THE KENT NEWS:

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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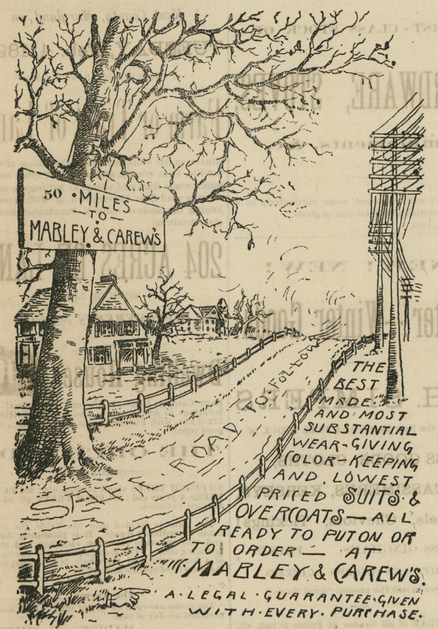

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Black's - Maryland

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THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR GRAIN IN ANY QUANTITY,

delivered on the Baltimore & Delaware Bay and Queen Anne's railroads, or on Chester or Sassafras rivers.

A supply of COAL, both hard and soft, also, WOOD always on hand at Black's.

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Established 1876.

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WANTED.

100,000 BUSHELS of NEW CORN

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COAL, FERTILIZERS

—And all kinds of—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

A full line of CARRIAGES, DAYTONS and ROAD CARTS always on hand. Also, the celebrated ROSS FEED CUTTERS, the STAVER BUCKEYE CORN and COB MILLS, MARSEILLES ADAMS POWER SHELLERS.

Wanted: Corn, Either on Cob or Shelled

IN ANY QUANTITY.

Having removed from Locust Grove, I thank my friends for their patronage and solicit a continuance of the same.
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—FIRST CLASS—

Eating and Oyster Saloon

IN CHESTERTOWN AT THE

"ROCKWELL HOUSE!"

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I am, respectfully,
Oct. 19--3m. A. I. DUGAN.

FOR SALE!

Orchilla Guano!

A PURE BIRD DEPOSIT WITHOUT MANIPULATION.

Has stood the test for seventeen years by experienced farmers. None has proven equal to it as a permanent Improver. For Corn, Grass and PEACH TREES especially.

E. J. WATSON,
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MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

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

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CARPETS!

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

CRANE BROTHERS,

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

—DEALERS IN—

CARPETS, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS,

Mattings, Rugs, &c.

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

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

CRANE BROTHERS,
No. 8 W. Balto. St., near Charles, Baltimore.
Oct. 19, 1889—3m.

THOMPSON LINE CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

LUBRICATING AND KEROSENE OILS,

KAINIT, SALTS, LATHS, LIME,

Plastering Hair, Cement, Plaster, Seeds, Gasolene and Bituminous Coal,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

in all kinds of

BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DAYTONS,

ROAD CARTS, BUCKBOARDS, and WAGONS

of every description.

We also have the agency for THE REMINGTON and the "WORLD" TYPE-WRITERS. Every business man should have one.

As Usual, Freighting!

Our vessels, the Schooners "ADAMS" and "REMITTANCE," are in complete order, and now running in our line. All freights handled with promptness and dispatch. Advancements made on grain to reliable parties.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
Sept. 29, 1888. MANAGER.

COAL and LIME!

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR

BUILDING LIME

—AND—

WHITEWASH LIME

is at J. D. BACCHUS'

Coal and Wood Yard!

Special inducements to contractors and builders. Would be pleased to quote you.

Very respect,

Mar. 30, 1888. J. D. BACCHUS.

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Headquarters!

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives his Exclusive Attention to HORSE-SHOEING!

I have learned the business thoroughly and have given it my study, and had much experience in the work of Horse-Shoeing. For this reason I think I am better prepared to do Horse-Shoeing than shops which do all kinds of Blacksmithing.

My system of Shoeing prevents CUTTING and FORGING and preserves the horses' feet.

My best recommendation is the universal satisfaction of my customers, and I have no hesitation in referring to any for whom I have done work.

My prices I guarantee to be as low as the lowest.

Horsemen! Come and see me, and I will save you trouble and expense.

