THE KENT NEWS:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY MD.

OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

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

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion 25

Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto, constitute a square.

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

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

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

TOMATO GROWERS!

TRADE MARK

READ THIS CAREFULLY:

We have been manufacturing for years a SPECIAL TOMATO MANURE that is particularly adapted to the growth of that crop. It has been used year after by the most prominent growers and canners in the country, as well as by the largest and most successful truckers in New Jersey. Materials being considerably off this spring, we are prepared to sell you lower this season than ever before. Please, therefore, write or see us concerning it before making your purchases.

MR. WM. R. ALLABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says:—I used your Fertilizer on Tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next, and the last, Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of Tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all. I have used it on other crops with the same results, and believe it to be the best Phosphate on the market.

MR. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, Md., says:—He used 400 lbs. per acre of Hubbard's alongside of other tandard brands on his Tomatoes, and that there was a perceptible difference in favor of yours. The plants kept greener, bore prettier and consequently more fruit, and that is why I use it again.

MR. PHIL. PARKER, Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—He used ours alongside of Mapes that cost $44 per ton, and that our was equal in every respect.

MR. J. B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford, Md.—Used the first year 8 tons; next, 24 tons; next, 55 tons; and the next he and his brother used and sold together 98 tons, and it not only gave satisfaction last season, but wherever used.

MR. EDWARD PLUMMER, near Worton says:—He put his young peach orchard in Tomatoes; used our goods; sold to Lynch's cannery in 1888, and they netted him $47 per acre.

MR. JOHN F. COPPER, near Chestertown, has been using it for years with satisfaction.

MR. JAS. MASSEY, of Darlington, Harford, Md., says:—He grew for the canners. Used our goods alongside of Dis. Animal Bone and Oriole Phosphate and that his product netted him $14 more per acre.

MR. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, Md.:—Used our goods alongside of high grade. The result was the Sugar Corn was better and larger eared; Tomatoes fuller and smoother and the vines kept green till the frost killed them.

OUR CORN FERTILIZER!

MR. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says:—I could tell to the very row where I used your Fertilizer on my Corn, and when I came to mow my grass whe the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of my field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your Phosphate made the grass five or six inches higher. It was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff; that is why I continue it use.

MESSRS. ANDREW HALL & SON, of Harford say:—The 15 tons used on their Corn did as well as any ever used, and whatever they use this year, will be our goods; think it will be 20 or 25 tons.

GEORGE W. BAKER'S SONS, Wm. B. and J. B., say:—That it has compared favorably with anything they used.

WE COULD GIVE THE NAMES of Hundreds who have used our Goods on their various crops, and should you want to plant Potatoes, Cabbage, Onions, or anything in the Vegetable line, write for one of our circulars.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON, Manufacturers,
Chestertown, Maryland.
April 5, 1890.

MADE TO ORDER DEPARTMENT!

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN NOTIFYING THE PUBLIC OF OUR OPENING OF

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF FABRICS!

FOR MEASURED WORK.

Beautiful selections from the best makers await your examination. Our success is in careful, artistic and moderate-priced garments to order. Heavy overcoats have been taken off the counters to make room for our

SPRING OVERCOATS

which comprises all the leading shades and patterns for spring. If you want a Heavy Overcoat they are close by and easy to get at. Cheaper now than one month ago. The same applies to Winter Suitings—a good investment to lay by until next winter—at the great cut prices. If we go by what our tailors say, our SPRING STOCK of SUITINGS will soon be ready for your inspection. We want you to examine it carefully, it will enable you to form an idea of variety and high art clothing.

A. FRIEDMAN,
The Leading Clothier, Chestertown, Md.
March 15, 1890.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. HORTON KELLEY,
(UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.)
GALENA, KENT CO., MD
fe2.

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite Voshell House.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M., and 6 to 9 P. M., Sunday excepted.

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

DR. N. M. JETER,
Late Resident Physician for the Houston Coal and Coke Company, of West Virginia,
HAS LOCATED IN MILLINGTON,
and offers his services to the people.
Feb. 22—6m.

