

# The Port Tobacco Times

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Saut, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swell-  
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Scalds, General Bodily  
Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost  
Bite and Ears, and all other  
Pains and Aches.  
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as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External  
Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively  
trifling cost of a few cents, and every one suffering  
with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its  
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at once harmless and effectual, for preserv-  
ing the hair. It restores, with the gloss and  
freshness of youth, faded or gray hair,  
and may be used on a rich brown, or deep  
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of the hair immediately, and causes a new  
growth in all cases where the glands are  
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otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality  
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prevents the formation of dandruff; and  
by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing  
properties, it heals most if not all of the  
humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp,  
keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under  
which conditions diseases of the scalp and  
hair are impossible.  
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The Vigor is incomparable. It is color-  
less, contains neither oil nor dye, and will  
not soil white cambric. It imparts an  
agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an  
article for the toilet it is economical and  
unsurpassed in its excellence.  
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**From 10 to 12 a. m.**  
and at other hours as found at his residence, un-  
less professionally engaged. in 13-1y

**KINDERHOOK,**  
BY LOSTON.  
Lester mounted a table and pro-  
claimed in a voice of thunder, that  
there was a conspiracy to beat the  
black horse, - that the cowardly,  
castly and inhuman act, which they  
had all witnessed, and which might  
have resulted in the death of the  
horse and his rider, was only the  
result of a scheme, concocted and  
planned by a crowd of scoundrels,  
and that if these scoundrels put any  
value on their carcasses, they would  
pay the money they had lost and be-  
take themselves to parts unknown.  
The "creens" now began in real  
earnest, Donnybrook Fair would be  
blushed to witness it, and Donny-  
brook Fair is hard to beat.  
Scarcely had Lester finished his or-  
ation when he and the table, on which  
he was standing, turned a somersault,  
and both landed simultaneously on  
the heads of friends and foes. As  
Lester sprang to his feet and turned  
to look after the man who had upset  
him, a blow from behind stretched  
him bleeding and insensible on the  
track. He was immediately avenged.  
Lester saw the dastardly assault,  
with one bound he was beside his  
prostrate friend, and with a blow of  
his fist, that would have felled an ox,  
he knocked the ruffianly assailant in-  
sensible by the side of Lester.  
Cries and curses and groans re-  
sounded on all sides. Gardiner and  
Neale, with their friends, headed by  
Lester, who was a perfect demon in  
the fight, used their clubs unmercifully  
on the heads and shoulders of the  
dandified gamblers and evil-eyed  
roughs, who had surrounded the stand.  
At this moment, and while the ex-  
citement was at its highest pitch, an  
elderly gentleman, with gray beard  
and hair of silver, mounted on a pow-  
erful gray horse, rode up to the judges  
stand. The crowd instinctively parted  
right and left to make way for the  
prancing charger, and the combatants  
rested for a while from their blood-  
thirsty efforts.  
"Stop, all of you, this foolish and  
bloody business! I command you in  
the name of the law," rang out in bu-  
gale tones the rich baronet voice of  
old Col. Plunkett. "I am a magis-  
trate. Come on, boys, pointing to  
four stalwart looking yeoman farmers  
who stood in a knot together, holding  
with a grip of iron a trembling sorry  
specimen of a man in a dandy's dress.  
"Bring that rascal here! Place him  
on the judges stand! Now, you men  
of Charles county and you men from  
Baltimore, look me in the face. He is  
the rascal that threw that stick  
on the track, to frighten the black  
horse. I was standing behind him  
and saw him do it. He ran away im-  
mediately, but those gallant boys  
there were too quick for him. Mr.  
Gladde, the gentlemanly owner of the  
sorrel horse, agreed to let that man  
ride the horse, and that that man  
horse fairly won the race, and that all  
bets should be decided in favor of that  
horse. As for this unfortunate young  
man, look at him well. He was born  
one, but the company of gamblers and  
black-legs and loafers have corrupted  
and demoralized him. For the sake  
of his honorable father, whom I re-  
spect and esteem, I should like to dis-  
miss him, but as his crime was public  
so must be his punishment. He will  
be locked up for trial. And now,  
friends one and all, young and old,  
depart hence and go home!"  
