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

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 will be charged.
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LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE, solicited, but all articles 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
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Six lines Nonpareil, or space equivalent thereto constitute a square.

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

JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

WE ARE STILL IN THE FIELD

—MANUFACTURING—

Our Standard Grades of Fertilizer.

TRADE MARK

Our Special Fertilizer for Oats

has proven itself to be particularly adapted to that crop, and to those farmers contemplating sowing this spring we would be glad to have them give this goods a trial.

Then, for Truck,

we manufacture two grades that have been used for years in competition with such goods as Mapes', Yarnell's, Lister's and others, and compared so favorably that we are just in receipt of orders for NINE CAR LOADS, to go to the truckers of New Jersey, Virginia and Delaware. If you are going to plant potatoes, peas, vegetables or top-dress your asparagus. See, or correspond with us before so doing.

Then Your Peach Trees

should not be neglected because last year's crop was not as remunerative as anticipated. Three of our largest and best fruit growers have been to us and said that they could tell just where our FRUIT GROWER was used, and that they certainly are going to use it again this spring from the fact the peaches where it went were larger and brought more money. This article and its merits has become so well known that comment from us is unnecessary. We have now in our factory ALL THE O. B. GUANO IN THE UNITED STATES, and will only say to those farmers who are going to use it would do well to send in their orders early, or will not be able to supply them with this goods.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Manufacturer of Standard Fertilizers,
Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

"STRUCK BOTTOM!"

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE HAS BEEN SUCH A DECIDED SUCCESS THAT I HAVE

Made a Still Lower Figure,

on the balance of my Winter Stock, in order to close out entirely every Heavy and Medium Weight Garment in the House. COME EARLY WHILE ASSORTMENT LASTS, and get a Man's, Boy's or Child's Suit or Overcoat at Wholesale Prices. I have a very good line yet, but they certainly cannot last long at the Prices I Have Put on the Remainder. Single Pants go likewise.

Finest Line of Best Made Suits in the County.

ALL NEW GOODS.

Respectfully,
W. E. MOODY.
Feb. 6, 1892. Few Doors Below Postoffice

DURING THE YEAR 1892,

---to the---

Persons Guessing Nearest the Number of Beans

in a GLASS JAR, I will award:

1st—A New Parlor Stove,
2d—Nice Oak Centre Table,
3d—Fine 16th Century Oak Rocker.

All of these presents are on exhibition at my store. One guess with every pair of shoes sold.

T. G. WROTH,
Jan. 9, 1892. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

BALTO. 1864 SADLER'S BRYANT AND STRATTON COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1864 by the present executive—Occupies four buildings—Unrivalled in facilities for educating YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN for success in life. The outlook for THE New Year is most favorable for business opportunities. The demand for our graduates is unprecedented. No vacation; pupils can enter at any time with equal advantage. Never attend a school because the tuition is cheap, for CHEAP is very dear; it means cheap surroundings, inferior facilities, and offers NO opportunities for securing POSITIONS for its pupils and graduates. This school owing to its HIGH standard of excellence, has placed in business more young men and women from Md., Va., N. C., S. C. and Ga. than all similar institutions combined. Catalogue and particulars mailed. W. H. SADLER, PRES.,—P. A. SADLER, SEC'Y, BALTIMORE, MD.

1892! 1892!

Seasonable Goods

—IN GREAT VARIETY AT—

W. A. Whitaker's

GALENA, MD.

—COME AND SEE OUR—

LARGE STOCK

CLOTHING

For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN.

Ladies' Coats and Newmarkets,
Shoes for the Large and Small,
Dry Goods, Notions, Blankets,
Furniture, Carpets, Groceries, &c.

—We are selling the—

Domestic Sewing Machine

AT LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

WM. A. WHITAKER,
Dec. 19, 1891. GALENA, MD

We Just Have What ALL THE LADIES WANT at This Season of the Year:

Hamburg Edges,

—LACES—
AND
White Goods!

All New and of the Best Styles and at Very Low Prices.

We respectfully invite you to call and examine our stock.

WESTCOTT & DODD.
Feb. 6, 1892.

MAUD S. IN KENT!