SAM. HICKS, H-O-R-S-E-S-H-O-E-R,
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THE PLUMBING BUSINESS.

WM. T. SUTTON

IS now prepared to do any work in the Plumbing Line, such as putting in

Bath-Tubs and Water Fixtures Generally.

Also Hydrants and Sprinklers whenever desired.

One Man's Ingratitude.

BY OLIVE BELL.

The family mansion of the Christie's of Oakdale was a grand old building, its tall gables, and narrow windows draped with ivy; and the fluted columns of the wide porches, garnished with trailing roses, whose rich red hearts glowed like drops of blood in the summer sunshine. Within one of the large low-ceiled rooms, all softened lights, and dusky shadows, a man sat in a deep cushioned chair, his elbows resting on the marble top of a table before him, and his handsome face buried in his white hands.

"Must it all go—all my father's lands, and my beloved home!" groaned Ashburton Christie, as he lifted his haggard face, and gazed out at the fair domain with troubled eyes; for Ashburton had a Christie's love for his birth-place, and the Christie home-love was a by-word in the whole county.

"All go!" echoed a full sweet voice; and Ashburton turned with a start, to see a young girl leaning against the back of his chair.

"Why Winifred," he exclaimed in a surprised, but not pleased tone, "When did you arrive?"

"I have just come," explained Winifred Deane, Ashburton's cousin, as she laid aside her hat, and sat down on the opposite side of the little table. Her dark brown eyes met Ashburton's blue orbs for a moment, and then her rather plain face flushed a lovely crimson. Winifred was no beauty, and she knew it, yet there was a quiet taste and quaintness about her that attracted many admirers. For Winifred was rich, and an orphan, and had the means to allow her odd fancies full play. But the one man, who of all the world she desired to please, stood aloof, and scarcely accorded her the cousinly interest their relationship sanctioned.

Ashburton gazed a moment at the downcast blushing face, when it suddenly occurred to him, that perhaps Winifred had come with a purpose. So he raised his handsome head a trifle higher, with some indistinct idea floating through his brain that it would not be quite the thing to accept help from a woman he had always held at arm's length.

Winifred seemed growing impatient at the silence. Flecks of color were coming and going in her cheeks, and her lips quivered like a grieved child's.

"Cousin Ashburn, I am sorry for your trouble," she murmured in a low sympathetic voice; "I did not think the old homestead would have to go."

"*All* will nave to go; as you are now aware, I have little ready money. The old homestead is dearer in my eyes than in the eyes of the world; it will not bring more than twenty thousand, and I endorsed for thirty."

"A foolish proceeding."

"True; but I thought Winton the soul of honor; I never dreamed of him absconding with his employer's money. I will never trust any man again."

For Rufus Winton, the cashier of a prominent banking firm, had induced Christie to endorse for him, under the plea that he was working out some successful financial venture; and after the bubble burst, disappeared with thousands of dollars belonging to his patrons.

"Ashburton," there was a little tremble in Winifred's sweet, full voice, "I have thirty thousand dollars that you may have the use of until you are able to repay it if —if—"

"If what, Winifred—" Ashburton leaned forward, his handsome face losing its haggard look, as he listened eagerly.

"If you will love me just a little Ashburton," blurted out Winifred, dropping her red face on the table; for to tell the truth Winifred would have given twice as much for a portion of her cousin's love.

Ashburton had a really kind heart and an impulsive nature, and Winifred's magnanimous offer touched him deeply.

"Winifred, I do not deserve this," and going around to Winifred's side, he laid his shapely white hand on her shoulder. Winifred looked up into his face with her heart in her eyes. Surely, if ever a woman loved man, this woman loves me, thought Ashburton, and with a strange pain at his heart he stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

Two round arms were around his neck in an instant.

"Oh, Ashburton, you will take it! I cannot bear to see you in trouble."

"Yes, yes," Ashburton hastened to say, slowly and tenderly unclasping the warm, plump arms from around his neck, "but I will never be able to repay your kindness, Winifred."

"I want nothing but your love and loving words, Ashburton," sighed poor Winifred. "You don't know how I have hungered for both."

