

The Port Tobacco Times.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Volume 30.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, APRIL 17, 1874.

Number 51.

Selected Poetry.

THE KEY TO THOMAS' HEART.

BY WILL CARLETON, AUTHOR OF "DETSY AND I ARE OUT."

Ride with me, Uncle Nathan? I don't care an
I do.
My poor old heart's in a hurry; I'm anxious to
get through.
My soul outwicks my body; my legs are far
from strong;
An' it's mighty kind of you, doctor, to help
the old man along.

I'm some 'at full o' hustle; there's business to
be done,
I've just been out to the village to see my
youngest son.
You used to know him, doctor, ere he his age
did get.
An' if I ain't mistaken, you sometimes see him
yet.

We took him through his boyhood, with never
a ground for fears,
But somehow he stumbled over his early man-
hood's years.
The landmarks that he showed him, he seems
to wander from.
Though in his heart there was never a better
boy than Tom.

He was quick o' mind an' body in all he done
an' said;
But all the gold he reached for, it seemed to
turn to lead.
The devil of frog it caught him, an' held him,
though the while
He has never grudging his parents a pleasant
word an' smile.

The devil of frog it caught him, an' then he
turned an' said,
By that which fed from him, he henceforth
would be fed.
An' that which lived upon him, should give
him a livin' o'er;
An' so he keeps that doggerly that's next to
Wilson's store.

But how'er he's wandered, I've al'ays so far
heard
That he had a sense of honor, and never broke
his word;
An' his mother, from the good Lord, she says,
has understood
That, if he agrees to be sober, he'll keep the
promise good.

An' so when just this mornin' these poor old
eyes o' mine
Saw all the women round him, a coaxin' him
to sign,
An' when the widow Adams let fly a homespun
prayer,
An' he looked kind o' wild like an' started un-
aware.

An' glanced at her an' instant, an' then at his
kegs o' rum,
I somehow knew in a minute the turnin' point
had come;
An' he would be as good a man as ever yet
there's been,
Or else let go forever, and sink in the sea of sin.

Howe'er, whatever efforts might carry him
to fall,
There was only one could help Tom to turn the
wavarin' scale;
An' I skulked away in a hurry—I was bound
to do my part—
To get at the mother, who carries the key to
Thomas' heart.

She's gettin' old an' feeble; an' childish in her
talk;
An' we no horse an' buggy, an' she will
have to walk;
But she would be fast to come, sir, the gracious
chance to seize,
If she had to crawl to Thomas upon her hands
an' knees.

Crawl?—walk? No, not if I know it! So set
your mind at rest
Why, hang it! I'm Tom's customer, and said
to be his best!
But if this bleedin' horse here will show his
usual power,
Poor Tom shall see his mother in less than half
an hour.

A Pleasant Story.

MRS. POMEROY'S PAGE.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

Did you notice him when he opened the door for us, just now—a cunning little chap, with a curly head, and a blue sailor suit? Perhaps you thought he was Mazie Pomeroy's little brother, or something?—people do, sometimes, because Mrs. Pomeroy always keeps him dressed so nicely, and not in "buttons," either.

He isn't the least relation, though; only her little page; and it's quite a story, the way we found him. I had something to do with it, you see,—quite a good deal, in fact,—for it all came about through an accident that happened to me last summer, when Lizzie Prior and I were spending the long vacation with Mazie. Mrs. Pomeroy has a cottage at Long Branch, you know, and she was kind enough to invite Lizzie and me to go down with Mazie for the holidays.

We were to stop a week in New York before we went to the Branch, just to get our little fineries together. Mazie was clever with her needle, and she had the idea of an astonishing bathing dress that was to take the shine out of everything on the beach. Lizzie and I followed her lead, and we were all three up to our eyes in blue and gray and scarlet flannels,—making a great litter of scraps and cuttings, too,—when Catharine came up stairs, one morning, with a little object of a child behind her.

Catharine is the parlor maid, and she wanted her mistress; but Mrs.