MAUD S. STILL HOLDS HER RECORD AND
—SO DOES—

Urieville Mills!

HAVING recently added extensive improvements, I am enabled to give 35 lbs. of PATENT, 36 lbs. of STRAIGHT, or 40 lbs. of SECOND GRADE Flour and a ½ bushel of Bran for 60 lbs. of first-class wheat.

—CORN GOODS—

With the new cleaning machines that I have lately added, I feel safe in *guaranteeing a cleaner* and *purer* line of Corn Goods than can be produced by *any mill* in the county.

Seed Wheat.

I have just placed a machine, by the use of which I can *thoroughly clean* SEED WHEAT of all foreign matter, for the cost of only 5 cents per bushel. My long experience in handling grain justifies me in saying that the use of this machine on SEED WHEAT is the only method by which the highest standard of excellence can be obtained. I can clean it for you while you wait, and you can take it right back with you. All screenings returned with wheat.

I am thankful for all past patronage and ask the continuance of the same.

WM. W. McKNETT,
s12-ti. Urieville Roller Mills.

HORSE-SHOEING

Headquarters!

General Blacksmithing,

WHEELWRIGHTING, &c.

SAMUEL HICKS, near the Court House,

Gives Special Attention to HORSE-SHOEING, and having enlarged his shops and procured a full supply of material and skilled workmen, is now prepared to do general Blacksmithing, Wheelwrighting, &c. My Wheelwrighting Lumber has been examined by good judges and pronounced to be of the very best and thoroughly seasoned.

NEW WORK kept on hand and made to order, and all Kinds of REPAIRING done at short notice at the most reasonable rates.

COLORED OVERSHIRTS at low prices. A good Unlaundried Shirt at 50c. J. H. SIMPERS.

Don't Bury a Man Till He's Dead.

From the Cecil Democrat.

ELKTON, MD., Februray 29th, 1882.

[In an old "scrap book," dated 1855, is found the following: "The Ericsson experiment is at an end. The invention is conceded to be a failure and poor Ericsson is a ruined man. He has spent all his fortune in building his caloring ships and in the experiments he made on the vessel. He has done more; he has spent all his wife's fortune and she too is beggared. But, the worst of all is that it has led to such recrimination and alienation that they have separated, never to be united again, perhaps. Had he succeeded, his name would have been enrolled with that of Columbus, Newton and Fulton. But he has failed. He has lost his all. He has introduced ruin into a once happy home, and the world coldly looks on and says—'I told you so.'" The reader need not be reminded that it was the same Ericsson, thus alluded to by the *Boston Journal*, in 1855, whose remains were recently sent to his native Sweden in an American Man-of-War and received with honors such as Columbus, Newton or Fulton never dreamed of. "Don't bury a man till he's dead."—O. F. M.]

Don't bury a man till he's dead:
Don't trample him 'cause he's down,
The pearl in the busied toad's head
Glory gives to a crown.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Don't wantonly tread on the neck
Of the sailor the storm may o'erwhelm;
'Tis the wrecker who plunders the wreck;
'Twas the hero who stood by the helm.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Don't think misfortune's a crime,
Don't snarl at the good intent lost:
The ill may be yours in quick time,
And for scoffers to reckon the cost.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

'Tis the vampire that sucks the life blood:
'Tis the jackal whose banquet's the grave.
'Tis inhuman to pray on the good:
Is it manly to feast on the brave?
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Don't honor the coward who waits
For the floatsam that drifts from the wreck.
And strangles the surf-beaten mates
Who linger too long on the deck.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Don't think him a hero who wins:
Don't deem him a poltroon who fails.
Longshoremen wax rich in their sins:
'Tis the sailor who's lost in the gales.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

He's a robber who will not lend aid;
He murders who seeks not to save
Brave strugglers all dismayed
By perils, or sight of the grave.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Don't grudge a life-plank to one
Who's buffeting wild in the breakers.
His fight may be but begun:
His commission's not his, but his Maker's.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

While life is left there is hope.
While brain is quick there's a mission:
The hangman blight's with a rope;
The traducer blights with suspicion.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

The hero who conquered the seas,—
Whose "deerhounds" defy ocean's space,—
Once stricken by envious pleas,
Was jealously doomed to disgrace.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

'Twas Ericsson, stung by mean jeers,
Resented a premature grave.
'Twas the "Monitor," child of his years,
Told how a nation to save.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

Opportunity's the portion of all:
Humanity dare not refuse it.
Without it, even angels might fall;
Who has, is God-ordered to use it.
Don't bury a man till he's dead.

