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Poetry.

THE FOREST SPRING.

Tall, arching birches toward the sky
Their leafy branches rear on high;
They roof me o'er with living green,
With rifts of azure in between,
Where fleecy clouds in quiet lie.

Upon the mosses' velvet seat
I pause to rest my weary feet,
And stooping downward to the rill,
My hollowed hands with water fill,
And quaff the liquid pure and sweet.

Low bending o'er the sparkling spring,
I hear the water-spirits sing:
Their merry games I see, perchance,
Or watch them in their fairy dance,
Unseen of all the sportive ring.

I see them hide among the weeds,
Or peep each other with the seeds;
Or launching in an scorn boat,
Upon the mimic ocean float,
And climb the rigging of the reeds.

I hear the thrush's tender coo:
Its music almost makes me weep,
Recalling as it does to me,
Full many a pleasant memory,
That passing years had lulled to sleep.

Poor, troubled singer, seek thy rest,
I cannot aid thy lonely quest.
For thee and me, perhaps, is grief,
But lapsing years may bring relief,
And may be what we have in test.

Once more to aid my noon-tide dream
I pause beside the murmuring stream,
Where rippling shadows interlace
Upon its bright and dimpled face,
And pebbles from the bottom gleam.

The water-sprites no longer play
On lily-pads their quaint croquet,
For gazing down into the deep
I find them lying there asleep,
With weeds tucked round each little lay.

But wakeful faces still I see
Upturned to take a peep at me,
Surprised to note so strange a thing
Reflected in their quiet spring,
And wondering what the form can be.

Sleep, says, in peace! O do not fear
That I will harm your streamlet dear;
Four-foot, O thrush, your glorious strain
I love thee, and I'll come again—
The spring to see—thy song to hear!

An Amusing Story.

JOHN STEPHENS' PERICARDIUM.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Now I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, Doctor, word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back again on the sofa pillows, the very picture of misery. The family physician, who was called, on an average, to the Stephens mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair close to the couch, and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night, you see, Doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so that he dared to leave me, he concluded then we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him," said the Doctor, with a little sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued: "This spell was the same as I had the last time you were sent for, Doctor—"

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician, "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it was mighty hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first, Doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, 'Kate, what shall I send you up?'"

"Says I, 'I don't want anything in the world but a good strong cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in the little tea-pot.' I saw, Doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he, 'Tea! tea! tea! its nothing but tea from morning till night. Kate,' says he, 'you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good piece of beefsteak, and a slice of brown bread, and a cup of chocolate, that would be a sensible breakfast!'"

"But, John," says I, "you forget that I am sick and have no appetite. I was ill ready to cry, but I was determined that he shouldn't have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall."

"Forget," says he; "forget? I wish to Heaven I could forget! It's nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to the other! I have lost all patience with you," says he. "When we lived in part of a house, and you did your own housework, you were as well and happy as anybody, and no man ever had a pleasanter little home than John Stephens; but what have I now to leave, or come back to?" and

this, Doctor, is what he ended up with—

"'Kate,' says he, 'you are nothing more nor less than a drunkard! and, in the sight of God, more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets; because the majority of those poor devils have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his level best to make you happy—everything under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea.' Yes, Doctor, swilling was the word he used—boo! hoo! hoo! Oh dear me! to think I should ever have lived to have heard such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth; and then says he—and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth."

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the Doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Oh yes," sobbed the victim, "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had had a spell, and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared a snap of his finger. I tell you, Doctor Ellis, there is such a thing as a man's getting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, with a laconicism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that."

This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner, than the one single word that had accidentally escaped his lips, and this the Doctor felt.

"Anybody would think, by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms, and cramps, and fainting fits. Anybody would think it was a pleasure to me to feel, every time I see a funeral procession, as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next. Oh, yes! such a life is very enjoyable, very, indeed."

Doctor Ellis took no notice of these last words; the man's eyes grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that, Mrs. Stephens?"

"How? why how do I know anything? By the evidence of my senses. Don't I know that John Stephens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live, if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stephens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost mephiticoplan. "There are other troubles besides money troubles. How about health, madam?"

"Health?" repeated the lady with a smile, she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree. "Health? Dr. Ellis! Why, there isn't a healthier or a sounder man than my husband in the whole United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach," Mrs. Stephens said.

Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand and waited further developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment for emotion, and immediately assumed a sitting posture, brushed her hair away from her forehead and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word 'stomach' so strongly, Dr. Ellis?" she inquired in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the Doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet he be far from sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"Oh, Dr. Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time,"—and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the Doctor, with uncalculated deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health and life are of a good deal more consequence to me than my own."

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of his bushy eyebrows, immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several excellent reasons for said opinion.