Pomeroy had gone out to buy a lot of things we needed for our work,—Hercules braid, and smoked pearl buttons, and oiled silk for caps. Mazie asked her was it anything particular that was wanted, and where under the sun had she picked up that creature,—meaning the child, who was the most ridiculous object you can imagine, and set us all to laughing at the first glimpse. It was dressed in such an absurd way, with a boy's hat on its shaggy head, and a boy's jacket, with the sleeves cut off, round its waist, and under that was a girl's little faded cotton frock, so short that it hardly covered the child's knees. Its slim bare arms, and its long pipe-stem legs, made you think of a young Shanghai before its features are grown; and altogether there was such a comical look about it that we couldn't help screaming,—though we are not so hard-hearted as to laugh when it hurts anybody's feelings, I want you to know.

It didn't hurt this monkey at all. In fact, it seemed as much amused with us as we were with it; and stared and grinned in the drollest way while Catharine was explaining that it had come to beg for rags to sell; and did anybody know what they wouldn't be coming after next? But it was Mrs. Pomeroy's orders that no beggars were to be sent away, and she didn't know what to do about it.

"Why, give her the rag-bag, of course," said Mazie.

But Catharine didn't know there was a rag-bag, and looked as if she thought it beneath the dignity of the house to keep such a thing. Mazie didn't know herself; but I happened to have seen one hanging in the hall closet once when I wanted to get rid of some scraps, and I told Catharine where to find it.

So she went to fetch it, and came back presently with a large calico bag pretty well stuffed with the snips and pieces that Mrs. Pomeroy's dress maker had left. The ridiculous child was perfectly delighted when all this trash was emptied into the big basket she carried, and we were so amused with her grimaces, that we went upon our knees and picked up all the scraps of flannel that were scattered on the floor to add to her treasure.

"Now, then, what are you going to do with the rags?" I asked her, as I stuffed the last handful into the basket.

"Take 'em home to Mum," she said, with a beaming face.

"Who's Mum? Your mother?" asked Lizzie.

"Mum's the woman. Hain't got any mother."

"Is the woman good to you? Do you like her?" asked Lizzie again.

"The object 'shook her faven head," like 'the lady from over the Rhine,' and un-civilly answered:

"No, she ain't!"

"What makes you so glad to get the rags for her, then?" cried Mazie.

"'Cause we get whacked when we don't bring 'em," she said, coolly.—"There's Jimm, an' Sally, an' Mary Ann an' me, an' some of us gets whacked every night for not fetchin' enough. Mum's a hard hitter, too, she is."

The girls looked at each other, and Lizzie cried pitifully, "You poor little monkey! She starves you, too, I dare say,—the horrid woman!"

"Well, she don't feed us werry high,—Mum don't," was the answer, with a confidential nod at Lizzie. "Cold mash for breakfast, an' wotever you can pick up in the street for dinner, ain't none too fillin', miss. You know how it is yourself."

This was more than we could stand, of course. We screamed with laughter at the idea of Lizzie "knowing how it was herself," and Mazie, as soon as she could get her breath, ordered Catharine to take the child down stairs and feed her.

"Give her all she can possibly eat, and a whole lot of gingerbread and sponge-cake to take home with her," said Mazie.

"And here, you oddity!" cried Lizzie, "there's a quarter for you to keep. Mind you don't give it to Mum, though."

Such eyes as that creature made! I wish you could have seen how they flashed like fire, at first, and then softened all over, and the way she snatched Lizzie's hand and kissed it—actually kissed it! Mazie and I found some pennies to keep the quarter con-

pany, and Catharine carried the child off at last to be fed in the kitchen.—Of course, it kept our tongues going for a while afterwards, and there wasn't much sewing done, until Mazie remarked, sarcastically, that she thought we might take in orders for bathing dresses, we were getting on so fast.—And then we all picked up our thimbles and went to work again.

Nearly all, at least, but my thimble was not to be found. I couldn't remember exactly where I had laid it down; and yet, as I had never left the room, it must be somewhere around, we all agreed. However, after scattering everything about, and upsetting the work-basket, and rummaging the table-drawer, and turning things inside out, generally, there was still no sign of it.