L'ENVOI.

No, don't bury me till I'm dead!
My life's my right to improve it:
And the hope that garlands my head
Is not my neighbor's to covet.
Don't bury me till I am dead.

—G. W. CRUIKSHANK.

Timely Advice.

Hon. L. Victor Baughman, of Frederick county, says a word in season on the subject of party harmony and the duty of Democrats to promote it. In his paper, the Fredrick *Citizen*, he asks:

"Why should Democrats feel the necessity of indulging in crimination and recrimination regarding our candidates for President and Vice-President in the next great contest before the people? Would it not be well to bear in mind that success can only come through the efforts of a united party? The success of any individual in any one State of the Union, does not mean a nomination by the great body of Democrats who are to select a standard bearer for the Democracy of the country. Mr. Hill, very naturally, is making every effort to advance his individual claims. The friends of Mr. Cleveland are doing the same thing, and so is it with every other candidate for this high office. Whilst all are expected to make an honorable fight, the great body of the people must after all settle the question. Maryland, very properly would like to see her honored son, Senator Gorman, selected by the convention for our Presidential nominee, yet at the same time there is a strong undercurrent in Maryland for Grover Cleveland. We believe that it is to the interest of the people to fight under the banner of tariff reform. We do not want to see our party leaders take any backward steps on this question, and as yet we have seen no indication of anything of the kind. Let Maryland select her best men to represent her in the National Convention. The eyes of our people will be upon them, and as loyal Democrats we feel assured they will act for the best interest of our party throughout the Union."

Sixteen Wars.

The recent unpleasantness with Chili calls to mind the fact that the United States has engaged in sixteen wars. They were as follows, the last figures denoting the number of men engaged:

Revolution, 1885 to 1783—309,781.
Northwest Indian War, 1790-95—8,983.
War with France, 1798-1800—4,593.
War with Tripoli, 1801-05—3,330.
Creek Indian War, 1813-14—13,781.
War with Great Britain, 1812-15—476,622.
Seminole Indian War, 1817—7,811.
Black Hawk War, 1831-32—6,465.
Cherokee Removal, 1826 37—9,444.
Creek Indian War, 1836-37—13,418.
Florida Indian War, 1835-43—41,122.
Arostook Disturbance, 1838 39—1,500.
War with Mexico, 1846 48—112,230.
Apache, Navajo and Utah War, 1849-55—2,561.
Seminole Indian War, 1856-58—2,687.
Civil War, 1861 65—2,773,408.

A MAN is sure of a good wife if he finds a girl that is good to her mother, and boys make good husbands whose mothers receive kindness from them. This rule is so infallible that it is always absolutely safe for a girl to cut the acquaintance of the man who slights his mother, and the man to look somewhere else when he finds his girl letting her mother wait on her.

BODY'S DEVIL.

A Tennessee Murder and Its Harrassing Sequel.

The story which I propose to narrate has been believed for more than fifty years. The incidents were first repeated by Col. Gardner, an old and respected citizen of Huntingdon, Tenn. There has always been a mystery connected with the incidents. The cause was never discovered until a few weeks ago, when a cyclone destroyed an old mansion and gave to the world a manuscript that furnished an explanation for the wonderful phenomena.

On the 21st of July, 1840, the body of "Billy" McDaniels was found near the plantation of D. D. Boyd. He had been shot. A man named Barry was charged with the murder but on trial was acquitted. Boyd took great interest in the trial and seemed astonished when Barry was found not guilty. The night the trial was ended, he left town unattended, and in about two hours from the time he started his horse dashed up to the house riderless, his sides reeking with foam, his nostrils expanded and laboring under a frenzy of excitement so great that two stout negroes could barely restrain and remove him. A search that was instituted as soon as possible, found the rider insensible in a narrow, woody portion of the road. He was borne home and restored to consciousness.