The crowd was gone. Surprise,  
anger and anger were reflected from  
the countenances of all; from those of  
the gentlemen and honest bystanders,  
in condemnation of the outrage and  
detestation of the crime; from those  
of the black-legs and roughs, in cha-  
grin at the defeat of their dastardly  
plan and in regret at the heavy losses  
they had sustained.  
The officers marched off with their  
prisoner, preceded by a party of friends  
and followed by the worthy Colonel  
on horseback, with a half dozen gen-  
tlemen, also magistrates, who were to  
meet in Bryanton and temporarily  
dispose of the prisoner.  
Lester, who had been stunned by  
the blow he had received, had long  
since recovered, and taking the arm of  
Lester, they with their friends, pro-  
ceeded to the hotel. Lester's friend  
reminded Lester of the warning given,  
when the position of judge was offered  
him, but Lester laughed it off, re-  
marking that there were no broken  
bones in his body and the loss of a lit-  
tle blood would be of benefit.  
Susie was really alarmed when she  
beheld Lester, with pale face and  
clothes saturated with blood, for he  
was a great favorite of hers, from the  
fact that he always had a merry repar-  
tee to her sallies of wit, and always  
paid his bills, which, by the way, were  
often rather large, for Susie knew  
how to charge when the pay was cer-  
tain.  
Telling his friends to wait for him  
in the bar-room, Lester proceeded to  
Lester's little room, where with the  
help of that of Susie, he soon had  
his head dressed and bound.  
Descending to the bar-room, they  
found their friends and scores of oth-  
ers drinking, talking and congratulat-  
ing Mr. Smith on the speed of his  
pet horse. Feeling rather worse for  
wear after the excitement attendant  
upon the races, and being somewhat  
hungry withal, Lester determined to  
take a long rest and a good supper be-  
fore starting for Rosedale, to meet  
Col. Spalding and his family. An-  
other motive had also prompted him  
to delay the journey. He did not de-

side to meet the ladies with a band-  
aged head, especially his cousin Lou,  
with whom he was really in love, al-  
though she had never encouraged his  
advances, but had rather treated him  
with a certain coolly kindness and  
familiarity, which, while it pleased  
him, prevented him from making open  
love to her. He was determined how-  
ever, during this visit to his home in  
the country, to propose in real earnest,  
even at the risk of being disposed  
of.  
Accordingly approaching Mrs. Big-  
son he desired her to prepare for a  
special supper for a party of four in  
the private room. Then ordering a  
bottle of wine he and Landon, with  
Neale and Gardiner, sat down at a table  
to sip their wine and talk over the  
adventures of the day.  
They had scarcely been seated,  
when one of the dusky waiters ap-  
peared with a pack of cards and a  
sleight with pencil attached.  
"What are these things for?" in-  
quired Neale, assuming an intense  
look of innocent ignorance.  
"Why, Massa Neale, dem is cards,  
sah, genuine cards. De Lor' bless  
me, how innocent ye is. Ha, ha, ha!  
Don't know a pack of cards from a  
preyer book, but I am a member of  
"Go long, you woolly-headed son of  
an Africa progenitor," laughed Lester;  
"what do we pious christians  
know about cards? We are members  
of the church and you oughtn't to  
tempt us with those pictures from Na-  
tan."  
If ye are members of de church  
ye be party fast ones, I reckon, Massa  
Clarke, from de way ye rides horse  
Pete and breaks heads," cried old  
Rae, ducking his head and running  
off, as Lester struck him on the base  
of the body with a wine glass.  
At this moment a tall genteel look-  
ing man, faultlessly attired, with large  
black whiskers, who had been stand-  
ing near by, stepped forward. At this  
little by-play, approached the table  
and suggested that they make up  
a game of "euchre," to while away the  
time before supper.  
Elsewhere than in a crowded bar-  
room, Lester and his friends would  
have regarded this request as an in-  
sult upon their privacy and an in-  
fringement of the rules of social et-  
quette, but here where democracy  
reigned supreme, and everybody was  
supposed to have the implied privilege  
of speaking to every body else, the re-  
quest was listened to politely.  
Lester, who was in for fun, and  
Gardiner who was always accommo-  
dating, responded immediately that  
they had no objection. Landon and  
Neale shook their heads and declined  
to play.  