I began to be worried; for the mischief of it was, I had been using Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble; and, besides being a very handsome one, she thought everything of it for another reason. It was made of a lump of California gold that her only brother had dug with his own hands; and not long after he had it made for her, he had lost his life at the mines. It all happened, of course, long before any of us were born; but the thimble was one of Mrs. Pomeroy's precious things still.

I had no business to have touched it, either. It was just a piece of laziness not to go up stairs for my own; but this lay in a work-basket conveniently near, and I slipped it on my finger without thinking, which is nothing new for me, I suppose; for mother says my thinking generally does come when it's too late to do any good.

It was certainly so this time; for after all our rummaging,—and Lizzie has eyes that could find a needle in a haystack,—we had to give it up in despair. The thimble wasn't in that room, and none of us had left the room since it was on my finger. So there was only one conclusion,—somebody had carried it off; and the same thought flashed upon all of us at once. It was that wretched little rag beggar!

"And to think of our giving him quarters and pennies!" cried Mazie.

"And sponge-cake and gingerbread!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"What do you say him for?" I snapped out crossly. "The horrid little object was a girl, and so much the worse."

"So it was," said Mazie, innocently.

"But, do you know, it didn't seem to me in the least like a girl. It talked and looked like a boy."

"As if that made a bit of difference!" I said, peevishly. "Boy or girl—it's all one. The little wretch has stolen Mrs. Pomeroy's thimble, and whatever am I going to do about it? Lizzie; why did you let me touch it? You ought to have known better?"

Now, Lizzie is the most amiable creature in the world; but this attack took her by surprise.

"How could I help your touching it?" she exclaimed. And Mazie cried indignantly:

"Why, Jet! aren't you ashamed of yourself, to blame Lizzie?"

So they were both down upon me, and I was down upon myself, for that matter; and when Mrs. Pomeroy came back with the pearl buttons and things, she found us all looking as sober as a funeral. We had asked Catharine and the cook, and we had hunted up stairs and down; but it was all no use, any more than my crying like a baby, which I couldn't help, either.

Mrs. Pomeroy was lovely about it, as she is about everything. It's her "matre to," and I wish it was mine. She brushed the tears off my cheeks with her lace handkerchief, and said I was not to cry. That accident would happen, and she might have lost it, herself, in exactly the same way, and she didn't blame me in the least. Still I knew how sorry she was, in spite of her being so sweet, and I blamed myself enough, I can tell you.

We couldn't talk of anything else, and the whole story was told over and over, till, before we knew it, it was one o'clock, and the luncheon bell rang. I thought I shouldn't eat a mouthful when I went down, but there was a great dish of strawberries, and the most delicious frozen custard; and one must feel pretty bad, you know, to refuse these on a hot June day. I didn't refuse them, neither did Mazie nor Lizzie; in fact we had a second help-

ing, and were gettin' quite cheerful over it, when suddenly a great outcry came from the kitchen regions. We heard a scream from the room, and a sort of scattering rush on into the basement hall, and then a screech, as if they had pounced upon a chicken.

Lizzie started up blissfully. "If it should be that child," she exclaimed. "Mazie! Jet! don't you know that voice?"

We sprang up without asking to be excused, and rushed on into the hall, where the first thing we saw was cook struggling up the base of stairs, and dragging, sure enough, our poor little Shanghai with her.

"I've got her, miss! I've got her!" she screamed. "I spick her goin' past the windy, an' I jump'd at her 'fore she had time to run."

"I warn't agoin' to an—now!" cried the child, trying to shake herself out of cook's grasp. "I as a comin' here a purpose to give the young lady her thimble wot I found in the rags. You lemme go, I say!"

And all in a second she had twisted herself out of her old jacket, that she left in cook's hands, and darted away to Lizzie.

"Here's your thimble"—stuffing it into her hand—"it's gold, aint it?—Mum tried to grab it when it rolled out o' the rags, but I hooded it an' run, 'cos I thought you'd be wantin' it. Guess you dropped it in the basket with them rags you picked up of the floor."

So there it was, as clear as daylight. I had let the thimble slip off my finger,—it was rather large for me, anyhow,—when I was stuffing those flannel scraps into the basket, and the poor little monkey that we had been abusing for a thief, had rescued it from Mum's clutches, and saved her wrath to restore it to us!

