THE KENT NEWS:
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WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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# Kent News.

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

We Commence Today

—WITH OUR—

GREAT CLEARING SALES

—OF—

Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits.

WE begin little sooner this year with Our Reduction Sales, as We are Determined to GET RID of OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

*For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN at PRICES YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. They Must Go. We Don't Want to Carry any Winter Stock Over. Come and See for Yourself.*

*Respectfully,*

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,

**Opposite Stam's Hall.** **Chestertown, Md.**

THIS IS THE SEASON

—FOR—

HEAVY FOOT WEAR!

Now is the time to get the best, and get it cheap from our grand new stock of popular goods, new styles, seasonable attractions and complete assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes.

A clean fresh stock of desirable gopds at fairest figures. We show the latest novelties; keep strictly first-class goods and make the lowest prices, quality considered.

Patronize a safe, sure and reliable house, and you will get the worth of your money always.

The stove, table and chair will be given away January 1st, '93. Each pair of shoes one guess.

Stop in and have your measure taken for a nice pair of hand made shoes. Get you up any style you want. Fit guaranteed.

T. G. WROTH,

Nov. 19, 1892. **The One-Price Shoeman, Under Stam's Hall.**

WHAT KIND OF STOVES

ARE YOU GOING TO PURCHASE!

~~~LOOK OUT FOR~~~

J. L. McFEELY & CO.'S

Stove Advertisement of a Large Assortment and Prices from the Cheapest to the Highest!

SEXTON' "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKETS

Have your Old Fire-Place Heaters REPAIRED early, before the great rush,

at J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.'S,

Sept. 17, 1892. HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE.

Special Inducements!

FLOORING and SHINGLES,

Building Lumber Generally,

Doors, Sash and Blinds.

GET OUR VERY LOW PRICES BEFORE BUYING

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BRO.,

**144 Light St. Wharf — Baltimore, Md.**

JOB-PRINTING

DEPARTMENT.

We are now giving Special Attention to Job-Printing. Our Job Department is supplied with New and Modern Types and Presses, and we are prepared to execute on short notice and in the most approved style every description of

JOB ~:~ WORK,

—SUCH AS—

*Bills, Posters,*
*Dodgers, Programs,*
*Circulars, Cards,*
*Letter Heads,*
*Bill Heads,*
*Envelopes.*

REASONABLE RATES.

*All Orders Receive Prompt Attention.*

WM. B. USILTON & SON,
Printers and Publishers.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

HO! FOR

THE NEW YEAR!

WE HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS!

Want to Accommodate Everybody!

Now We are Ready for the Trade!

COME ONE, COME ALL!

WE HAVE PRESENTS IN ABUNDANCE
From OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT,
OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT,
Ladies', Misses and Children's WRAP DEPARTMENT,
FUR DEPARTMENT,
CARPETAN D OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE AND LAMP DEPARTMENT,
RUG AND HASSOCK DEPARTMENT.

You can select a useful present. Our HANDKERCHIEF DISPLAY IS SIMPLY ENORMOUS! Best Silk and Linen from 2c. a piece up. Umbrellas, Blankets, Fur Robes, Fur Rugs, Fur Gloves, Cheap Towels, Napkins, etc. Cheap! Cheaper! Than Ever!
Come one! Come all! We greet you!

R. F. PARKS.

Dec. 17, 1892.

New Year Goods

OUR OPENING DAY WILL BE THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1892.

WE propose to have the FINEST DIPLAY of Christmas Goods ever seen in Chestertown, and we cordially extend an invitation to the good people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to visit our store on that evening. We want them to come from far and near. We will have a comfortable room for their reception. The opening day will continue from the 8th until the close of the season, but the first day we want to make our store a marvel of beauty and attraction, so do not miss coming in on that day. Our stock will embrace

BOOKS, FINE STATIONERY,

Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen,

FANCY BOXES PERFUMERY,

LAMPS for the PARLOR and DINING-ROOM,

ALBUMS,

in Plush and Wood. Fine, Beautiful Vases and articles of Ceramic Ware from England, Germany and France. These latter are the most artistic goods seen in town. In PICTURES we have some beautiful Pastels, which show the fine delicate hand of the artist. You will have to give them more than a passing glance, as they are very beautiful.

