

WHAT THE EDITOR SAYS.



Public Ledger

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY, BY
THE PUBLIC LEDGER CO.

WILLIAM H. COX, President.
THOMAS A. DAVIS, Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. WADSWORTH, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer.
THOMAS A. DAVIS, Editor and Manager.
SAMUEL T. HICKMAN, Asst. Editor and Bookkeeper.

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IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

AMONG the many striking facts about the new Tariff which have been unearthed by Governor MCKINLEY we find this: In Woonsocket, R. I., ground which a year ago produced a ton of hay to the acre now produces a ton of yarn to the square foot. Is it any wonder that Rhode Island votes for Protection?

In all seriousness, if the amount of the Tariff is added to the price of the article, why has not the three cents a pound duty on Venezuelan coffee recently imposed by the President's proclamation been added to its price? Will some good Brother of Free-trade proclivities please answer?

The able legislators at Frankfort take a whack now and then at the proposed new revenue bill. Just now they are discussing an amendment providing that in listing his property with the Assessor a person may deduct what he owes from what is owing to him. It is not intended to apply to tangible property. Whatever may be the outcome of the odious McChord bill, the devoted and long-suffering taxpayers of the state can rest assured that the Frankfort ring will continue to fatten at the public crib.

CONGRESSMAN ENLOE of Tennessee is getting a great deal of notoriety out of his attack upon General RAUM, as described in *The Commercial Gazette's* Washington dispatches. Now his history is further added to by the statement that, after the Democrats got possession of the Legislature of the state of Tennessee a Democratic member of the House offered a resolution to remove the portrait of General GEORGE H. THOMAS. ENLOE offered as an amendment to the resolution that the picture be sent to an auctioneer, and be sold to the highest bidder, and if it did not bring a sufficient sum to cover cost that he should lose it. Some friend of General THOMAS immediately telegraphed to him at San Francisco, and the General answered: "Say to the Legislature that I will pay the full price that they paid for the portrait, and have it shipped to me," but enough Democrats voted with the Republicans to defeat the resolution, and the picture still hangs there.

THE number of immigrants arrived in the United States during the month of March, 1892, was 53,879, as compared with 52,172 for March, 1891. The largest of any nationality during the month was from Germany, amounting to 10,821; from Italy, 6,675; from Russia, 6,082; from Sweden and Norway, 5,049; from England and Wales and Scotland, 3,801; Ireland, 2,333, and from Hungary, 4,798, and Austria, 3,842. Now, isn't it a little funny that so many people will insist on leaving glorious Free-trade countries, where everything is so cheap, and that they will come to this Tariff-burdened country where everything is so expensive—according to Democratic argument?

THERE is, as usually the case on the eve of an election, a vast deal of demagoguery about one cent postage. The Democrats are howling against Mr. WANAMAKER because he is not in favor of it with a thirty million dollar deficiency staring him in the face. When it becomes possible to make the service at least approximately self-supporting at the present two-cent rate, Mr. WANAMAKER will be among the first to advocate a reduction to one cent. The demagoguery in this matter lies in the fact that the class to be chiefly benefited is the patent medicine venders and large establishments that are able to pay the two cent rate. The laboring man for whom the Democrats are so solicitous writes probably four letters a year, and the reduction would benefit him by the enormous sum of four cents annually! "Dr." WARNER the patent medicine man is said to pay a postage bill of \$75,000 a year. It would benefit him just \$37,500 annually. Put the two sums side by side, and you will readily see that it isn't the poor man who will be benefited to any appreciable extent. Postage is cheap enough now.

Political Pickings.

Change of Feeling.

Harper's Weekly, which for some time has been a Mugwump leader, remarks that "ever since the opening of Congress enabled the country to see what Democratic success in 1890 and Democratic victory in New York in 1891 really meant, there has been a great change of feeling among independent voters." Democratic victory has invariably been the country's misfortune. It has been powerfully illustrated in National and state government and in local affairs.

Build Houses to Hold It.

