

AS MUCH ALIKE AS TWINS.

There are two persons in Baltimore whose remarkable resemblance to each other has been the cause of a good deal of mutual amusement and disgust.

One of the persons is Police Detective John Pontier. The other person is the Rev. John Foley, pastor of St. Martin's Roman Catholic Church.

They each realize the unusual predicament in which they are placed, and endeavor, in every way possible, to avoid creating cases of mistaken identity.

Not long ago Father Foley was walking along the street after dark when he felt a hand heavily clapped on his shoulder.

'Halloo! Jack,' exclaimed the stranger, 'you son of a gun, you, when are you going to get my watch for me?'

Father Foley gazed at him in profound astonishment. 'My friend,' said he, 'in his bland and ungent voice, I haven't got your watch; you are mistaken in your man.'

'Why,' exclaimed the stranger, greatly taken aback, 'ain't you Jack Pontier, the detective?'

'No, sir,' replied the priest, 'I am Father Foley, and I am pastor of St. Martin's Roman Catholic Church.'

The stranger gazed at Father Foley a moment in dumb surprise, then bowed, turned on his heel, whistled and walked rapidly away.

One day Detective Pontier was sauntering up West Fayette street, near Fremont, when an old man rushed up and warmly grabbed his hand.

'Ah! your Reverence, God bless you,' he exclaimed. 'Me old woman's layin' near death's door, and you must come right up and pray over her.'

And, so saying, the old man would fain have dragged the detective away to say his prayers over the dying woman had not he vigorously kicked and explained, with great precision and emphasis, that he was a detective and not a priest.

'What, and are you not really Father Foley?' asked the old man in an incredulous voice.

'No, my name is John Pontier,' was the reply.

'Then may the devil make me eat grass if you ain't his walking ghost,' responded the old man as he turned to go after the real Father Foley.

On another occasion a man walked up and shook the detective's hand.

'How are you, John?' he exclaimed, 'I am glad to see you. I met Father yesterday. He spoke only good words about you.'

'Aha! he did, did he? Glad to hear it,' said the detective, parting his mouth in a grin and preparing for more good news to follow.

'Yes, he said he was going to get you to preach for him next Sunday.'

'The devil he did,' said Pontier, his grin fading away as he saw it was the same old case of mistaken identity.

'You tell Father—that I can't occupy his pulpit next Sunday. I've got to go over to Philadelphia and bring back a Baltimore thief that has been gobbled up there.'

'Why, this is kind o' out of your line, ain't it?' said the man, profound astonishment depicted on his countenance.

'Oh! no,' said the detective in a careless, off-hand sort of voice that fairly lifted the hair off the other man's head.

'Isn't this Father Foley?' he asked, the light suddenly breaking in on him.

'No; this is John Pontier, detective, was the answer, in a deep solemn, sub-cellar voice.

The other man made his excuses and got away as fast as possible.

Recently there was a Catholic fair, at which Father Foley and Detective Pontier were both present. The latter was accompanied by his wife. The detective hit on what he thought would be a capital idea to get the laugh on Father Foley. He suggested to Mrs. Pontier to wait until a suitable opportunity and then walk up behind Father Foley, slip her arm through his and say 'Come, John, let's go home.'

She at first refused, but finally agreed. Mr. and Mrs. Pontier walked up behind Father Foley, and then Pontier slipped away and Mrs. Pontier ran her arm through that of the reverend father and said: 'Come on, John, it's time you were home. Let's go. The many ladies and men present,

who had been let into the secret of the innocent little practical joke, laughed heartily when Father Foley got as red as a full-blown rose in the face, and turned and stammered: 'Madam, you are mistaken, this is the wrong John.' In a moment Father Foley recovered his composure and laughed as heartily as anybody there.

Times without number, Detective Pontier has been stopped on the street by persons who wanted to impart to him information intended only for the ear of Father Foley, and Father Foley has had to listen to innumerable complaints from persons who had been robbed and who wanted him to recover their property for them. Detective Pontier has thought seriously of printing his name in big letters on his hat this way:

JOHN PONTIER, DETECTIVE.

Just as certain as he goes up in the neighborhood of Father Foley's church he is met by a score or more of people who grab his hand and address him as 'Father,' or 'Your Reverence,' while, on the other hand, Father Foley, whenever he gets in the vicinity of the City Hall, and particularly at night, has to go through the ordeal of being accosted as 'Jack,' 'Old Boy,' 'Old Chappy,' and like familiar and somewhat irreverent expressions.

Neither can see any way out of this mesh that the fates have woven around them.—Baltimore Herald.

RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.—Of course anybody can run a newspaper, as no particular amount of brain is required.

All you have to do is to sit around on a dry goods box when the weather is fine, and talk politics with any other nuthead who is foolish enough to spend his time in the same way, and when the weather is too rocherch, as it were, for that sort of heavy work you occupy an upholstered chair on the tropical side of a coal fire and swap lies with the county judge and rake in the collateral on advertising and subscriptions.