DENTIST.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., MAIN ST., ADJ. CAHALL'S STORE
Office Hours, 8:30 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. d1-tf.

G. ALLEN JARMAN, D. V. S.,
—GRADUATE OF—
The American Veterinary College, N. Y.,
CHESTERVILLE, MD.

DR. H. L. DODD,
Homeopathist,
CHESTERTOWN - - - MARYLAND.
OFFICE at his mother's residence.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office adjoining T. W. Ellason, Jr.'s Store, will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

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

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

BENJ. B. OWENS,
Architect,
N. W. Corner Lexington and Charles Streets
BALTIMORE.
Reference:—"KENT NEWS." n24-tf.

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.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

EMMA THOMAS,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 7th day of October 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1890.

STEPHEN M. THOMAS,
April 5, 1890—4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES A. MOFFETT,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 7th day of October, 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1890.

JAMES S. HARRIS,
April 5, 1890—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES W. GREENWOOD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 20th day of Sept., 1890, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. All indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand this 11th day of March, 1890.

HOPE H. BARROLL,
Mar. 22, 1890—4t. Administrator.

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.

Taxes in First District.

NOTICE is hereby given to the tax-payers of the First District that the books for the present year are in my hands, the bills are made out, and the TAXES ARE NOW DUE. Prompt settlements will save interest, cost and much worry to all concerned.

For the conveniences of tax-payers I will be in Millington on Saturdays; Galena on Tuesdays, and Sassafras on Wednesdays. WM. H. FORD,
Aug. 17, 1889—tf. COLLECTOR.

TALK IS CHEAP,

and the press teems with advertisements of sarsaparillas, and other liver, blood and lung remedies, but there is *one* medicine, and *only* one, the claims for which, as a cure for all lingering diseases arising from Torpid Liver or Biliousness, or from impure blood, **are backed up by a positive guarantee!** If it don't do just as represented in *every case*, the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

This peculiar medicine sells beyond all others throughout the civilized world. And why should it not? "Talk is cheap," but when it's backed up by a **positive guarantee**, by a house of long established reputation, for honesty, integrity and sound financial standing, then *words* mean *business!* And that's just what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., mean in guaranteeing their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Consumption of the Lungs, which is Lung-scrofula, purifies and enriches the blood, thereby curing all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, and kindred ailments.

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of **Catarrh in the Head**, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter how long standing. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

LIME! GRAIN! FEED!

COAL! WOOD!

B. F. FLEMING

—Chestertown, Maryland.—

Land Lime, Quick or Slaked

Delivered by rail or boat at any point on the Peninsula.

Building and Whitewash Lime!

Persons contemplating Building will find it to their interest to get our prices.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS,

In carload lots and the smallest quantities.

Wood, Oak and Pine

in long lengths or Stove size. A large lot of Pine expressly for kindling.

Grain! Feed! Seed!

Highest cash prices paid for GRAIN by rail or water at convenience of the seller. Small and large lots wanted at my feed store.

FEED of all kinds, in large or small quantities, for sale at lowest prices. Hog and Cow Feed specialties.

Call and see me at the old stand.

B. F. FLEMING.
Feb. 22, 1890.

We're Offering Bargains!

Bargains in Dress Stuffs!
Bargains in Dress Trimmings!
—Bargains in Notions!—
Bargains in Shoes and Slippers!
Bargains in Carpets, Mattings, &c.

TO the Buying Public and Customers generally: Some Special Bargains. Bang up Bargains. Genuine and Exclusive Bargains.

The first to tell you about is a choice and select lot of DRESS STUFFS in Worsteds, Plaids and Mixtures (to arrive). This make, Line and Class are exclusive, that is on this market. WE CONTROL THEM. They are ours to sell! Ours to guarantee! Ours to commend to every parent as a Worsted Dress Stuff that can be washed without fading, *and as such we guarantee them!*

An another bargain we want every house-keeper to note is a BLEACHED GERMAN LINEN TABLE DAMASK, in widths 56 and 60 inches at 55 and 65 cents per yard.