The silver producer, according to Congressman Harter, would be the main beneficiary under free coinage. The purchases of bullion by the Treasury since 1878 have averaged above \$1.05 per ounce, and the Government would suffer a loss of \$150,000,000 should it close out its holdings at the present market value. The silver agitation is still causing heavy exports of gold, while by the operation of the ordinary laws of trade we should be receiving at least \$15,000,000 per month from Europe. Mr. Harter suggests, as the great need of the country, some scheme to accumulate gold bullion and unload our stores of silver.

Bitches Take Wings on Death.

Morning Paper.—William K. Vanderbilt pays \$50,000 for his doorway.
Evening Paper.—William Astor dead.
New York Recorder.—On Sunday last *The Recorder* printed a very interesting article on the rich men of New York—the Astors, Goulds, Rockefeller, Vanderbilts, Archbalds and Sages. Of these two have been alluded to since, but in different ways. Concerning one—William K. Vanderbilt—it is said "the doorways in his new home in Newport (by which the writer probably meant the doors) will have cost ere they are taken from the foundry, \$50,000." Of another—William Astor—it is recorded "he died on Monday night in a Paris hotel." To-day Mr. Vanderbilt is an active force among the gay and festive members of the "smart set." To-day Mr. Astor is a simple "remains," of no more earthly consequence, soon to be laid away, an illustration of the old adage, "soon to be forgotten." Already gossip is busy with his name, and scandal dallies with the reputation of members of his family, while wonder as to how his money will be divided is a talk of the club and a guess work of the imaginers. On Sunday thousands of readers wished they could exchange fortunes with the Vanderbilt and the Astors. Of them all, is there one willing to change places with William Astor to-day? "He is worth," shouts the excited writer, "sixty millions of dollars!" To-day he isn't worth a cent. "How much did he leave?" is a question often asked. No one can reply definitely, but it is safe to say he left all he had. Men curious in such matters have fled away *The Recorder's* list of Sunday last, and will mark off the names as their owners disappear. At the head of the seventh section of the interesting story alluded to stands the name of William Astor, and already a black mark indicates that he is gone.
Moral—but the moral is self-evident.

JOHN M. MORGAN, a prominent farmer, died in Adams county, O., aged 68.

PROFESSIONAL BOUNCERS.

One of Them Lays Down the Rules of the Bouncing Business.

The life of a professional bouncer is a big hotel is one of ups and downs. He is more euphemistically called a detective. His salary is small, but his muscles are large. The one who gave a New York Mail and Express man the details of a sad incident in his career, as well as a few points of general information regarding his profession, had small regard for elegant English. His narrative ran as follows:

"You see, I not only have to bounce unruly people, but I've got to watch for suspicious characters. When a robbery occurs, if I don't track the thieves I am liable to be bounced by the proprietor. 'Tain't a life of ease by any means. Now and then I get a job of slumming and make a few extra dollars. Many men, especially from the west, want to see all the sights of the city at night. That means a visit to the Bowery and a number of dives. A party of four or five usually give me twenty-five dollars for the night. I don't have parties often. The secret of success in my profession? I think it's bluff. Pledge you my word I've often been puzzled over some petty robbery in the hotel and had no idea of a clue. But I just went about saying I had my suspicions, and the thief would soon be nabbed. Luck always helped me out.

"In all cases where a guest is robbed in his room suspicion naturally falls first on the employes in the hotel. It is seldom that a sneak thief has the audacity to register and be assigned to a room. Only a big bank burglar can play the high-toned, respectable gent in a first-class hotel. Hall boys now and then develop into petty thieves, but they are so amateurish I catch them every time."

"Do you bluff when you go to put a big man out who is raising a disturbance in the corridor?"