CHILDREN, the fresh little Powers who touch our hearts at the sweet Christmas time, have not been forgotten by us, as you will see when you look over the stock of goods we have selected in remembrance of them. In closing our notice we again extend you a kind invitation to be with us on our special opening day.

COLIN F. STAM,
STAM'S HALL.

Dec. 3, 1892.

GOOD CHEER!

W. R. ALDRIDGE

HAS A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

Christmas Novelties!

HE HAS THE BIGGEST LINE OF

Neckwear in Town,

and invites the young men especially to call and examine it.

GLASS AND CHINAWARE,

all sorts and sizes of Beautiful Christmas Presents in Glass and Chinaware.

Groceries, Flannels,
Dry Goods, Etc.

UMBRELLAS OF ALL STYLES AT LOW PRICES.

## TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

There is a shady side of life
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell:
For every one unto himself
Commits a grevious sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow, with a troupe of ills,
May threaten us the while,
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide,
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side.

Then wear a happy heart, my friend,
And fix your faith above;
A heavenly Father may afflict,
But does it all in love.
And they who strive to do His will,
And read his words aright,
With songs of triumph on their lips
Walk always in the light.

## A CASE OF DOUBLY SOLD.

**A Scene in London, So American Ladies Need Not Wince.**

MRS. BROWN, 30. MRS. SMITH, 30.

*Scene—A Green 'Bus, Afterwards Marshall & Snelgrove's, London. Time, 9 A. M.*

Mrs. Smith—Well, how are you? You're abroad early! Sales?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, breakfasted early on purpose. And you?

Mrs. Smith (cheerfully)—Breakfast half an hour earlier, too. James dosn't like it. He can't imagine how women can be such fools as to go raving mad over "cheap lines" and 'job lots!" I simply love it.

Mrs. Brown—So do I. I think January is the most delightful month in the whole year. I spend all my mornings shopping.

Mrs. Smith—So do I. I adore the bustle and excitement——

Mrs. Brown— —— the raging crowd——

Mrs. Smith— —— the frenzied females—

Mrs. Brown— —— the things tossed all over the counters on "Remnant Days," marked at absolutely "nominal prices," looking as if it would be a positive kindness to take them.

Mrs. Smith—I don't believe things really go cheaper.

Mrs. Brown—They're marked half-price, so they must be cheap.

Mrs. Smith (half-satisfied)—That sounds logical. However, it does not matter. We must have sales to keep us going. It's the "Ladies' Battle," don't you know!

Mrs. Brown—They are regular bear-gardens, aren't thv? Such rude women! I had my boa torn right off my neck Saturday!

Mrs. Smith—And I found my card case smothered under a hundred and fifty dress pieces at twelve and six on Monday!

Mrs. Brown—And I caught an impertinent woman pricing my very own muff yesterday. I had put it down on the counter for one moment.

Mrs. Smith (glancing at the article in question)—slightly damaged?

Mrs. Brown—Not at all! And one's best friend bargains from under one's very nose.

Mrs. Smith—Oh, all's fair in love and war and sale-time. What are you after?

Mrs. Brown—I hardly know what. Were you at the Robinsons' last night?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, and rather admired Polly's dress.

Mrs. Brown—Swan & Edgar's—seven and a-half guineas, sale price! It had some tarnished gold fringe about it when I saw it and I priced it for lucy. I decided that it was too shabby, but Polly has taken off the fringe and made it quite tidy.

Mrs. Smith—What a pity Miss Jones broke that lovely fan.

Mrs. Brown—Imperfect, dear! Five-and-six at Lewis & Evans. By the way, what are you after?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, hundreds of things—I've a cloak in my eye—

Mrs. Brown—A cloak! How funny; so have I!

(A pause of mutual distrust.)

Mrs. Brown (tentatively)—What do you think of the new color, petunia?

Mrs. Smith—New, dear? It was out last year.

Mrs. Brown—It is a very becoming shade, I think.

Mrs. Smith—Oh, not for you. (Aside) Why, that's the color of my cloak. Oh, dear!

Mrs. Brown—Why, you always said lilac was my color, and you made me buy that cheap remnant at Shoolbred's——

Mrs. Smith—Oh, I thought that was for Lucy. She's got a complexion. Well, whatever you do, don't have it trimmed with (observing her narrowly).

Mrs. Brown (plaintively)—Oh, no? Not jet?

Mrs. Smith (hastily)—Oh, dear, I don't advise jet. (Eagerly) But has it really jet?

Mrs. Brown (evasively)—It's—a—what is yours like?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, a very plain affair—for mornings—quite unpretending. Black—with a colorer. (Aside) I won't tell her that.

Mrs. Brown (aside)—She does not say what color. (Aloud) What style is it?

Mrs. Smith (triumphantly)—A new French model, only just put into the sale yesterday.