Another, a LOT of HAMBURG EDGING at only 6 cents per yard.

Another bargain is a LADY'S BLACK HOSE, at 25 cents per pair, absolutely fast.

Then there is another bargain in which we give almost $2 for $1. Five dozen KID GLOVES, assorted sized and colors, that were $1 25 per pair, now going for only 69 cents. *Perfect too!*

Now we are going to sell of some of our bargains

In BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, &c.

The old time way of putting up Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes don't suit now—individual cartoons are used—so to close out unboxed goods we'er going to make a price on them. Embraced in this class of goods is a lot of Mundell's Solar Tipped Shoes, 8 to 10½, at 92½ cents per pair CASH.

Respectfully,
R. F. PARKS.
Jan. 18, 1890.

F. J. CARTER, Agent,

THE PAINTER AND PAPER-HANGER,

Has just received his Spring Stock of

Wall Paper, Window Shades,

and Picture Frame Materials.

GILT PAPER from 12½ cents up.

HORTSHORNE SPRING-ROLLER SHADE

from 45 cents up.

A GUARANTEED

Holland Window-Shade Spring Roller for ONLY 75 CENTS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
A call will be appreciated.
Removed to Cross Street,
j11. Next Door to Hudgins' Bakery

THE TIN BOX.

"It is a very mysterious business," said Lawyer Simpkins, rubbing his nose, and adjusting his spectacles, "Hiram Green sent for me, ten days before he died, and gave me his bonds and securities to draw the July interest for him. I put them all back in the tin box myself, and he counted and examined them. The day he died he tried to tell me something about Jerry and that box. "Jerry—tin box—all in the box—'Jerry,' was about all I could make out."

"And the tin box was stolen," said Tom, the lawyer's son and partner.

"Well, it has disappeared. If it was stolen, it is of precious little use to the thief. Every paper in it could be traced. Trust old Hiram Green to look out for that."

"What was it worth?"

"To a lawful owner, about twenty thousand dollars."

"To a lawful owner, about twenty thousand dollars."

"Then Jacob Green is so much poorer! I am glad of it."

"Tom! Tom! Jacob Green is our client!"

"All right! I shall not proclaim my opinion on the house-top; but between ourselves, I think he is the meanest man I ever met. Why, he must be a rich man, and he grudges his family the necessaries of life. Look at Allie! There is not a servant at Rye Hill who has not a better wardrobe than Alice Green!"

"Just so!" said Lawyer Simpkins, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Her husband can make that all right though. Eh, Tom?"

Then Tom, blushing crimson, began to talk again about the tin box and old Hiram Green's will.

"Left everything to Jacob," said the lawyer; "the house, real estate and personal effects."

"And Jerry?"

"Was not even mentioned in the will. Hiram Green never forgave Jerry for failing in business, declared he had no head, and wasn't fit to be trusted with money."

"He was his nephew, though, just as much as Jacob, and he nursed him at the last."

"But Jerry is a dreamer. Jacob will double every dollar the old man left, while Jerry would probably spend a legacy in a year or two."

It was not alone in the lawyer's office that the subject of Hiram Green's will and the disappearance of the tin box were topics of conversation. Everybody at Rye Hill had an opinion to express, a theory to advance. Mr. Jacob Green and Mrs. Jerry Green were talking the whole matter over on the porch of the old house where Hiram Green had died, while Jerry sat on the steps, looking moodily down the garden path.

"Jacob says," said that worthy's wife, "that he will find that box, if it's above ground."

"I wonder what he'll do if it ain't," muttered Jerry, unheard by the others.

"He says," continued Mrs. Jacob, "that it will take a heap of money to put this house in decent repair, and settle the business! Dear! Dear! He talks as if his uncle's legacy left him poorer, instead of richer."

"I wish it did!" muttered Jerry. Aloud he said, "Maria, if you'll get me a hammer and some nails, I'll save Jacob twenty-five cents by fastening these steps. See here!" and he rattled the steps on which he was sitting, and which were wholly detached from the porch.

