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

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

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

Kent News.

Vol. 53. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1893. No. 22.

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Established 1862.
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one square from Steamboat Wharf, High street.
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 12 M., 3 to 4.30 P. M. and 6 to 8 P. M., Sundays excepted.

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Office Hours 8:30 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M
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FITZGERALD'S
Dental Parlors,
109 N. Charles St.,
BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.
Best Set of Teeth, $8.00; Good Set of Teeth, $5.00; Gold Fillings, $1 and up; Silver, 75c.; Amalgam, 50c; Teeth extracted, 25c.; Vitalized Air, 50c. Teeth extracted without pain. a23-6m.*

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Annes' Counties.

IN GALENA!
Carpets, Carpets!
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
A complete city assortment, direct from the leading carpet centre, now on exhibition at our store, including every grade from the least expensive
Ingrains to the Finest Brussels!
We can afford to give you the BEST VALUE for your money, having made arrangements with one of the Largest Philadelphia Carpet Houses to supply us with yard samples of all the new designs and to fill all our orders at prices that enable us to
SELL YOU CARPETS AS LOW
as you could buy them at any house in our large cities, thereby saving you all the expenses of going elsewhere for this purpose. We show this immense stock with the aid of Peterson's Patent CARPET EXHIBITOR, so constructed that the effect of a Carpeted Floor Eight Yards Square is produced as each pattern comes into view, the samples revolving on the panorama plan. This enables you to see before purchasing how the carpet will look when matched and fitted to your room, while you can examine and compare qualities as well as from the rolls. As the exhibitor relieves us of the expense of carrying a large stock, saves extra room and labor, interest and insurance on stock, leaves no old unsalable and shopworn goods or remnants on hand to be disposed of before purchasing a new one. We can afford to sell you carpets at HALF THE PROFIT that we otherwise could afford to do. As every carpet is cut and matched before leaving the city you do not lose one inch in matching.
Call and see the Most Beautiful Line ever seen in a country store.
R. HESTON HICKS,
s2-tf. GALENA, MD.

FERTILIZERS!
FOR THE FALL OF 1893 OF
Established Reputation
CHESTER COMPOUND
~~No. 1.~~
Ammo. Superphosphate,
M. P. COMPOUND,
Dissolved South Carolina.
None better of their respective grades on the market. Would be pleased to see or hear from you before you buy your Fertilizer for Wheat Seeding.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

STAM'S HALL--CORNER STORE.
SCHOOL BOOKS!
—AND—
School Supplies,
Largest Stock,
Lowest Prices.
The School Board, by a very close contract with the publishers, have succeeded in getting the School Books used in the Kent county schools at a very small margin above the actual cost of the books. We supply them to the schools at the prices arranged by the board, consequently our profit is a very small one, and we are compelled to sell them positively for CASH.
Orders from distant parts of the county will be promptly attended to
COLIN F. STAM,
Sept. 2, 1893. DRUGGIST.

Application for Pardon.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, October 5th, 1893.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to the Governor for a nolle prosequi in the case of the

STATE VS.
GEORGE R. REED, JR.,

indicted in the Circuit Court for Kent County, at April Term, 1889, for Larceny.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision, on or after

TUESDAY, 17th day of Oct., 1893.

until which time protests against the said application will be heard, and the petition in the case open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor,
WM. T. BRANTLEY,
Oct. 7, 1893—td. Secretary of State.

Equitable Restaurant.
9TH FLOOR EQUITABLE BUILDING.
CORNER FAYETTE AND CALVERT STREETS
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
Novelty in Dining Room; cool and beautiful. Full view of the city. A sight for strangers. Dinner 50 cents. Beautiful Reception Room for ladies. Bundles received and cared for. Try it, and you will go nowhere else for Breakfast, Dinner, Lunch or Supper. Open from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. jy29-6m.*

Founded 1864—It stands at the head.
Sadler's Bryant & Stratton
Business College.
and School of
Stenography and Typewriting.
Its Buildings, Facilities, Faculty, and Course of Study are superior. No vacations. Enter at any time. For catalogue and particulars address H. W. SADLER, Prest. & Founder, Nos. 2 to 12 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

OEHM'S ACME HALL

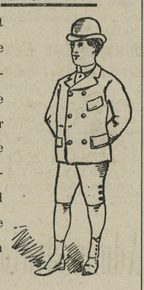
LOST OPPORTUNITIES

are the cause of more sorrow than any one thing in the world. Don't lose the opportunity now offered to you to purchase your Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings while the assortment is complete.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Nothing like them ever known. Our prices! our goods! our specials! Superb Suits and Overcoats at $10, $12, $15, up to finest made $25. An interesting line at $15, well worth $20

FOR THE COMING MAN.