"Dr. Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell me what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirit, and only a little quiver of the lip, to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained. There she stood, reproachful, defiant, determined, womanly. The Doctor was delighted, and such an honest face it was, that he carried round with him from door to door, from sunrise to sunset, every day in the year, that it was a mighty hard matter to keep it from an immediate betrayal of the whole purpose.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this business, I feel certain that I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but, as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens, imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you, madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I should really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know."

"But, Doctor, I am sure that you ought to have understood that by my own health and comfort are nothing, compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures!" muttered the Doctor; "delightful bundles of contradictions! How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband? I am sure you have spent the last half hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"Oh, don't Dr. Ellis, please don't," pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, Doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have been."

"This, then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty?"

"Oh yes—yes, for mercy's sake, go on."

"Very well; I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium?" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what that is, I suppose?" Evidently Mrs. Stephens' anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair.

"Something about the heart, isn't it?" she asked at last.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membranous sac that holds the heart—Well, sometimes this sac—it is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Dr. Ellis suddenly came to a standstill.

"It is enough, though, for me to say that we are both passably anxious that this heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music. You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?"

"Oh yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens' tones were so pitiful now that big Dr. Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware, the lachrymal duct had got the upper hand.

"Well, try it again; yet a teacher, and go to practicing."

"But how am I going to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady.

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, and taking care of him—and I doing my best in my power, we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this, madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and, above all, do not treat him like an invalid. I am sure he and all that you know of as you used to when you were first married."

Another series of remarks from Mrs. Stephens.

The Doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, Doctor?" she asked, as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it very hurtful?"

"As an occasional treat, I have no objection to tea; but as a daily beverage, madam it is an imitation of the devil. Good morning."

John Stephens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he believed a confirmed invalid, or hypochondriac—it mattered little which; one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances and pleadings had proved of no avail; he was doubtful even whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch-key. This had become habitual, seldom did the gentleman show himself to his wife until after the dinner bell had summoned the family to the dining-room.

A strain of music met and transfixed him on the very threshold. Ah! beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear—

"The eyes that cannot weep
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year, this charming voice had been as still as the grave.

"Company," said he, he muttered. Curiosity got the better of him. He opened the parlor door and peeped in. There was Mrs. John Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone, her hands clasped over her heart, as if she had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked, with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up tea, and am going to try hard and be well! I guess my voice will all come back, John."

"I guess so," he replied, folding her tight to his heart.

Three months after this the cure was so radical, that Dr. Ellis made a clean burst of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephens as this physiologically scientific one—

Pericardium.

Selected Miscellany.

Improved Implements.
The discussion at the evening meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, Sept. 29th, was on the Benefit of Improved Implements of Agriculture, and was opened by Hon. Geo. Geddes, in the following remarks:

One result of this improved machinery is a demand for more mechanical skill in the management of a farm. The mere laborer, perhaps, has less general knowledge than most farm hands had a quarter of a century ago. An immigrant just from over the sea can soon be taught how to bind grain and handle hay tolerably well if he tries. But he must have a very well qualified teacher.

While the American plow and our tools for mellowing the soil and sowing seed, are the best of any in the world, the expenditure of human labor up to the harvesting of the crops, and in the manufacture of bread and cheese, is not essentially less than it was before the great improvements made in some of the most important implements of agriculture. Still there are less men now employed in proportion to the whole population in producing food, than were before the year 1852.

The census tables give this reduction at about one-third, as stated by a late writer in the New York Times, Alex. Delmar. While the work of having and harvesting is lessened more than this proportion, yet it is not probable the whole labor of the farm is lessened more than one-third. The question arises, who is most benefited by this cheapening of the food and raw-material for the clothing of the people? The price paid for farm labor, when reduced to the gold value of the money paid, is quite double the price paid for like service thirty years ago. So the first benefit of the improvement of machinery enures in this case to the laborer himself. For the employer pays more extra compensation to his men

than is saved by the improvements in implements. The prices of the products of agriculture are larger than they were thirty years ago, or the producers could not pay the prices now ruling for labor.

But the effect of this doubling of the compensation of agricultural labor and liberating one-third of the persons formerly employed, and giving them to other industries, is felt in all branches of business. The laborer now has money to provide his family with comforts unknown in his mode of life thirty years ago. The immediate consequence of this plenty of money with the people who will work, are better education, and more independence and elevation of character. Savings Banks have larger deposits, merchants sell more goods, and all branches of business are quickened. But a very serious objection has been made by Mr. Delmar, in his article in the Times, and the influences of the improvement of the implements of agriculture, and that is—over-production of grain crops. We are told that the population of North America is 52,000,000, and that 16 bushels of the cereals is all that can be consumed by each individual—all branches of consumption being taken into account, including the amount converted into liquors, starch, &c., and the amount fed to animals, and he gives the quantity of cereals produced by this population at 1,725,000,000 bushels in the year 1870, which is 35 1-5 bushels each, and he says that the farmers of the United States alone considered, produce 40 bushels per capita of the whole people, which is 25 times their power of consumption.