He stated in substance, that at the loneliest portion of the road, where the undergrowth was densest, and the weird shadows cast by trees were most grewsome, his horse appeared to be laboring heavily, as if dragging a burden. Upon looking around an object would release the animal's trail, laugh and the horse proceed as usual. In an instant the

HORSE WOULD CRINGLE,

drag his hind legs and stood, as if a ton of weight was on his hind quarters. A laugh could be heard behind, and a shadowy object leap from him, and the animal would then straighten up. Another instant and the horse would fall back upon his haunches, and rear as if surged by the bridle and thrown back. This would be accompanied by the same laugh and the animal would be released as before. Suddenly the saplings commenced lashing across the road as if moved by a whirlwind. They drove the horse mad with fear, and finally swept the rider off, when he became unconscious. The last thing he remembered was a heavy weight resting upon his body, and a horrible noise resembling that made by the wind whistling through a subterranean Golgotha.

A week or two after the above occurred Boyd came in from the stable in a state of nervous excitement

BORDERING UPON INSANITY,

and when sufficiently composed to speak intelligently, announced his purpose to sell out and leave the country. What occurred to produce the excitement or cause the sudden purpose to sell, no one ever knew during his lifetime, but it is explained in the document heretofore referred to. He removed to Gibson county, near the present town of Milan where his residence, and the incidents herein narrated, gave the name to the section of country known to every citizen as "Skull Bone."

The wealth, culture and social habits of the family secured a high social position in the county at once, and for several years his life appeared to be all that could be desired. His face always wore a troubled look, however, and it was noticed he was aging prematurely, but not even his family suspected at first that there was a local cause. By and by the family became aware of the fact that there were agencies at work in the household that were mysterious and exceedingly annoying. For instance, upon one occasion, when Mrs. Boyd was entertaining company in her sitting room,

LOUD AND BOISTEROUS

laughter was heard preceeding from a closet in the room. She finally went to make an examination, when it appeared to be in the chimney. One of the ladies present uttered a shriek and sprang up, declaring that she felt a heavy object in her lap and that some had kissed her on the cheek. Upon another occasion, when Col. Boyd had invited several prominent gentlemen to dine with him, among them the Hon. John A. Gardner, now of Texas, as they were taking their seats, the chair upon which Col. Gardner, attempted to sit was suddenly withdrawn and that gentleman thrown violently upon the floor. This was followed by

A MERRY LAUGH

that appeared to go into the chimney. Upon still another occasion, when Mrs. Boyd had a dining, at which were several visitors from a distance, besides neighbors, she walked into the dining-room with her top dress pinned up behind. A lady observing her confusion when it became noticed, reached down to adjust it, when her hand was violently stricken and a sound of merry laughter was heard under the table.

These incidents were exceedingly annoying to the family, who first attributed them to natural causes. When they became more frequent and of such a varied character, alarm succeeded annoyance.

WHEN BOYD WAS PRESENT.

The manifestations when strangers were present were of a character to awaken interest or provoke mirth—always harmless. But it was very different with the family circle when Mr. Boyd was present. When he would return home from Trenton or Huntington, tired and hungry, and would attempt to eat, a miniature whirlwind would blow all the coffee or milk from the vessel and bespatter his clothes; and when he would take meat on his fork to carry to his mouth an unseen hand would knock it aside followed by a laugh, apparently upon or underneath the table.

Upon the occasion of the marriage of Col. Bell and Miss Eskridge, Mr. Boyd drove a pair of fine horses to the family carriage. During the festivities of the occasion he was called out, and found the driver on the box in a high state of alarm, the tails of his horses having been shaved and apparently sand-papered, so smooth and clean was the job done. The driver declared that

A HUGE BAT.

had fluttered before his face and knocked his hat over his eyes, while the horses winnied as if in great fear.

Finally prominent citizens visited the family to investigate the phenomena. Esquire Fitzgerald, afterward judge of the district, visited the family, and stated frankly that he had not come through curiosity, but to test the matter fully, and asked permission to do so unrestricted. He was shown into the parlor by a servant, and when alone locked the door and examined every part of the room where a person could be concealed. Satisfying himself fully that he was alone, he said:

"If Boyd's devil is present, will he make it known by giving me his hand?"

