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Dec 8, 1870.

DR. P. EDMUNDS,

DENTIST.

Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 27, 1870—tf.

DEAD.

—:o:—

"She is dead!" they said to him, "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was a silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jesmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breaths as they left the room
With a shudder, to a glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, and the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Tho' he called her the name she lovel crewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

JOHN W. GARRETT.

George Alfred Townsend has been writing for the Chicago *Tribune* some sketches of the wealthy men of Baltimore.—From his biography of John W. Garrett we condense the following:

He is thought to be worth two millions of property, besides a great prospective wealth in coal lands and wood lands.—The paternal grandfather of John W. Garrett emigrated from the North of Ireland to Cumberland, Pennsylvania. His maternal grandfather was Henry Stofer, a Pennsylvania German, who came to Baltimore in 1784. Mr. Garrett's father, Robert, built up a large business as a merchant, banker, and shipper, in the city of Baltimore, and was renowned in his day for commercial integrity and enterprise, and he founded the house of Robert Garrett & Sons. The President was educated at Princeton College, and he is a Presbyterian like his ancestors.

John W. Garrett is large and corpulent, though active. He has light gray hair and small gray side-whiskers, keen bluish gray eyes, rather sharp features, and an abundance of dimples. His address is bland and affable. He is a good conversationalist, and a persuasive speaker. In early life he was even a poet; and John P. Kennedy and other literary men of Maryland have been his warmest associates. Though an obstinate and conservative worshipper of Maryland, and particularly of Baltimore, Garrett broke, at an early day, from his family traditions, which were Democratic, and acted with the Whig party; still he is a free trader. He was on equally intimate terms with James Buchanan, Edwin M. Stanton, and Abraham Lincoln. Buchanan was a friend of his father.

Simon Cameron had used all his pertinacious jesuitry to break up the Baltimore road; had refused or blocked its accounts and nearly paralyzed it. He was perpetually striving to take advantage of the nearly helpless relation of Maryland interests to the political administration, in order to extort from the fears of Garrett a concession of another railroad which Cameron should control or possess. Garrett's answer invariably was:

"The people of Maryland and the stockholders of this road could have no respect for me if I entered into any private relations of the kind you name."

Mr. Lincoln was once appealed to by a deputation of alleged Baltimore Republicans to take the road out of the hands of Garrett's corporation for pseudo political reasons. Montgomery Blair was prevailed upon to introduce the delegation, but when he heard them begin their speech, he said:

"I was unaware of the objects of these gentlemen, and I have been imposed upon."

"Never mind," said Lincoln, "it's about as well. I am glad of a chance to say something to these gentlemen. When any or all of you have done half as much to aid this Government as John W. Garrett, I may consider your request."

Lincoln's relations with Garrett began with his election, when he sent an *avant courier* to Baltimore to consult with the railroad President as to the safety and convenience of going through the town. I give the words of Mr. Garrett in reply, without indorsing his judgment, though doubtless in was his conscientious belief:

"Tell the President-elect," he said, "that we shall be prompt, we shall be proud, to receive him and welcome him. There is no danger whatever. I have never been a political character in my life, and I did not vote for Mr. Lincoln but I will take my car and meet him at the Ohio river, and be responsible for his entertainment and delivery at the capital. Instead of going through the North, he ought to go through the South, and calm the feeling there. If he will ride over our road and stop at Harper's Ferry, and right there, in the engine-house of John Brown, where the war began, make a speech for peace and Union, he will silence every brawler in the South. I understand that this message was discussed, and that Cassius Clay, amongst others, supported it; but other counsels prevailed. I was never more surprised in my life when Mrs. Lincoln and the family arrived here quietly at the depot, to find the President had passed ahead in the dark. I still entertain the belief, and I have told Mr. Lincoln so, that had he frankly and openly entrusted himself to the hospitality and self-respect of Baltimore, it would have had a moral power for peace in our community and in the South. But counsels of distrust prevailed, and it looked ominous from that hour."