"All those kinds of bluffs are called. I mean that it is no dead bluff to go up to a big drunken fellow, catch him by his coat collar and try to push him out. He may give fight, and then it is the best man to win. Of course I can call the porters to assist me, and that is what the man being bounced out knows. One night I got badly fooled. A rather small, boyish-looking fellow came in and raised a disturbance. He just yelled, as if he wanted to give his lungs a chance. I rushed up to him and said: 'See here, my boy, get out or hush up.' He was well dressed, and I didn't want to be hard on him. That fellow, sir, yelled again, right in my face, almost as if he was anxious to be bounced. 'Out you go!' I cried, reaching out my hand to grab his collar. I felt something on my face, and the next thing I knew I was getting up. The boy stood there smiling.

"No funny business, you tough!" I shouted, springing toward him. He sprang aside and hit me a clip on the temple that sent me sprawling again. Before I could get up, one of the porters who thought he could box rushed at the boy and by a well-directed blow was sent to the floor. The boy started to the door, not running, but walking. I came up with him again and he turned gracefully and gave me a lick on the nose that hurt so I thought it was broken. I staggered aside and the porter came up again and got a blow and went back holding his hand to his mouth. That boy? He slowly walked out and got his money. It was a put-up job on me. That boy was a professional lightweight prize fighter and had made a bet with some friends that he could come in the hotel and yell and could walk out leisurely without being bounced."

ABOUT THE RUBY.

There Are Three Kinds, But Only One That Is True.

There are three kinds of rubies—the oriental ruby, the spinel ruby and the balas ruby. The first is the only true one. The latter differ considerably in composition from the first. The true ruby is composed almost exclusively of alumina, says the *Jeweler's Review*. In the latter are only seven-tenths of alumina, the remainder being chiefly magnesia. Their color, moreover, is due partially to the oxide of chromium, a substance of which the genuine ruby has not a trace.

In commerce the balas ruby has much inferior value to the spinel. This is generally of a vivid poppy red color; the balas is of a violet rose, although Pegu has furnished white and white violet spinels, and Sutherland even bluish-gray ones. It can be seen at once, therefore, how extremely erroneous would be a classification of gems by color or general appearance alone. The primitive form of the spinel ruby is like that of the diamond, eight-sided, which distinguishes it at once from the oriental stone.

The color of the genuine ruby is that of arterial blood, or pigeon's blood, as it is called. It is extremely hard, and, after the sapphire, is the hardest of the corundums, which renders it difficult to understand why the earth so rarely gives it up. Its tint is as beautiful by artificial light as by day, and its powers of refraction so great that ancient belief credited it with power of emitting light. The ancients even supposed that it would shine through clothing with undiminished power.

The largest ruby known is one mentioned by Charidun as having been engraved with the name of Sheikh Sophy. Another noble ruby is in the possession of the shah of Persia. Its weight is put at one hundred and seventy-five carats. A third, belonging to the king of Usapur, was cut into a hemispherical form and in 1633 was bought for thirteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-six dollars. A ruby possessed by Gustavus Adolphus, and presented to the czarina at the time of his journey to St. Petersburg, was the size of a small hen's egg.

About Bees.

In many countries of the world, most especially in England, France and Germany, not only the peasants, but the middle classes and the nobles believe that bees are curiously and mysteriously connected with the weal or woe of the human family in general. It is a common saying in all the English shires that bees do not "do well" when the red-coats are engaged in wars abroad.

A TRIBUTE TO HER TACT.

The Greatest Compliment a Man Can Pay a Charming Woman.

"Do you know," said a man the other day, "there is one phrase of words which when applied to a woman seems to please her more than anything else in the English language which you can call her? And that phrase is 'a woman of the world.' Of course I use that term in its best sense. I never saw the woman who didn't involuntarily bridle and smirk if you called her that."

"Be she peasant or princess, an old country dame knowing nothing outside her kitchen garden or a grand dame having worldly lore at her tongue's end and finger tips, it is the same.

"She likes to imagine herself a person of great experience and unlimited knowledge. She likes to think that you think her qualified to speak with authority on any subject. She likes to think that she has seen it all.