Mrs. Brown—Don't believe them!—Is it Empire? That's quite passe. (Aside) That will put her off it.

Mrs. Smith—No, "1830," rather.

Mrs. Brown—But, my dear, are you not rather too short to wear "1830?"

Mrs. Smith (stiffly)—I think I know best what suits me.

Mrs. Brown (aside)—She tried it on! (Aloud) Are you quite certain it was not soiled somewhere? It was so cheap—

Mrs. Smith—I never said it was cheap. There is a little passementerie off one sleeve. (Aside) Oh, I wish I hadn't said that!

Mrs. Brown (aside)—My cloak without a doubt! I must try and put her out of love with it somehow. (Aloud) Every thing will have to be modified for crinoline, you know.

Mrs. Smith—Oh, do you think we shall have it?

(Animated discussion as to the pro's and con's of crinoline, interrupted by frantic appeals for fares from the conductor, for which he has applied three times already.)

Mrs. Smith } Where is my purse? Goodness!
Mrs. Brown }

(They both open their bags, they fumble, each produce threepence in coppers. Six sale catalogues on the average fall to the ground between them.)

Mrs. Smith—What's this?

Mrs. Brown—What's this?

Both—My list (becoming absorbed).

Mrs. Smith—I pick them off, so you see! Gloves!—stockings!—beau ideal embroidery—might look at it; sash ribbon!—desperate value"—for the children. Wedding present for cousin Albert!—they've got some electro enamelled boudoir clocks at Parkins & Gotto, a little out of order, but no one will notice.

Mrs. Brown (taking up the parable)—Ribbon!—always comes in useful—Toilet sets!—a little imperfect, but what of that? Oh, and a "cosy corner!"—it's made of stout polished bamboo, and draped in art shades—hide the stove in the greenhouse. Listen! a zouave for Lucy!—

Mrs. Smith—"Virginia" says we are to distrust zouaves; they are so ridiculously cheap.

Mrs. Brown—Who is "Virginia?"

Mrs. Smith—Don't you know? "Diary of a Daughter of Eve" in Black and White. Awfully clever!—They look so nice with blouses—and I want some towelling, and I could run to a guinea for a nice bonnet, if I saw one.

Mrs. Brown—Don't go in for a poke.

Mrs. Smith—Well, I don't care what shape it is, so long as it is lilac.

Mrs. Brown (with venom)—Then you'll look as if you had jaundice.

Conductor (suddenly)—Marshall's?

Mrs. Smith—Did you tell him to stop at Marshall's?

Mrs. Brown—Yes—nearest to Debenham's—table-linen, you know. Good-by.

Mrs. Smith—Marshall's will do for me. All the shapes up to the circus are worth looking at. (They get out.)

Mrs. Brown—Good by. Any chance of your looking in at the Dorothy later on? (Aside) I shall have it all settled by then, I hope.

Mrs. Smith—Thank you; I belong to the Albemarle. (Aside) I've had quite enough of her for one day! (Aloud, effusively) Good-by, dear. (They part.)

Mrs. Brown—Good-by, dearest. (Aside) Tiresome woman! I hope to goodness I've seen the last of her. Now for the cloak. (Dashes into Marshall & Snelgrove's by the Oxford street entrance.)

Mrs. Smith—Inconvenient creature! How she stuck. But I think I've given her the slip. Now for my cloak. (Goes in the Vere street entrance.)

(Five minutes later, in the outfitting department.)

Mrs. Smith— } Bother!
Mrs. Brown—

Mrs. Smith (aloud)—Here we are again! (Aside)—Now, what on earth does she come fussing here for?

Mrs. Brown (politely)—I thought we should tumble up against each other somehow. (Spitefully)—The shops on the way to the circus are so attractive, eh?

Mrs. Smith—What are you getting, dear?

Mrs. Brown (confused)—A smoking jacket for—for Lucy.

Mrs. Smith—Oh, Lucy smokes, does she?

Mrs. Brown—What nonsense! You know I mean for Edward. What are you buying?

Mrs. Smith (taken aback)—Oh—ah—some white embroidered petticoats for—James!

Mrs. Brown (laughing)—Does he wear ——? Well, ta-ta; may see you again. (Aside.) If I can only get away to the mantles without her seeing me!

Mrs. Smith (aside)—I sincerely hope not. (Aloud) Then I won't say good-by.

(Three minutes later, in the Mantle Department.)

Mrs. Brown } —At last!
Mrs. Smith }

(They both rush to one end of the room and filing themselves upon a petunia cloak—Style 1830.)

Mrs. Smith—I beg your pardon. This is my cloak!

Mrs. Brown—I beg your pardon; it is mine!

Mrs. Smith—I as good as bought it yesterday morning!

Mrs. Brown—I told them to put it aside for me last night.

Shopman (suavely)—That mantle, madame? It was sold exactly ten minutes ago.

(Tableau.)

S. F. E., in Black and White.

## FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**Don't Let Canned Goods Remian in the Tin After It Is Opened.**

In provisioning every house-hold there is apt to be a surplus of food which can be utilized for next day's breakfast or luncheon or in making a "combination" dish for dinner. Such foods are usually canned goods, cold meats and vegetables or relishes. The foods of this class are carefully put away for preservation, ordinarily with regard to temperature alone and without a consideration of atmospheric influences in general. The idea seems to prevail that heat and cold affect the quality and palatableness of food left over.