The politics and the spiritual deficiencies of Mr. Garrett arise from his race and advocation. Two strong but conservative mercantile types meet in him, the Scotch-Irish and the Pennsylvania German.—His enterprise, assiduity, large commercial character, and patriotism of locality are the Scotch traits; his vigilance, thrift, honesty, and equipoise are the German traits; between the two he drives his clear head and physical vigor. This type of man is likely to have more impact and live weight than genius, and the sentimentalities and reforming propensities enter sparingly into his religion. Sagacious, not sensitive, more vigilant than reflective, unknown to melancholy, perpetually and materially ambitious, he is what he is, the organizer and energizer of a highway, the devoted believer in his city, the master of his situation. He is the A. T. Stewart of Baltimore, upon a more ruddy, more generous, and more comprehensive scale, but equally solid, real and cautious. He has now twelve thousand men in the employ of his road. Although compelled to conduct an unflinching rivalry with the great parallel interests of Pennsylvania and New York, Garrett never stoops to cunning, to corruption, nor to persecution. He is a business adversary, not an enemy, and, above all men of my observation, is the most serenely assured that chicanery can never prevail over conscientious industry.

No railroad has been compressed between such heavy fires—the national lobby at Washington on the one hand, and the Pennsylvania interest on the other.

The only national success the latter has gained is the concession of a second line from Baltimore to Washington, which every one will admit to be necessary.—This might have been prevented had Garrett relieved the Northern Central passengers from delay and detention in Baltimore; but he always resists, and this is a fault in his character. Some things had better be conceded, even a present loss. The new road is several miles longer than his own, and will be confined to freight carriage chiefly. His successes over the Pennsylvania road are all legitimate and important. The Connellsville concession was opposed by that company for twenty-three years, to the injury of all Western Pennsylvania. The same road has embarrassed the completion of his bridges at Wheeling and Parkersburg to the annoyance and loss of the traveling public. I said to Mr. Garrett some time ago:

"The Pennsylvania Road leased the road from Columbus to Chicago to cut you off, did it not?"

"Oh, no," he replied; "Mr. Thompson cannot have done me the injustice to suppose I would lose $1,400,000 as he is doing, to have that road. The Erie people were a little reckless about that time, and he supposed that they might be foolish enough to want it.

"Do you really anticipate that you will have a new road from Pittsburg to Chicago?"

"Yes, I do. And I believe that it will be built in two years. We can build it for $20,000 a mile. The people all along the northern belt are anxious about it, and are writing letters and offering to raise money. Well they may! Every year the fuel on the New York Central road is growing scarcer and dearer, while on the line we propose, coal and wood are almost inexhaustible. We shall be able to sell tickets from Chicago to New York, by way of the National Capital, over the direct route by Connelsville and the Metropolitan road, for less money than the other lines. With the completion of the Metropolitan branch, Washington will become what we could never make it before, a terminus. At present the freights of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad west are mainly coffee and railroad iron."

Such as I have presented above, is Mr. Garrett, a merchant of large accomplishments, conscientiously managing an important railroad in the interests of its proprietors, and of the city and State which promoted it.

☞ Ben Jonson having heard that Lord Craven was anxious to see him, went to his lordship's house. Being in a somewhat tattered condition, the porter refused to admit him, and addressed him in impertinent language, which Ben did not fail to return. While they were wrangling, Lord Craven happened to come out, and desired to know the cause of the quarrel. Johnson immediately said, "I understood your lordship wished to see me."

"You, friend," replied the lord, "who are you?"

"Ben Jonson," replied the other.

"No, no; you cannot be Ben Johnson, who wrote the 'Silent Woman;' you look as if you could not say bo to a goose!"

"Bo!" cried Ben.

"Very well," said his lordship, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, "I am now convinced of your identity."

The observant Josh Billings says, "Men seem to me now a-days to be divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners."

(From the Baltimore Sun.)
HYDROPHOBIA.

Medical communications, should, as a rule, be given to the public only through medical journals, but as the important facts which I am about to publish may never reach those who are interested, except through the columns of a newspaper, I take this method of imparting them without further apology, especially as the universal popular ignorance on this subject is often permissive of fatal results.

I have seen recently in the public prints notices of several deaths by this most terrible of diseases, in which the fatal results might have been easily averted had the simple facts which I here publish been known to the sufferers or their friends.—I have often reproached myself for not having sooner made this communication, not that the profession are ignorant of what I publish, but that the public are lamentably so.

