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Editor and Proprietor.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

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nov 28-1vr

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ARRIVE.

BY C. AND O. RAILROAD.

5 a. m. from north, south, east and west.
9.57 a. m. from west.
2.40 p. m. from Richmond and intermediate points.
7.05 p. m. from north, east and south.

BY B. AND O.

7.22 a. m. from Lexington and intermediate points.
1.50 p. m. from the north.
9.00 p. m. from the north, Harper's Ferry and intermediate points.

STAR ROUTES.

7 a. m. from Plunkettsville, daily except Sunday.
10 a. m. from Mt. Meridian, daily except Sunday.
5 p. m. from Middlebrook, daily except Sunday.
5.30 p. m. from Monterey, daily except Sunday.
10.30 a. m. from Sangersville.

CLOSE.

FOR B. AND O.

5.30 a. m. for Lexington, 6.30 a. m, Harper's Ferry and points north.
2.15 a. m. for Harrisonburg, Woodstock and points north.
1.10 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.
6.00 p. m. for Lexington and intermediate points.

FOR C. AND O.

9.15 a. m. and 2,15 p. m. for north, east, south.
9.00 p. m. for east, north, south and west.
2.15 p. m. for Clifton Forge and intermediate points.
6.15 p. m. for the west.

STAR ROUTES—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

5.30 a. m. for Monterey.
6.00 a. m. for Middlebrook.
1.00 p. m. for Mt. Meridian.
6.15 p. m. for Plunkettsville.
12.30 p. m. for Mt. Solon daily,

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Opens 7 a. m., closes 7 p. m. Money order and registry business opens at 8 a. m., closes 6 p. m. W. T. McCUE, P. M.

TO INVENTORS.

If you have made an invention you want a patent. And you want a good one. There are various kinds of patents. Some of them are not worth keeping around the house. They don't protect. It is as unsafe to trust to them as to a lightning rod without a ground connection. That is the kind an inventor is likely to get when he draws up his own specifications, or trusts the work to an irresponsible attorney. It is not the kind dealt in by the Press Claims Company.

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oct 17-tf

NOTICE.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga, Box 383, and one will be sent you free.

TO MY FRIENDS
And the Public Generally.

I have rented the stable on Water street known as the Club stable, and am prepared, at my Sale and Feed Stable, to board horses by the month, week or day, at reasonable prices; also to furnish saddle and driving horses, double and single.

I can furnish you a nice turn-out—Surry, Buggies, Buck-Boards, etc., all in style, accommodated at moderate prices.

Parties wanting first-class turnouts can be Fine horses always kept for sale.

Hoping to receive a share of your patronage and guaranteeing satisfaction, I am
Respectfully,
mar 13-tf R. A. CLEMMER.

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IN SORROW, NOT IN WRATH.

Fair face, callous with kisses of dead men;
Proud eyes, which did not melt at their distress,
Which feign, but never know a tenderness;
White hands, which I shall never touch again;
Sweet breath, which poisons like a stagnant fen;
Rare hair, which hides a serpent in each tress;
Rich lips, with honeyed falsehood to confess;
I scorn you now, just as I loved you then.

Yet, were it given to me to sit above
Your petty world, that I might judge your shame,
A shame you do not guess the burden of,
In calm, dispassioned judgment I should name
The penalty incurred by all your blame:
'Twere only this, that some day you should love.
—J. Edmund V. Cooke in New York Sun.

IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

The incident which I am going to relate happened about 40 years ago.

It was at the time that Antoine Wiertz, the Belgian artist, was astonishing the world, particularly the world of art, by his productions, so powerfully conceived and so fittingly executed, which are today to be seen in the Wiertz museum. Henri Conscience, the celebrated Flemish novelist, was at one time guardian of that museum.

As a rule, Wiertz would only paint grand historical and philosophical subjects, but he occasionally broke his rule and painted a portrait. The number of those who solicited the honor of sitting to him was naturally great. But the artist did not make the favor too common. As a rule, he would only grant it to his intimate personal friends, or to some one whose physiognomy attracted his attention by reason of its peculiarity.

One day he was called on by a wealthy lawyer named Van Speck, who was anxious to sit for his portrait, and who came to inquire about Wiertz's terms.