Canned foods, such as salmon, sardines, corned beef, smoked beef, dates, and all garden and tree fruits, when once exposed to the air alter in character to a certain extent. After they have been put up by the usual process for preserving, their chemical qualities remain unchanged; as soon as the lid of the can is broken a revolution is inaugurated. The exposure of the metal of the packing can to the air—and this refers to the lining, which is not lacqured—means oxidation and the formation of various chemical compounds which did not belong to the food when itwas put up for sale. Tomatoes, apricots, the fishy substances and beef are very liable to so change that irritating acids or alkalies result from exposure tothe air when metallic cans hold them, and indigestion, diarrhœa and a mass of intestical ailments may result. The nascent compounds are poisons, and should be avoided as one would avoid strychnine or arsenic.

To prevent any deleterious effect from canned foods all that is necessary is to empty the contents of a can as soon as the lid is lifted. Put the food in a glass or porcelain vessel, and when there is some left over for after use put this in a clean vessel, which can be so covered that the air is practically excluded.

When ices are kept for use they should be taken from the can, placed in a covered nonmetallic vessel and kept cold. The danger of poisoning from the dreaded tyrotoxicon may thus be averted. Never use cans which have been sealed for any purpose in the household.

## A RICH KLEPTOMANIAC.

**Miss Kiddell, a Southern Lady, Caught Taking Things in Stern's—Her Money Refused as Bail, She Sleeps in a Prison Cell.**

A refined looking woman, about forty years of age, who wore a fine stylish blue tailor-made dress edged with astrachan, a blue velvet hat and a fur tippet, entered Stern's dry-goods store on Twenty-third street yesterday afternoon. Her hair was gray and she wore it in pompadour style. Diamonds glittered in her ears.

As she elbowed her way through the crowd which stood in front of the bargain counter Special Detective James Casey, who is employed in Stern's, saw her. His attention was first attracted to her about four days ago, when she came into the store, and, after visiting every counter, left without making a purchase. When she returned to the store the following day she was accompanied by a handsome young woman. Upon this occasion both women made some purchases and left.

When the woman entered the store yesterday she was alone. She bought a pair of gloves at the bargain counter and was about to start for the other end of the store when Detective Casey noticed her. He saw her walk to a counter on the north side of the store. There she picked up a small silk tidy, which she put in her dress pocket. The detective followed her to the bargain counter, where only a few minutes before she had bought a pair of gloves. She pushed her way through a crowd of ladies and pocketed another pair of gloves.

Detective Casey was about to arrest her when he saw the young woman who was with her several days ago. So he waited until both women met. They had not had time to exchange a word when Casey put his hand on the first woman's shoulder.

"Why do you come here to steal, madam?" asked the detective.

The elder woman turned around, and looking the detective square in the eye denied the charge.

The young woman became indignant. She demanded an explanation forthwith.

"Oh, come," said Casey, "no bluffing. I saw her steal a tidy and a pair of gloves. She's got them in her dress pocket."

"I did not steal anything," said the woman whom Casey had accused.

"You'll have to come with me," continued the detective. "We'll have to search you."

Casey had walked the two women away from the bargain counter. The conversation had been carried on so quietly that but few of the people present were aware of the fact that an arrest had been made.

"My aunt did not steal, sir," argued the young woman. "You seem to forget that you are dealing with ladies of the highest respectability."

Casey told her he had heard such talk before. When the woman declined to be searched Casey told her he would take her to Police Headquarters.

"I wish to be arrested," she said. "That'll settle it for once and all."

Casey called a cab and he and the two women entered. They were driven to Police Headquarters, where the elder was confronted with Inspector McLaughlin. She denied having taken anything from the store, but on her being searched the tidy and two pairs of gloves were found in her possession.