The virus or poison which propagates hydrophobia exists in the saliva of the rabid animal. It is not injected through the tooth into the wound, as is the venom of the rattlesnake, or as is the venom of the bee, through the sting. The poison merely besmears the tooth, as the lancet is coated with the virus in vaccinating.—There is another very important distinguishing fact in regard to its effect on the wounded part. It produces no irritation, no immediate effect. Like the vaccine virus, or that of the small-pox, it has a certain period of incubation, or zymotic process before the system becomes affected. This period, in the production of canine madness, is happily long, as compared with the period of incubation of other poisons. The period varies, but it is commonly about six weeks, and then, before constitutional disease is developed, a slight irritation occurs in the scar, and a red list of inflamed absorbents is seen extending up the member. When these phenomena takes place there is no hope; the constitutional symptoms follow immediately. But if, during the long period which precedes the local symptoms, the proper remedies be employed, and especially soon after the bite, the prevention of the disease is almost certain.

Contrary to the common belief, a deep wound inflicted by the bite is less likely to be followed by hydrophobia than is a slight scratch, abrading the skin, for a reason that ought to be obvious—the copious effusion of blood washed away the poison.

Some years ago I treated in Baltimore a case of fatal hydrophibia, which originated thus: A boy was bitten deeply on the cheek by a pet dog which flew at him without provocation. The master of the dog struck the animal with his hand, and received a scratch on his hand. The dog ran off and was never seen. The wound in the boy's cheek bled freely, and in consequence was washed freely. The scratch on the man's hand was treated by an old lady with salt. The man perished in six weeks in the agonies of hydrophobia.—The boy escaped, though possibly because I opened the scar and cauterized it deeply, for possibly the poison might still be incubating there.

When persons are bitten through clothing, perhaps two garments, the poison may be all wiped from the tooth, and the bite prove innocuous, but not certainly.—A large majority, however, of those bitten through clothing escape the disease. These are the cases in which ridiculous nostrums unfortunately acquire reputation for preventing the disease, it being generally supposed that the bite of a rabid dog is necessarily followed by hydrophobia, unless some preventive remedy be employed.

A person in one of the Northern States once received a reward of a thousand dollars for revealing the composition of a remedy which was believed to have cured or prevented many cases of hydrophobia.—He had administered it to many persons who had been bitten through clothing and had never gone mad. They gave him their honest certificates that they believed themselves to have been cured of hydrophobia. The composition of the nostrum proved to be "nine leaves of sage, gathered in the night and the wane of the moon, the marrow of a dog's jaw, and the false tongue of a foal."

The use of such a nostrum does no direct harm, but confidence in it does fatal mischief, because it precludes the use of rational preventives. There is no neighborhood in which there is not some old woman who declares, and, perhaps, honestly believes, that she can prevent or cure hydrophobia, and, perhaps, by the use of her remedies the precious opportunity to avert so terrible a disease is lost, as I have myself witnessed.

I have been a hundred times called upon by persons bitten by dogs known not to be rabid, but yet these persons were tortured by the apprehension that, should the dog that inflicted the bite ever go mad, they would themselves be affected with hydrophobia. This would be simply ridiculous were it not that so many believe it. A person might as well fear having small-pox who had, five years ago, shaken hands with a man who now has it.

It is the practical part of this communication which is important. We cannot cure this terrible disease when once developed. It is true that there often occur in the public prints, and sometimes in medical journals, notices of cases cured by certain powerful remedies, such as chloroform, atropin, woorara, the canna-bis, &c. But when these remedies have been tried in other cases they have utterly failed.

Remedies acquire a false reputation for the cure of hydrophobia by being employed in spurious cases of that disease. Nervous persons, who have been bitten by healthy animals, fancy that they have the disease, and they imitate almost every symptom of hydrophobia. They recover, whatever means may be employed. I knew a person in Vermont to be affected by this false form of hydrophobia. His son had recently died of the disease, resulting from the bite of a rabid cat. His father, in aiding to nurse him, received a spee of the boy's saliva upon his lip.—From that mom nt he became tortured with the apprehensions that he had contracted the disease, though assured that it could not be thus communicated. After a short time the symptoms which he had witnessed in the boy began to display themselves. He raved in the most furious manner, refused water, and frothed at the mouth. When any one of the physicians present, remarked, by way of encouragement, that certain symptoms which marked the former case were absent, the patient would immediately imitate those symptoms. The man, however, from extreme exhaustion, fell into a profound slumber and waked well.