Immediately a small, long, soft hand was placed in his, the outlines of which were visible in a shadowy form as far as the wrist. When he pressed it, it was withdrawn with a sudden jerk that knocked Mr. Fitzgerald's hand violently down.

"If you can speak, let me hear your voice."

"Good evening, Mr. Lawyer," was pronounced by a low sweet voice, audible a few feet away. When these words were spoken a dark shadow appeared in the centre of the room, that rapidly assumed the form of a man, then quickly vanished.

The visitor was a brave man, but this was too much for his nerves. As he passed out of the door his hat, that had been placed on the rack by Mr. Boyd, was suddenly pulled down over his eyes, the act being accompanied by a mischievous laugh.

There was, however, one exception to its treatment of the Boyd family. An invalid daughter was the constant object of kind attentions from

THIS UNSEEN AGENT.

She declared to the day of her death, which occurred in 1859, that she was in receipt through this agency of every wish of her heart except health.

Fruits and flowers were at all times. Delicacies unknown to the culinary artists of the country were served when she requested them.

They made a profound impression upon Mr. Boyd, not only in his appearance and habits, but in his disposition and worldly condition. His hair whitened prematurely, his face aged to that of 70 before he was 50; he isolated himself from his family and neighbors, and appeared to wear life as a felon wears stripes.

His death was as remardable as his life had been mysterious. A negro was measuring up a lot of wheat that he had sold. Mr. Boyd took the measure and showed him how to "strike it off." The negro declared that he heard a voice say: "Measure honestly, you scoundrel!" and at the same time his master fell back in a swoon and the half bushel measure rolled half way across the room where the wheat was stored. Mr. Boyd was carried to the house and when he recovered consciousness complained of his head and declared that he had received a blow, but there was no mark or sign to indicate that fact.

HE NEVER RECOVERED.

Before he died he assured the physician that there was a deep mystery surrounding his life, and that when he was gone a paper would be found among his effects that would explain everything. But no paper was found or at least none was given to the world, and the matter was soon forgotten in the stirring incidents of the late war.

In December of 1891 a cyclone swept over sections of Carroll and Gibson counties and the old Boyd mansion was destroyed. In the ruins was picked up a remarkable paper, the contents of which have been recently made known.

By it was learned that Col. Boyd was

THE MURDERER

of McDaniels and that the deed was done because the latter had won the hand of a woman loved by Boyd.

The paper closed as follows:

God only knows how he kept his promise. When I was hungry he starved me; and when I would die he would nourish me to life. When I was sick he would poison me with nostrums; and when the physician would give me up as dead he would restore me with remedies no human science has ever concocted. He has literally worn my life out by a friction as fatal as it has been excruciating. I know that I will have to meet him in his own sphere. What our relative powers may be I can not tell, but I dread the future as much as I have suffered in the past. With the hope of propitiating his terrible vengence I make this statement, so that possibly after death I may have that rest which has been denied me in this life.

Manners for Boys.

Hat lifted in saying "Good-by" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car or in acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with anyone you walk with.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask her if you may precede her in passing a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people staight in the face when speaking or being spoken to. Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or slow as others, and finish when they do.

Rise when ladies leave the room and stand till they are out.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to move anything from it.

Testing a Hot Oven.

A French authority on cooking gives the following rules for testing the heat of an oven: "Try it with a piece of white paper. If too hot, the paper will blacken or blaze up; if if becomes a light brown, it is fit for pastry; if it turns a dark yellow, it is fit for bread and the heavier kinds of cake; if light yellow, the oven is fit for sponge cake and lighter kinds of deserts."

Fair Weather Christian.

There are people who pray for showers of blessings who want them to come without any clouds.

THREE SHORT STATE STORIES.

The World's Biggest Hammer and Where the Prodigy Holds Forth.

From the Bethlehem Times.

The big 125-ton steam hammer at the ordnance works is now in full blast. It is used day and night for forging ingots into armor plate. About eight armor plates are turned out every week. Sometimes, when there are no hitches, 10 are made in six days.