The lawyer had a physiognomy which was known among artists from Brussels to Brabant. He was the head of a large and flourishing business, but was known to be very miserly. He was niggardly in all things. There were many rumors current illustrating his stinginess, but the artist did not care about them. What conquered Wiertz at once was the man's head and face, which he resolved to put on canvas.

That head was a real delight to the artist. The top of the skull was bald, the forehead gathered into many wrinkles; the heavy eyelids lay on two eyes that, little and piercing, gleamed out like those of a cat. His nose was of approved Semitic pattern; his lips, properly speaking, had disappeared and nothing remained to indicate the position they had formerly occupied save a thin streak of faint red, about as broad as the edge of a sharp knife. His cheeks were pallid, and his chin came to a point. He was clean shaven, and looked exceedingly sharp and angular as he posed before the artist.

Wiertz darted a keen glance at his visitor's interesting face, and as the lawyer talked the artist was drawing him in his mind—the lines, the traits, and the tout ensemble were secured unknown to the sitter, who, in fact, did not suspect that he was sitting for his picture. Wiertz knew that he would make a masterpiece of the work.

"What are your terms, sir?"

"Ten thousand francs."

Whereupon Master Van Speck leaped out of his chair with surprise at the announcement. Were it a matter of time only, he could quite understand that 10,000 francs should be demanded for a short sitting—in fact, he often charged so much himself, but to think that he was going to pay so much to a man for simply daubing a piece of canvas with paints of different colors—no, that was a little too much.

So Wiertz reconsidered the matter, as he did not wish to lose the opportunity.

"Well, sir," he said, "it is my ordinary price, but as your face interests me, and I hope to be able to make a good picture out of it, I don't mind reducing my terms. How much do you value your portrait at yourself."

The lawyer offered a ridiculously low sum, about which the artist disputed—less for the sake of the money than to keep his visitor as long as possible, so as to make the best mental photograph of him. At last the price of 3,000 francs was fixed upon, and Van Speck rose to leave, saying:

"When do you want me to come for a sitting?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," replied the artist. "I am very busy at present. If it makes no difference to you, we will take a day next week. I'll write and let you know what day."

"That will suit me very well. Good-by for the present."

As soon as Van Speck had left the atelier, Wiertz rushed to his easel and began to sketch feverishly. He knew that he should make a brilliant success of the lawyer's picture, and he wished to have it done as soon as possible. He painted through the day without intermission, and when night closed in the picture was already in its frame. The portrait was a living likeness. Van Speck stared straight at the spectator; his elbows rested on a table which was covered with books, letters, pens—in short, everything that would surround a lawyer who had posed in his office.

On the following day the artist retouched, improved and finished the picture. Then he had it packed up and sent to the notary by a porter.

"Take that to M. Van Speck, the lawyer of Rue des Vieux Parchemins," said he. "Wait till it is opened and bring an answer back with you."

Then Wiertz rubbed his hands gleefully. He expected the lawyer to burst in upon him, anxious to congratulate him on his brilliant success. But an hour later the porter returned with the case on his back and note in his hand for the artist.

"What's that?"

"Why, the case opened in the hall, and M. Van Speck came down to see it. When he saw the picture, he made an ugly face—nothing more. He seemed quite furious. He turned his back on me and wrote this note. Then he told me to bring the case back to you; so I've brought it. You owe me 4 francs."

Wiertz dismissed the porter and read the note:

SIR—I do not believe in letting people make a laughing stock of me; particularly I object to an artist doing it. It was agreed that I should come to you for sittings and that you should paint my portrait. Naturally I took it for granted that it would be done properly. You have allowed yourself to act toward me with very doubtful taste, and you seem to hint that I am not worth a sitting. It is no less insulting to me than it is contemptible of you. I wanted my portrait, and here you send me a thing which bears no resemblance to me. I am sending it back to you and shall not give you sittings. I don't care to have anything more to do with an artist who has such a low idea of the dignity of his profession. Yours, etc., VAN SPECK.

Wiertz burst into a roar of laughter when he had finished reading the epistle.

Then he began, in the quiet of his atelier, to express his opinion of the lawyer in language which will not bear repeating.

But he soon recovered his composure and became convinced that the work which the lawyer disdained would be enthusiastically praised by connoisseurs. To his boisterous anger succeeded quiet wrath and a desire to be revenged on his insulter.

