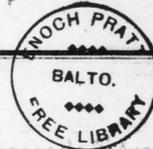


The Port Tobacco Times.



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An Interesting Story.

PAINTED FROM MEMORY.

When I was younger in my profession than I am now, Dresden was my favorite holiday resort. In the quiet and slow flowing life-current of that old world home of the fine arts, I frequently sought and found relaxation from the strain of work-a-day months in London.

One January night found me seated—cold, traveled-stained and weary—in the train at Hamburg, en route for my old resort. Experience had taught me that in Germany, a fellow traveler implies an instantaneous deprivation of the quantum of fresh air necessary to keep the lungs in play. So, calling the guard, I requested that I might be secure from intrusion. Touching his cap with a laconic "gut," he pocketed a douchon and locked me in. The train started. For a few moments we stop at a wayside station. I consulted my watch. How cold it grows as the day draws his last shivering breath. Strange at this hour the springs of being are at their lowest in all that lives, whilst, in mystic sympathy with the dying day, life is spilt out of those in whose cup are only its lees. I wrap my cloak around me.

Once more we were on the point of starting, when the door I imagined securely locked, was gently and easily opened. A lady entered and seated herself opposite me. Below my breath I confounded the guard for a false Deutscher, and reflected how extraordinary it was that the intruder should be a woman; for abroad the fair sex have special traveling compartments, where no man dare put in an appearance and vice versa. In the confusion of starting she had doubtless mistaken her carriage, and now, perhaps, felt uncomfortable.

As the cold each moment increased, I offered her one of my warm wraps, addressing a few conventional words to her on the topic of the weather. "Thank you," she said, in a quiet and perfectly self-possessed voice, "but indeed I do not feel the cold you speak of." A story is often told in the tone of a voice—and the tone of this one was peculiar. Unmistakably English, and well-bred; but there was no ring in it, only a certain hopelessness sufficiently pathetic. She had evidently noticed some of my smaller professional belongings in the netting above me, for, as I silently pondered what manner of woman she was, she thus addressed me:

"You are an artist?"
"I am."

"Could you paint a portrait from memory?"

"Most certainly."
She removed the thick veil that concealed her face, and laid aside her bonnet. The light from the lamp fell full on her. She had a lovely face, but it was cold and white and still as chiseled marble. She encountered the bold, steady gaze of masculine eyes, yet no tinge of color flickered on her cheek. A mass of ruddy-brown hair was coiled around her shapely head; large brown eyes, full of the dumb, questioning pain I have seen in the eyes of a hunted deer at bay, looked out from between dark lashes.

Marring the stainless white of the left cheek, a livid mark ran from the temple into the neck—it almost looked as if a stinging riding-switch had been drawn swift and sharp across the face, burning its brand into the delicate flesh. Her dress was of black velvet, and around the throat and wrists were ruffles of costly lace. "Yours," I said, "is not a face to be forgotten. I could any day paint your portrait from memory."

"Will you do so?"
"Certainly, if you desire it."
"I do especially desire it."

I took out my note-book and entered a memorandum. "Promised to paint the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th night of January, 18—." She watched me make this entry, and resuming her bonnet and veil, she fell into silence.

As I sat opposite this beautiful, statuesque woman, a strange sensation stole over me. Underneath that concealing veil there was a still, white face, with stricken eyes that haunted me and sent a chill to my heart. God help her, I thought, for life has been cruel to her. Then I mused on the singular

promise I had come under—to paint her portrait from memory.

Would she come and claim the picture? Was I to send it to her? And where? I must come to some finding before we part. Meantime, in the first gray dawn, the train stopped at Berlin where we changed carriages. For a moment I turned to gather together my small impedimenta; when I resumed my position I was the sole occupant of the compartment. Hoping to encounter my sometime companion in the crowded station, I made haste to get out. My efforts were in vain, I was locked in. Presently the guard came with his key and let me out. "There is trickery here," I said, in some heat. "A lady turned the handle of your locked door easily enough, and has been my traveling companion since midnight."