Why should you not take the same pride in the dress and appearance of your little fellows as in your own? Stylish knee Pants Suits and Overcoats at $2.50, $3 and $5. Over fifty choice tyles at $5 from which to choose.

A HURRAH IN HATS.

We come to the front with a stock of Fall Hats absolutely correct in every detail of shape and color. Men's fine Derbys $1.50, exclusive hatters' $2.50 quality. We are sole agents for the Youman Hats, the finest in America.

FURORE IN FURNISHINGS.

This department shows a much larger stock than the combined efforts of any two stores, at prices that make competitors bow their heads in shame. Comfortable Underwear 50c. per garment. Our "Matchless" Dress Shirt at 50c. is a wonder of quality.

Write for Samples and Price List.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
Baltimore and Charles Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Hard Times
NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE PURCHASES
—FROM—
A STORE FULL
—OF ALL KINDS OF—
Goods for the Fall Trade
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'
Chestertown, Md.
COME ONE! COME ALL! and look at our new and beautiful styles of DRY GOODS; all sorts of NOTIONS; large Stock of BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES, and indeed everything in my line. *ALL AT PRICES TO SUIT THE HARD TIMES!* Come and look. oct4.

SHINGLES!
GEORGIA FLOORING,
NORTH CAROLINA FLOORING
Building Lumber
TURNED POPLAR COLUMNS,
SASH, BLINDS,
DOORS, PICKETS,
CYPRESS FENCING TO ARRIVE.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

NOTICE:

All persons indebted to the undersigned are hereby requested to settle the same on or before September 2, 1893. Otherwise their bills will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.
W. T. WOOD,
a10-tf. Galena, Md.

GLASS FRUIT JARS and JELLY GLASSES for sale by E. W. F. SIMPERS.

RUGS! RUGS!
BEAUTIFUL RUGS!
At P. T. McFEELY'
m18. ertown Furniture Store.hes

Written for the Kent News.

In Autumn.

BY MISS BETTIE WALLIS.

I wander through the orchard now,
And linger beneath each tree;
Where naught but many a leafless bough,
And scattered yellowed leaves I see.
I scarce believe, that here, two months ago
The ripening fruit held many branches low.

But wandering on, I scarcely pause to think
How short the time does seem,
Since Spring, when here, perfumed and pink,
The blossoms hung. It seems a dream,
For in our youth's bright day—
We seldom note how swift time flies away.

As from beneath the peach trees now I go
Across the grass that's withered, dry and dead.
I stroll to where, in ripening beauty glow
The apples, russet, bright and red,
But idly plucking as I pass on
I never think the Summer's flight to mourn.

And slowly as I still am wandering on,
I meet with many a glad, familiar sight,
The many distant shocks of ripened corn,
The clear, blue waters shining bright,
But turning now from all of them away,
There seems no change to me, since yesterday.

I can not mourn the Summer days now past,
For Winter brings us just as happy ones,
I can but love them as to us they're sent,
And be content and happy when Winter comes.
I wonder, though, when bright youth is no more
If I could o'er recall the days that now are o'er.

BIG FIRE IN BALTIMORE.

Brush Company Electric Power-House Destroyed—Flames Spread to the City Jail—A Number of Prisoners Suffocated and Revived With Difficulty.

At half-past 9 o'clock Friday night Baltimore was shrouded in comparative darkness. The Brush Electric Works, Monument and Constitution streets, had stopped running. The gaslights were still burning, but the rays which came from them seemed to thicken rather than lighten the darkness. A short interval elapsed and then the city was illuminated with a glare so bright that a newspaper could be read on the streets in front of the *Sun* office. The Brush Electric Works were on fire and the wind was blowing a gale.

The fire at the electric works sent up showers of sparks, which flew in every direction and produced a panic among the people who live in the vicinity. They were all at work getting their goods in order for a hurried stampede as soon as necessary.