Ashburton slipped his arm around her waist, and with his face bowed on hers, vowed to love her as he loved no other woman. At the time he may have been sincere, for an hour before his life had looked so desperate that no ray of hope could penetrate the darkness. Now, the gift of this loving, generous woman, had flooded his life with sunshine, and the home he loved could be saved.

"But, Winifred, you must not beggar yourself. It may be years before I can return this money."

"I will have the old home, and the rents from my town houses left," smiled Winifred, shyly withdrawing from his encircling arm; "quite sufficient for my simple needs, cousin."

"May God forget me if I forget you, Winifred Deane," was Ashburton Christie's solemn answer, "for you have been that best of all friends—a friend in need."

And as Ashburton himself drove Winifred back to Hawly, hope took a stronger hold on the young girl's heart, for she was so blithe, gentle and tender, that she imagined they would one day share her loan together. And for a few months Winifred enjoyed her fool's paradise. Then, when the sharp edge began to wear off Ashburton's gratitude, the poor girl began to realize her money was more attractive than herself. Ashburton grew careless at first, then colder and colder, until the girl's heart ached with pain. They were at a fashionable summer resort, and, day after day, Winifred watched her handsome cousin riding, driving, rowing and flirting with a lovely young blonde, whom rumor said was fabulously wealthy. Winifred grew restless and spent most of her lonely hours on the beach, watching the white capped waves roll in with that never-ceasing murmurous sound that seemed typical of her unrest.

One languid afternoon in the beginning of September, as she sat on a huge boulder, watching the restless waves with her sadly pathetic eyes, Ashburton saw her and exclaimed with more warmth than usual, "I have not seen you for days."

Winifred looked up at him. He was so strong and so handsome, his eyes were so bewitchingly bright and his smiles so genial that she did not wonder all the women were so fond of him. Handsome, rich and refined women, too—women who wore their wealth and beauty with the grace she lacked, and her heart softened toward him as he held out his hand.

"You might spare poor me a few moments each day, Ashburton. You know I am not attractive in a fashionable crowd like this; but I have been a true friend to you," she said, gently.

"You have indeed," he assented, stroking his blonde mustache, with an uneasy light in his blue eyes. For Ashburton Christie lacked the mainspring of all real feeling—namely, principle, for his good deeds were oftener the result of impulse than any genuine desire to befriend his fellows, and his rather shallow affections were not trustworthy. In the first gush of gratitude, for Winifred Deane's timely offer and help, he had made many mental resolves to love Winifred; for, with a man's intuition, he had fathomed the motive that prompted the offer. But gratitude softened into friendship, and friendship was fast drifting into that feeling of indifference with which he had always regardod her. He looked at the little plain face now, and wished that he could love her as she deserved to be loved. But one tress of Edith Coulter's blonde hair was dearer to him than all this young girl's blind devotion; yet his voice had a kindlier ring, as he laid his hand on the bowed head, saying "Winifred, I will never forget your kindness. I neglect you I admit; but still I never wholly forget you. Let us be friends, cousin."

He stooped down and took one of the little cold hands in his. But there was no responsive clasp in Winifred's; for even as the light was dying out of the western sky, so was the light of all future happiness dying out of her life.

"I will be your friend always," said Winifred, wearily. "I have few pleasant things, to look back upon in my life, but I will always be thankful that I had the power to help you."

"I will repay you both principal and interest—when—when—"

"When you marry Miss Coulter," she supplemented, as her heart sank like lead, for she knew by the flush on his face why he hesitated.

"Yes, Winifred, Miss Coulter and I are engaged. I told her the whole story, and she is anxious to make your acquaintance. Come, the evening air is growing chilly."

But Winifred drew back.

"Not now, Ashburton. To-morrow will do as well."

She turned her hungry eyes and pale face from him, thinking, with a dull, throbbing pain at her heart, of the kiss he gave her, that bright summer morning. He left her, and like many another woman who has drank the bitter cup of unrequited love to the very dregs, she laid her white face down on the boulder, and prayed that God would end her misery.

Four hours later, Ashburton Christie and his affianced wife were strolling along the beach, the moon flooding the beach, resting bright upon a bowed figure, half-shrouded with a fleecy white shawl. Ashburton paused with an exclamation of surprise on his lips—

"Winifred! you here yet—and alone?"