"I wish you would," said his sister-in-law; "I'm in a panic every time I go in or out, especially if I have the baby in my arms. I'll get the hammer."

"Dear, me, Jerry," whispered his wife, a little later, "you go at them steps as if you were trying to hammer the house down. Anybody would fancy you had a spite against the nails, you give them such vicious blows."

Hold your tongue," growled her husband, "I am only making them safe!"

He rose as he spoke, and straightened himself, muttering.

"Come, Sally," he added, presently, "we'll be getting home! I only came over to see if there was any news of the tin box."

"Not a sign to be found," said Mrs. Jacob, "and I do believe Jacob will be in a lunatic asylum soon."

Jerry tucked his wife's hand under his arm and walked down the road to his own cottage, a small, shabby house where Sarah Green vainly strove to make old things new, and stretch a dollar to the needs of two.

Since his uncel's death Jerry had been more moody and shiftless than ever. Brooding over his injuries was not the way to improve his fortunes, and Sallie had hard work to make her needle supply the daily wants.

It was just three days before his uncle died that Jerry learned that Hiram Green had left his entire property to Jacob, already the richest man at Rye Hill. Then the bitterness of his disappointment seemed to literally turn his brain, and Sallie trembled for his reason. With all his faults, if faults they were, his disregard of money and want of business capacity, Jerry Green was a man with strong affections. And it was the fact that even Hiram Green kept up a sort of grudging affection for him that made Jerry hope he would not entirely forget him in his will.

When his last illness attacked the old man, it was to Jerry he turned for the affection Jacob's harder nature could not make acceptable. It was Jerry and Sally who nursed the invalid day and night with faithful, unwearied care, and it was a bitter sense of wrong that Jerry knew himself to be disinherited. Still the man's gentle nature overruled his anger, and the last three days of Hiram Green's life were as tenderly nursed as if Jerry knew himself to be his sole heir.

But afterward the whole nature of the man seemed changed. Knowing the sympathy of the people about him was with him, he was never weary of telling his wrongs; and he made no secret of his delight at the disappearance of the tin box, and the large slice of property it contained.

A year passed away, and then all Rye Hill knew that Jerry Green lay ill with a fever, and the doctor had given him up. Very sick indeed he was, and Sally was heart-broken, when one day he whispered a request to see Lawyer Simpkins alone. Seeing a lawyer seemed to poor Sally a death-warrant, though Jerry had no fortune to will away.

Wondering but ready to humor the whim of a dying man, the lawyer answered the summons at once.

"Mr. Simpkins, will you promise to keep secret what I tell you now?" Jerry asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Certainly I will; lawyers have to do that every day."

"Then I will tell you where Uncle Hiram's tin box is. You have the key."

"Yes, but—Jerry Green don't tell me you are the thief."

"I did not take it away, but I was half mad, I do believe, and I wanted to spite Jacob; So buried it under the porch steps. I never opened it. Everything is there, and I suppose Jacob might as well have it now."

"I'll keep your secret, Jerry, for I believe you when you say you were half mad."

Great was the excitement at Rye Hill when it became known that Lawyer Simpkins had had a communication from the party who had stolen the tin box, confessing the theft, and revealing the hiding place. There was a group of half the people of the village in front of Jacob Green's porch when Jerry's carpenter work was torn away, and the earth that covered the buried treasure removed. Lawyer Simpkins took a small key from his pocket.

"Stop a moment," he said, as Jacob Green was about to take the box, "as executor of Hiram Green's estate, I must open this box and see if the contents are all right."

There was a sudden catching of breath audible as the lid of the box fell back. On the top was an open paper, and Lawyer Simpkins read aloud:

"I, Hiram Green, do give and bequeath this box and all its contents to Sarah, wife of my nephew, Jeremiah Green. I leave it to her as a token of my love for both and because I think she will be more careful of it than my nephew. And I do ask of my lawyer, Robert Simpkins, that he sees my wish carried out, and give to Sarah his advice about investing the money. HIRAM GREEN."