Not far from the electric works are the city jail and the State penitentiary. The fire went from point to point quickly, and soon one wing was overspread by the flames that its destruction was sure.

Then came the worse of all. Smoke filled the corridors and cells, prisoners begged piteously to be released, deputy wardens rushed here and there unlocking the doors and trying to keep the prisoners together so that none could escape. The smoke was so dense that it was blinding and suffocating. The poor creatures who had not been reached by the wardens who were unlocking the doors screamed in terror. Some tore their hair out by the roots, some battered their heads against the walls of the cells, some fell upon the floor in a faint while others—notably the colored prisoners—lost their wits and began to shout and laugh and sing. When their doors were unlocked they were taken out and carried to the lawn on Buren-street front, where they were laid upon the grass and attended by Drs. Hill, Geer, Wood and other physicians. Those of the prisoners who could stand were in groups on the lawn talking incoherently and looking as if they were crazed or else stealthily moving about looking for a chance to escape. The injured were afterward taken to the hospitals in patrol wagons.

Such in brief was the scene inside the jail. Outside thousands of people were on the hill sides, on the platforms of the elevated railway and on the streets looking on in wonderment. The details of the fire follow:

RECEIVING THE HELPLESS.

At 10.45 o'clock the fire was seen circling around the ventilator on the south wing of the jail. Two hundred and twenty-five prisoners were confined in this wing and 544 in the whole building, not including the annex. Warden Constantine gave the order to release them. Before this could be done the jail was filled with smoke.

Many of the prisoners in their mad frenzy jumped from the tiers to the cement floor of the basement and received painful injuries. To the spectators the officers of the jail appeared unequal to the emergency and stood helplessly in the main corridor. Fortunately for the prisoners Police Marshals Frey and Farman arrived to assist Warden Constantine's men. Patrolmen were stationed along the walls of the jail to prevent the prisoners from escaping. When the doors were opened the terrified prisoners made a break for the front gate. They were held in check by a squad of patrolmen and deputy wardens and made to stay alongside the Buren street wall.

On account of the fire at the electric works the fire department was slow in getting to work on the jail fire, and the entire roof of the south wing was ablaze before they had water on it. In the meantime the entire jail building had been filled with smoke and the prisoners in the north wing shrieked for help so loudly that their voices could be heard above the roar of the flames, which were consuming the south wing. Strenuous efforts were made to relieve them, but it was 12.30 o'clock, one and three-quarter hours after the fire started before the man was carried out.

The prisoners on the lower tiers were released without much difficulty. The upper tiers, however, were filled with dense smoke, alike dangerous to prisoners and rescuers. Assistant Chief W. M. Dunn and Captain Shipley, of No. 1 truck company, braved the danger, and opened nearly all the sells on the top tiers, at the risk of their lives. Assistant Chief Dunn was overcome by smoke and sank to the floor before half the cells on the upper tier could be opened, and before he could be carried out of the building Captain Shipley fell across him.

THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

The female prisoners in jail were confined in the annex which runs north from Madison street, east of the jail, and is separated from it by a large yard. Mrs. Ellen Bishop is matron. Seventy-eight women were in the building. They were locked in their cells. The annex is four storries high. Colored prisoners sentenced in court cases on the fourth floor. Colored prisoners who have been sentenced in court were on the third floor, and white prisoners held in peace cases were on the second floor. The ground floor is used as a dining and general assembly hall.

While the jail was going to ashes Mrs. Bishop stood in door of the annex, and with the assistance of Patrolmen Powers and Geisel kept watch over the women in her charge. Huddled in a mass behind her were faces black and white. The fears of the prisoners had been allayed, and many of them were buoyant and laughing. The more depressed and tired were sitting around the room, talking quietly or plunged in thought. The room was almost dark, only a few gas jets giving any light.

Mrs. Bishop told her story in a calm and collected way. "I saw the fire at the Brush works," she said, "from a window. I surmised what was coming and pushed the electric bell to notify the warden in the jail that I wanted help. I then started to unlock the cells and succeeded with all except one, which proved too much for my strength. The prisoners shrieked and screamed, but I succeeded in pacifying most of them. I told them to get together in the dining-hall on the ground floor. When all were freed from their cells I found three had started down the yard to escape at the gate. I went after them, and meeting Patrolmen Powers and Geisel, I was able to bring them back, so that none have escaped.