It seemed at first so impossible to believe, that we could only stare at each other, and say, "Did you ever?"

Mrs. Pomeroy was the first one to give the child a word of praise or commendation.

"You're an honest little girl," she began, "and a thimble little girl. You shall certainly—"

But, before she could finish her sentence, that child interrupted her.

"I ain't a honest little girl—I ain't a brave little girl—I ain't a girl at all!" he jerked out. "I'm a boy, I am, an' I don't care what Mum says, I ain't agoin' to have no more nonsense about it."

And held up his head and spread out his comical little legs with such a lord-of-creation air,—we, you never saw anything like it, an' it's no use trying to describe it, or to express our amazement. Catharine declared afterwards, that it made her fee all over in spots, whatever that means; and cook said that "it bate Banagher, to see the impudence of a little spider like that."

But Mazie turned to me in her innocent way:

"I told you it talked like a boy," said she; "now you see."

Well, we inquired, of course, why "it" wore a frock, and made a pretence of being a girl; and we were informed, with a condescending air, that it was "just a notion of Mum's." She said girls was more noticed than boys, and ladies would rather give 'em the rags. His own mother was dead, he went on to explain, and Mum had kept him two years, and made him beg for her. But he was going to "cut it" now, and do something else for a living. "He'd have to keep out of Mum's way after this, or she'd make jelly of him. An' if the lady could give him a old pair o' trousers, he'd be werry much obliged, an' he wouldn't trouble her no more."

Mrs. Pomeroy asked him what he meant to do for a living, and, as his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, she concluded to keep the monkey in the house till Mr. Pomeroy came home. He was made very comfortably in the kitchen, with a plate of strawberries and unlimited bread and butter; and to come to the end of my story, he has been very comfortable ever since.

The Pomeroy's are the best in the world, I do believe. They took pains to hunt up "Mum," and find out whether she really had any right to the boy; and she hadn't, and was an awful old creature besides, and everything the little "what-is-it" said was true. So it ended in his being sent to some respectable people in the country, to be civilized a little; and when we came back from the Branch there

was such a good report of him that Mrs. Pomeroy brought him home, and made him her little page. He opens door for us whenever we go over to see Mazie, and gives us all a beaming smile. But Lizzie is his adoration.—He considers her an angel, Mrs. Pomeroy says, on account of that quarter, I suppose; and quite disappointed when he discovered that the thimble wasn't hers after all.

One of these days, when he's a little bigger and stronger, he's to be Mr. Pomeroy's office boy. And, after that what's to hinder his being a lawyer and a statesman, and a member of Congress, may be? Wouldn't it be funny, though? and all to grow out of a thimble!—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Selected Miscellany.

Knowledge of One Another in the Future Life.

Your letter, asking my "opinion" on the subject of recognition of friends in heaven, is one of many that are lying near me, on the same theme, and all of them unanswered. An "opinion" is worth nothing, or very little, unless it is fortified by reasons, and when you go to the argument, there is little to be said. Yet it is frequently the case that persons in sorrow over the death of those they love, especially parents weeping on account of the death of their children, write to me to inquire if they may indulge the belief that in the life beyond the present, they will know and enjoy the one who has gone before them. This is the burden of your letter, which touched me very tenderly. Your allusions to long since buried but never forgotten joys,—to words of sympathy in years past and gone forever,—to your fresh sorrow that has now made another chair vacant at your fireside,—have opened fountains sealed, yet sealed so lightly that they are easily opened, when waters of sympathy are wanted by a thirsty soul.

Shall we know our friends in heaven? The friends we have known on earth, our children and those we have loved? I have not a doubt of it. The Bible speaks very rarely and only indirectly of the subject, and the few passages often cited and fondled as teaching it are not so clearly in proof, as to justify us in saying that it is a positive doctrine. David said he should go to his child, but the child would not come to him. And it is certainly a fair inference that he expected to know his boy when he went to the place whither the child had gone before him. Doubtless David had the same belief that we have on the subject, and in the midst of his grief gave expression to it and found comfort in the hope. And such incidental allusions, even if they were far more numerous than they are, would serve only to show us that the saints of old cherished the same faith in regard to a future state, that we do now. It has been the faith, too, of those who do not have the Bible, or any knowledge of the way of life by the Saviour. The pagan philosophers of Greece and Rome, whose writings have come down to us, older than the Scriptures of the New Testament, have confident assertions of expectation that the intercourse of human friendships will be renewed in the future life, and the more enjoyed because it will not be marred by the fear of another separation.