"Impossible!" and the guard shrugged his shoulders incredulously. The key had been in his pocket all the time. I shook my head, but there was no time for parley, and without another glimpse of the fair incognita, I resumed my journey.

Once more in Dresden, and amidst the realism of the old familiar life, the midnight episode of my journey began to fade into a trick of a fevered and over-wearied brain. And as I glanced at the entry in my note-book, I reflected how completely a disordered imagination may fool a man. At the same time, I resolved some leisure day to trace out my dream on canvas; but absorbed in immediate study, I then postponed my intention. Weeks rolled on, and I went to Berlin to look up a college chum, who was temporarily located at that city. When I got to his quarters, Unter den Linden, I found that some weeks previously he had been hastily recalled to England, and another Englishman reigned in his stead. As I turned from the door slightly chagrined, I encountered the tenant of Locksley's rooms, evidently returning from a stroll.

A fine old man of the genuine type of courtly English gentlemen, now rarely to be met. He politely accosted me, and in a few words I told him of my disappointment. "Do confer a kindness on me," he said, "and stop and dine. I am quite alone, and it is pleasant to hear one's mother tongue in this land of strangers."

We exchanged cards, and I accepted this invitation as cordially as it was offered. By degrees we fell into the most amicable relations with one another; and presently he told me, with tears in his eyes, that within the last few weeks he had been bereft of a wife and daughter—all he had of best and loveliest, and was quite alone.

Then I strove to turn his sad thoughts into another channel, and by-and-by we fell into art talk.

"Could you, Mr. Stanley," said my host, "paint a portrait from minute verbal description?" I feared not, but would try. On a whatnot at the other end of the room I found paper and colors, and I brought my materials to the table where we sat over our wine. "Now, Mr. St. John, describe and I will draw. In a hushed voice he minutely detailed the items of a face. I made my sketch. No, it was rejected as unlike. Another—alike unsuccessful. A verbal description failed to give my pencil the power of catching the expression of the dear familiar face.

"They tell me," said the old man, in a low, moody tone, as if he unconsciously thought aloud, "they tell me that at the last she bore the mark of a cruel blow on her cheek. She, my tender, one eye lamb, that I was fain to shelter in my bosom from every rough wind that blew."

Overwhelmed by a bitter tide of recollection, the old man covered his face with his hands and sank into silence. Those few anguished words, dropping like blood from a wounded heart, at once recalled the face of the unknown traveling companion of my midnight journey. Once more I saw before me the pale, perfect face, with sorrowful eyes and a livid mark on the left cheek. At last I fulfilled my neglected promise, and taking my pencil, I rapidly sketched her portrait from memory. Silently I placed my work before Mr. St. John. "It is she! it is Emmie—my darling, my darling!" he cried, and again and again he kissed the senseless paper on which was traced the lineaments of one who was very dear. "You have seen her then, for no such

powerful likeness could otherwise be produced. You have caught the very trick of the half drooped eyelids."

"Yes," I said, slowly. "I have seen her. And what is more, on the 20th night of January last, I promised, at her request, to take her portrait from memory." "Good God! It is impossible. On the 20th night of January she died." I felt like a man in a dream. With a slight shiver I recalled the pallor, the chill, the whiteness of the face of my traveling companion. Was this faithful sketch the vivid remembrance of a dead face? I took out my note book and showed Mr. St. John the entry—"Promised to paint the portrait of a lady from memory, this 20th night of January, 18—." A deep silence brooded over us. As soon as possible I made my adieu. I returned to Dresden, and, once more in my studio, I hastened to paint a full length portrait of the mysterious presence that haunted me day and night. I should get rid of it that way. At rapid rate I worked, the picture was soon completed. I threw all the cunning of hand and brain into the task, and my knowledge of art told me my labor had not been in vain. In each detail I painted the picture as I had last seen my mysterious sitter, save that, in this portrait, no unlovely scar marred the delicate oval of the cheek. Anxious to see it placed in Mr. St. John's possession, I had it carefully packed, and I myself took it to Berlin. I was fortunate to find the old man at home and as I begged his acceptance of the work of my pencil, his cordial satisfaction more than repaid me for the toil of the last few weeks.