The newspaper man's life is a Dutch picnic, a three ring circus with four clowns and a trick mule all for one price of admission, all the year 'round and no postponement on account of bad weather. Oh, the editor's life is a rosy one; he rides free on railroads, and takes cabbage subscriptions; he gets complimentary passes to all the theatres, and gives five dollars worth of advertising for a fifty cent ticket to a ten-cent show; he tries to get up a nine-column paper in a three-column town, and sometimes he tries to pay his bills, but this latter he doesn't always succeed in doing.

Newspaper men have been known to pay their bills but the cases are about as seldom as the 30th day of February. The only instance of the kind which I can now call to mind is a fellow who used to run a paper in Wisconsin, but he don't do it any more—he's in the penitentiary. Speaking of penitentiaries reminds me that this same fellow afterwards started a paper in the prison honored by his presence—conclusive evidence that the only way to reform a printer is to kill him.

One of the most pleasing experiences of an editor's life is the fact that everybody else knows so much better how to run the paper than he does himself. True, no two people have the same idea, but if he wishes to succeed he must adopt them all. Were I to lay down a course of training for the young man who designs going down to his doom by the dark and gruesome path of journalism I should suggest that at least twenty or twenty-five years be spent in some first-class circus acquiring the art of riding not less than six separate, unbridled, bareback horses at one and the same time. Then I would recommend thirty or forty years in a roller rink to get a good healthy callous upon the vulnerable parts of his anatomy, and to cultivate the necessary stock of agility which he will need in jumping from one side of the political fence to the other, and which is also useful in dodging creditors.

It has been asserted that printing is not a healthy business, and that one of its chief ailments is lead poisoning. I can testify to this from personal knowledge. A friend of mine once started a paper out in Arizona some years ago and had not been running it six months before he died from lead poisoning. It was a 44-caliber Smith & Wesson in the hands of a wild-eyed miner which caused the attack. It was fatal and he has been dead ever since.—Peck's Sun.

The demands of modern society life are such that we lead a more or less artificial existence; the business requirements of men, and the rate of high living universal among the better classes, tax both the muscular and the nervous systems. Royal Elixir counteracts this. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and invigorates the whole system.

My son, it's a fine thing to be able to agree with the man with whom you disagree. It looks hard, but it can be done.

A good laugh is said to be the sunshine of the home, but there are some men so base that they think more of a smile around the corner.

Information comes from St. Louis that the servant girls are joining the Knights of Labor. We think the joining is done by a priest.

A CARD.

TO THE FARMERS OF ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

Gentlemen—I saw in the St. Mary's Enterprise of July 2nd, a notice of a binder contest alleged to have been held in the upper part of Charles county.

The notice failed to give the name of the party who owned the field in which the contest was held. Therefore, on Monday, I wrote to the General Agent of the McCormick H. M. Company for a correct account of the trial. I give his answer below.

RICHARD REEDER, Laurel Grove, Md.

OFFICE OF W. M. BAKER, General Eastern Agent for McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Baltimore, July 6, '86.

Dear Sir—Yours of 5th, instant, duly received enclosing notice of an alleged Binder Contest between the Champion and McCormick.

Regarding the same, will say, that I was not aware there was to be any trial at the place referred to and seen an Expert there to start a Binder for which I held a regularly signed order, which I herewith enclose.

My expert was alone and his report which I send you, will show the chance that was shown him in what they term a "contest."

If Mr. Hammond has got up two feet on such a one sided affair as this, all I can say for him is that it takes very little to raise him.

He may feel elated at the result but under similar circumstances I would be ashamed to refer to it as a "contest."

There is this much about it. The McCormick also ask for an Expert there to start a Binder for which I held a regularly signed order, which I herewith enclose.

My expert was alone and his report which I send you, will show the chance that was shown him in what they term a "contest."

In conclusion I will again say that whenever the Champion folks claim that they have a machine that in any way compares with the McCormick I am ready to test the matter with them in a fair trial for the benefit of all who may desire to see the machines tried and I am willing to abide the result but I do not recognize as "Contests" such arrangements as referred to in notice you sent me.

Yours Truly, W. M. BAKER, Genl. Agt. McCormick H. M. Co., P. O. Mr. Richard Reeder, Laurel Grove, Md.

The report of the expert referred to in above letter is as follows:

CHELSEA, June 17, 1886.