"After the prisoners were all safe in the dining-room I saw the flames on top of the jail, just beside the tower over the warden's house. I told Deputy Warden Burke, who was standing in the yard, that the jail was on fire. Soon after the firemen came, and two lines of hose were attached to the water mains and run into the building, so that we were ready at any time to turn on the water and remove the prisoners if the annex had caught fire."

AT THE PENITENTIARY.

Warden Weyler at the penitentiary, which adjoins the jail, was preparing to go to bed when he noticed the electric lights were out. He looked out the front window of his house, which faces in the direction of the Brush Electric Works, a block away. Seeing the fire, he immediately took precautions to guard the prisoners and to protect them in case of the fire spreading. The warden has 620 prisoners in the penitentiary. The glare of the fire aroused many of the prisoners. Cries, shrieks and resounded through the cell doors and corridors. When the blaze increased in the direction of the jail the female prisoners in the penitentiary gave vent to piercing screams.

Five deputy wardens are on night duty. They did all they could to reassure the penitentiary and a line of hose was run in that a stream of water would be ready if the penitentiary should be ignited. A number of patrolmen were on duty in the penitentiary to assist in guarding the prisoners and to help them out of the building if it should become ignited."

DESCRIPTION OF JAIL.

The jail is the chief penal institution of the city. The jail building cost originally $307,000 and the ground $25,000. The building and plant were valued a 3 million and a quarter dollars. Experts said last night that the plant could be replaced for three-quarters of a million dollars.

INCIDENTS AND NOTES.

There was excitement at the Lyceum Theatre when the building was plunged in darkness by the electric lights going out. The curtain, which is worked by electricity, dropped and the sound of a fire-engine going frihtened a number of the audience. A few persons made a rush for the exits, but the gas was lighted and the performance continued.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVE AGE.

Her Best and Richest Years are Those Between 26 and 40.

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty; Helen of Troy comes upon the stage at forty. Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony. Diame de Poictiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half their age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years, Mme. Recamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two decade beauties. The old saw about sweet sixteen is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity. For beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring, as found in the waxen doll. The dew of youth and a complexion of roses sometimes combine in a face that is unmoving and unresponsive, as though lacking utterly the life spark. A woman's best and richest years are from twenty-six to forty. It is an arrant error for any woman to regard herself as passed at an earlier day.

In the course of years, however, a time arrives when the coming of age must be recognized, when the muscles begin to relax, the skin to lose its polish, and roundness and softness give place to angles. Contentment and good humor will still outrival all medical inventions as a preservative of youth. A woman, beautiful in all else, but wanting mirth, will grow old, sour, thin and sallow, while the merry, fun-loving woman will be fresh and sweet despite life's happenings and sorrows.

See the World's Fair for Fifeten Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our SOUVENIR PORTFOLIO OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have it, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address
H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

HAS man a perfect organ of speech? Yes. Has woman also? No, hers is made without stops.

Written for the Kent News.

An Autumn Day.

BY BESSIE E. SATTERFIELD.

Over the hills the sunlight sleeps;
Through the vales the shadow creeps;
Where the laden orchards be,
Perfumed breezes wander free;
Through the net work of the vine
Where the morning gloies twine,
Fragrant odors fill the air;
Beauty shineth everywhere,
While upon her joyous way
Comes the lovely autumn day.

By the road's neglected banks
Rise the sumach's serried ranks;
From the hard unlovely sod
Springs the pretty golden-rod;
Thickly stand the golden sheaves
Gleams the apples through the leaves
Light the lovely sunbeams sift
Through the maple leaves that drift;
With us now in proud array
Is the joyous autumn day.

Heart of mine, be glad and gay;
Wear thy festival array,
Sing thy song for gathered fruit;
Why shouldst thou alone be mute,
When the winds from sea to sea
Ring in cords of jubilee!
Earth is all in splendor drest;
Queenly fair, she sits at rest,
Let us all be glad and gay
On this pretty autumn day.

JUMPING FROM A TRAIN.

A Locomotive Engineer Relates Some Exciting Experiences.

"Did you ever jump from your cab while the train was going at a full speed?" asked a Detroit Free Press reporter of a locomotive engineer the other day.

"Yes, three or four times," he answered. "What's the sensation?"