"If you need a hand to make up the  
game I will join you," said a bystander,  
who thus in this moment seemed deeply  
absorbed in watching a game of "old  
sledge," at an adjoining table.  
"A right," laughingly cried Lester.  
"Shall we get up for deal or play as  
we sit?"  
"Just as you please," replied the first  
stranger.  
"Well, then let us play as we are,"  
remarked Gardiner, who was sitting  
opposite Lester.  
"What shall we play for?" said  
Lester.  
"No, no, no, to a dollar a table, or  
two dollars a corner," observed the  
whiskered gentleman in a bland tone.  
"All right, agreed," said Gardiner,  
who was shuffling the cards.  
The money was deposited and the  
game began.  
"Lester, you will excuse me for a  
few moments. I shall take a stroll to  
be seen here. I tell you something  
taking Neale's arm, he sauntered forth  
in the open air.  
"Let us go out here, Mr. Neale,  
away from the house. Walls have  
ears and I desire to say a few words  
to you privately. There is mischief  
afoot and I scent it in the air. That  
bar-room is filled with those Balti-  
more rowdies and black-legs. I know  
those two men well, who are playing  
with our friends, in spite of their dis-  
guise. They are both professional  
gamblers and notorious sharpers.  
They intend to win all Lester's money  
and that of your friend, either by fair  
means or by foul. Now I propose,  
that you and I return to that table  
and keep a sharp lookout. You watch  
every movement of the second stran-  
ger and I shall take care of the first.  
In the meantime, if you have any  
friends in that bar-room, go and tell  
them to lookout for squalls and be  
careful of their money.  
I shall have a word or two with  
Mrs. Bigson, to prepare her for an  
emergency. Meet me at the bar and  
we will take a drink together. This  
is the first day of our intercourse Mr.  
Neale, but I know you are a gentle-  
man, and I am glad to have made  
your acquaintance."  
"Rest assured Mr. Landon that I  
appreciate your confidence, and fully  
reciprocate your kind feelings of es-  
teem. Those rascals in London will be  
obliged to get up early, when they at-  
tempt to play their sharp tricks upon  
the young men of Charles county.  
We are not so green as they imagine;  
and with you to assist us, you who  
have traveled and seen the world in  
its various phases, we will, I am sure,  
circumvent them again, as we did  
once before to-day."  
As the young men were about en-  
tering the hotel, they were accosted  
by the Colonel's boy Jim, who an-  
nounced that the carriage was ready.  
Landon ordered the bar-keeper to  
give Jim a glass of whiskey, then  
turning to Jim, he told him to take  
the carriage and horses round to the  
stable, and not to leave them for one  
moment - to keep his eyes and ears  
open, and if anything suspicious oc-  
curred, to send Tom to the bar-room  
for him.

Having completed their arrange-  
ments, Landon and Neale met at the  
bar, took a drink together, and then  
sauntered arm in arm to the table,  
where their friends were playing. Les-  
ter and Gardiner had evidently been  
winning, as quite a pile of silver stood  
near their corners of the table.  
Just as Landon and Neale had tak-  
en the respective positions, the tall  
stranger with the whiskers, proposed  
that they should increase the stakes  
to ten dollars a head, - just to make  
the game more interesting, you know.  
Of course, Lester and Gardiner, who  
had each won about forty dollars,  
agreed to the proposition, Lester re-  
marking that as soon as supper was  
announced, they should stop no mat-  
ter who was winner.  
The game proceeded in silence, and  
still the neat half-dozen games were  
won by Lester and Gardiner. In the  
stage of the game the second stranger  
inadvertently of course, dropped a  
card, and as he stooped to pick it up,  
pinched the leg of his partner. The  
action did not escape the watchful eye  
of Neale, who winked at Landon.  
The tall stranger stretched himself,  
yawned, raised both hands over his  
head, and bringing them down upon  
the table with a slight noise, settled  
himself in earnest to his work.  
It was not the first time that Lan-  
don had witnessed this manoeuvre,  
and knowing it to be a signal, he re-  
doubled his watchfulness. By this  
time quite a number of gentlemen,  
friends of Neale and Gardiner, had  
gathered around the table.  
Lack had changed. The whiskered  
stranger and his partner had the  
"bowers" each time, and the aston-  
ished Lester looked dumfounded.  