The woman declined to give her name. She became excited and demanded to be released at once. She gave her name as Mary Smith and her address as No. 73 Lexington avenue. She said she was single and forty-two years old. She declined to tell anything about herself. Inspector McLaughlin called in Detective Serg, Sheridan and instructed him to take the prisoner to Jefferson Market Court.

The two women and the detectives entered the court-room shortly after three o'clock. Justice Voorhis was on the bench. Detective Sheridan produced the stolen articles and told the story. The woman again gave her name as Mary Smith and her age as forty-two years. She said she lived on Lexington avenue. This time, however, she declined to tell the number of the house.

"What have you to say for yourself? Why did you steal these articles?" asked Justice Voorhis.

The woman admitted having taken the articles. She said she did it without thinking what she was doing. She claimed she had no intention of stealing them.

Lawyer Stiner, who had been retained by the prisoner's friend, took the woman aside and held a few minutes' whispered conversation with her.

"May it please Your Honor," said Lawyer Stiner, addressing Justice Voorhis, "my client is an eminently respectable lady. There is some mistake about all this which I cannot explain now. She belongs to one of the best-known families in this city and is highly connected."

"I suppose she is," replied Justice Voorhis. "I am given to understand that this is another of those respectable family cases which we have had here lately. Shoplifting I call it. The woman is held in $300 bail to answer. That's all."

Lawyer Stiner asked the Court to parole the prisoner in his charge until this morning, when he would present the City Chamberlain's certificate of deposit for the amount.

"I have had enough of this paroling business," responded Justice Voorhis. I hold the prisoner in $300 bail."

"Mary Smith" was taken into a back room. Her friend whispered something in her ear which brought a smile to her face. The young woman left the court-house, got into a cab and told the driver to drive as fast as he could to the German Savings Bank, at the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue. There the young woman, who was Mrs. C. O. Curtis, of New Brigton, S. I., drew $500.

When she entered the court-room about fifteen minutes later Justice Voorhis was still holding court. The prisoner was sent for. Mrs. Curtis offered Justice Voorhis $500 in cash. He declined to accept it, saying he wanted real estate security and nothing else. At this Mrs. Curtis turned to Lawyer Stiner and told him that her husband would go one her aunt's bail if he could be sent for.

"What is your husband's name?" asked Justice Voorhis.

Mrs. Curtis was about to answer when the prisoner grabbed her friend by the arm and told her not to reveal her identity.

"I shall wait here until 4.30 o'clock," said the Court, "and if you can not furnish good real estate security by that time I shall commit the woman.

Lawyer Stiner went out and returned again at the appointed hour. He had been unable to secure real-estate bail. Again he argued with the Justice to parole the prisoner in his core or to accept the cash as bond. Justice declined to interfere and Mary Smith was locked up in a cell in Jefferson Market Prison. She carried a valuable silver-handled umbrella which bore this inscription: "E. K. New Year's, 1890."

Of course there was no such person as Mary Smith known at No. 73 Lexington avenue. Later it was learned that the prisoner is Miss E. Kiddell, a well known Southerner, who for the past four years has been living at No. 743 Fifth avenue, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets. The place is a first class family hotel.

Miss Kiddell is said to be a victim of kelptomania. She has a socially prominent position and is said to be quite wealthy. She is very fond of her niece, Mrs. Curtis, who used to come to this city frequently and visit her aunt. Mrs. Curtis often accompanied her aunt on shopping expeditions.

The people living at No. 743 Fifth ave. declined to give any further information concerning Miss Kiddell or Mrs. Curtis when they learned that the former had been arrested on a charge of shoplifting. They said they could hardly believe it, because they knew Miss Kiddell to be independently rich.

It was learned last night that of late Miss Kiddell has been acting strangely. She would leave the house hurriedly, saying she had to go down town to attend to important business. A few minutes later she would return without offering any explanation.

Miss Kiddell was compelled to spend the night in a cell. She seemed to take it rather hard at first, but later on quieted down. Nobody could see her in prison. She will be arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