This calculation like many others based upon census returns is manifestly erroneous, for 1870 has been so long past that by this time we should know exactly the effects of such over production upon the prices of grain. Since 1870 the crops have been reported as good, and by this time would, by such calculations, be on hand an inconceivable immense quantity of unsalable grain. For it is now claimed that we export only a very small percentage of the crops produced in this country.

Mr. Delmar says he "learned in his late tour in Europe, in the character of delegate to the Statistical Congress, and from other sources, that the world is to-day producing more bread than it can eat," and he says that "we, as one of the principal grain producing countries of the world, are large participants in an over-done industry, and the sooner we abandon the policy of endeavoring agricultural colleges and turn the minds of our children rather to proficiency in mechanics, the better."

This is the first that any of us have heard of there being any danger of over-production of food growing out of anything that agricultural colleges are doing.

These alarming figures have frightened the learned Doctor of Divinity who edits the official organ of the most numerous denomination of Protestant Christians of this country into saying: "It is plain that in a merely commercial sense, agriculture is an overdone form of industry. In the parlance of the street, farming does not pay—cannot be made to pay," and that "there is great danger that this superabundance of material wealth, if not employed for some higher purpose, will lead to habits of luxury and dissipation that can result only in the utter demoralization of society."

I cite these speculations of men of figures to show that the improved machines of agriculture are charged with vast responsibilities—even the ruin of the nation by feeding the people too well.

To allay fears that may have been caused by these alarmists, let us say that there certainly is no such surplus of food, nor has there been, as this manipulator of figures says there was in 1870. For if such an excess of twenty-four bushels per capita had been produced, it must either be stored, with the crops since raised or exported to other countries. If it was yet here, the prices of grain could not be as high as they are. To export such a surplus, calling the average weight per bushel fifty pounds, would employ 5,700 ships carrying 100 tons each, and taking each four loads in a year—for the total weight of such a quantity of grain would not be less than 22,800,000 tons, and would fully tax all the trunk-lines of railroad and all the canals, to the exclusion of all other business from the west to the east.

We have heard much complaint of the high prices that manufacturers of implements and reapers put upon them, and of the resulting too large profits that they receive.

No actor, according to the Danbury News man, has yet been able to counterfeit that expression of joy which a man shows when discovering a ten-cent stamp in his paper of tobacco.

A man in Peoria claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a wood-pecker on his father's cherry tree.

An Iowa clergyman who had a donation party lately, has been enough to last him thirty seven years.

The Contented Man.
We never knew more than one man who was perfectly satisfied with the weather at all times and under all circumstances. It was Chubb. No matter what the condition of the weather, Chubb was always contented and happy, and willing to affirm that the state of things at any given moment was the very best state that could be devised. In summer, when the thermometer boited up among the nineties, Chubb would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing all over his red face, until his head looked like a raspberry, and would look at the sky and say, "Splendid! perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the poor and for the ice companies and the washerwomen! I never saw such magnificent weather for drying shirts. They don't shake up any such climate as this in Italy. Gimme my umbrella, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it." In winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the center of the globe, Chubb would sit out on my fence and exclaim, "By gracious, Adeler, do you ever see such weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up your very marrow. It helps the coal trade and keeps the snakes quiet. Don't talk of summer to me. Gimme colt and give it to me stiff. When there was drought, Chubb used to meet us in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see! Magnificent, isn't it? I want my weather dry. I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fever and ague, and wets your clothes. If there's anything I despise it's to carry an umbrella. No rain for me, if you please. When it rained for a week and swamped the country, Chubb often dropped in to see us and observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, Adeler, but it allers seems to me that the heavens never drop no blessings but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump and cleans the sewers and keeps chewing tobacco from getting too dry. I wouldn't give a cent to live in a climate where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile and I'd die in a week. Soak me through and thro' to the inside of my undershirt, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, and sorrow nothing but nonsense." On a showery day, when the sun shone brightly at one moment and at the next the rain poured in torrents, Chubb used to stand at the window and exclaim, "Harriet, if you'd've asked me how I like the weather, I'd've said, just as it is now. What I want is weather that is streaked, like a piece of lean and fat bacon, a little shine and a little rain. Mix 'em up and give us plenty of both and I'm your man." Chubb was always happy in a thunder storm, and one day, after the lightning had knocked down two of his trees and torn his chimney to pieces, we went over to see him. He was standing by the prostrate trees, and he at once remarked, "Did you ever know of a man having such luck as that? I was going to chop down them two trees to-morrow, and as that chimney never drew a well, I had concluded to have it rebuilt. And that gorgeous old storm has fixed things just as I want 'em. Put me in a thunder storm and let the lightning play around me and I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that would tear the bowels out of the American continent than a dozen of yer little drizzling waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and roarin' storm I don't want none." One day Chubb was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence, that his leg was broken. As they carried him home we met him, and when we asked him how he felt, he opened his eyes languidly and said, "Immortal Moses! what a storm that was!—When it does blow, it suits the senior member of the Chubb family if it blows hard, I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—!" then he fainted. We want Chubb elected president. He is the only man in the universe who don't grow at the weather, and he ought to have glory and honor.—Max Adeler.