"I think it is due to you, Mr. Stanley," he said, "that you should know something of the history of the lady whose portrait you have so admirably painted, and under circumstances so peculiar." It cost him an evident effort to say these words, and I begged him to spare himself a recital that I felt must be painful, but he persisted in giving me the following rapid life sketch:—
Emmie was our only child, and the fondest love of our hearts trained about her. During an autumn's wandering on the Continent, we met Baron Wolfstein—gay, young, handsome, and knowing well how best to wile away a woman's heart, he won our Emmie's love. And we who loved her better than we loved ourselves, gave her up, although we knew that in the very act, we tore down our life's joy with our own hands. Well, her lover was of good birth, rich, of excellent reputation, and as devoted to Emmie as she was to him. And for her sake, we plucked our one, sweet English rose from the parent stem, and Wolfstein bore her off in triumph to his chateau in the Black Forest. The world called hers a brilliant part; but there was no brilliancy left for the mother and me. Without her, house and hearts were dark and chill. The events of our days were her letters—at first they were all sunshine and full of husband's praises. After a while, we fancied they drooped a little in their cheery tone, her husband's name was more rarely mentioned, and at last he was quite ignored. Time after time it was arranged that she should come to us, and time after time her visit was delayed on some paltry excuse. We had not seen the face of our darling for a year. We could bare the separation no longer. We should go to the her. When so far as Berlin, my wife was seized violently ill. I wrote to Wolfstein and Emmie of our distress—no response came to my cry for succor.

On the morning of the 21st of January I bent over my wife to moisten her fevered lips with a little wine. "Edward she said, taking my hand in hers, "Emmie was with me in the night." "Darling, you were dreaming," I said soothingly. "It was no dream, husband; she stood where you stand now. Her dress was of black velvet, with lace about the throat and wrists. She looked sad, and oh! so cold, and down one cheek there was a horrid mark—" "Mother," she said, "you have no portrait, not even a photograph, to remind you of poor Emmie. I shall send you one." And before I could speak, or lay my hands in hers, she was gone.

From her rapid pulse I knew fever was working in her veins, and fearing this was the raving of delirium, I soothed her as best I could. Just then a servant entered the room; she held that in her hand we had cause to dread—a telegram. I tore it open, and as my eye learned its contents, a groan burst from my lips. "Emmie is dead," said my wife, quietly. "I knew it, dear." It was even so.

This blow rapidly extinguished the flickering life of the mother, and she, too, quickly followed Emmie. After this sad event, I arranged to go to Wolfstein's chateau. He had taken no notice of my various letters; but I concluded that stunned by grief, the poor fellow was unable to attend to his ordinary duties of life. In this fellowship of sorrow, together we should mingle our tears.

On my way to the railway station, I encountered Susan, Emmie's faithful maid, who had been with her young mistress before and since her marriage. The girl was weary and worn with fatigue, and her once bright, English face was white and scarred. She stretched her hands towards me. "Mr. St. John! Mr. St. John!" then she fell down in a swoon. I had her conveyed to my rooms, and after administering restoratives, she recovered, and in a few terrible words she told me of my child.

For two or three months after marriage all was sunshine, then the fickle nature of the Baron began to assert itself, and he became a very devil of causeless jealousy and malice. Every letter Emmie wrote was read before it left the chateau. She was debarred from going into society—she was permitted to see no one save in the presence of her husband, who watched her as a tiger watches his prey. Then he took to drinking, and playing heavily; but she, hoping to win him back to her, still, with her hands and with sweet obsessions, endeavored to be gentle and good to him. But it was no use. He would not be soothed. He returned from a ball, and she ran to meet him. He was in a fit of drunken fury, and he threw her and stranger girls from his riding-switch and she fell on the face—the cowardly villain! He did not care, but, under the lash, she slowly drooped.

On the night she moaned with pain that she should not see father or mother again, and they had no picture even to remember her by. But they shall have one—they shall have one, and thus saying, she died.