The same idea is apparently assumed by sacred writers, as one that is spontaneous in every human breast.—Even the death of a patriarch is spoken of as his being gathered with his fathers, which would hardly be the expression if it were supposed that he was not to know them when he was in the midst of them. And the promise that the good are to sit down with those ancient worthies, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would not be worth much, if we were not to know them from one another, and the innumerable host of saints in light. Whether or not we will require individual introduction in order to have knowledge of the form and features of the glorified, it is not important for us now to inquire. There are saints and angels enough to usher us into the society we seek, and to bring us into the knowledge of the great and wise in the ranks of heaven, so that we need not apprehend that we, or those who have anticipated us in the realms of the blessed, will be lonely among the multitudes.

That there is a sense in which our bodies will be the same then as now, so that our identity will be preserved and recognizable by our friends, is as clearly true as the doctrine of the resurrection itself. Indeed, if it be not true, there is to be no resurrection. Flesh and blood and bones will not be constituent parts of the resurrection body, but we are not flesh, blood and bones, only now mainly. These change with progressive years. They are not the same to-day they were yesterday. And seven years ago a body totally different in actual atoms from the one that now burdens me, I carried about. Yet would it not be very foolish in me to pretend that I am not the same being,

responsible now for what I did then, and have I not the consciousness of identity though this total change has taken place? The principle of identity, that which makes me the same person that I was seven years ago, is not flesh, blood, or bones. These evolve into the elements out of which they came, and go into the composition of other organic beings, and come back to me in another stage of life on earth, and identity is not to be affirmed of anything that thus changes its relations, and has no fixed habitation in the individual to be identified.

"It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." In that truth is the germ of the whole philosophy of the resurrection. A spirit doth not have flesh and blood. But it has a body. It may, and I doubt not it will, be in the human form, such as Christ and Moses and Elias had when they appeared unto men. It may be, and I doubt not it will, be the form that we now wear, not necessarily the form we put off when we die, nor the form that we have at any one period in our life on earth, but the form that identifies the spirit that is ours, that makes the one as distinct from you and all others in the wide world; that indeclinable personality that makes each human being in the universe, of all time past and all time to come, one and not another, and so diverse from all others as to be held to his own responsibility for every thought and deed. This is what is meant by identity. And when the spiritual body, like unto the glorious body of Christ, is raised in the human form and the same form that was borne on earth, we shall know as we are known. All the faculties of the mind are immortal, and surely we shall not know less than we do now. All the affections of the soul remain, and surely we shall love those who are dear to us now. And thus we come naturally and scripturally to the conclusion that we shall recognize, and love, and enjoy in heaven all the good whom we loved on earth.

That the enjoyment of heaven will be marred by the absence of any dear to us is not possible, because the happiness is perfect. The highest of all joy is the consummation of the perfect will of infinite wisdom and love; and that is the consummation which constitutes the blessedness of the heavenly state. But it is consistent with our higher joy in Him who is the light and life of heaven, that we should rejoice in re-union with children and friends who were the delight of our lives while here, and whose society we confidently anticipate as part of the pleasures there.

Thus have I given you, dear sir, my "opinion," which is, indeed, of little worth, but you will be more strengthened when I tell you that it is the opinion, and the confident faith of the Church in all the ages, that patriarchs and apostles held it, and that it is far easier to tear the soul from the body than to take this faith out of the heart of a Christian.

But there is something better and greater than this expectation of knowing our friends in heaven. You may be very unwise to spend your time in thinking much about it. It is better to live for and in the present; to live for the living and not with the dead; to live so that when Christ shall appear you may appear with Him in glory.

IRENEUS.

Abraham Lincoln's Dream as Told by Dickens.