These ingots weigh from 30 to 75 tons. The average weight is 55 tons. The armor plates are forged all the way from 4 to 18 inches in thickness. Most of them are from 11 to 14 inches thick. Nearly all the armor plates are from 18 to 22 feet long and about 6 feet 6 inches wide. The length and width are made according to requirements. There is no exact specified proportion as to length, breadth and thickness. The hammer is required to forge out plates to the exact thickness, only one sixty-fourth of an inch play being allowable. The length and width are worked down in the armor plate machine shop.

The ingot usually requires three heatings. The first takes sixty hours. The ingot is then hammered down until it gradually assumes the shape of a plate before it gets cold. The second heating takes five hours and the third heating two or three hours. There are four furnaces, two on each side of the hammer. They are all in use and generally all at the same time. The hammer is working during the entire course of every twenty-four hours, but there is generally an interval of a few hours between the forging of each heat.

The full 125-ton blow of the hammer is seldom struck. It is not necessary. The forging can be heard all over town. When there is a south wind the intonation is very clear and resounds over the whole neigborhood. It can easily be heard at Freemansburg on clear nights. The sound is loudest when the hammer finishes off the cold plate. The plates cannot be finished when hot and are placed on the anvil when cold for final smoothing off.

Disclosure by a St. Clair Grave-Digger.

From the Pottsville Chronicle.

The good people of St. Clair have been greatly stirred up the past few days over an unexpected and ghastly disclosure, which was made by the grave-digger of the Odd Fellows' Cemetery; while preparing a resting place for the remains of the late Charles Evans, whose funeral took place on Sunday. While digging in the Evans lot, a coffin containing the body of a woman was disclosed. The corpse was identified as that of Mrs. Charles Henderson, who died nine years ago. The coffin and its contents were taken to the tool house in the graveyard and up to yesterday afternoon it had not been given a place in the cemetery.

The story of the whole transaction is told by a prominent citizen of St. Clair. Charles Henderson has been for many years a respected citizen of St. Clair. He was at one time a foreman for George W. Snyder. He married and for forty years apparently lived happily with his wife. About nine years ago Mrs. Henderson died. The husband purchased a lot in Odd Fellows' Cemetery, in which the woman's remains were interred.

After the funeral it was found that Mrs. Henderson had left a will, in which she had left her property to her own immediate relatives. She did not bequeath anything to her husband and he made an attempt to break the will. The will was sustained by the court.

Later on the lot was leveled, and it was generally understood in St. Clair that the remains of Mrs. Henderson had been removed. Mr. Henderson then sold the lot to Mr. Charles Evans, who died last week. When the grave-digger came to make a grave for Mr. Evans' remains, he found the coffin containing Mrs. Henderson's remains. The grave-digger did not know what disposition to make of the body, so it was placed in the tool house.

The body remained in the tool house until yesterday afternoon when it was reinterred in the general vault.

Working a Very Clever Fraud.

From the Lancaster New Era.

R. F. Thompson, produce merchant, of Philadelphia, has been the victim of a very clever fraud. Mr. Thompson runs a market car from Quarryville to Philadelphia, leaving the former place every Thursday evening, and at New Providence, the first station after leaving Quarryville, many farmers and others are always in waiting to deliver their produce, and as the train tarries but a very short time, there is generally much confusion and bustle in getting the goods aboard. Mr. Thompson is unable to keep any record of the goods shipped by each individual. Each person shipping hands Mr. T. a list or bill of the goods he delivers, and receives an envelope containing the returns and cash for goods shipped the previous week. Now for the fraud.

Francis Mylin, one of the village dudes, aged about 20 years, put his Websterian brain to work and concocted a very clever little dodge to raise cash without hard work. He was always on hand when the market car arrived and busied himself in helping to get the goods aboard, and as others handed the market man their bills he did likewise, although he had no goods. His plan was to select the names of persons who did not ship goods and make from two or three bills each week, generally for butter and eggs, the amounts he thus realized amounting to from $5 to $20 each week. He always received the returns for these persons and the trick was not discovered until a few days ago, although he has been carrying it on for a year or more. The total amount of Mr. Thompson's loss is not definitely known, but it will reach up in the hundreds.