There was one moment of intense silence and then a cheer rent the air. Every man there was glad that the miserly, grasping Jacob Green was disappointed, and every man rejoiced for Jerry and Sally.

But the sick man was as humble as a child when the lawyer told him the news. He did not die, nor did any one but Lawyer Simpkins ever guess his secret, but he was a broken, prematurely aged man, creeping humbly about and living on the income his wife drew from the contents of the tin box, which he had hidden from spite, and by so doing, over-reached himself.

"If I had died without telling," he thought often, "Sally would never have had the money, and Jacob might have found the box, after all."

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

Common Sense and Their Own Stomachs are to be Strictly Obeyed.

All dyspeptics should avoid anything which they (not others) cannot digest, says the N. Y. *Herald*. There are so many causes for and forms of dyspepsia that it is impossible to prescribe one and the same diet for all. Nothing is more disagreeable or useless than to be cautioned against eating this or that, because your neighbor "So and So" cannot eat such things. If we would all study the nature and digestion of food, and remember that air and exercise are as essential as food in promoting good health, we could easily decide upon the diet best suited to our individual needs. The diabetic should abstain from sugar and anything which is converted into sugar in digestion, such as all starch foods, sweet omelets, custards, jellies, sweet sauces, starchy nuts, wine and liquors.

The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole wheat, milk, vegetables, fruits and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness, while an excess of acids, sweets, spices and shortening keeps the system in an unhealthful condition. Those who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar and fats become loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous.

Thin people with weak digestion should avoid such food, for thin people are often kept thin by the same food which makes others fat. If they cannot digest the starch, butter and fine flour the system is kept in a feverish, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for no other reason than that the life is burned out by a diet which only feeds the fire and does not renew the tissues. Men dig their graves with their teeth; not only by drinking whiskey and using tobacco, but by eating food loaded down with inflammatory materials.

WEARING JEWELRY.

Fashion has Made Wise About Ornaments.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

Fashion makes certain wise laws for the wearing of jewelry. People who break these laws and assume too much are at once showing ignorance and lack of that fine taste which is at the heart of everything which fashion dictates. You may have rings innumerable—as many as the famous being who adorned her fingers and toes with them—but that is no reason why you need look like a heathen goddess, or as if you were anxious to let all the world see at one time just how many golden circles you possessed.

You, who have the beauty of youth, do not need to wear jewelry—a little ring if you will, a modest brooch and perhaps a bangle on your wrist, but not an arm covered with them. There is nothing more vulgar than to have thirteen bangles, as has one girl I know, who triumphantly points to them and tells of their being given each by a different admirer. Every time she announces this fact she falls thirteen degrees lower in the mind of the listener, and yet, although she is quick-witted and a nice girl, she doesn't seem to comprehend that in exacting tribute from her men friends she is in a way selling her smiles. Don't wear a ring on your forefinger, and don't believe, because a few actresses and women, who think being odd is being individual, wear rings on thumbs, that it is a proper thing for you to do.

Christmas Tree in the Graveyard.

"I saw an act of remembrance in Spring Grove on Christmas Eve that was as beautiful as it was novel," said a gentleman Sunday. "I was walking on one of the avenues in the northwest section of the cemetery when I noticed two little girls planting a small evergreen tree close by the side of a tiny grave. This seemed to me to be an unusual thing, so I paused and watched their movements. After succeeding in making the tree stand, the children next proceeded to trim it with strings of pop-corn, glass balls, candies, and other things used in the decoration of Christmas trees. This was followed by the production of a large assortment of toys, little bags of candies, etc., which were also fastened on the tree, and the candles lighted, presenting a strange sight indeed, in such a place as Spring Grove. It was the children's idea of remembering their little brother who lay in the grave beneath the Christmas tree, and who, perhaps, was one of the group of merry-makers gathered around a similar tree the year before, as the heap of earth looked as though it had been freshly dug. An officer of the cemetery stood at a respectful distance watching the children at work, but did not disturb them until the hour for closing the gate arrived, when he told the little ones in a tender voice that he must take them away. After a long, farewell look the children reluctantly left the spot and were soon lost to view among the thousands of monuments and trees."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Found Wanting.