Dear Sir—Mr. Townsend and I went to Mr. Robertson's this morning. The Champion was there in full force—Agent and two Experts—and with them I had brought twenty-two (22) men to talk for them. They got their machine started before I did as I had to unload of truck and change two or three pieces Mr. Skidmore had wrong. Also, had to move the machine and inside divider which they had broken in hauling out by running into a gate-post. Champion started in rye, went one round, then opened in a piece of light wheat. I pulled in behind them on 2nd round, and both machines went three rounds. Then Champion pulled down into a piece which was a little heavier and choked down in sickle as the timothy had grown up very thick and had to turn round and come back. I pulled in and opened the piece without a break or skip and cut six rounds without a stop. Then they took us to a piece of very green rye. I raised my machine so as to make a clean cut and went three rounds before dinner, doing a great deal better than they did, making a good bundle and binding very tight. After dinner, before we started, I saw Robertson was partial to the Champion. He made both machines drop down as low as possible and we started. It took both experts and a driver to run the Champion—one to start the straw up the elevators, the other to pull it down in binder, and I went from 4 to 7 feet and choked in the net elevator of our machine badly, as the canvass carried it back and choked between double slots the sheet iron is bolted to. I had to get almost twice every round and pull it down in binder. Mr. Townsend should could give me no assistance having never before seen a binder run and Robertson made his decision at once in favor of the Champion. I beat them badly until I had to cut low and then they beat me in the elevation but I made a better bundle than they did. I dated them to go back into the wheat with me and they would not go. It was the most one-sided trial I ever saw. Every man on the ground were Champion men but one. He was a blacksmith and told the whole crowd they were partial to the Champion, and our machine would do better work than theirs, if they would just let one man run their machine as I had to do; that our machine was worth \$50 more in construction than theirs was.

Well, Mr. Baker I did the best I could without being successful, as I had the cutter hauled back here and will take it down and box ready to ship to you at once. One farmer wanted to know what was the least I would take for it, but I told him he could not have it one cent less than Robertson was to pay. Yours Respt., S. A. JORDON, To Mr. W. M. BAKER, (broken hearted), Baltimore, Md.

JO F. MORGAN, Insurance Agent & Broker, LEONARDTOWN MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.

Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool, Watertown Fire, of New York, Johns, Liverpool & Globe, Fire, Mutual Endowment Assurance of Baltimore, Life, New York Mutual Life, Connecticut Mutual Life, Jan 12, 82—y1

FLOUR, MEAL AND BRAN.

HAVING taken charge of the Indian and Bridge Mill I am prepared to furnish customers with the best of my line of goods at the lowest prices.

N. S. HOPKINS, Great Mills, Md. Dec. 3, 85—6m1

J. S. MacDonald, Fine Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds & SILVERWARE, Nos. 2 & 4 N. Charles St. Baltimore, Md.

Particular attention paid to Repairing Engraving a specialty.

Orders left with Mr. Wm. H. Ford will receive prompt attention. July 4, 86—1y1

Wanted. 100 HANDS TO CUT POPLAR WOOD. Apply to GEO. W. SCOTT, Sand Gates, or THOS. SMYTH, California. May 6, 86—4f.

Dentistry. Dr. L. E. PAYNE, DENTIST, having located at Mechanicsville is prepared to attend to all professional calls. He will visit Leonardtown the first and third Tuesday and California the first and third Thursday in each month. Letters addressed to him at Mechanicsville by parties from a distance will receive prompt attention. May 30, 86—4f.

NOTICE. HAVING located at Laurel Grove, St. Mary's county, Md. I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I am now prepared to make and repair BOOTS and SHOES in the best style at the lowest cash price. MORRIS BASH. May 31, 86—1y.

PHILIP H. LENDERKING, DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF



COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, Furnaces, Parlor Heaters, and Ranges, Farmer Girl a specialty. Oil Stove Refrigerators.

233 WEST PRATT STREET, West of Sharp, BALTIMORE.

Stove repairs constantly on hand. Stoves repaired promptly attended to. Also Roofing, Spouting and Plumbing in all its branches. Full line of TINWARE constantly on hand. March 13, 1884—4f.

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TWO HEARSES always at hand. HORSESHOEING, \$1.00 Cash. (If booked, \$1.25.)

In conjunction with my BLACKSMITH and WHEELWRIGHT department, I am prepared to build

CARTS, WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c. at low prices

REPAIRING, PAINTING and TRIMMING a specialty.

J. A. DILLON, Leonardtown, Md. March 20, 84—4f1

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WILLIAM DORNBACHER, Editor and Proprietor. Daily, Sunday, and Weekly Editions.

THE WEEKLY STAR, A Sixteen-page Newspaper, issued every Wednesday.

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The World's Great Blood Purifier and Life Giving Principle. Only Temperance Bitters Known.

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The 8th Mechanical Wonder of the World, The Champion Steel Binder.

It will outwear a dozen of the old-fashioned "dippy-flap," canvas rollers and post-metal rollers.

Mr. W. A. Hammond, our popular Champion hero, will assist in explaining to farmers the superiority of the Champion machines over all competitors.

The farmers of St. Mary's may well be proud of the Champion, and their appreciation of honest material and first-class workmanship increases with the great number sold every season. Did you not read that account of the large delivery of Champion at Potomac, Pa., January 6th (mid-winter). Yes, 37 were hauled away that day by the energetic farmers, aggregating to date, in the county of Northumberland, 60 Champion Machines.

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July 16, 1885—1y

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Advertisement for W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND Commission Merchants, located at 105 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

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