Now in regard to preventive treatment, which is so efficient, and therefore of vast importance, let it be remembered that a mere scratch on the hand or face is the most dangerous—a bite through the clothing not without danger. As the poison adheres to the part for some time after the bite before it produces the effect, let the wound be instantly washed, again and again, with soap and water. If a physician were to vaccinate a child in the arm, and an hour after should wash the part with soap and water, no effect would result.

The following case is in point: A woman, the mother of the boy mentioned above, was washing clothes in her back yard, when a rabid cat leaped over the fence and attacked the boy, clinging to him wounding his hands and face. The mother ran to the rescue, seized the cat, tore it away from the lad, and threw it over the fence. She then returned to her work, and her hands and arms were immersed in soap and water for two hours. Nothing was done for the boy, it not being known that the cat was rabid. The mother escaped the disease, but the boy perished miserably.

While the washing is being done send instantly to the nearest druggist for a piece of caustic potash. This comes in small cylindrical pieces. If the tooth of the dog has penetrated, cut the caustic in the shape of a pencil or a dog's tooth, insert it in the wound and hold it there firmly for a quarter of a minute without regard to pain, which will be severe.

Caustic potash can be made extempore by pouring boiling water on wood ashes, straining off the ley, and boiling it down to the consistency of molasses. It may be applied with a smooth stick.

When the wound is a scratch, and therefore the most dangerous, wipe it over briskly with the same material. If the caustic potash cannot be procured use nitric acid (aquafortis) or sulphuric acid, (oil of vitrol.) Milder causties, which do not destroy the surface of the wound in which the poison is lodged, are not worthy of confidence, although Mr. Youatt recommends the nitrate of silver, (lunar caustic). The part may be poulticed with bread and milk for two days, and then dressed with a simple save.

It is too common a practice to kill instantly a savage dog who has bitten a person. This is exceedingly wrong, as the person lives for years with the torturing appehension that he has been bitten by a rabid dog. The animal should be shut up and regularly fed. If rabid, he will certainly die, but if he lives a week and takes food there is no danger.

It is generally believed that canine madness occurs almost exclusively in summer, and especially during what are termed the "dog days." This is a popular error.—According to the best authority, the disease is communicated only by contagion, and just as likely to be propagated in winter as in summer, and therefore city ordinances which allow dogs to be at large at one season and not at another are absurd.

In the course of half a century I have had occasion to treat the bites of dogs undoubtedly rabid in many instances, and in not a single instance have I known the disease to result when the preventative measures were employed within three days after the bite. I do not mean, however, to justify a moment's delay in their application.

N. R. SMITH, M. D.

Once upon a time there lived a couple known far and wide for their continual squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a sudden conversion, asked the good wife to explain it. She replied: "Me and the old man have got on well enough together since we kept two bears in the house."—"Two bears!" was the astonished reply. "Yes, sir, said the old lady—"bear and forbear."

☞ Little flocks will disagree. Even as did Mrs. Eve's children. Our Vena and Minard had a slight misunderstanding one day and Vena, fired with revenge against her big brother, kicked the cat. Johnny, who was Vena's favorite brother, saw the performance and said, "Vena, that cat ain't all Minard's, it's part mine." "Well," said Vena, with a sort of self-satisfied air, "I kicked Minard's part."

One farmer says that his stock is so reduced that he has only a stock of claims left.

ON THE TRAIL.

Detective Hackenburg of the United States Post Hospital at Fort Randall, Dacotah Territory, gives the following account of some shrewd characters he met there:

I rode several hundred miles with an experienced guide and trailer, Hack, whom I interrogated upon many points in the practice of this art. In going to the Niobrara River, we crossed the track of an Indian pony. My guide followed the track a few miles and then said:

"It was a stray, black horse, with a long bushy tail, nearly starved to death, has a split hoof on the left fore foot, goes very lame, and he passed here early this morning."