Stanger No. 2 had dealt and turned  
up the trump, which was king of dia-  
monds. The whiskered man gave a  
look at his partner, then went it alone.  
By a dexterous movement in a flash,  
Landon had ripped down the sleeve  
of the coat of the man with whiskers,  
and down on the table dropped a half  
dozen court cards. Neale seized the  
cards just laid down by the second  
stranger and both bowers of diamonds  
were in his discarded hand, while in  
his partner's hand were both bowers  
of hearts.  
Sweeping the money off the table  
into his pocket with his left hand,  
Landon drew his pistol with his  
right, and pointing it full at the breast  
of the whiskered gentleman, whose  
hand was in his pistol pocket, cried  
out:  
(To be continued.)

**Select Miscellany.**  
**Heat and Light**  
The best temperature at which to  
keep a room, for health's sake, is about  
sixty-one or seventy degrees, above  
the mantle-piece. Less than this far  
more agreeable to man, and a greater  
degree of heat is unwholesome, to say  
nothing of the danger of catching a  
chill on going out from a room so  
heated. Elderly people should never  
put on a cold and unadorned overcoat  
before going out-of-doors in winter; it  
takes but a few moments to warm, so  
there is no need to run any risk. It  
does no harm, either, to arm both  
fingers and toes before going out; then,  
if a brisk walk be taken, there is little  
fear of any sudden or dangerous lower-  
ing of the animal heat. Walking can  
be done with greater ease and com-  
fort if the cloths be light; and it is a  
very easy thing to have them made of  
materials that are both light and warm.  
The chest in people advanced in years  
needs all the protection you can give  
it; and here I tell you something  
worth remembering: the bare re-  
quirement of the chest is much more  
protection from the cold as much in-  
more than the breast, and yet pro-  
tectors are nearly always worn on the  
chest only - a mistake that is fatal to  
the lungs. The custom of taking  
cordials, generally of a vinous nature,  
to keep up the animal heat, is a very  
bad one. Never take a cordial of any  
kind if you can really do without it.  
If one is very weakly in constitution,  
he should consult a medical man on  
the subject, and do exactly as he ad-  
vises.  
There is no light like the light of  
day; the lower animals seem to know  
this, and make it their maxim to go  
early to bed, and be astir with the  
dawn. No human being, however  
much he may desire it, should have  
artificial light of some kind,  
though we should never forget that  
candles, lamps, and gas all consume  
our precious oxygen, and produce  
poisonous carbonic acid gas; and the  
larger the burner, the greater the  
amount of oxygen consumed, and the  
more the need for perfect ventilation.  
Even four per cent. of carbonic acid  
gas in a bed room is injurious to health  
and dangerous to life; therefore I com-  
monly read against the too common  
habit of burning lights all night. For  
many reasons, too numerous here to  
specify, sleeping in the dark is more  
refreshing than in a glare of light,  
whether natural or artificial.  
Everybody should wear some kind  
of flannel under-clothing all the year  
round; though, if I must make an  
exception, let me advise them that  
flannel be worn in winter and silk in  
summer; and this I mean to refer also  
to a change, in hot weather, from  
stockings or socks of wool to those  
made of the softer and thinner but  
none the less comfortable material,  
silk. Those who suffer from cold feet  
should wear two pair of light soft  
socks. Old people should always have  
their feet thus clothed, for their  
hearts are not so strong as they were  
in by-gone days, and can not pump  
the warm blood to the extremities with  
the force they were wont to. Few

**Music bath Charms.**  
The singular and wonderful effect  
of music in a squirrel, is thus told by  
a gentleman of responsibility:  
"One afternoon last summer, when  
out looking for game, I sat down on a  
pile of rails to rest. Pretty soon I  
discovered in an oak tree some twenty  
yards away a red squirrel stretched at  
full length on a limb taking a sun  
bath. Instead of raising my rifle and  
sending a ball through the little fel-  
low (it's a mighty mean sportsman  
that endeavors to kill all he sees), I  
decided to give him a little pleasure,  
if I could, so I began to whistle the  
air of that once popular ditty, "I  
Love Thee Sweet Nora O'Neil." In a  
trinking the squirrel was on his  
hind legs, his tail over his back, his  
head cocked to one side, listening to  
me; a moment of irresolution, and  
then he scampered down the trunk of  
the tree to the ground and started to-  
ward me; he came a few yards, stop-  
ped, sat up on one end and listened  
again, I was careful not to move, and  
kept on whistling. After waiting a  
moment the little beauty came on,  
jumped up on the pile of rails, ran  
along within four feet of me, halted,  
went up one end again, made an um-  
brella of his tail, tipped his head to  
one side, looked at me with all the  
gravity of a justice of the peace at his  
first trial, and yet if ever a creature's  
eyes beamy with pleasure, his did.  