Suddenly he started, as a brilliant idea entered his head. The thought was as droll as it was brilliant. With a smile on his lips he replaced the picture on the easel and began to paint as feverishly as before. In next to no time a considerable change was noticeable. The face remained untouched, full of life, but the attitude became a little less stiff. The eyes lost somewhat of their defiant pride, the lips closed still tighter, the nose grew a little more hooked and the chin a little more distinctly pointed. Then the background was changed to resemble a prison wall with a grated cell window. The books, papers and pens disappeared, as well as the table. They were replaced by a wretched wooden trestle, on which were a crust of moldy bread and a bottle of dirty water. The rest of the furniture consisted of a dirty mattress.

The artist entitled this "In Prison For Debt" and signed his name in large, staring characters in a corner of the canvas.

Then he hired a carriage, put in the picture and drove off to find Signor Melchior, the well known picture dealer of Rue de la Madeleine, whose window was always surrounded by admiring crowds of the people of Brussels.

"I have got something here for you, which I think is pretty good. It is a study of a Shylock head. Will you put it in your window?"

"Certainly," replied the dealer, delighted at the idea of having a real Wiertz to exhibit in his window, "when shall I send for it?"

"I have it with me. Come and look at it."

Melchior was extravagantly delighted. It was superb. There would be a scramble for such a picture. What was to be the price? "I don't know yet," said Wiertz, who had an idea which he wanted to work out. "Place it well, and we'll see. If any one inquires about it, who seems really anxious to buy it, let me know."

The picture was immediately placed in a post of honor in the window and the crowd soon began to gather. The next morning all the papers were full of the new picture which was to be seen at Melchior's.

Now it happened that a friend of Van Speck's, in passing the window, cast an eye on the picture. "Great goodness!" he exclaimed, and within five minutes had informed Van Speck of what he had seen. That worthy at once hastened posthaste to the window to convince himself of what his friend told him.

Yes, it was he. Exactly. "In Prison For Debt." He, the most respected and respectable lawyer in Brussels. Was it possible that such a thing could be permitted? Pilloried by a beggarly artist in one of the most public places of the city. No; that was too much for flesh and blood. It must be put a stop to immediately. First of all, the artist must be compelled to withdraw his picture. Then they would see who would laugh last.

And the lawyer went off in a fury to see the artist.

Wiertz was idly lolling about in his easy chair, smoking an exquisite cigar, when Van Speck entered, furious, like an avenging whirlwind. "How d'you do, sir?" said the artist to the angry intruder. "To what do I owe the favor of your visit? Do you smoke? These are capital cigars."

"Sir," replied the lawyer, without deigning to notice the artist's attempts at civility, "let us get our affair settled promptly, please. At this moment there is exhibited in Melchior's window a picture which attracts the attention of every passerby and which is making me the laughing stock of the town. I want that stupid nonsense to cease immediately — immediately, sir, I repeat. You'll have the kindness, therefore, to order the picture to be removed from the window and brought back here to your house. Then I shall know what steps to take. Do you understand me?"

"Why, not perfectly, I must confess. I don't quite follow. There certainly is a picture of mine in Melchior's window, but I cannot see what harm or annoyance that can cause you—in fact, I fail to understand how it can affect you in any way. You say it is making you the laughing stock of the town, but then"—

"How dare you try to fool me thus? That picture, sir, is my portrait!"

"Your portrait?"

"Yes, my portrait. Completely and absolutely mine."

"I beg your pardon. Let us get at the facts. You came to me and asked me to paint your portrait, which I at last agreed to do for the sum of 3,000 francs, after considerable haggling on your part. Wishing to do you a pleasure, I painted you from memory, and thought I had succeeded pretty well. But you soon disabused my mind of that idea. You sent the picture back to me with the announcement—in writing, if you please—that there was nothing in common between your own honorable person and the picture which I had painted. Is that so, or is it not?" Master Van Speck, seeing that there was no loophole, remained silent.

"With that," continued Wiertz, "of course, I didn't consider that I had any obligations toward you, and, of course, I wanted to get the best possible price I could for my picture. I was at liberty to do that, I hope.'

Van Speck took two or three turns about the room, and then said:

"Look here. I don't like scandal of any kind, and I should like to arrange this matter amicably. I'll pay you the 3,000 francs and will withdraw the horror from the window."