Astonished and incredulous, I asked him the reasons for knowing these particulars by the track of the animal, when he replied:

"It was a stray horse, because it did not go in a direct line; its tail was long, for he dragged it over the snow; in brushing against a bush he left some of its hair, which shows its color. He was very hungry, for in going along he has nipped at those high dry weeds, which horses seldom eat. The fissure of the left fore foot left, also, its track, and the depth of the indentation shows the degree of his lameness; and his tracks shows he was here this morning, when the snow was hard with frost."

At another place we came across an Indian track, and he said:

"It is an old Yankton who came across the Missouri last evening to look at his traps. In coming over he carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left a lasso, to catch a pony which he had lost. He returned without finding the horse, but had caught in the trap he had out a prairie wolf, which he carried home on his back, and a bundle of kindling wood in his right hand."

Then he gave his reasons:

"I know he is old by the impression his gait has made, and a Yankton by that of his moccasins. He is from the other side of the river, as there are no Yanktons on this side. The trap he carried struck the snow now and then, and in the same manner as when he came, shows that he did not find his pony. A drop of blood in the center of his tracks shows that he carried the wolf on his back, and the bundle of kindling wood he used for a staff for support, and catching a wolf, shows that he had traps out."

"But," I asked, "how do you know it is a wolf? Why not a fox, or a coyette, or even a deer?"

Said he: "If it had been a fox, or a coyette, or any other smaller game he would have slipped the animal in his waist belt, and so carried it by his side and not on his shoulders. Deers are not caught by traps; but if it had been a deer, he would not have crossed the high hill, but would have gone back by way of the ravine, and the load would have made his steps more tottering."

Another Indian track we saw twenty miles west of this he put this serious construction upon:

"He is an upper Indian—a prowling horse thief—carried a double shot-gun, and is a rascal that killed some white man lately, and passed here one week ago; for," said he, "a lone Indian in these parts is on mischief, and generally on the lookout for horses. He had on the shoes of a white man, whom he had in all probability killed; but his steps are those of an Indian. Going through the ravine, the end of his gun hit the deep snow. A week ago we had a very warm day, and the snow being soft he made these deep tracks; ever since it has been intensely cold weather, which makes very shallow tracks."

I suggested that perhaps he bought those shoes.

"Indians don't buy shoes, and if they did, they would not buy them as large as these were, for Indians have very small feet."

The most noted trailer of this country was Paul Daloria, a half-breed, who died under my hands of Indian consumption last Summer. At one time I rode with him, and trailing was naturally the subject of conversation. I begged to trail with him an old track over the prairie, in order to learn his history. I had hardly made the proposition when he drew up his horse, which was at a ravine, and said:

"Well, here is an old elk track. Let us get off our horses and follow it."

We followed it but a few rods, when he said it was exactly a month old, and made at two o'clock in the afternoon. This he knew, as then we had our last rain, and the hour named the ground was softer than at any other time. The track before us was then made. He broke up here and there clusters of grass that lay in the path of the track, and showed me the dry end of some, the stumps of others, and by numerous other similar items accounted for many circumstances that astonished me. We followed the trail over a mile. Now and then we saw that a wolf, a fox, and other animals had practiced their trailing instincts on the elk's tracks. Here and there he would show me where a snake, a rat, and a prairie dog had crossed the track. Nothing had followed or crossed the track that the quick eye of Daloria did not detect. He gave an account of the habits of all the animals that had left their footprints on the track, also of the state of the weather since the elk passed, and the effect of the sunshine, winds, aridity, sand storms and other influences that had a bearing on these tracks.

The population of Maryland, according to the census of 1870, is 781,051, an increase of 94,005 in the last decade.

AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

Of all the great crowd of "necessary evils" who flourished at Detroit in "combination" days, under the name of boat-runners, Fred Emmons bore off the palm for practical jokes, repartee, song, jest and laugh. His frequent maudlin condition often provoked attack, but the assailant always "reckoned without his host." Fred did not always wait for attack. His keen sense of the ludicrous, in situation, action and speech, kept his faculties upon the stretch to gratify his indomitable propensity, a propensity which no [illegible]

Leaning, one night, balmy and glorious, against a pillar in W. & M.'s saloon, in Detroit, he formed one of a circle who were listening to a seafarer who had passed some years in the South American trade. The tales of this man far outran Riley's "Narrative" or Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" in food for wonder.