I did not move, but after a little I  
absolutely changed the tune to the  
"Sweet Bye and Bye." Chut! Why,  
with the first notes of the different  
tune away went the squirrel. I did  
move, only I shook with suppressed  
laughter, and as well as I could kept  
on whistling. In a minute or two  
back came the squirrel, going through  
all the cunning manoeuvres of his first  
approach, and once more took a seat  
before me on the rails. I watched  
him, and actually thought he was try-  
ing to pucker up his mouth and whistle.  
Once again I changed the tune, this  
time to "Yankee Doodle," and as be-  
fore, with the first note of change  
away scampered the squirrel. Unable  
to control my risibilities longer, I  
laughed aloud, and after that I  
couldn't call my little friend to me.  
I wonder how many of the so-called  
true sportsmen ever seek or think of  
any pleasure in connection with such  
beautiful little creatures save the  
savage and unmanly pleasure of tak-  
ing away their lives.  
**How to Keep Cool.**  
As warm weather approaches, we  
devise all sorts of plans to keep cool,  
and by every earnestness defeat our  
purpose. To be cool, one must be  
tranquil - and avoid unnecessary exer-  
tion. The prudent housekeeper will  
make her morning fire suffice to do  
the chief part of the cooking for the  
day. Cold boiled meats, cold vegeta-  
bles, cold desserts for dinner, when  
that meal comes in the middle of the  
day, are in order. Potatoes made in-  
to salad are not to be scorned by any  
lover of that vegetable. If a cup of  
hot tea or coffee is desired, it can be  
made on an oil stove, and such food  
as is prepared to warm can be warmed  
over. But custom renders cold food  
as palatable as, and during hot weather  
even more palatable than hot food  
is in cold weather. A little persis-  
tence on the part of the house-mother  
will prove that the case, and the ex-  
periments is certainly worth trying.  
Farmers' wives who strew over the  
stove in mid-summer noons have a  
harder time of it than farmers do in  
the fields, and there is no necessity  
for this. Iced tea and coffee and milk  
are as delicious as hot tea and coffee  
when one's palate is accustomed to  
them. The hardest part of the work  
should be done in the morning, if pos-  
sible, and if you can lie down for  
awhile in the heated part of the day,  
so much the better. Plenty of sleep  
with frequent baths, will enable  
almost any one to bear the warm  
weather philosophically.  
**A Bright Boy.**  
An editor of an Illinois paper took  
a boy to learn the printer's trade. He  
was careful to impress upon his mind  
the necessity of obedience and of doing  
everything thoroughly. After  
preliminary instruction the lad was  
given a stick and rule, and was taken  
to a case to wrestle with a piece of  
copy. The editor went off to a politi-  
cal convention. The other boys in the  
office paid but little attention to  
the new recruit, and when the editor  
returned half a day later he found the  
boy down upon his knees searching  
for something on the floor.  
"What's the matter, Johnny?" said  
he.  
"Why, I dropped the type before I got  
the first line set," replied the boy,  
"and you told me before I went to  
work that whenever I dropped a type  
I must stop and pick it up before  
I did anything else. I've been  
looking for that darned type all day  
and I can't find it."  
Need we say that boy succeeded in  
business? He grew up, went West,  
and two weeks ago he was hanged in  
Nevada for horse-stealing.  
**A shell-race - Moluaks.**  
A scrub-race - Floor washers.  
What is home where love is not?  
ask - a susceptible young poet. It's a  
mighty interesting place - to the neigh-  
bors.  
Morse, who invented the telegraph,  
and Bell, the inventor of the telephone  
both had deaf, mute wives. Little  
comment is necessary, but just see  
what a man can accomplish when  
everything is quiet.