If a servant obeys orders as far as he can, and does his work correctly as far as he goes, what more can be expected? And yet the result is not always satisfactory, even to reasonable employers.

The Boston *Courier* has a story of a woman who owns a very large and handsome dog, of which she is very fond, and perhaps a little proud. The other day she sent him out to the stable to be weighed, confiding the operation to a new servant, who looked upon the powerful animal with considerable awe, and apparently with some real affection.

The man was gone a surprisingly long time, but at last reappeared and announced that the dog weighed 120 pounds.

"One hundred and twenty pounds!" repeated the lady. "Are you sure you weighed him right? He must weigh more than that."

"Oh yes, marm; sure an' I weighed him right, but I couldn't get him all on the scales."

"WELL," said Mr. Hiflier, angrily, to his wife, "there isn't a person in this world who regrets being married more than I do." "Don't be too sure of that, dear," was his better half's comment, "till you hear my opinion on the question."

JAPANESE LIFE.

Curios and Flowers as Seen by American Eyes.

A correspondent writing from Yokohama has much to tell of the curios of Japan. He says: "Out here there are little gods, big gods, good gods and bad gods. They can be had from 50 cents to $10,000 each. They are made from every material known to man, from clay to crystal and gold. Of course the wood Buddhas, as they are called, are the oldest and most unique. Good old Buddhas can be had from $15 to $35 Mex. These are prices here. It is always the best way to figure that an article costing, say, $20 Mexican here, will cost the purchaser $20 gold landed in the United States.

"I think Japan is the most beautiful country in the world. The people are quaint and picturesque; the flowers are marvelous. At present writing I see before me two plum trees about twenty-four inches high, in full bloom, each tree about ten years old. A few days ago we had a little snow, and it was a sight to see roses, geraniums, plum and cherry blossoms, all in full bloom, with snow on them. Next month we will have the camelias, which are now in bud. They are all out in the open air, and in April the large cherry trees, ranging in size from eight to forty, though many Japs assure me that there are cherry trees eighty feet high. I have never seen them, but it would not surprise me if it were true, as I firmly believe a Jap gardener can do most anything with trees and plants. I suppose youngsters will come that way some time in the future. In August we have the lotus flowers; these also are worth traveling a thousand miles to see. October and November the favorite flower, chrysanthemum, for a month. This is the flower show of the year.

"There is a little place called Dayozaka, near Tokio, where they have the chrysanthemum shows, and they are, for all two world, the same as old English fairs. The criers at the door, clapping together the pieces of hard wood—this is to call attention to the show within—then you plank down two cents and get your ticket, which is a piece of wood about two inches wide, six inches long, and half an inch thick; they are made this size so as to last a few years. I never tire visiting these quaint places. I have had several invitations to visit the Shibiya (theatre) at Tokio when the great Danturo acts. This man is called the Booth of Japan; his pay is $10,000 for twenty-one nights.

"These costumes of the company are the most lovely things I ever saw; they are beyond description. I really came out here to form another Japanese village, together with a Japanese opera company composed entirely of Japanese ladies and gentlemen, with brass and string band combined. I am sure of all except the opera part; although there are sixty graduates from the Conservatory of Music (in our music), they cannot sing. My idea was to do 'The Mikado' with a Japanese company and proper costumes; not one of the companies at home ever costumed the piece properly.

"The brocades one sees out here are perfect dreams, particularly old priests' robes. We have paid as high as $160 for a full suit. If I had come out here ten or fifteen years ago, I could have attained the finest collection in the world for my little money that would have been worth half a million at this moment. There are several men who came here twenty-five and thirty years ago who bought little 'odds and ends' from time to time at very small prices, and find now their collections to be worth from $150,000 to $300,000. Pieces of gold lacquer work that cost a mere trifle ten to twenty years ago are now worth hundreds of dollars each."