Save Money.
It is well worth saving, and you can save it by buying a Sewing Machine, and get one of the best and most perfect machines in existence. The Elias Howe Sewing Machine has reached a point of excellence and perfectness equalled by no machine in use, and the constantly and rapidly increasing demand, which is almost beyond their manufacturing capacity to supply, is convincing evidence that the merits of this machine are being appreciated by the public. Moreover, it is sold at a moderate price and on easy terms.

The Southern people should bear in mind that many machines are sold in the South at an advance price of fifteen dollars over New York prices.—Call and see the "Howe." JOSEPH T. BAILLIS, Port Tobacco.

A man in this county who don't take any papers, says he can't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted book hasn't got an index.

The Late Dr. Nelaton.
The Paris correspondent of a medical journal gives a pleasant reminiscence of the celebrated Dr. Nelaton, physician to the late Emperor, whose death was recently announced by cable:

"As I passed into the hall I heard groans, evidently of a child in great pain, the door leading to the sick ward ajar, and I heard the voice of a man talking earnestly with a little sufferer. There was something very affecting in the imploring tones of the child's voice and the tender and sympathizing replies of the physician, and it seemed to me not wrong to witness unseem, through the crack of the half open door, the scene that was passing within. On a narrow pallet near the window lay a fine boy, nine or ten years old, dying of cancer, developing itself between the eyes and behind the nose. It had not shown itself externally, but had destroyed the sight, and was attended by excruciating suffering. By his side sat a stately white-haired man, holding with one hand the two of the little patient, while with the other he caressingly smoothed his hair. The child told the story of his pain, *Ah, je souffre tant!* ('O! I suffer so much'), to which the old man listened patiently, promising to devise some relief. Then he rose to leave, but first bent over the boy, and with tears dropping from his eyes, kissed his forehead as lovingly as a mother. The white-haired man was the world-renowned Nelaton."

A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of greater ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made fortunes for physicians, lawyers, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men of civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men often injure themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

Recipes.

Soft Gingerbread.—Melted butter half a coffee-cup, molasses two cups, one egg, one tablespoonful of ginger, one coffee-cup of sour milk, two heaping teaspoons of soda added the last thing before baking, and flour to make stiff batter. Bake at once in an oven with steady heat. No take burns as easily as molasses cake.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take them when fully ripe, cut off a slice from the stem side, scoop out the pulp of tomato, and mix with it bread crumbs, butter, pepper, and salt. Fill the empty shell with this mixture, replace the slices, put them in a shallow pan, and bake an hour.

Baked Eggs.—A matrimonial: Beat up six eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, six of sweet milk; melt your butter in the frying-pan; when hot turn the whole in, well beaten and bake in a hot oven.

"Sam," said a darkey to his ebony brother, "how am dat yaa telegraf carries de news from dem wires?"

"Well, Caesar, now 'spose dar am a dog five miles long." "Nebber was such a big dog; do'n b'lieb dat!" "You jess wait minnit; I's only illustratin', you stupid nigger. Now, dis yaa dog, you see, jess puts his front feet on de Hoboken shore, and he puts his behind feet on de New York shore." "Yesser."

"Now, 'spose you walk on dis yaa dog's tail in New York." "Yesser."

"He'll bark, won't he?" "Yesser."

"Well, where will that dog bark?"

"In Hoboken, I calc'late." "Dat am jess it. You walk on de dog's tail in New York, an' he bark in Hoboken; dat's de way de telegraf works." "Yesser, dasso-dassol! You's right, by golly."

EQUAL RIGHTS.—The Anti-Railroad war in Illinois is not without its humorous side, earnest as the opposing parties are.

"Take your arm from around that woman," shouted out a railroad official to a passenger the other day.

"Why," replied the man, "she's my wife; I have a right to have my arm around her."

"Not on the railroad," rejoined the conductor. "The new law forbids all unjust discriminations," and as I haven't got a woman for every man on this train to hug, I can't permit you."

Nowadays every little village politician has his axe to grind, while the late lamented Washington had nothing but his little hatchet.

When you hear a man say the "world owes him a living," don't leave any ome's laying around loose.