He laid his hand on the bowed head. But Winifred never stirred. He hastily raised her face, that the moonlight might fall on it, and Edith Coulter shrank away with a low cry, for death had set his seal on the closed eyes.

Ashburton started back in horror, as all the past coldness smote him like a knife. "She is dead!"

"Who is she, Ashburton?" breathed Edith Coulter, clinging to him, "not—not—your cousin Winifred?"

"My cousin Winifred—killed by my ingratitude."

Heart disease was the verdict, but Ashburton knew better; yet he felt, as he gazed at the peaceful face, that God's blessed rest had come to Winifred.

Marry a Gentleman.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. You need not die old maids. But wait until the prince passes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ballroom. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father or mother.

THE Jefferson City *Tribune* tells of a dog which followed a coon into a cave, where he became fast in a narrow aperture and was compelled to remain until he grew lean enough to get through, which required twelve days.

AN Illinois woman, who broke her wrist while trying to raise a window in a railroad car, has just received $1,685 damages, and a Wisconsin man who broke his thumb in the same endeavor is suing for $3,000 damages.

Wonders of Modern Surgery.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Doctor, is there any help for her?"

'Mr. Pyke, there is."

A dark cloud of anxiety lifed itself from the face of the young husband.

"Spare no expense, doctor," he said. "If necessary, call to your aid the highest surgical skill and the most approvod appliances known to your profession."

"I will," answered the eminent surgeon.

There had been a terrible railway accident. By one of those well-known coincidences that so often happen none of the high officials of the road were on the train at the time of the disaster, and it was several days before they had learned enough about it to be able to give any information to the reporters.

But Buenavista McCorkle Pyke, the young wife of Bolivar Pyke, was among the passengers on the ill-fated train.

When the crash came she was caught between two pieces of broken timber in such a way that she could only be released by the sacrifice of her nose. It was a remarkably handsome nose of the pure Grecian type, but it had to go.

Over the harrowing details of the amputation, performed as it was hastily, and with a thirty-eight-cent knife in the hands of a sympathizing but business-like commercial traveler who happened to be uninjured, it is best to draw a veil.

The unfortunate woman was taken to her home and a distinguished surgeon summoned at once, who gave the opinion, as we have seen, that the damage was not irreparable.

"I cannot replace the former nose, Mr. Pyke," he explained, "but I can provide an admirable substitute. Have you any live poultry about the premises?"

"We have."

Then order a servant at once to kill a pullet, remove the pointed portion of the breast, taking bone and all, and bring it to me while yet warm," said the surgeon briskly, as he rolled up his sleeves and prepared for an operation the most daring, original and skilful he had ever undertaken. With the practiced hand of a master he rapidly adjusted his instruments for instant use, prepared the stump of the nose to receive its extraordinary graft, and all was in readiness when the servant came in with the servant came in with the required section of breast-bone.

"It is too large," muttered the surgeon, as he looked at it in surprise. "It must have been taken from a very heavy pullet. However, I can cut it down."

He did so. With the hand and eye of an artist as well as a surgeon he trimmed the cartiaginous yet plump and shapely fragments to the proportions of a human nose, adjusted it to its place with marvellous skill, sewed it firmly to its base, applied the proper dressing, and the operation was over.

Weeks passed. The new nose of Mrs. Bolivar Pyke was an unparalleled success.

Only the closest scrutiny could have enabled a stranger to see anything peculiar in its anchorage, its configuration, or its complexion. Happy in her restored beauty and the tender care of her devoted husband, she went into society as before, and received hearty congratulations from all.

The golden autumn grew toward its close. Withered leaves fell from the trees and sharp frosts withened the morning landscape. One morning Mrs. Pyke came down to breakfast with a look of strange alarm on her face.

"Bolivar," she said, with a trembling voice, "do you see anything unusual about my nose?"

"It seems rather ruddy, Buenavista," he replied, "but I have always supposed that to be a characteristic of the female nose in cold weather. Is it worse than usual?"

"It is not mere redness, Boilvar. Look at it closely."

Bolivar complied.

"It seems mottled with dark purple spots," he said, after a careful examination. "Won't they come off? Have you tried—er—soap, Buenavista?"