"That's accordihg to how you land. One night three years ago the train dispatcher got two of us headed for each other on a single track at a gait of 40 miles an hour. The first thing I saw was a headlight of the other locomotive rounding a curve 30 rods away. I shot 'er off, threw over the lever and set the airbrakes and then made a jump. I'd no time to pick for a spot, and as I jumped I realized that I'd have a bad time of it, as I knew every foot of the ground. It was on a level covered with a thistle patch.

"There was a strip of them 40 rods long growing up like corn stalks. I expect they broke my fall somewhat, but I don't know that I ever hit the ground until I fetched up for good. It seemed to me that I just swept through that patch about knee high from the ground, and when there were no more thistles to knock down I landed 'kerchug!' against an old stump and uprooted it. I broke a leg and an arm, but that wasn't the worst of it. The doctor estimated the number of thistle points sticking into my body at 1,000,000,000. My wife and I have been picking 'em out ever since they got me home, and we've only finished one side of me."

"Landing in a mud puddle would be a soft thing," I suggested.

"I've been there," he replied, with a fleeting smile. "While I was running freight they built a side track to a gravel pit at a certain point. In excavating at the main line they dug a hole about 20 feet long by 10 wide and 4 deep. As a rule, this hole was always full of water and as it was on my side of the engine and always came under my eye I got to thinking what a snap I'd have if I had to make a jump right there."

"But you never had to?"

"Didn't I? There was a little station, just a mile above this hole, and it was a sharp up grade. One day, while we were humping along to make the station, a dozen cars broke loose from a freight side tracking at that station, and down they came like so many roaring lions after their prey. By the time I had whistled for brakes and reversed my engine, it was time to jump and, bless my soul! if I wasn't where I wanted to be—right at the pond. I waited to pass the post, and then shut my eyes and took a header, feeling sorry at the same instant for my fireman, who'd got to jump among the stumps. Well, I struck."

"In the water?" I asked as he paused and worked a finger in his ear.

"Oh, no! There had been a long spell of hot, dry weather, and every pint of water had evaporated out of that pond. The mud was left behind though. There was three feet of it waiting to catch some sucker, and it caught me. I went head first to the bottom. Then I rolled over and foundered around for five minutes and could never have pulled myself out unassisted. I didn't break any bones, but—ugh!"

"What?"

"Mud! I took 27 baths before I got down so I could see my hide, and it was hours before mud quit washing out of my ears, eyes, nose and mouth. I tasted mud. I felt mud crawling up and down my back I snuffed mud. I found mud in my pockets and combed it out of my hair until I got tired and let balance go. I'm running on the road yet, but I'm not spotting off any mud holes to land in. On the contrary, if things turn out as I have figured, my next jump will be into a patch of blackberry bushes, with an old dead tree in the center. and I confidently expect to mow down everything in my path."

Temperance Briefs.

Edward Atkinson, said to be the leading fiscal statistician of our times, says that it costs five dollars a head to run our government, but the annual cost of spirits, beer and wine is fifteen dollars a head.

The Sceptre Life Association gives some interesting testimony in regard to the longevity of total abstainers. For the nine years ending December, 1892, in the general sections seven hundred and sixteen actually died, out of the nine hundred and thirteen expected; while of the four hundred and thirty-three expected deaths in the abstainers section, only two hundred and forty-one died.

Philips Brooks believed in "fanatics" and "cranks" as these words of his testify. If ever a cause justified fanaticism the temperance cause does.

To me there is nothing more disgusting or more disheartning to the cause of humanity than the selsfih, easeloving, luxurious man, indulging in dissipation and denouncing temperance fanaticism.

COUNTY PRESS SUPERINTENDENT.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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Yacht Races Come High.

International yacht races are the most expensive sporting events in the world when the value of the stakes is taken into consideration. Five days of yachting between the Vigilant and Valkyrie, not taking into consideration the cost of boats, probably cost the yacht clubs and New Yorkers who have a taste for yachting, $175,000. The cost of Valkyrie is not known, but it is said that Vigilant represents an expenditure of nearer $100,000 than the $80,000 which was the first estimate. Then, again, to defend the America's Cup there were three other highly expensive cup defenders, but they do not figure in the estimates of the money expended during the five times Vigilant and Valkyrie met outside of Sandy Hook.