"Why, you can twist any woman around your little finger by a judicious use of those five little words. You can get any favor granted by beginning: 'Now, you, as a woman of the world, will understand exactly what I am going to ask, etc. Young and old, they swallow at that bit of flattery greedily. The younger women bite more eagerly, perhaps, but the older ones are not far behind."

And the woman to whom all this nonsense was told, says the *New York Recorder*, listened with polite, but firm disbelief, and then said: "Now, in return for your information, I'll tell you how to manage a man. Ask his advice; first, last and always ask his advice. Nothing delights a man so much as to have a woman defer to his opinions and accept his statements with an air of profound relief. He likes to domineer, and giving advice is a species of domineering.

"If you want to have him think you're the most sensible woman on the face of the earth consult him as to what you shall do about everything. If you break the mainspring of your watch, ask him to recommend a jeweler. If you have a cold in the head let him prescribe. If you're buying a new frock by all means give him the delight of designing the costume. If you acquire a new hat put it on and ask him what he thinks of it. Never mind how ridiculous his advice is, nor how absurd his criticisms. You are never obliged to abide by them. Say nothing back, but do as you please. But Sunday, Monday and every other day in the week continue diligently to seek after his opinions.

"So shall you carry palms forever and your star have no descent!"

QUEEN AND PRIEST.

The Sovereign Remembered the Boy Who Struck Her.

A short time ago, says the *New York Recorder*, the queen regent of Spain wrote to his holiness the pope asking him to grant a bishopric to a poor and humble priest, and the son of a Tyrolean shepherd. The interest shown by the young sovereign in this peasant's son had its source in an incident which took place when Maria Christina was a little archduchess of five years.

She was one day roaming about the hills with her governess when a violent storm came on, and they took shelter in a shepherd's hut which was near at hand. A little boy was amusing himself with some pebbles in a corner of the miserable dwelling when they entered.

Resenting the sudden intrusion, the boy marched up to the little archduchess and gave her a smart blow on the back. Poor Maria Christina, offended and hurt by this extraordinary action, burst into a violent fit of weeping, and was pacified with the utmost difficulty.

A few years later, when her imperial highness partook of her first communion, she expressed a desire of paying for the dresses worn by some poor communicants, among whom happened to be the boy who had once struck her.

She remembered him at once, and hearing that he wished to become a priest she undertook to defray all the expenses of his education.

Ever since that day the queen has been a true friend to the poor priest, and she wrote to him before asking from the pope the bishopric above mentioned, saying:

"I want you to become a bishop, because you know so well how to cross-mare."

In this word, which means the laying on of hands or confirmation, she made a sly allusion to the time when, as a boy, he laid hands violently upon her.

TELEGRAPHY BY TELEPHONE.

How a Girl Held Secret Conversation with Her Fellow.

It was noonday in a busy down-town office, and a Boston Herald reporter was awaiting the return of the manager, when the pretty stenographer went to the telephone and, after the usual parley with central called: "Hello, Charley, are you busy just now?" Apparently Charley was not, for she continued: "Oh, yes, I had a lovely time, but don't you think—?" Here there came a strange pause, and with a pencil she tapped idly on a light piece of board which she had taken from her desk and was holding before the transmitter. "A case of 'wait a minute,'" thought the eavesdropper sympathetically, but the pretty girl spoke again, with a laugh: "I don't believe it, for I heard—?" Then she began tapping on the board again. Then the reporter caught on. She was telegraphing. So when she returned to her desk he remarked: "I notice you have an original method of telephoning." "Oh, did you see that? Well, I'll tell you about it, but you mustn't give it away. You see I can't use the telephone here without every one in the room hearing what I say, and they do say that those girls in the central office listen to the conversations over the wire, and, as Charley and I are both telegraphers, we invented this method of conversing by telephone. Isn't it a great scheme? Not one lip the office understands it." But a young man at an adjacent desk worked a sounder in pantomime and winked at the Herald man.

Small, the Tailor

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS
EMPORIUM OF FASHION
No. 110 Market Street,
Opposite Central Hotel.

Editor "Public Ledger":

You will please announce to the public generally that we have full lines of

HARDWARE.