Already had this all-devouring audience swallowed snakes and serpents of fabulous length, and feasted their eyes upon fruits of gigantic growth and upon birds of paradise of the rarest plumage, when the tale of wonder took a turn, and the sailor, by way of offset to the terrible and the beautiful in his description, introduced the disgusting in the form of insects and vermin. Egypt, with her far famed magazines of crawling things, could show no parallel with South America in lice. The sailor, with his own eyes, had seen them carry off small boys; had lain down upon the ground to sleep, and had awoke in the morning covered with them; finally, he had scraped a million lice from the back of his head, and had counted them! This last proposition created a marked sensation, but before disbelief could be expressed, Fred interposed: "That's so, gentlemen. He's a friend of mine, and I don't believe he will lie about a few lice!"

The effect, with Fred's drunken gravity and sepulchral tones, was instantaneous and terrific.

The opening of the navigation, in the days when Buffalo harbor was the only outlet for the region of the lakes, was looked forward to with high anticipation. The course of the wind was closely watched, in hope that it might be so shaped as to drive the pent-up mass of ice down the Niagara; and when it came right for that purpose, the Buffalo docks were thronged by an eager crowd. Upon such an occasion, one fine Spring morning in 1836, the "breaking up" caused to come to the surface a dead body, which had wintered in the creek. It was hauled to shore, and gathered around it were a score of dock loafers, among whom, towering above the rest by a head or two, was Fred. One after another of the red-nosed crowd, like mourners at a funeral, came up and gazed his fill at the horrid lineaments, the yawning mouth and the empty sockets, and gave place to whoever was following him. One old pimpled-faced soaker lingered longer than the rest, and shaking his head with drunken gravity, remarked: "Poor fellow, I don't know him." "No," said Fred, reaching over to get a look at the corpse, "he don't seem to recognize you."

Sometimes the jokes of Emmons were practical. A gawky individual made his appearance from the interior upon the dock at Detroit, one day just as some boat for which Fred happened to be running had fired up for Chicago. Chicago was the destination of the lengthy rustic, who, in a bran new hard time coat, and ticking trowsers a couple of feet too short, with a limpsy horseman's valise in his hand, was already for a cow. "Hello, stranger!" was the new stranger's salutation to Fred, "does this here vessel go to Chicago?" "Yes, sir," said Fred, with great deference. "You are goin' up? Come directly on board. Allow me to take your baggage." On board they went, and Fred, going to the furnace door—the boilers being on the deck—opened it and threw in the valise. "What on airth are you doin'?" asked the passenger. "All right," said Fred. "You will find your baggage by applying at the smoke-stack when you get to Chicago." "I dunno about that," said the victim, eyeing the roasting furnace suspiciously. "I had two new factory shirts, a pair of socks, an Edward's Treatise, and English Reader, and a C clarinet in that 'ere valise, and if they ain't all right you'll have to stand it." "All right," said Fred.

The end of poor Fred was singular, wayward and eccentric as his life had been. Following his ruling passion, that of telling marvelous tales for the purpose of exciting wonder, or mirth, or of hoaxing some victim for the amusement of the crowd, he passed the last night he ever lived, in a saloon in Cleveland, giving an account of his exploits in California—where, by the way, he had never been—and by interlarding therewith vast accounts of his own gains and acquisitions in gold. By so doing he excited not only the astonishment but the cupidity of his hearers, and soon after leaving the saloon he was waylaid and murdered by two of his listeners, and would doubtless have been robbed, but that, as usual, his pockets were empty. He was found a rigid corpse in the morning. Thus miserably perished a man gifted by nature with a colossal frame, a manly nature, the readiest wit, a sound judgment and an iron constitution—all of which he sacrificed to the demon of strong drink.

Is fondling your neighbor's dog carrying favor.

The richest man is the one with the fewest wants.

"I'll serve you out," [illegible] the soup