"They are not on the outside," said Mrs. Pyke, wringing her hands. "I don't know what is the matter, but I have a dreadful fear. Send for the doctor at once, Bolivar!"

The surgeon was brought in haste. He examined the nose, and a look of mystification and dismay spread over his face.

"I cannot account for it," he said. "It might be that the—ha! An idea occurs to me. Where is the servant who assisted me the night when the operation was performed? Let him be brought in."

It was done.

"Jacobs, a word with you."

The doctor took him to one side and asked a few searching questions.

"Mrs. Pyke," he said, a few minutes later, "It is as I suspected. In the hurry of the moment, and in the darkness of the night your servant made a mistake in selecting his fowl. This mistake, which it is now too late to remedy, will be attended with unpleasant consequences only at the beginning of a cold winter. These spots are not on the surface, but show through the transparent skin. Mr. Pyke," he added, "I congratulate you on having a handy and infallible weather indicator in your possession. Your wife's nose is made from the breast bone of a goose."

Living on Lillies.

In a lecture to a girls' assemblage not long ago Prof. Ames, of Columbia College, said that in some parts of India the lily is actually used as an article of diet. It has been found by the botanists to be a highly nutritious article of food, being peculiarly rich in nitrogenous compounds. The poor Indian, who evidently "considers the lilies" from a gastronomical point of view, either eats them as a vegetable or kneads them with dough and makes them into cakes. In either form they are declared to afford a most substantial and nourishing repast, and the æsthetes of ten years ago, when accused of "living on lilies," would certainly have been enabled to turn the laugh against their tormentors if they had known the culinary attributes of their cherished flower. Mark the result of the professor's information. At a stylish luncheon recently given by an enterprising belle stewed lilies were one of the novel dishes. They tasted like an amalgam of spinach and cabbage, and were not very dainty, but they are bound to have vogue for awhile, anyhow.—*Boston Herald.*

LIFE.

Along the dusty road-side
In the tall, wet grass,
Noting not the moments
As they swiftly pass,
Culling flowers bright,
Glowing lip and sunburned cheek,
With happiness alight,
Till the tones o'ertake her
Of a well-known voice.
"Mary, Mary, come to me."
And the little wanderer
Turns to love and home,
Father, love and home.

On life's dreary road-side,
Shrinking from its sin,
Longing for that stronger life,
Her own to sink within.
Feeling all her woman's heart
Astir with love's young dream,
Walks a timid maiden,
Lip and cheek aglow,
As a tender voice and true
Speaks in accents low,
"Mary, Mary, come to me."
And the timid maiden
Turns to love and home,
Husband, love and home.

Saddened with its sin,
Wearied with the walk of life,
Longing for the rest and peace,
This world had failed to win.
Brow and cheeks all furrowed
By the hand of Time,
Waits the toil-worn matron
For the voice divine:
"Mary, Mary, come to me."
And the weary pilgrim
Turns to love and home,
Saviour, Love and Home.

HE HELPED THE AUTHOR.

A Compositor Who Wasn't Satisfied With a Writer's Menu.

A Chicago printer, busily engaged in hunting work, tells the following story: "I had a good job," he said, "in a Monroe-street fiction foundry—one of those print shops where they publish stories of the 'Skeleton Hunter's Last Gurgling Gasp' order by the cord. It is the rankest kind of rot and is liable to give a printer blood-poisoning if he handles much of it. One day I got a wad of copy that was positively sickening. It was about a lovely girl who had been captured and torn from her home by a heartless white desperado and his band of bloodthirsty Apaches.

"That night they camped in a rocky gorge 300 miles from nowhere, and bound the unfortunate maiden to a tree with the usual buckskin thongs, which cut deep into her tender wrists. Then they all laid down and went to sleep. In the meantime Old Zeke, the hairy scout, who was on the trail, sneaked up just at daylight, when people sleep the soundest. Zeke sailed in and killed twenty-five or thirty Indians, and then released the girl and got her something to eat out of his saddle-bags. This was where I got in my work.