Our Pocket Cutlery department is very large, comprising following brands: Limestone Cutlery Co., New York Cutlery Co., Rodgers, Wostenholm, Stanforth and other brands.

OUR TABLE CUTLERY

Made by New York Knife Co., John Russell Cutlery Co., and other makers. Pearl, Ivory, Celluloid, Bone and Wood Handles. Our Silver Plated Knives and Forks, Spoons, Forks, &c., are best goods.

Our line of

RAZORS

Cannot be excelled. Our own makes comprise "Our Very Best," "Kentucky Rattler," "F. O. H. Co.'s Extra," "Limestone," "O. & B. Extra," "Justice" and "Biz." You can make no mistake in either brand named.

Our

SHEARS AND SCISSORS

Stock are of the best made. F. O. H. Co.'s Shears fully warranted; if not A No. 1 money refunded.

Our

FARMING TOOLS.

Rakes, Hoes, Scythes, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Picks and Mattocks you will find large stock.

BUILDING HARDWARE.

We have a splendid stock of Bronze Door Locks, Latches, Hinges, Bolts; also all other qualities used in building. Blacksmiths and carpenters will find all tools used by them. Iron, Nails, and full stock of the best Wheels and Woodwork, Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, &c., all of best timber.

Frank Owens Hardware Co.

47 W. Second St. and 114 Sutton St.,
Maysville, Ky.

A Comprehensive Survey
of
An Apprehensive Subject
by
Means of a Prehensive Tail.



The Monkey is not afraid,
because his tail is a good one.
We are not afraid, because
our tale is a good one.

IT IS NOT A TALE OF WOE!
We tell of Bargains, Splendid Goods, fair treatment, satisfaction to customers and of reasonable prices and good money values. It is a tale without an end, because it is a tale that will hold.

The Furniture tells for itself,
at HENRY ORT'S.



Before buying a Gas ECLIPSE Stove, see the
It cooks with a current of hot air. To be had of
S. B. OLDHAM, 18 East Second St.

FREE ADVERTISING.

No Charge! Advertisements under the heading of "Help Wanted," "Lost," "Found," "Ac.", of an acceptable nature, and not to exceed three lines, on this page, are FREE to all.
No Business Advertisements inserted without pay.

If answers fail to come the first time, we invite as many repetitions as are necessary to secure what you advertise for. We wish the advertisers to feel that they are not imposing on us by using our free columns.

Advertisements can be left at our office or sent through the mail to
THE PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY,
No. 10 E. Third Street.

WANTED.

WANTED—A position as copyist and short-hand writer by a young lady; can give best of references. Address L. D., LEDGER office.

WANTED—Situation by a boy who has had two years' experience at the printing trade. Would prefer the printing business, but is willing to work at any light employment. Good references.

WANTED—A complete set of "Official Records of the United and Confederate Armies," published by the War Department. Address, stating price, "Veteran," Box 688, Maysville, Ky.

WANTED—One large room. Address Box V, Maysville, Ky.

WANTED—Three thousand subscribers to THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

WANTED—Energetic Agents and Correspondents for THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A very desirable two-story frame dwelling, four rooms and a kitchen, in Fifth Ward. Apply to JOHN O'CONNELL.

FOR RENT—Several valuable spaces, for advertising purposes, in THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—6,000 36 inch clap-boards for sale by G. W. DYE, Sardis.

FOR SALE—A trade for city property, a good family horse and an almost new Surrey. DR. S. PANGBURN.

FOR SALE—Advertising space in THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

LOST.

LOST—A Pocket Book containing \$16 75. Reward of \$5 if returned to THE Ledger office, or to
THOMAS SWENEY.

LOST—A golden opportunity if you do not advertise in THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

FOUND.

FOUND—That it pays a big profit to patronize THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

FOUND—Bunch of Keys, which owner can have by calling at PUBLIC LEDGER office and proving property.

MONUMENTAL, STATUARY AND CEMETERY WORK.