I dined with Charles Sumner, last Sunday, against my rule; and as I had stipulated for no party, Mr. Stanton was the only other guest besides his own secretary. Stanton is a man with a very remarkable memory, and extraordinarily familiar with my books. He and Sumner having been the first two men at the bedside of the dying President, and having remained with him until he breathed his last, we were led into a very interesting conversation after dinner, when, each of them giving his own narrative separately, the usual discrepancies about details of time were observable. Then Mr. Stanton told us a curious little story, which will form the remainder of this short letter. On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot there was a cabinet council, at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late—indeed, they were waiting for him—and, on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with great dignity in his chair, instead of rolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was, and that, instead of telling irrelevant or questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the attorney-general said to him: "That is the most satisfactory cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The attorney-general replied, "we all saw that before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said with his chin down on his breast, Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going

to happen, and that very soon." To which the attorney-general observed, something good sir, I hope. Then the President answered very gravely, "I don't know; I don't know; but it will happen, and shortly, too." They were all impressed by his manner. The attorney-general took him up again.—"Have you received any information, sir, not disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President; "but I have had a dream, and I have now had the same dream three times—once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run; once on a night preceding such another (naming a battle also not favorable to the North.) His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting.—"Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the attorney-general. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude. "I am on a great, broad rolling river, and I am in a boat—and I drift, and I drift—but this is not business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the attorney-general said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this; and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night.—*Foster's Life of Dickens.*

How Squire Skeggs got Skinned by the "Pharoah Man."

"You see," said the Squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it was sorter this way. Last Chuseday gwint a week ago, I sailed down Gwinnett to Atlanta with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em, I kinder loaded 'em lookin' at things in general an' feelin' just as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me and the Kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drank 'outen the same god, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same banded-legged school-teacher. I wuz gitten as lonesome as a rain-crow, afore I struck up with the Kurnel, an' I wuz glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked round 'twn smartly, an' the Kurnel interjuiced to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper the Kurnel says:

"Skeggs, says he, 'less go to my room wter we kin talk over ole times sorter comfortable an' ondisturbed like."

"'Greable,' says I, an' we walked a squar or so an' turned into an alley an' walked up a narrer par of stairs. The Kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick lookin' merlater popped out an' axed us in. He wuz the durndest perlitest nigger you ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle an' full of pictures an' sofy's, an' the cheers wuz as soft as lamb's wool, an' I thought to meself that the Kurnel wuz a luxurient cuss. 'Thar was a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered rou'n a laffin' an' a talkin' quite soshable like. Apertent, the Kurnel wuzent much sot back, for he sorter laffed to himself an' then he says:

"Boys,' says he, 'I hev fetched up a fren', Jedge Hightower, this is Squire Skeggs, of Gwinnett. Major Briggs, Squire Skeggs, an' so on all 'roun'—The Kurnel turns to me an' says:

"Reely, I wuzent expectin' company, Skeggs, but the members of the Young Men's Christian Sossashun make my room ther head-quarters."

"I ups an' says I wuz mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a Preadmative' Babis myself afore I got to cussin' the Yankees, an' hev always had a sorter hankerin' arter pion's folks.—They all laffed and shook hands over agin, and we sot thar a smokin' and a chawin' just as muchel as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Major Briggs gits up an' says:

"Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?"

"Oh,' sez the Kurnel, lookin' sorter sheepish, 'that wuz a humbug. I can't make no head nor tail outen it."

"I'll bet I kin manage it," sez Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

"I'll show you how, Jedge with pleasure," sez the Kurnel, an' then he went to a table, unlooked a box an' tuck out a deck of keards an' a whole lot of little whatyoumaycalls, similar to horn buttons, some white an' some red."

Squire Skeggs paused and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stairs. I say I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said:

"We hev had a pleasant evenin', Squire. You'll find the Kurnel waitin' for you on the steps, and he'll give your money back."

"I ain't never laid eyes on the Kurnel sence, an' when I do thar's goin' to be a case for the Kurriner—you mind my words. I see Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe; he's in the Legislature now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzent so high—I seed Rufe an' he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharoah men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Darned ef I didn't go to the bottom an' git skinned alive."—*Savannah News.*