"One moment," replied Wiertz, as he nonchalantly stretched out his feet and knocked the ash from the end of his cigar. "You must know that the improvements which have been made to the picture since it left your hands have considerably augmented its value. It is an exceedingly fine work and very impressive. It has cost me a lot of work and study. It did not come of itself. I may confess, entre nous, that I consider it to be the most valuable of all my works. In short, I will not part with it for 3,000 francs, nor yet for 10,000, nor even for 12,000. I won't take anything less than 15,000 francs."

And Wiertz looked at the lawyer with an earnestness which was crushing.

Van Speck burst forth into loud ejaculation and expostulation.

"Fifteen thousand francs! But you must be mad! Where could you find an idiot to pay 15,000 francs for such a fright? It's scandalous, sir, to push a man to such extremities, particularly a man of my character and standing—an eminently respectable lawyer, a captain of the civic guard. Fifteen thousand francs! I must say again that you must be mad.'

"Allow me to interrupt. You live from your legal documents, and you make as much as you can out of them. I live from my brush, and I don't see that I am acting in any way reprehensibly if I try to make as much as I can out of my painting, especially when I know that it is worth the money. So the fixed price is 15,000 francs, sir. Not a sou less. Take it or leave it, as you please."

"Then I'll leave it, and you may go to the"— The last word was fortunately cut off short by the violent slamming of the door, as the enraged lawyer rushed from the room. His avarice had got the better of him.

When, however, he reached the street, Van Speck paused to give audience to feelings which were unpleasant, but which he couldn't stifle. He reflected that if the picture remained on view he would get to be more and more the laughing stock of all, until at last he would not be able to venture his head out of doors. Such an occurrence must be prevented at any cost. It would be better, after all, to make the best bargain with necessity and submit with all the calmness possible to the painful inevitable. But 15,000 francs was an enormous price. It would certainly make him ill to pay so much. After all, he was in the snare, and he would have to submit to his captor's terms. "All's fair in love and war," sighed he.

He retraced his steps to Wiertz's atelier and entering said:

"I've thought the matter over again, and I'll accept your terms. I'll take the picture at 15,000 francs. You can have the money whenever you like."

Wiertz rose slowly from his seat with:

"Sir, you are too good, and I really ought to thank you warmly for your generosity. But do you know, since you went out, I, too, have thought the matter over, and I have had an inspiration."

The lawyer shivered. He began to feel a wholesome awe of the artist's ideas, and he presaged another misfortune.

"What idea?" he asked anxiously.

"I've been thinking that the more my picture is seen the more it will gain in value. I have a great mind to let it stay in Melchior's window for a fortnight or so and then advertise it for a lottery, at 100 sous per ticket. I should also send it round the town—show it round the streets. I am sure I should gain greatly by it."

Van Speck looked at Wiertz with terror.

"You would never do that!"

"Why not? At 100 sous per ticket, and with public taste in my favor, I should certainly dispose of a great number of tickets. I am so sure that it would be a brilliant success that I won't relinquish the idea for less than 30,000 francs—cash down."

The unfortunate Van Speck had another access of anger. He felt a prompting to fall on the painter and beat him to death with his heavy walking stick. But on second thoughts the lawyer thought that the artist was a little too muscular and might possibly save complication by thrashing him, so he decided to desist. So, instead, he alternately stormed and besought. It couldn't be possible that the artist was so stony as to pillory him to that extent—make him still more of a laughing stock by sending that miserable caricature round the streets. And Van Speck begged his tormentor to have mercy.

"Here," he said, "is a draft for 30,000 francs on my banker. Give me formal authorization to take the picture out of Melchior's window."

The artist could not hold out against such earnest entreaty, so he finally yielded.

On the following day he cashed the check. He retained 3,000 francs, the price originally agreed upon. The balance he distributed among the poor.

As to Van Speck, he tore down to Melchior's in Rue de la Madeleine, got the hated picture, which he took home with him, and bursting into a fit of fury he danced upon it and then hacked it with a knife until it was in rags. All the time he was cursing his folly which had led him to pay 30,000 francs for a picture to destroy.—Translated From the French For Short Stories.

Science Originated by the Church.

Save some knowledge of medicinal herbs and special animal products, with perhaps a little information about minerals, often joined with such observations of weather signs as enables them to foresee coming changes, and so apparently to bring rain or sunshine, there is little to be named as rudimentary science among the medicine men—or quasi priests—of savages. Only when there has arisen that settled life which yields facilities for investigation and for transmitting the knowledge gained can we expect priests to display a character approaching to the scientific. Hence we pass at once to early civilizations.

