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**GENUINE ACME SKATES,**  
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INTERIOR CABINET DECORATIONS  
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**BRECK & BOOTH**  
Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Bunker wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Orders left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brook Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone communication.  
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**SOLE AGENTS**  
In this locality for Gilmour & Co.'s (Trenton)  
**KILN DRIED DOORS,**  
Sash and Blinds, Mouldings and other factory work.  
A full stock always on hand. Call and examine.  
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**SECOND - HAND BOOKS**  
Second-Hand Books bought and sold by A SIMMONDS Princess Street.

time ago. The uneasy spirits have accomplished their mission and are at rest.  
There is in Parkville, L. I., an old house whose timbers once formed part of the notorious "House of Blazes," the scene of many murders and affrays of lesser import on Thirteenth street, New York. When the "House of Blazes" was demolished, many years ago, its material was taken to the Flatlands road and made into another house. The house was occupied for the past seven years by a John Moran, his wife and three children. During their tenancy there were queer rumors about the house, believed to be mainly because of its timbers. About a year ago Mr. Moran moved out, and Mr. Reiser, his wife and an 18-year-old son moved in.  
Two nights after the son was awakened and saw a ball of fire flying about the room. It vanished as it came, and he thought it was an optical delusion. The next night he saw a ring of fire and then grew frightened. A few nights after this he was treated to a much more startling appearance. Shortly after retiring he was awakened by the presence in the room of a man whom he described



"POINTED TOWARDS ME."

as very dark in complexion and wearing a dark pea jacket as his principal article of clothing. This figure danced around the room and grinned and gloated over the terrified boy until the latter screamed out in terror and brought his mother into the room just in time to see the figure vanish, as they both declare, into thin air. Next night Mrs. Reiser saw the figure in her room, but Mr. Reiser, who was with her, did not and laughed at her fears.

Saturday night he was convinced that there was something wrong, for on approaching the house after dark he saw a figure dancing in front of him, which vanished when he hurried toward it, and rising, about midnight, he was struck across the face with a hand so hard that the prints of four fingers were left there.

This settled the question. The Reisers left the house incontinently, carrying their clothes with them, and dressing in the open air. They refused to re-enter the house and moved Monday. The house is now vacant, except as to halls of fire and mysterious figures which the neighbors declare can be seen there nightly. No one has yet been brave enough to solve the mystery.

An English gentleman now in the United States relates the following weird story:

Some years ago I was playing in amateur theatricals at Boscombe Manor, near Bourne-mouth, the country seat of hospitable Sir Percy Shelley. Being a bachelor, I was given sleeping quarters in what is known as "Theatre street." This was a dormitory, divided into cubicles, and extending right over the stage and auditorium of the pretty little private theatre. Each cubicle resembled the state cabin of an ocean liner, with this difference, viz. that there was only one berth in each, and that the doors, instead of opening, slid back into the wooden wall of the compartments. When opening or shutting they made a noise which echoed through Theatre street with such effect as stage thunder. I mention this fact for reasons which will be apparent hereafter.

Well, I had played my part in "The Gentleman Over the Way" with some success, I had had supper and a pipe and glass in the green room with Sir Percy, and I had retired to rest with a sense of having done my duty by a neighbor. Suddenly I awoke with a start. Ah! my God! shall I ever forget what I saw standing by the side of my bed! It was the figure of a woman, headless and luminously white.

She pointed towards me. I am no coward, but I buried my head under the clothes, filled with a fright, which I cannot describe. After about five minutes of this terror I sang out to my neighbor in the next cubicle, and asked him to throw over a box of matches. He did so. The figure disappeared; but we kept our candles burning till daybreak, when we discovered that the windows in the corridor outside, which we had carefully closed on going to bed, were all wide open. I can't guess what the portent meant, but this I do know, that ever since that night I have never slept without a light in my room. Foolish, perhaps, but human nature after all.