In Granite and Marble.

M. R. GILMORE.

108 W. SECOND STREET, MAYSVILLE, KY.
Free Trade Building Work, Sidelwalks, &c., at satisfactory prices.

J. J. FITZGERALD,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter!

41 West Second Street,
Jewel Gas Stoves. MAYSVILLE, KY.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

—ADOPTED BY—

THE PUBLIC LEDGER CO.

OF MAYSVILLE, KY.

ART. 1. Be it known that William H. Cox, Thomas A. Davis, W. H. Wadsworth, Jr., Samuel T. Hickman, A. M. J. Cochran, M. C. Russell, George L. Cox and Allen A. Edmonds have this day associated themselves together and become incorporated under and by virtue of Chapter 56 of the General Statutes of the State of Kentucky as The Public Ledger Company and by that name shall sue and be sued, contract and be contracted with, and shall have perpetual succession and a common seal, with power to alter same at pleasure.

ART. 2. The capital stock of said Corporation shall be \$5000, divided into shares of \$10 each, and the same shall be transferable by written assignment on the certificate, and when transferred the certificate for same shall be surrendered to the Company and canceled, and new ones issued in lieu thereof.

ART. 3. This Corporation is organized for the purpose of publishing a newspaper in the city of Maysville, and distributing the same throughout the state of Kentucky, and for the carrying on of a general newspaper business in said city and state.

ART. 4. The principal place of business of said Corporation shall be at Maysville, Ky. The capital stock of said Corporation may be increased at a meeting of the stockholders (those holding a majority of the stock assenting thereto) to any sum not exceeding \$10,000. This Corporation may organize when 300 shares of its stock is subscribed. Stock may be paid for in money or equivalent at an agreed contract price, and any stock not subscribed for may be sold from time to time, as the Directors may direct and authorize, and the certificates of stock shall be signed by the President and Secretary, and the corporate seal shall be affixed to same.

ART. 5. The Corporation shall be managed by a Board of five persons, who shall be elected annually at the Company's office in Maysville, Ky., on the 1st Monday in March of each year. If, for any reason, there should not be an election held at the time fixed, the Directors in office shall continue as such until their successors are elected and qualified.

ART. 6. The Directors shall choose from their number a President and Vice-President, and from said number or the stockholders a Secretary and Treasurer, or, if they see fit, they may combine these two offices into one, and they shall elect an Editor, and may elect an assistant to the Editor, both of whose duties and tenure of office they may fix and prescribe by by-laws of the Company, which by-laws a majority of the Directors may adopt for the management of the Company's affairs.

ART. 7. The Company shall not incur an indebtedness exceeding, in the aggregate, at any one time, a sum equal to one-half of the capital stock paid in.

ART. 8. The private property of the stockholders of this Company shall be exempt from all debts or liabilities of the Corporation, according to law.

In witness whereof, the said incorporators have hereunto set their hands this 10th day of March, 1892.

WILLIAM H. COX, A. M. J. COCHRAN,
THOMAS A. DAVIS, M. C. RUSSELL,
W. H. WADSWORTH, JR., GEO. L. COX,
S. T. HICKMAN, ALLEN A. EDMONDS.

STATE OF KENTUCKY, 1st

MASON COUNTY.
I, T. M. Pearson, Clerk of the County Court for the county and state aforesaid, do certify that the foregoing Article of Incorporation of The Public Ledger Co., was, on the 10th day of March, 1892, produced to me in said county, and acknowledged by said Thomas A. Davis, William H. Cox, W. H. Wadsworth, Jr., S. T. Hickman, M. C. Russell, George L. Cox and Allen A. Edmonds such to be their act and deed, and on March 14, 1892, the same was again reproduced to me and acknowledged by A. M. J. Cochran to be his act and deed, and I do hereby certify thereupon the same, together with this certificate, both being duly recorded in my office.

Given under my hand this 14th day of March, 1892.
T. M. Pearson, Clerk.

By T. D. Slattery, D. C.