Evidence from the books of ancient India may first be set down. Demonstration is yielded by it that science was originally a part of religion. Both astronomy and medicine, says Weber, "received their first impulse from the exigencies of religious worship." More specific, as well as wider, is the following statement of Dr. Thibaut: "The want of some rule by which to fix the right time for the sacrifices gave the first impulse to astronomical observations. Urged by this want the priest remained watching night after night the advance of the moon and day after day the alternate progress of the sun toward the north and the south. The laws of phonetics were investigated because the wrath of the gods followed the wrong pronunciation of a single letter of the sacrificial formulas. Grammar and etymology had the task of securing the right understanding of the holy texts." Further, according to Dutt, "geometry was developed in India from the rules for the construction of altars."—Herbert Spencer in Popular Science Monthly.

Setting the Thanksgiving Table.

The table should be spread with snowy napery, the glass and silver polished to the last degree of cleanliness and brilliancy, and every detail perfect before any edibles are served. If there are girls or boys in the house, get them to cut branches of red and gold leaves, if such a thing still exists. Chrysanthemums are usually beautiful and inexpensive at this time of year, and a low bowl of them in yellow in the center of the table is very effective. And everything must be hot, piping hot, and served in a dignified manner—not banged on in the fashion which certain country maids think adds to the friendly feeling of a family dinner.—Selected.

Enter His Gates With Praise.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name."—Psalm c. 4.

LINCOLN LOVED ANNE RUTLEDGE.

And After Her Death He Was For a Time Insane.

When and how Lincoln met Anne Rutledge is not known, but the period of his first great happiness and sorrow closed in 1835 when he was clerking with Green in the grocery. He boarded at the hotel kept at that time by Anne Rutledge's father. Rutledge came to Salem from Kentucky in 1829 and helped build the first mill.

Anne was one of three children born in Kentucky. She was a beautiful girl, buxom and strong. Her skin was waxen white, her eyes deep blue, her hair red brown. She was tender, gentle and lovable, and even Aunt Sallie Mullins, who seemed to love nobody, spoke kindly of Anne.

The story of Anne's engagement to marry John McNamara, alias McNeil, has been told by Mr. Herndon. Why McNamara assumed a false name when he came to Salem was never known. It appeared finally that he was an honest man and honorable.

He had confessed his true name to her after their engagement, and in order to put himself right before her he returned to his home in the east, promising to come back by a certain time and to bring his parents with him.

He did return to Salem, but through mishaps and delays long after the time fixed. He found his sweetheart in her grave and his rival, Lincoln, insane.

It was during McNamara's absence that Lincoln met Anne and loved her.

He could not ask her to marry him. She was pledged to another, and he could not allow her to break that pledge.

There was a time when they were happy in their love and took long walks together in the evening along the high bluff of the river's shore, and Anne was cheery at her work, and Lincoln forgot his book and stood in the doorway of the grocery looking toward the hotel. He was waiting for Anne to come to the well, when he would meet her and draw the water for her and carry the bucket to the kitchen door.

This was before the time set by McNamara for his return. Undoubtedly Anne had agreed to tell McNamara of her love for Lincoln and to ask for her release.

The time for his return came and passed. The weeks dragged on, and the lovers looked into each other's eyes and read what they believed to be the truth —McNamara would never come back. Anne would never be released from her promise.

A great melancholy came over Lincoln, as he saw his love escaping from his arms—a melancholy that never left him, and that came often in the weary after years to overspread and crush him. And poor Anne Rutledge, simple hearted, tender girl, could not long withstand the contagion of his mood. Struggling with love and duty and despair, she withered and sickened, and in August, 1835, she died.

She was buried in the old Concord church yard, and Lincoln, a madman, followed her to her grave.

There is no doubt of Lincoln's insanity over the death of his sweetheart. For weeks his friends watched him closely, and for a time he was confined in the house of Bowlin Greene.

William Greene, Lincoln's closest friend in Salem, first told in 1887 of Lincoln's insanity.

"Long after Annie died," said Uncle Billy, "Abe and I would be alone, perhaps in the grocery, on a rainy night, and Abe would sit there, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, the tears dropping through his fingers. I would say to him: 'Abe, don't cry. It hurts me.' And he would look up at me with his streaming eyes and say: 'I can't help it, Bill. The rain is falling on her.'"—Boston Globe.