It is reasonable to estimate that one hundred excursion craft of all descriptions sailed down the bay on Thursday of last week. This number included at least thirty steam boats, carrying, at a rough estimate, an average passenger list of five hundred persons. Each person averaged about $3 a head for the passage, and that would be $1,500 expended for each boat of this description, or $45,000 for the thirty. To provision these boats, so that an abundance to eat and drink was supplied to everyone, including the seasick, it is fair to estimate at $1 a head, or $15.000. Fifty tugboats were chartered, say at an average of $60 apiece, or $3,000 for the fleet. To provision these boats liberally cost $25 each, or $1,250 for the fleet. Outside of the steamboats and tugboats there were, at an extremely low estimate, twenty steam and sail yachts, from the Valiant, Vanderbilt's ocean steamship, down to an open launch, and they represented an aggregate expenditure in the way of expenses of $2,000, at least, for crews, provisions, &c.

It is said that the race cost the New York Yacht Club? Yalkyrie and Vigilant about $1,000 a day, and this, too, it would seem, was a low figure at which to place their combined expenses. These figures foot up a total of $66,250 for the first day's race. Other expenditures, which cannot be taken into consideration, are the traveling expenses of men from the East, West, North South, while it is safe to say that the restaurants, from Delmonico's down to the night of the first race gathered in $5,000 at least, which they would not have received had there been no race.

Yesterday the expenses were considerable less. A t the lightship, when the start was made, the excursion fleet when counted numbered forty. Of these twenty were excursion steamboats, and with the average passenger list $500 and trip tickets $3, the total cost would be $30,000 and provisions $10,000, or a total of $40,000. Ten powerful tugboats at an average price of $75 would be $750, while the yachts figured at the same rate would be an additional $750. Provisioning the tugs—they were all big ones—is estimated at $250. The expenses for the New York Yacht Club and the two racers would be an additional $1,000 or at a low estimate $42,750. These figures make a total expenditure for the largest and smallest day of $110,000, or an average of $55,000 a day. Between the first and last day there were three additional race days, and they were not so largely attended as on the first day, while the fleets were larger than they were yesterday. Figured at $46,000 a day, the total would be $110,000, or in the aggregate $240,000 for the five day's racing.

While some of these items may seem large others, it will be remembered, have not been taken into consideration. The Valkyrie's ruined sails, the Vigilant's injured center-board and new bowsprit, the accident to a tugboat, fares of passengers to and from boats, the boom in sweaters, field glasses, yachting caps, mackintoshes, the expenses of those who travelled to the Highlands of the Navesink, Rockaway, Long Branch, Bay Ridge and other points, and many other things.

Champagne and cigar dealers have had a boom in their goods, and estimates for supply of this description are comparatively low. The hotels have profited by the races, but how much of course, cannot be ascertained, but $10,000 is not an exorbitant estimate, and if there is another race next year that much more will be spent.

About the happiest persons today are the tugboat men. They coined money in a dull season. Their skippers launched on champagne, Perfecto cigars and chicken salads, and their only regret, as expressed today, was that yesterday's race was not a fluke, so that another one could be held.

CUPID IN A GRAPE BASKET.

Novel Way in Which a Pretty Girl Became a Bride.

From the Philadelphia Record.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., October 8.— A fair daughter of this town has just closed up a little romance, and is now enjoying her honeymoon in New York city. Miss Mildred Althoff, who was formerly an accountant in a large manufacturing plant here, went up to Portland, N. Y., this summer to spend her vacation as a grapepicker in a big vineyard. She is a pretty girl and fond of romance, so she penned the following note and tucked it snugely in a basket of grapes:

"I am employed as a grapepicker by Frank J. Lytle in his vineyard, between Dunkirk and Brocton, in the town of Portland. My home is at Williamsport, Pa., where I am employed regularly as accountant in a large manufacturing concern of that city. I am an orphan but well connected, having two brothers at the head of mines in Colorado, and an uncle who is president of bank in Nebraska. Next year I shall again work in the vineyard near Brocton (merely for recreation and a change of air), and if this note should fall into the hands of a young man who is desirous of making the aquaintance of a respectable grapepicker, I would like to hear from him."

The basket of grapes containing this letter fell into the eands of Geo. P. Newcomb, a young man employed as salesman for a New York clothing concern, and who, at the time the basket of fruit was received, was the guest of his parents, who resides about four miles from Olean.