**Taking a Mean Advantage of a Sleepy Driver.**

A well known Brooklyn gentleman, who has something of a reputation as a wag, was out walking with a friend. When passing a dry goods store on Fulton street there drawn up were three or four carriages, and among them a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the store. Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and opening the carriage door carefully slammed it to again.

In a moment the coachman straightened up, and then he stole a look over his shoulder and saw the wag standing hat in hand apparently talking to some one inside the carriage. "Thank you, yes; good day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look up at the driver and say one word, "Home." "Yes, sir! Get up!" and off went the brougham—home. Where that "home" was, or who the mistress of the carriage was, or what she did when she came out of the store, or what the coachman did when he stopped at the door of "home" and found the carriage empty—all that only the coachman and the lady know.—New York Mercury.

**Gave Himself Away.**

"How did you get that black eye?" repeated the drummer, as he buckled the straps of his satchel. "Well, I tried to be smart." "How?" "I was at Seymour, Ind., and in a hurry to get my railroad ticket. So was another chap. The ticket seller was slow, lazy and impudent. The other man pulled his gun, shoved it into the window and got his ticket ten seconds later. It was a hint for me."

"And you accepted it?" "I did. I shoved my revolver into the window and gave the ticket man a quarter of a minute to get me a pasteboard."

"And he jumped?" "He did—jumped out of his office and broke me in two over a baggage truck. He's got my revolver yet." "But how did it happen to work in one case and fail in another?" "Oh, I couldn't keep my voice from trembling, and then I didn't have long hair and a buffalo overcoat. He got right onto me for a fake."—Detroit Free Press.

**A HONEYMOON ENDED BY DEATH.**

**John Emmerich Dies on the Street While Walking with His Bride.**

John Emmerich, a young man from Cleveland, O., was walking with his bride of a week at Division and Montgomery streets in New York, when he staggered and fell on the sidewalk, apparently in a fit. He was taken to Gouverneur hospital, where he soon died.



EMMERICH AND BRIDE.

A post mortem examination was held, which at first seemed to reveal traces of arsenic poisoning, but a closer investigation showed alcoholism to be the probable cause of death. Mrs. Emmerich, the young wife, who is at No. 88 Willett street, declares that at the time of his death her husband had over \$90 about him, although his effects given her at the hospital consisted of only 40 cents, a pair of white kid gloves and his wedding ring.

This couple have an interesting story. Emmerich and his wife were children together in Hungary. Eight years ago John came to America and found work in Cleveland as a tinsmith. The two lovers kept up a correspondence, and four years ago the girl also came to America working as a domestic up town until a month ago, when John came to New York for her. They were married Saturday in a church in Forsythe street. They intended to leave for Cleveland last night, had purchased tickets and were making farewell calls upon relatives when the husband fell dead.—New York World.

**Disgusted Philosopher.**

Sound philosophy may be conveyed in ungrammatical language, as in the case of a western guide when his whole party had lost a chance at a buffalo:

"Why didn't we shoot for him in the first place, instead o' tryin' to creep round! Then we'd 'a' had a good buffalo tongue for supper, at least. Now we haint got nothin'."

Some one suggested that we had meant to find better game in the herd—if we had got there.

"Ef—that's very good—ef!" said John Gilbert. "Well, we didn't. Now I don't believe in throwin' away a chance that's close to you for a may be ten mile off. It's too much like Thompson's soul that swan a rayvin (ravine) to get a drunk, 'cause he'd always been watered on 'other side.'"—Youth's Companion.

**The Spirit's Transformation.**

A red nosed man stood near the bar, And every little while Some liberal would sweetly say, "Let's all go up and smile."

And men came in and men went out, But he of the crimson nose Remained until the barkeep said, "See here, it's time to close."

"You came into a liquor store, You've stayed the whole day through; Until the situation's changed, The store is now in you."

**Willing to Pay in Trade.**

"There are some funny things in law, and lawyers meet with some funny cases once in a while," said Representative Kelly, of Lackawanna. "A man who is somewhat distinguished in criminal annals as an expert pick-pocket once asked a friend of mine to take his case for him."

"Where's your money?" inquired my friend.