When the master of the chateau saw her dead, remorse burned into his soul and drove him mad, and he was a raving maniac. And at last Susan escaped from the chateau to tell the secrets of his prison house. As Mr. St. John rapidly sketched these tragic outlines, great drops of anguish stood on his forehead, and when I bade him farewell his hand was as cold as death. In the din and confusion of this shouting world, I lost sight of my friend, and some years after our reconcence at Berlin, I was pained to read an intimation of his death in the "Times." Shortly after this melancholy announcement, a letter from the solicitors of the deceased Mr. St. John, informed me that he had bequeathed me a full length portrait of his only daughter.

And this is the story of the picture of the lady with the pale, sad face, that hangs in my library. But sometimes I think I only dream the tragic tale. —"Charing Cross Magazine."

The story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds, one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds, and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up—not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

Watertown, N. Y., has purchased a second-hand hearse to convey prisoners to the lock-up.

Poetry.

This Year—Next Year—Sometime—Never.

BY EDWARD ELLIS.

"This year—next year—sometime—never," Gaily did she tell; Roseleaf after roseleaf ever Edried round and fell.

"This year"—and she blushed demurely, "That would be too soon, He could wait a little, surely— 'Tis already June."

"Next year—that's almost too hurried," Laughingly said she; "For when once a girl is married, No more is she free."

"Sometime—that is vague, long waiting, Many a trouble brings; 'Tis delaying and debating, Love might use his wings."

"Never—word of evil omen!" And she sighed, "Heigh-ho!" 'Tis the hardest lot for women Lone through life to go.

"This year," ah, the dear months bless her For that year he came, Won her love and fondly press'd her Soon to change her name.

"Next year"—early in the May-time Was to be the day; Look'd she sweetly toward that gay time Gleaming far away.

"Sometime"—he who watched beside her, Shadows o'er her life Saw creeping on, knew that denied her Was the name of wife.

"Never"—crown'd with bridal flowers Came that merry Spring, Ere those rich and radiant hours She had taken wing.

"This year" hearts are bow'd by sorrow, "Next year"—some forget, "Sometime" comes that golden morn "Never" earth saw yet.

For the Port Tobacco Times.

LET US SEE OURSELVES AS WE ARE.

BY MISS F. A. F.

One of the advocates of centralization, Mr. O. P. Morton, who would, we think, see things in a far different light if he were subjected to a regime of ice water applications to the head, uses the following language: "The national reproach has been washed out in rivers of blood, it is true, but the sins of the world were atoned for by the blood of the Saviour, and the expiation of blood seems to be the grand economy of nature, founded on wisdom to mortals insupportable."

How revolting! To hear a man with instincts like a Robespierre, utter such language and calling it love of his species! Sickly patriotism, false philanthropy, horrible theology! We think he reads his Bible to but little purpose, if he thus warps and perverts its holy teachings to sanction outrage, robbery and murder. This bloody-mindedness is not characteristic of the American people. Whence then did it come? Away with it! Teach it not to your children, lest you call down upon their innocent heads the anger of God. Our blessed Saviour's life and teachings embodied nothing but peace and mercy. He never uttered one word that would sanction taking life at all, and finite, sinful man, if he sacrificed millions of lives, could not atone for a solitary sin, nor could the shedding of blood save a human soul. This is why *Deity* came down to Calvary. The dear Redeemer, by his suffering and death, forever done away with the ceremonial law, and laid down the grand fundamental principle, "do unto others," &c. If this perfect rule were followed there would be no more wars, no sorrow, no tears. The "expiation of blood" is no longer "the grand economy of nature," and that cause can never prosper upon which rests its deep and ineffaceable stain.