"The first thing Zeke took out of the bag was several thick slices of Vienna bread with honey on them. Next came cold boiled ham, cut thin, an apple pie with a short crispy upper crust, and last a tender spring chicken, roasted a delicate brown. Mind you, he had all this stuff in a pair of saddle-bags in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, 300 miles from civilization, in the year 1836. It made me sick, but I resolved that the poor girl should have one good feed if I died for it. So I shoved in another paragraph like this, completing the bill of fare:

"After getting the girl started Zeke reached into the saddle-bags and pulled out a bowl of steaming hot consomne and broiled fresh mackerel, some deviled crabs, cold slaw, potato salad, a half fry, veal cutlets breaded, with tomato sauce; green corn on the cob, some clam chowder, stewed turkey, a portion of rice-pudding, two cups of chocolate, pork tenderloin, Rochefort cheese and a bottle of Bass's ale, Saratoga chips, a plate of Vanilla ice-cream, a Chinese paper napkin, sliced cucumbers, some California grapes and a nickle-plated nut-cracker."

"Did it go?" asked an interested listener.

"No, it didn't," said the printer sadly, "but I did. The boss came next morning and wanted to know who was writing that story. I said the author was making a stagger in that direction, but wasn't giving the girl a fair show.

"'That may be,' said the boss, 'but if he wants to run a cafe in connection with the story, we'll hire a cook and make it easier for you.'"

"Then he told me that I was too smart to be a printer, and had better go out where the cool air would strike me. I went.—*Chicago Times.*

Stammering.

Some one having asked "what causes stammering?" a correspondent in a Boston paper answers: "Some children stammer when they begin to talk, in others it is developed by imitators, a fright, a severe illness, especially one that affects the throat; a concussion, as of a door blown violently against the head, or a sudden shock to the entire system, as in a fall or being thrown from a carriage while riding. Sometimes a question harshly put will induce a child to stammer, and he will continue from that time. But these are not causes, as has been supposed, but there exists in the child a temperamental tendency to this affection. He no doubt talked quite or nearly up to the stammering point, and that little only was required to destroy the equilibrium. Few begin to stammer after ten years of age. If the child who has this tendency can be guarded from undue shock or strain until the muscle and nerve centres are matured, usually he will be out of danger. 'Can it be cured?' It certainly can. The best time is when it begins, for, like every other abnormal condition, it suffers by neglect, and this affection becomes complicated by a great fear, a mental condition of far greater importance than the original difficulty. Cases differ according to temperament and degree of development. One must know in what respects he individually is wrong, and what is right as opposed to that wrong. Then he must be started in the right course and kept in it until he has in himself the power of control.

IN the list of distinguished dead for 1889 are the following: John Bright, Samuel Sullivan Cox, Simon Cameron, William H. Barnum, John Erricsson, Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, Justice Stanley Matthews, Miss Maria Mitchell, Hon. George H. Pendleton, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Prince Rudolph, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Mrs. John Tyler, Theodore D. Woolsey, Robert Browning, Jefferson Davis and Henry W. Grady.

IF I WERE A MAN.

BY ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

I have been asked to join the recent discussion on what women would do if they were men.

For my part there are many things!

In the first place, I would be fair and square with my wife and start out by telling her enough of my circumstances to enable her to guage her domestic and personal expenses by my income. I would be patient with her and teach her to manage an allowance. Without doubt, if a man marries a girl for whom everything has been bought previously, he could not expect a financier all in a minute.

I know a woman who fell short in making her allowance answer, 'although she had fixed the sum herself,' first one year and then another. She announced to her liege in telling him this fact that "there was danger ahead, a strike was imminent." The man said that every one in these days of anarchy ought to protect themselves against the rising of the masses, even when the first signs were discovered in one small woman. The third year after the increase, the Madame was triumphant and bought her husband a present, the pleasure of which was not marred by the fact that she had been obliged to go to him for the money.

The papers announce an embezzlement and facetiously call out "where is the woman?" But these occasions where men appropriate other people's money would not be half so frequent—that is where crime is committed to obtain money to meet the extravagant demands of a wife—if there were only more fairness on the part of husbands to their better halves. A woman is a good deal of a failure who will not be willing to retrench if her husband reposes sufficient confidence in her to explain reasons for economy.