"I haven't got any," was the reply, "but if you'll promise to do the business for me I'll go out and get a watch for you in five minutes."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Plenty of Balm in Gilead.**

A certain politician holding office now in Washington comes from Gilead—and he is proud of his native town. It is told of him that on one occasion a visiting clergyman preached in the village church, and during the course of his remarks he exclaimed:

"Is there no balm in Gilead?" Mr. Blank jumped to his feet at once. "Of course there is," he sang out, to the horror of the congregation, "but you can't get it on Sunday."—Washington Critic.

**An Incidental Conversation.**

"Why, Mrs. Smashleigh," said a Chicago lady to a caller, "I haven't seen you for over a week. Have you been quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you." "Are you still keeping house?" "Oh, no; I am a widow now." "A widow!" "Yes; I didn't like my last husband, so I discharged him."—Chicago Herald.

**Ready Made.**

Old Mistress—Kate, what was that noise last night at the front door?  
Young Maid—The cats, mumm.  
Mistress—Cats! Now, when I was young cats did not wear stove pipe hats and smoke cigars.  
Maid (unabashed)—Yes, mumm, times have changed.—Wasp.

**A Settler.**

McCarty—Faith, Misher O'Leary, they tell me ex bow yees give ould Slaters a few knocks lasht night.  
O'Leary—Yis, but the mon didn't know it.  
McCarty—An' how is that, Misher O'Leary?  
O'Leary—Begorra, Oi knocked him sinitless the fursht tap!—Yenowine's News.

**Modest.**

Anthony Comstock (in heated bathroom)—Hello! Hello! I say, porter! Bring me a match I can't see to fix my necktie.  
Servant (hastening to the door)—Did the gas go out, sah?  
"No, I put it out. I've been taking a bath."  
—Philadelphia Record.

**Business Improving.**

Mrs. Society (of Chicago)—How is business, Mrs. Elite?  
Mrs. Elite—Picking up, my dear. I added \$5,000 a year to my alimony income by my last two divorces.—Unidentified.

When Englishmen visit New York, says the Marquis de Lorne in The Forum, they are so hospitably received and become so enchanted with their hosts, that it is not too much to say that they are often dined and wined out of all consciousness of national existence.

**99 CENTS.**

**A LADY'S KID BUTTONED**

For 99 Cents

**D. F. Armstrong's**

HEADQUARTERS SHOE STORE,  
141 Princess Street.

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OPEN THEIR SPRING SEASON WITH THE

**LARGEST STOCK OF DRY GOODS**  
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The Goods are all new and imported from first hands in Europe. Prices are much lower than ever, especially in imported goods.  
Special offering this week of

- 1000 Pieces of New Dress Goods in single and double fold.
- 800 Pieces of New Ribbons in the latest styles and pure silk.
- 1000 Pieces New Embroideries, Insertions and Flouncings.
- A 4000 Stock of Kid Gloves to chose from.

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**ELEGANT**  
**NEW DRESS MATERIALS**

Have just been received and comprise some NOVELTIES that will require to be seen early as they will soon be picked up.

**ALL THE NEW SPRING SHADES.**  
**BLACK DRESS GOODS,**

Including Silk Warp Henriettas, Black Finished Henrietta Cloths, Cashmeres, Habit Cloths, and other equally desirable spring textures.

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**STYLISH : DRESS : MATERIALS.**  
**RICHMOND, ORR & CO.**

HAVE NOW RECEIVED THE LARGER PART OF AN IMMENSE STOCK OF DRESS FABRICS. Particular care was taken when buying to secure not only the best value but also the newest materials in the most fashionable tints. None of their fine Fancy or Figure Dress Goods will be found in any other city house, as the controlling right was positively obtained for Kingston.

**MILLINERY.**  
The Millinery Department this season will be made the most extensive as well as the most attractive in the city. Details to prove this will be furnished later.  
New Carpets and New Curtains at the Carpet House of Richmond, Orr & Co.

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ONE DOOR ABOVE REID'S FURNITURE STORE.

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