A Lost Portrait of Stevenson.

The work of Mr. St. Gaudens seems the best, both in point of likeness and of artistic merit. An ardent admirer of Stevenson's work, he had always declared he would go a thousand miles to do his portrait if ever he got the chance. But in 1888 the subject came to New York, and Mr. St. Gaudens was able to make the studies for the head and right hand. Several months later, however, he had to travel some little distance to make his notes of the left hand. But so great was the stress of his work, so fastidious his taste, and so severe his conscience that it was not until the autumn of 1893 that the sculptor was able to finish the medallion to his own satisfaction. The original the artist retains himself. Another copy adorns the mantelpiece at Vailima, in sight of Mr. Sargent's portrait.

But the original copy presented to the sitter by the artist has vanished into the unknown. It was by mistake directed to R. L. Stevenson, Sydney, Australia, and, as nobody had ever heard of such a person there, it is surmised to have been at last sold by auction—purchaser unknown, probably some marine store dealer. But it would be satisfactory to trace this if possible.—Athenæum.

Seasons In South America.

A Philadelphian recently returned from an extended tour of South America tells an interesting story of the queer climatic conditions prevailing in certain parts of the lower half of this continent. "Of course it is pretty well known," says he, "that while the people north of the equator are suffering the rigors of winter those people living south of that imaginary line are in the midst of summer, and vice versa. This rule, however, so far as South America is concerned, applies only to the coast, for in the mountains of the interior a peculiar condition of affairs exists. Up in the Andes the natives are in the midst of winter when midsummer prevails on the coast, and when winter reaches the coast it is summer in the mountains. Of course neither the coast nor mountain winter is very severe, but the distinction between the two seasons is decidedly marked. It is a very remarkable climatic condition."—Philadelphia Record.

How Vermont Turkeys Are Fattened.

There is a tradition that the turkey of Vermont lives sumptuously the last three weeks of his earthly career on a prepared food of ground corn and chestnut meal, and that the course of high living produces a delicacy and subtle deliciousness of flavor when he is roasted and basted that decidedly lifts him as a dinner dish wholly out of the realm of the commonplace. He is not easily obtainable, for this process of fattening is followed only on a few farms, as it is expensive.—New York Sun.

She—I understand Going has had an oil painting made of that horse of his.

He—You mean that balky horse?

She—Yes; and it was so natural that when the artist touched it up it refused to move.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cynic Explains.

LAST OF POKER FLAT

BUT SIX CABINS REMAIN OF THE FAMOUS MINING TOWN.

Doesn't Look Much Like the Booming Camp of 1852—The Man Who Sold His Wife and Laid the Foundations of a Large Fortune—Evil Omen of the Snow Plant.

Half an hour of slow descent, and we reach the head of the canyon by a sharp turn in the trail. At last we are in Poker Flat, the wild mining camp of 1852, that turned out $700,000 in gold bullion in a single month, and then celebrated the event with a triple hanging. It was Poker Flat, too, that experienced a spasm of virtue soon after the tragic affair, and under its regenerating influence sent forth the outcast wanderers of Bret Harte's story to die of cold and starvation on the snowbound road to Sandy Bar. There are no Oakhursts at Poker Flat now, and Uncle Billy has no counterpart in the present population, for the very simple reason that there are no sluice boxes to rob and no money to win over the gaming table. Of "Mother Shiptons," however, there are several.

Our greeting was not cordial. Mr. Rugg laid it all to the snowy plants which we had gathered, and going into mountain lore told of families that had been separated by taking this bulb of evil omen into the sacred precincts of the home. To carry a snow plant is to have bad luck. Conceal it as you will, those with whom you come in contact will somehow divine your secret and shun you accordingly. Your pay streak will peter out, you will never hold more than one small pair, the slickens men from Marysville will catch you napping over a monitor, and most likely your wife will run away with a tin horn gambler, who will turn out later as a confirmed sluice robber—all this if you carry a snow plant. So runs the folklore of the hills.

On the porch of one of the six houses that now constitute the town of Poker Flat a large, red faced woman sat in a rocking chair, smoking a clay pipe. She wore a short green dress that fell an inch or so below the tops of a pair of strong cowhide boots, to which were attached heavy brass spurs, a paper collar, cravat and faded straw hat.