Again, if I were a man I would not risk the contempt of women by ignorance of things her strength renders it often a physical impossibility to undertake. If my parents had prevented my learning to swim, to ride, to drive, to fire a gun, I would not rest until I had achieved those necessary accomplishments even in mature years. I know a man who is way up near the head in literary life who confesses that he was afraid of the water today as he was in boyhood, but he had been fighting this dread all his life, compelling himself to battle with the waves whenever he was in their vicinity; for he was intensely ashamed of the weakness and believed that no man had a right to live who would not possess himself of this and kindred arts.

It is as much a part of a man's duty to learn how to swim that he may rescue lives, to know and be fearless with a horse that he may save imperilled poeple, or should the bridle or lines be in his own hands, to conquer and control a stubborn or frightened beast, as it is to speak the truth, or be honest in his avocations. In our law-abiding land the use of pistols is rarely necessary, but I would not rest until I knew how to load and manage a weapon and practice at a mark enough at least to "hit the side of a barn" in the words of the old saying. When that rare occasion does come, where the accurate shot from a pistol is the only possible alternative, the admiring eyes of women ought to be enough to reward a man for having made himself familiar with fire-arms.

If men only knew how we women admire them when they do something which nerve and strength render it a physical impossibility for us, there would be fewer of them who neglect these qualifications for our admiration.

Then, too, if I were a man I would cry. After having won the right to tears by a courageous, successful, self-reliant life, and thereby cleared myself of the accusation of weakness, I would boldly unfurl a large-sized handkerchief whensoever I felt a coming moisture in my eyes at the play, or listening to music, or to an eloquent sermon, reading a touching story or seeing a pathetic sight. Instead of sniffing, looking up to the ceiling, winking very fast to keep the tears from forming into drops, I would bury my face into my handkerchief and bo-hoo.

A sensible woman is not prodigal of her tears. She sheds them in public only when the deepest fountain of her feeling is moved. If society or public opinion is changed by this timely (?) suggestion, it does not follow that men need plunge wildly into this privilege and cry often, but I conted that whenever an ordinarily self-contained woman weeps, a man may be allowed to shed his quoto of tears. It is written that "tears are to a man what prayers are to a woman" and thereby we infer that they are too sacred, too holy for every day use, but I would see the pathetic places in the play responded to by a courageous display of a handkerchief to cry on instead of staunching the flow, which is so creditable to a tender heart, by gloves, by surreptitious movements of the fingers, or accurate imprinting of the cane in the midst of the globule that threatens to spatter the breast of a manly coat.

I know a manly man who is under process of reconstruction regarding the briny drops that he has exercised his ingenuity over for years. At one time he casually folded his program and carelessly held it to his cheek or mildly staunched the flow of tears by moving the paper up and down as if in a fit of distraction. The result was, when he turned to go home, two deep, black furrows of printer's ink, extended from his eyes to his mouth. Then the women with him—women who had faced sorsows, troubles, anxieties, and believed in the relief of tears—said "In mercy's name, do cry with a handkerchief instead of a program after this."

The bravest, the most distinguished, the most brilliant men I have ever known have shed tears, and I know that tender-hearted women honor them for it and thoroughly believe in the equal distribution of this hitherto one-sided privilege.

Once more, if I were a man I would not be afraid to be seen carrying bundles. He is mistaken if he thinks his manliness is affected, or that the women who pass him will honor him less.

Every one honors his fearlessness in trying to grasp the hardest object to hold, a round box made glossy and slippery by the highly polished pasteboard of which it is made. It is true the system of delivery from shops and the messenger boy have done away with the constantly recurring necessity for carrying bundles, but there are exigencies such as when a train is to be caught, or the Madame wants to wear something that won't go by the night delivery or some other unforseen circumstance, where a man can confer great pleasure on his wife by taking a box or parcel himself.

The suburban husband is on the high road to perfection in this respect. If one chances to wait a train at the grand central or a boat at the ferry, watch the miles of married men that rush forward to the ticket office and few there who do not embrace something feminine in the way of a box, bundle or parcel. There is no mistaking that these traps are for the women at home. If the papers that enclose them are not emblazened with the shop-keeper's name, there is a suspicious shaping to the package that proclaims that it is not for men's use. As this army of bread winners troop by in the station or ferry house, I send a flock of blessings out hoping that they will light on the heads of those men who having been obliged to take their wives to the country for economical living, are going to reward their lonely day by some little token of their appreciation or bring home the bundle of goods which their generous purse had allowed the wife to buy.

