious. It is supposed that the priests of heredity have also by heredity power over their own souls, which enables them on great occasions to separate their souls from their bodies, and at death they do not require any ceremonial or sacrifice, like ordinary mortals."

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SETTLING THE SINGERS.—There was a difficulty among the singers, and it being rumored as a settled fact that the choir would not sing a note on the next Sabbath, the minister commenced morning worship by giving out that hymn of Watts' "Come Ye Who Love the Lord." After reading it through he looked up very emphatically at the choir and said: "You will begin at the second verse

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our Lord."

They sang the hymn.—*Musical Herald*

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GRIEF or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as with individuals, are necessary to draw them from their lethargy and disclose their character.

◆

THE fall of a leaf is a whisper to the living.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:
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Each subsequent insertion - - - - - 25
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—SUCH AS—
HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

### Sound Business Maxims.

The following business maxims, compiled by the *Dry Goods Chronicle*, are appropriate to the season:

Action is really the life of business.

Use every means to hold on to your home trade.

Always keep your designs and business from the knowledge of others.

It is easy to sell goods if they are well suited to your trade and bought right.

Be courageous; drop your best friend if he shows lack of honesty and integrity.

Avoid litigation as much as possible, for lawyers and costs eat up the principal.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

The man who borrows money and then borrows trouble is in sheol sure enough.

Prefer small profits and certain returns to large profits and uncertain settlements.

Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance; therefore always face a difficulty.

Punctuality in money matters leads to prosperity and confidence and the basis of credit.

The man who minds his own business and constantly attends to it has all his time employed.

In buying study carefully the wants of your trade, and buy with that end always in view.

Adhere strictly to your business. There may be difficulties to overcome, but you will surmount them.

Thousands of merchants fail not from the shrinkage of values, but from crediting unwisely and too much.

Be polite, prompt, decisive, civil and obliging to your customers, and see that your clerks do likewise.

Have the courage to accept small profits, and be content; large ones involve much risk and less certainty of continuing.

There are two sorts of people that gain little by trade, such as buy what they do not want, and such as sell only in necessity.

Success assures the approbation of the world, for, as the wise man says, "Men will praise thee when thou doest well for thyself."

Study the history of current events; make careful comparisons of the fluctuations in price, in demand and supply, in order to guide your own operations by the lessons these facts impart.

Misrepresentation of anything never pays, and when you tell your customers that your goods are superior to those of your competitors, when you know the same to be false, you are simply putting in the wedge that will ultimately drive your trade away.

Remember that the golden rule of commercial life is probity. Act, therefore, honestly, uprightly and conscientiously in all matters of trade. Never misrepresent, falsify or deceive; have one rule of moral life and never swerve from it, whatever may be the opinions or acts of other men.

### The American Way.

As a rule the American never wants to retire. He has an idea that it is his duty "to die with the harness on." Accordingly he keeps himself in the traces, he works day and night, his hours of recreation are reduced to a minimum, he doesn't even give himself sufficient time to eat his meals in such a way that his food can be the most easily digested, the tension of his nervous system is rarely if ever entirely relaxed. He has his wish, he dies "with the harness on," but his death takes place eight or ten years earlier than it would if he had known how to do his work without excitement, and to give himself the repose which advancing years require. It is true that there is another alternative to which death would be preferable, for, with enfeebled mind he exists during the latter part of his life in a mental condition requiring the watchful care of his friends or his incarceration within the walls of a lunatic asylum.

I have said that this is the fault of the average American, not by any means intending to imply that there are not many who are wise enough to act differently, and also many who, notwithstanding their sins against the laws of their being, manage to escape in this world, at least, the full punishment for their offences. But I do mean to say that such cases are infinitely more common among us than any other nation on the face of the earth, and that Americans, more than any other people, are so constituted, either from birth or education, that undue mental excitement is a necessary factor to their existence.

### Something About Dyspepsia.

Chronic dyspepsia is a functional, not an organic, disorder. If the eye could look within the stomach, in the latter case, it would see no explanation of the trouble, as in the case of organic diseases.

At least five kinds of fluids co-operate in the digestive process; saliva, gastric juice, bile, pancreatic fluid and intestinal secretions. Indigestion, therefore, does not necessarily have its seat in the stomach.

Two forms of it are specially recognized —gastric (that of the stomach) and intestinal. Each form has two prominent varieties: one in which the food is really digested, while the person has a great sense of discomfort; the other, in which the food is not duly digested, while the person has comparatively little suffering. In the first variety there is an abnormal excitability of the nerves of sensation. This is known as nervous dyspepsia.

The more common causes of dyspepsia are excesses in eating, neglect of physical exercise, protracted anxiety, change from an active to a sedentary life, insufficient sleep, luxurious living.

No treatment can here be described suited to individual cases. The chief thing is to find out and remove the cause. An overworked stomach should be relieved by giving it only the work which it can do easily, and by furnishing to it only that which is easily digested. Everything that is possible should be done to improve the general health. Change of locality and general surroundings is often a help.—*The Youth's Companion.*

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THERE is nothing consolatory for the patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot!"

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A RUMOR is often spoken of as gaining currency. Some landladies often find it difficult to get any of these gains from their roomers.