He came here but could not find the pretty grape gatherer, so when his vacation arrived he went to Lythe's vineyard. He there met Miss Althoff, the wooing lasted three weeks, and last Thursday they were married.

EQUAL TO FOX HUNTING.

Rabbit Chasing in the West is Lively Sport.

Dwellers on the prairies have an unfalling source of sport during the beautiful autumn days in jack rabbit coursing. It is one that any lover of a gun, a would envy. Could the same exist anywnere where in the Eastern States, says a writer in the New York *Advertiser*, there would be a wholesale exodus of hunters from every city and town to enjoy the rare excitement. But coursing cannot be indulged in except where there is boundless space for the run and suitable runners for the game.

The settlers know nothing of the real sport of jack rabbit hunting. Occassionally they come upon one of the long-eared fleet-footed creatures crouching low among the grasses, its gray, shaggy as to deceive all but the most watchful. Then if the rabbit thinks himself unseen, they may fill his body full of No. 10 shot and think they are hunting, when really they have but committed murder.

To hunt jack rabbit requires a good dog. It takes all the self-conceit out of even that kind of an animal, to say nothing of the ordianary breed of canines. When an ordianary dog starts after a jack rabbit the jack looks a little surprised. He bobs along, takes an easy hop, skip and jump and wonders what it is all about. Perhaps he stops an instant and turns to face his pursurer as if to encourage him to come on. Then the dog, which is all the time doing his level best, feels that he is getting there and puts forth a mighty spasmodic burst of speed that enables him to gain several feet on his flying adversary. The rabbit soon grows tired of this sport and gives his stubby tail a flirt as if to say: "Well, I really am sorry to leave you," begins his long jumping stride and the dog is left alone in the midst of the plain. Mark Twain's coyote could not perform the trick more satisfactorily.

With a thoroughbred greyhound it is different. We went out one day on the parairies of Western Kansas with two of these lith-limbed, muscular runners, built for speed and eager for a chase. Our ponies were good runners, too, and we felt sure that sport was ahead of us. Reaching a perfectly level open prairie, where the plow might run for a half dozen miles without leaving the furrow, the dogs are loosed and immediately begin search for their favorite game. The rabbits in autumn are stout and muscular and ready for a rapid run. At last one springs up under the dogs' nose.

Away they fly, we follow as closely as possidle in order to see the sport and be in at the death. The rabbit gains steadily for a while, but the long strides of the dogs tell on him and the gap between pursuers and pursued lessens. The jack's long, delicately veined ears are laid flat back and every muscle comes into full play. It takes a good horse to keep the pace, but ours are good and we do it. Finally the quarry begins to waver. He looks this way and that, hunting and hoping for some chance to escape the terrible creatures with gaping red mouths that are behind him. But no succor appears, and the bewildered hare makes a quick turn and seeks escape in that way. The dogs, turn, too, and so gain on him again. Nearer and nearer they come until the jaws of the leader seize the little creature by the back. There is a crunching sound, a pitiful wail of distress, and the dogs are lying on the ground panting ere they make a meal of their catch. Sometimes the dog seems to delight in having a little vengeance out of the catch and will throw poor bunny tumbling head over heals as the fatal bite is given. In either event there is sure to be an end to the little fellow's life but as there are thousands more it is considered a benefit to the community.

In some Western counties jack rabbits have become so thick that the county officers have put a price on their heads, offering from $1.50 to $3 for every scalp brought in. It may be imagined that this produced a rabbit hunting fever at once, and had the order not been repealed the treasuries would have been bankrupted.

There is perhaps, little danger that the rabbit will become as great a pest in the Mississippi Valley as in Australia, but there certainly appears to be no diminution of them as cultivation increases. It is noticeable, however, that there is rather an increase of the so-called "cottontail," or common rabbit, than the thoroughbred jack.

Origin of the Peach.

Nothing is now more universally accepted than the fact that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and shows the stone when mature. This outer skin, says a writer in the New York World, has simply become fleshy in the peach, so that it is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it now is. It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiguity of the fruit. Possibly gardening in some respects at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced 6,000 or 8,000, or perhaps 10,000 years back as it is today.

Phoenicians, many thousands of years ago, as is proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, figs, grapes, olives, peaches, pomegranates and even sugar cane was in extensive cultivation. Certainly, this shows how far advanced these nations were in garden culture many years ago.

NINETEEN women in Nebraska are county superintendents of schools.

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