Thickly covered with chaparral, with here and there patches of wild sunflowers and lupine, interspersed with prospect holes, the slope presented a scene of utter ruin. Some of the graves have wooden headboards, others are marked by stakes, while many have nothing at all. There are eight people in the town and 80 sleeping in this ruined ground. Nearly all of them were laid to rest without religious rites of any kind other than the reading of a chapter from the Bible by Charles Pond. Pond was a professional gambler, but was always selected for this service on account of his fine voice and oratorical effect.

"The boys always liked Pond," said Henry Waggoner, one of the old settlers of Poker Flat. "He could read better than any one else, and so he did the burying, and at times business in this line was exceedingly lively. Twice a year a priest used to come over from Downieville, but we could not always wait for an ordained clergyman. Things went with a rush in those days, and the climate of Poker Flat seemed to be conducive to sudden death."

Gold was discovered in Poker Flat in 1852, and two years later 2,000 people had gathered in this rich canyon. There were 15 stores, five hotels, three dance halls and seven gambling houses. In 1856 a circus came to town and sold 1,500 tickets at $20 each. The following year a man named Joslyn picked up a nugget worth $4,000. To celebrate his good luck he got full and offered the whole piece to his partner in exchange for the latter's wife. The man accepted, and without the formality of divorce proceedings Joslyn and the woman were married and left town. Two days later he committed suicide at Gibsonville. His former partner also left town and bought some land near San Jose. Two years ago on Aug. 22 he died wealthy and respected at a good old age, but it is doubtful if more than half a dozen people in the world knew how the foundation of his fortune was laid.

Henderson's big iron safe, over which the noted faro dealer shed his heart's blood in defending his money in September, 1867, stands a ruin by the trail, half buried in the sand, just above the Bittinger house.

Poker Flat will not last long, and when the pioneers have all been gathered to their fathers this lively and romantic camp of early days will be forgotten and given over again to be a safe and sheltered feeding spot for wild deer. —San Francisco Call.

One Hundred Rubber Bands a Minute.

There is a sharp chap about town who is making money with both hands, as it were. His stock in trade consists of a piece of rubber hose, a pair of scissors and a tongue which works with exceeding smoothness. He drops in on business men and asks them if they are in need of rubber bands. If so, he will give them the very best sort for $1 for 500. The average man is likely to say that he has no use for so large a supply, and that starts the conversation. He of the rubber hose, scissors and tongue says that he can supply any number of rubber bands of the best quality on the spot. He can furnish 100 in a minute if the customer wants them, and he adds that he will cut them from his hose right then and there. The customer says he cannot do it, and the rubber band man smiles and says he has a dollar lurking somewhere in his pockets that says he can. More than one man has put up his dollar on this game, only to lose it, fairly and squarely, for the rubber band "fiend" gets out his scissors and goes through his piece of hose even as the hungry boy goes through a pumpkin pie. Those who have seen the operation say that it is easy for him to slice off 100 neat little rubber rings in 60 seconds.—Springfield Republican.

Willing to Join.

Old Mr. B., who lived in Bangor several years ago, was called "very close," but grasping as he was, he never would accept intoxicating liquor of any kind. One day he was asked to drink with several of his neighbors at the village store, where drinks were sold at 10 cents each. "No, I thank ye," he replied. "I never drink, gentlemen. But if it's all the same to you, I'll take a gimlet instead." —Bangor (Me.) News.

"I say, Pat," said Mike, throwing down his shovel, "do you think if ye were to stand on this side of the street and look across to the other ye could see the side—walk?"

"Mebbe I could and mebbe I couldn't," replied Pat with a smile. "And supposin ye were on the other side, do ye think uf ye did yer best ye could see the marble—step?"—Philadelphia Call.

Too Many Drugs.

"The primary cause of so many cases of grip in this and other cities," said the examining physician of one of the large life insurance companies in New York to a Mercury reporter, "is the almost universal habit of drug taking, from the milder tonics to patent medicines. Whenever the average men or women feel depressed or slightly ill, they resort at once to some medicine more or less strong. If they would try to find out the cause of the trouble and seek to obviate it by regulating their mode of living, the general health of the community would be better. This drug habit tends continually to lower the tone of the system. The more it is indulged in the more apparent becomes the necessity of continuing the downhill course. The majority of persons do not look beyond the fact that they seem to feel better after the use of a stimulating drug or patent medicine. This feeling comes from the ben