A warrant was sworn out on Tuesday and placed in the hands of Constable Murphy, of Quarryville, who immediately arrested Mylin. The latter gave bail for his appearance before J. F. Andrews, Justice of Peace, of Strasburg township on Wednesday the 16th instant.

The misguided young man is a son of Maris Mylin, who left his home and friends some years ago in a mysterious way and has not been heard of since.

The clerk made some sad blunders though, for when the clergyman read And the Lord smote Job with sore boils, the clerk, catching but a faint impression of what was said, roared out, "And the Lord shot Job with four balls."

HE UNDERTOOK A BIG JOB.

Miscalculation of a Passenger who Tried to Quiet a Crying Baby.

As the Michigan Central train was coming to Detroit there was a baby on board who cried for two straight hours, it was not a cry of teething or colic, but just the whining squal of an infant vixen that wasn't going to be suited anyhow.

The passengers on that car could neither sleep nor read, and at last a red faced old gentleman turned to the mother and said:

"Madam, if you would stop trotting the life out of that young 'un it would let up screaming."

"I guess I know more about babies than you do," snapped the mother.

"Well, all I've got to say is, I've raised eight and the whole caboodle of them never made such a noise as that one," he retorted.

"Perhaps you would like to try your hand on this one. If you can stop him it's more than I can do."

"Give him to me, madam, and in ten minutes he'll be as quiet as a lamb. I've seen worse children many a time.

He winked at the other passengers as he reached out his hands for the baby.

"Tootsey wootsey tum," he urged and the infant opened one eye to look at him, while it stiffened like a poker and roared louder than ever.

"If you will step into the next car so that it won't see you," said the obliging traveler. "I can hush him sooner. He'll be all right, ma'am; don't you worry."

"I won't," said the woman thankfully, as she resigned the squaller and disappeared into the next car.

"H-u-s-h-h, stop now, little fellow; ride a hoss to Banbury cross, there was an old woman, sh-sh-sh—let go of my hair, you little wretch!"

The baby had tangled its fingers in the chin whiskers of its new friend and was pulling them out by the roots.

"Stop that noise," howled the passengers in chorus, "or give that kid back to its mother."

He would have been very glad to have acceded to either of those requests, but the mother was gone and the baby was increasing its music every minute.

"Walky-walky, pet," he said in a voice like a calliope; hush my dear, lie still and—murder! Won't somebody go after its mother?"

But nobody would stir. They all wanted to see him manage that baby.

When the conductor called 'Detroit' and the train slowed into the depot a wild eyed man, coatless and disheveled, was tearing from one end of the train to the other, while the baby screamed over his shoulder.

"I'll take him now," said a mild voice, and as its mother appeared that child stopped howling, a cherubic smile dimpled its face and it looked as if it had never shed a tear in its life. But its volunteer nurse was a complete wreck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mischievous Boy.

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, up stairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard, with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the department of State together. He cried out to him at once: "Father! father! can't I bring those poor, cold hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped short to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner to-day, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are the boys of a soldier too. And, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chicken and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle: "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government in debt, and the president took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one and with a very droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," and added, "Tell Peter that you are required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

In less than an hour Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard on their way to the cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps cracking nuts and having a "state dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen was ours."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Wonderful Pony.

The venerable judge mentioned below had a veritable mascot, and the reason why he did not own all the wealth in the west was probably because the pony was short winded and short legged. The Topeka Capitol discovered him.

Reference to the "old roan pony" is of local interest because of the "magnetic influence" frequently in times past claimed by Judge Sloan for this humble representative of the equine family, now supposed to be dead.

It is related that this pony was a veritable magnet for the finding of gold, silver, lead or copper deposits, in fact, it is said that whenever, in going along any street, road or mountain path he crossed ground beneath which was pay mineral, his hair would immediately stand erect, quite on end, like the quills of a fretful porcupine, and that his rider, Judge Sloan, would receive a shock which warned him of the presence of mineral beneath the ground, and that, it is said, is the secret of the judge's numerous mineral locations all over northern New Mexico.

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