But Mr. Morton makes further use of the sacred volume, and quotes almost literally from the words of Him "who spake as never man spake," to enforce his sanguinary oratory. He says: "From the tomb of the rebellion a nation has been born again, old things have passed away and all things have become new." What does he mean? That with the new birth, which he says we have experienced, we are to forget our great past with its inspiring remembrances and stainless independence? Forget our single-hearted forefathers, their noble lives and peaceful deaths? Forget Washington, and, instead, venerate the unhappy, misguided Lincoln? Forget Allen, Putnam and Lee; and revere Butler, Meade and Milroy? Forget Warren and Jasper, that the blood of the one enriches the soil of Bunker Hill, while the verdure over the lonely grave of the other is kept green by the warmth of the southern sun. Are we to forget the horrors at Valley Forge, the wintery march thro' New Jersey, the bravely fought battles of Germantown, Monmouth, Princeton, Brandywine and Trenton—of King's Mountain, Cowpens and Sullivan's Island, and point the way to the records of Ball's Bluff, Gettysburg and Malvern Hills—the want, destitution and sickness without medical aid, and all the calamities of the late fratricidal war? May we not weep when we draw a parallel between the guerrilla warfare which the inveterate policy of Lincoln forced upon the people of the South, with the far different achievements of "Marion and his men?"

Nor shed a tear, when we compare the sad, solemn, beautiful strains of "there's life in the old land yet," which must have been written by one whose heart was breaking; with the entrancing melody of the "Middleton boys," to which our fathers marched to die, at Lundy's Lane? If we are to stand among our monuments and graves and say, let the waves of Lethe roll above them, what is the glorious past to us?

We have entered upon a new era. Then we say into this oblivion we cannot plunge our souls, for these sweet but mournful memories are the "old things" that with us can never pass away. And we beg leave to differ from the enthusiastic persons who celebrated the great Peace Jubilee, just after the war, with regard to our fitness for "millennial glory," and must say that we think this the strangest of all their hallucinations. Do they forget that the moccasin of the wary Indian never rests; that his wrongs have reached the ear of Omnipotence, and that while (although some show of tardy justice has latterly been shown him) the cruel policy of our government has ever kept alive all the savage instincts of his nature, and church spires lit up by the rising and the setting sun, are glistening upon either side of his wild domain, and the loudly pealing organ almost reaches his ears! How few there are with the Christian heroism to take to him the Gospel in its simplicity, to kneel with him in his lonely wigwam with sad evidences of his neglected condition all around him, to tell him of, and aid him to prepare for a home in his "many mansions" awaiting him in his "Father's house" above! And that, while almost all missionary effort is directed to distant and savage islands, this poor, hunted, panting brother, when he stands where we must all stand with the cold waters of death touching his weary feet, still looks beyond its dark flood to a land of rest, conceived of by his poetic but fallen nature, where the sweet enchantment of the Indian summer does not give place to the chill blasts of winter, and where the beloved squaw and bright-eyed pappoose look out for him from the door of the hunter's lodge by the blue lakes in the far-off "hunting grounds"—the poor red man's Heaven.

Do they think of the barbarities inflicted on the unoffending Asiatics who were sent to the penal colonies, the vicious classes from Europe to seek our shores; the grievous falling away from reverence for the Bible, and consequently from pure evangelical piety, the abominations of Mormonism; the alarming extension of infidelity; the infamy of morals? They speak adoringly of the "stars and stripes," and seem to forget that they have waved over fields of carnage in the sunny South—and rapturously quote from the "Star Spangled Banner" those heart-stirring words: "Our flag is still there"—words which were wont to thrill with proud enthusiasm and love of country the gallant hearts now mouldered to dust in untimely graves—the martyred Confederate dead. Let us say to those warriors from whose desolating track over the hapless South this crushed nation has scarcely yet arisen, and who are fond of quoting "Our flag is still there," Look again, ye ruthless soldiers, for we think your vision is obscured by the smoke that ever ascends from Southern homesteads, from whose sheltering rooftree you drove trembling age, helpless infancy, and sweet young maidenhood. We see but a shattered staff, from whose once proud pinnacle the glorious eagle has long since flown, but upon its place has perched a sable raven, and as they point to the old once proud banner whose clammy folds beat heavily upon the shuddering air, while loud shouts rend the skies, the ominous bird silently flaps his wings and looks down upon its crimson ground. May God grant that in consequence of the military despotism which has so long been crushing the life throbs from Southern hearts, our nationality may not be dying! For its death will be a terrible one; its last agonies will convulse the world, and at its grave, angels, though unseen by us, will stand and weep.—Dear morning of our country's day, is the bright light which lit up thy green shores with early golden beauty, so soon giving place to blackness and storms, and thy dear melodies changing to a funeral dirge, mingling with the deep anthems of eternity! As with weeping eyes and clasped hands we stand looking upon the broken idols, we cannot but remember the solemn injunction of Holy Writ—"Let us use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of it passeth away."