## MR. BLAINE'S WILL.

**Brief Instrument Conveying His Estate to His Wife.**

The will of the late James Gillespie Blaine was presented for probate in Augusta, Maine, February 13. It was executed in Washington, D. C., January 7, 1893, twenty days before his death, and practically his entire estate to his wife in fee-simple. Mr. Blaine's children are bequeathed $50 apiece, and each of his grandchildren $25. Mrs. Blaine is named as executrix, and it is requested by the testator that she be not compelled to enter security. No provision is made for Jame G. Blaine III., son of James G. Blaine, Jr. Following is the will in full:

"I, James G. Blaine, of Augusta, in the State of Maine, at present residing in the city of Washington, D. C., being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make public and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me at any time made.

"1. I direct my executrix hereinafter named, to pay my just debts and funeral expenses.

"2. I give and bequeath to my daughter Margaret, to my son James, and to my daughter Harriet, to each the sum of $50.

"3. I give and bequeath to my grandchildren, Emmons Blaine, Blaine Coppinger and Corwin Coppenger, to each the sum of $25.

"4. All the rest and residue of my property, real, personal or mixed, wheresoever situated, which I now own or may hereafter acquire, and of which I shall die seized, or possessed, I give, devise and bequeath absolutely, and in fee simple, to my wife, Harriet S. Blaine, her heirs and assigns forever.

"I name, constitute and appoint my said wife, Harriet S. Blaine, executrix of my last will and testament, and I request that my executrix be not required to give bond for the performance of her duty as such.

"Witness my hand this seventh day of January, A. D., 1893.

[Signed.] JAMES G. BLAINE.

"Signed, published and declared by the above-named testator, James G. Blaine, as and for his last will and testament in the presence of the undersigned, who, in his presence and at his request, in the presence of each other, have signed our names as subscribing witnesses hereto:

[Signed.] W. W. JOHNSON,
ELIZABETH PRINCE,
ELIZABETH MCKEWEN."

## Against Hoops.

It is said that the old custom of wearing hoops is about to come in vogue again. We hope not and so does Frank D. Smith, assemblyman of New York. He has offered the following act in the assembly.

"Section 1. *Whereas*, It is reported in the public press that the fashion of wearing hoopskirts or crinoline is about to be established in this country, which will result in a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience to the public, to travel, and especially at church, theatrical and all other public gatherings, and to save the additional space which would be required at the World's Fair at Chicago, and the granting of additional and larger appropriation by the federal government and the several states.

"Therefore, Be it enacted that it shall be unlawful for any person to sell, give or furnish any citizen of this state what is known and called hoopskirts or crinoline. It shall also be unlawful for anyone to wear what is commonly known as hoopskirts or crinoline. Any person violating any section of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. This act shall take effect immediately."

Assemblyman Smith says:

"While not fully assured that my bill will pass, I feel it my duty to at least enter a public protest against the abominable crinoline fashion which foreign fashion modistes would force upon our wives and daughters. Everybody, even the fair feminine victims of the detestable fashion, are against it, and it is in their defense, as well as for suffering man, that I take my life in my hands and lead the fight against crinoline in this state.

"I believe if we can call the attention of the public to this threatened invasion of the crinoline, and get our leading society women roused in opposition, we can stop it before it gets past the quarantine station in New York Bay."

The bill is drafted from the bill introduced and passed in the Minnesota Legislature by the Minneapolis member, George Bleecker, and that introduced by W. F. Peet in the Kentucky Legislature. Assemblyman Smith's bil differs very radically from both in that its preamble points out the dangers and discomforts that will arise if lovely woman is permitted to don the hoopskirt.

## HE KILLS A RABBIT.

**President Harrison Breaks the Game Laws of Maryland.**

*Bengies Point, Feb. 17, 1893.*

President Benjamin Harrison broke the game laws of the State of Maryland yesterday. He shot a rabbit.

But what is worse, had his aim been good he would have shot two rabbits.

There was no help for it. Bad luck was bound to come, for, as was announced in yesterday's *Herald*, the party at Bengies Point had killed, when the evening of Thursday came, just 13 ducks.

Those about the club-house attributed to this fact the awful weather of yesterday, and had all sorts of suspicions as to what might happen before the night came on.

To the killing of the fatal 13 ducks is also attributed the very embarrassing position in which the President now finds himself.