He Would Stay Later.

"Put down number 52 to be called in time for the 4.30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward a night clerk in a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9.30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but excitement and muss, and I shall probably have to testify at the Coroner's inquest."

"I—I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up-stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for the early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes but those stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death down here—"

"But who killed off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the darky comes up and knocks and bawls out, Col. Shaw, who has No. 32, reaches out for his shotgun. Over in No. 29 Judge Hawkins slips out with his revolver. Major Brooks, who is in No. 30, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the darkey, as darkies are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man—"

"Did I say call me for the 4.30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular, and even if I get away at 9.30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending a darky up to pound on the door."

Things Best Left Undone.

Do not write on ruled paper, or on that decorated with printed sunflower or blossoms of any kind.

Do not introduce your girl friend to the gentleman visitor. Instead, say, "Miss Brown, will you allow me to present Mr. Jones?"

Do not talk especially to one person when you have three or four visitors. Instead make the conversation general.

Do not attempt to take care of a man's overcoat—he has a vote and ought to be able to look after his own clothes.

Do not ask people who they are in mourning for. If you don't know, wait until you find out, and in the meantime don't ask after the members of their family.

Do not giggle when a smile would answer, and don't talk in a jesting way about things that are holy to other people.

Do not laugh at anybody's form of worship—respect a toad praying to a mushroom.

Do not say that the rules of etiquette are nonsense—they are made up for your comfort and mine, and arranged so that the feelings of every human being are considered.

Do not get into the habit of laughing at elderly people. It is not only unladylike, but it is vulgar.

Do not think it clever to find out by pumping, the private affairs of your friend. There is no reason why you should lay bare the heart for an inquisitive daw to peck at.

Do not get into debt, but if you have been guilty, deny yourself everything possible that you may be free once more.

Do not believe all those dont's are not spoken to you in the kindest manner as from girl to girl, but one has to suffer and make mistakes one's self to find out into just what pitfalls one is apt to tumble.

QUEEN VICTORIA through mistake threw three pearls in the fire worth $20,000.

NO OLD MAIDS THERE.

Wyoming Said to be the Very Best Hunting Ground for Husbands.

A member of the Wyoming Legislature has presented a bill to that body which provides for taxing each unmarried man in the Territory over 35 years old $2.50 a year. Martin Hopkins, who is stopping at the Grand Pacific, is an ardent supporter of this bill, which he believes will pass.

"And why not?" he said to a *Tribune* reporter. "The Quebec Legislature has provided that every head of a family of twelve children shall receive from the government 100 acres of land, while the French Chamber of Deputies has directed the minister of the interior to investigate the subject of compulsory marriage.

"Our bill, you see, is only the revival of an old idea. Bachelors were subject to a special tax under the old Roman law, as they were in England as late as the time of William III. Frederick the Great limited the mourning period for widowers to three months. At present the petitioner of France is urging that a certain age for marrying be fixed by the government, those who pass this line to be severely punished.

"After our bill is passed we expect an influx of young women. To-day Wyoming is the best hunting ground for husbands in the United States. If 1,000 unmarried women from Chicago would start for Wyoming this month I would guarantee that 99 per cent. of the number would not be single a year. It takes a right hard disposition to block a match out there. Our school trustees want women for teachers; our young chaps want pretty, entertaining girls to take to parties; our bachelors want sensible women for life partners.

Lots of women from the East have gone to Wyoming within the last few years, yet the demand is far greater than the supply. There are hundreds of young girls working like slaves for a mere pittance in Chicago who could go to Wyoming, get a school there and decide on a husband. She would not have to look for one. The school room is the greatest avenue to matrimony in the West. You would be surprised to know that two-thirds of the wives of Wyoming's wealthy men were once schoolmarms. If this keeps on we won't have any schools.