And, lastly, if I were a man I would keep holidays with my wife. The anniversary of my marriage would be such a marked event she should imagine another wedding day with its festivities had occurred.

A man of refined tastes must be pretty poor if he cannot once a year mark that happy epoch in his life by a bunch of flowers. If he rhymes, he can tell her in verse what he told her in prose the first wedding day. Perhaps if he fights for the leisure time long in advance, he can get a whole day to go off with his wife on a yearly wedding trip. The grind of life is too severe not to render it necessary for men and women to strive to let in a little extra sunshine on the sombre path by marking the birthdays and the anniversaries, and thus encouraging those amenities that all agree are so soon dropped in matrimonial experience, unless closely watched.

THE AUTHOR OF "McGINTY."

A Talk With Composer Flynn Concerning His Great Popular Ballad.

The popular song, "Down Went McGinty," had been sung and whistled by nearly everybody before anyone thought of inquiring who the author was. Joseph Flynn of the variety team of Sheridan and Flynn who are appearing this week at the Central Theatre, is the author and composer of the song.

Mr. Flynn, who is a pleasant-faced young fellow of 28 years, was born in Dublin. When but a lad of 6 years he was brought to this country by his parents, who settled in New York city. After leaving school young Flynn entered the office of the *Evening Mail* as a printer's "devil" and remained there, serving through different positions until he became a compositor. He afterward worked on the *Daily Graphic*, and left that to go into the show business. His first appearance was in a "Musical Moke" team, his partner being Al Fostelle; he traveled all over the country until he met Sheridan, his present partner, in New Orleans, six years ago. Since that time he and Sheridan have played all over the country.

Mr. Flynn yesterday at the Central Theatre was asked how he came to write the song which has made him famous.

"Well," said Mr. Flynn. "I was hunting for a suggestion for a new song when I happened to think of an old 'gag' told by all the oldtime minstrel end men. The story is of two Irishmen who met in front of a building in process of erection. One bets the other that he can carry him to the top of the wall in a hod without letting him fall. The other Irishman takes the bet, gets into the hod and the start for the top of the wall is begun. All went well until near the top, when the man carrying the hod slipped, and, missing his hold fell down the lader three or four rounds. Quickly recovering himself, however, he succeeded in landing his load safely at the top of the wall.

"There, didn't I tell yer I could do it?"

"Yez did, but when yer foot slipped I thot I had yer."

"From this old story last summer I wrote 'Down Went McGinty.' The embellishments—the coal hole, the jail and the sea—were all mine. The music is taken from an old Irish com-all-ye, 'The Old Tobacco-box.' This contains five or six bars of the 'McGinty' music, which can easily be recognized by those familiar with the original air.

"The song was first sung by myself and Mr. Sheridan at the Bijou Opera House, in Providence, R. I., and its success was instantaneous.

"I have written a great many other songs," said Mr. Flynn, "though none have ever achieved such popularity as McGinty."

Ventilation of Churches.

In a note on ventilating churches the sentiments of Spurgeon and Beecher are given. Mr. Spurgeon, in a crowded house that was hot and filthy for want of air, and the ushers were not able to open the windows, told them to break out panes enough of glass to let in God's pure free air, and that he would settle the damages at the close of the service. The writer says that he heard Henry Ward Beecher rebuke a people near Boston for not better ventilating their new town hall, in which he was lecturing. He said: "I never know a tobacco chewer so filthy as to chew over another man's quid of tobacco, and yet you will sit here and breathe over and over again filthy air, simply because you do not see its vileness with your eyes." Not very refined, indeed, but suited to the subject. Nothing is more filthy, and few things are more poisonous, than human breath in a concentrated form. Yet many churches have no provision for ventilation. We know a Methodist church that cost $150,000, a splendid stone edifice, that has no means of ventilation except by raising and lowering the windows and opening the doors.

THE death of a thirteen-year-old boy named Willie Flood, as the result of nervous prostration brought on by cigarette smoking, has started a very energetic anti-cigarette crusade in Philadelphia.

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