Though he is said to be something of a sportsman, he is not altogether familiar with the game laws of the state.

The snow was just begining to fall yesterday when the Executive got up. He had not the true light of an enthusiastic duck-shooter in his eye when he met Ex-Senator Sewell, Col. Samuel Knight and E. S. Clarke, of Philadelphia, at breakfast in the cosy Bengies Club-House.

He had gone to bed anticipating a fine day's shooting on the morrow, and had gotten awake to find a day so miserable that no self-respecting duck would venture from the bushes.

"Aunt" Emeline, the faithful cook, did the best she could to drive care from the President's countenance. She had prepared a splendid breakfast, which, she said, he barely seemed to enjoy.

Having finished they adjourned to the smoking-room, where they remained until after 7 o'clock.

Unwilling to waste any more time the head of the nation proposed that a trip to the blind nearest the club-house be made.

He and Ex-Senator Sewell started. They had not gonea dozen paces when two fine, fat jack rabbits scampered out from a bunch of bushes.

A broad smile covered the face of President Harrison. He said not a word but raised the well-oiled breech-loader to his shoulder and fired.

One of the rabbits fell stone dead 50 feet away.

But the president was not satisfied. Again he took aim at the bounding bunnie. Another report was heard, but, strange to say, the rabbit ran on and on, jumping through the thicket as lively as if he had not been so much as touched by a single shot from the Presidential gun.

Senator Sewell laughed outright and remarked: "Harrison, that was the worst shot I ever saw."

"It was pretty bad, wasn't it," replied the Executive. "I can't see just how I managed to miss him. However, one out of two is not so bad after all."

The game was bagged and the marksmen proceeded to the blind, keeping a watchful eye for a bunch of coots or a stray canvas-back.

The President's shots had attracted the attention of Colonel Knight and Mr. Clarke, who, on learning that a rabbit had been laid low determined that their distinguished guest should suffer on his return to the house for his very reprehensible ignorance of the game laws.

Not a duck came within range of the watchers, and they left in less than an hour for the warmth and luxury of the house. They received a very remarkable greeting.

"Do you know," asked Colonel Knight, addressing the President, "that you have broken the laws of Maryland."

"How so?" inquired Mr. Harrison.

"By shooting a rabbit. We are only allowed to kill them over here from November 1 to December 26."

"You don't tell me," said the President. "That's bad, very bad," and then he took off his long boots and hunting cloths.

At noon the party partook of a splendid lunch.

The President will leave Bengies Point to-day for Washington, arriving at Union Station about 2 o'clock.

He said last evening that while shooting had not been as good as it might have been he had greatly enjoyed his stay in Maryland.

## Twenty Things Worth Knowing.

*From the Home Queen.*

Keep the cover on the canister.
Rub lamp chimneys with dry salt.
Throw chloride of lime in rat holes.
Wash oil cloth with skimmed milk.
Beat carpets on the wrong side first.
Cover apple barrels with newspapers.
Keep everything clean around the well.
Apply hartshorn to the stings of insects.
Pour boiling water through fruit stains
Drink cream for a burned mouth and throat.
Put your coffee grounds on your house plants.
Good eggs always have dull looking shells.
Boiled vinegar and myrrh are good deodorizers.
Use oatmeal instead of soap for toilet purposes.
Camphor is the best anti-moth preparation known.
Use whiskey instead of water to make liquid glue.
Sponge roughened skin with brandy and rosewater.
Use hartshorn to bring back colors faded by acids.
Wagon grease will take off warts and protruding moles.
If sneezing be induced it will stop a disagreeable hiccough.

## Shaving by Machinery.

Shaving a man in 25 seconds is a feat deserving of the highest praise and reward by all such as value their time. The feat has been rendered easy of performance by the construction of a shaving machine of wood, reported to have been made by Melchoir Farkas, a convict in the penitentiary at Szegedin, in Hungary. Farkas was put to labor in the cabinet-making shop of the prison, and taking to his work with a will, he soon displayed great inventive ingenuity. With his machine he is said to have shaved all the inmates in the prison, 150 in number, within less than an hour's time.

"How is it that your sister is so much more skillful in using her left hand than you?"

"Gracious! Don't you see the diamond engagement ring that she wears on that hand?"—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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