"When I was here a year ago I advised a young teacher to go to Wyoming. She got a school about fifty miles north of Cheyenne and began work during the September term. In December she married a wealthy cattle owner. Before her marriage she turned over her school to another young woman from Chicago. She, too, married in the spring. Then the trustees employed an old maid who had seen about sixty summers, but she was there only two months. She didn't get married, but the bachelor ranchmen who supported the school would not pay a cent until the old woman was removed. They said if we couldn't run a kind of a matrimonial shop along with our schools they would quit the Territory. The next teacher, an Omaha girl, was the prettiest one I ever saw."

"Is she teaching now?"

"No."

"Married a ranchman?"

"No; one of the school trustees."

"Who was he?"

"Martin Hopkins, and he is proud of it," and the citizen of Wyoming blushed like a girl.—*Chicago Tribune.*

What a Boston Man Swallowed.

There were a number of us in one of the London taverns made famous by Dickens, when a great big fellow slouched in and made himself very disagreeable with his mouth. One of our party was a man from Boston, and some way or other he and the big man came to exchange words. The first we heard of the row the big man was saying:

"You Yankees is great on the brag, and that's all you can do."

"Well, I dunno," replied Boston.

"But I do. When did you ever do a blooniek, blasted thing?"

"How about 1776?"

"Never heard of it?"

"How about 1812?"

"Never heard of it!"

"Did you ever hear of Bunker Hill?"

"I have sir. That's where 600 red coats licked the life out of 4,000 bragging Yankees!"

"I guess not!"

"Not! Does you dare to dispute the Liverpool Kid?"

"You'd better read what history says."

"I have done that 'ere, you blooming idiot, and it says we how all you Yankees run at the first fire! Don't it, now?"

"I never heard that it did."

"Don't it say that?"

The big fellow had pushed up his sleeves and put up his fists, and it was plain that a row was on hand. He was big enough to eat up two such men as Boston, while he had friends to look out for the rest of us. Our companion therefore took the most prudent course and acknowledged that history might say so, and probably did say so. This satisfied the big fellow, and he turned away and glared at a Frenchman, also a tourist, who had come in later. After a long stare he walked up to Drapo and shouted:

"Blast yer bloomink parley vous, but we are always licked ye out of yer boots on land and sea!"

"You speak von big lie!" shouted the Frenchman, hot in a minute.

"What! Call the Liverpool Kid a liar to his face!"

"Aye! and I shall now give you von awful beeg licking!"

"Johnny" got out of his coat in a jiffy, danced around with his hands up, and to our utter astonishment the Kid went right down into his boots and slunk out of the room, having no more pluck than a hen. We sat there for five minutes before any one spoke.

Then it was the Boston man, who said:

"Just think of it! I can lick six fellows like that lanky Frenchman, and yet that big duffer made me swallow two wars for independence and Bunker Hill on top of them?"

In a Pitiable Condition.

The men I pity most at New Year's time are the millionaires, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. They balance their books and they find that they have not made anything like as much as they would like to have made, however much they have made. I don't know, because my business does not take me much into the haunts of the millionaires, but I judge 1889 has not been a good year for them. The other day a friend of mine went in to see a well-known real estate owner of other people's real estate as well as his own. He found him seated at his desk with his bank book before him, in a brown study. He looked pale, and haggard and ill.

"What's the matter? You don't look well."

"Don't I? Do I look bad?"

"Yes; you look bad."

"Well, I guess you'd look bad, too, if you had $5,000,000 lying idle in the bank, not drawing a —— cent of interest."

CREMATION brings out the fact that there is a time when a man can travel cheaply. It is after he is dead. A postage stamp will take the cremated remains of a human being to any part of the United States. A man about to die has only to mention to his friends the address to which he wishes to be mailed, and he arrives at his destination in good time and in proper shape.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IT forms a part of true Christianity to make no great ceremony about our being Christians.—Rothe.

THE OLD LADY'S DUCK.

And How It Scared a Young Man Into "Swearing Off."

A very funny scene occurred on a Chicago street car recently. The *News* of that city says