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present time," says he. "And what sort of place is it?" says she. "Faix," said he, "it's a sort of half-way house between you and heaven; and I stand it mighty aisy after leaving you."

The young man who sat down last night in front of the residence of a nervous old couple and hoarsely sang "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," must have been praying for rain, for he got wet.

How to Make a Mustard Plaster.

How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred, at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application, never telling anybody how to make them, for the simple reason that doctors themselves do not know, as a rule. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster as that makes it simply abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now a mustard plaster should never make a blister at all. If a blister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard for the purpose. When you make a mustard plaster, then, use no water whatever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part. For this we have the word of an old and eminent physician, as well as our own experience.

How Women can Save Money.

I know a young dressmaker who persuaded a neighbor to lend her money enough to make the first payment on a sewing machine. She found all the dress making she could attend to, at double her usual price per day, and in a few months the machine was hers, and she began to save money. Your wife may not be able to do such housework, but she can run a sewing machine with ease. In a few months she would save enough to pay for an extra servant, and pay for the sewing machine also. She could make all your pants, coats, vests, etc., besides her own clothes, and thus save enough on tailors' and dressmakers' bills to pay for the machine. My advice is to every young lady who has only a few dollars in money, to expend it towards purchasing a good sewing machine.—*Author of Country Homes.*

It is not unusual to find the owner of a sewing machine earning from \$50 to \$75 a month. Instead of a half dollar for a day's work extended far into the night, an operator now receives from three to five times that sum for a day of reasonable length. W. C. BRENT, Port Tobacco, offers the world-renowned Elias Howe Machines on very easy terms. In fact, no one now can have any excuse for longer doing without a Sewing Machine. Full and thorough instruction given at the house of the customer and satisfaction guaranteed.

To Keep Tomatoes for Winter Use.

A correspondent at Webster, New York, sends the *Rural New Yorker* the following: "As the tomato season is approaching I can contribute one way of keeping them for winter use that may be known to some of your readers. I ate them in February, sliced and seasoned with sugar and a little vinegar, that seemed every way as nice as tomatoes fresh from the vines. They were prepared thus: Dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in a gallon of water.—Pick ripe tomatoes, but not over-ripe, leaving a little stem on. The tomatoes must be kept well covered with the brine, and they will keep to spring or longer.

GRUMBLERS AT NEWSPAPERS.

Horace Greeley, in speaking of grumblers at newspapers, thus hits the nail on the head:

"It is strange how close men read the papers. We never say anything that anybody don't like, but we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us of it. If, however, once in a while, we happen to say a good thing, we never hear of that; nobody seems to notice that. We pay some man a hundred compliments, and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it all as a tribute to his greatness, and he never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say things this man don't like, or something he imagines is a reflection on him or his character, see how quick he flares up and gets mad about it. All our evils are duly charged to us, but we never apparently get any credit for what we do."

When a man's necktie is untied how untidy he looks.

Chemists say no matter is ever lost. Printers deny it.

There is a law firm in Boston called Steele and Gamble.

About fifty "Old Benders" have been arrested in Kansas.

Editor—a poor wretch who empties his brain to fill his stomach.

A man is going to lecture on "The Geognoey of the Appalachians."

The bones of the late free pass system whiten the Western prairies.

Lafayette, Ind., merchants forge each other's names to beer orders just for fun.

A photographer requests that his sign "Taken from life"—should be his epitaph.