

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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Washington. Washington.

SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING!

To fit the Largest or Smallest Man or Boy—in—**Charles county.**

BETWEEN LEGIMATE ADVERTISING And What is TERMED PUFFERY

THERE IS A WIDE DISTINCTION.

The first merely explains the real merits of the goods sought to be sold.

The second assuredly exaggerates those merits, if there be any, or invents if there are none. What we say about our CLOTHING in the prints, and is disseminated through other channels, is the plain unvarnished truth.

We ask you to call at our establishment when in the city, to convince you of the truthfulness of our assertion.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET,
Washington, D. C.

S. KATZELSTEIN,
MANAGER.

BEAR IN MIND

Family Shoe Store,
306 & 308 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR NEW PRICE LIST.

800 Pairs Infants Shoes from 10c to 25c up	4 1/2 Pairs Ladies heavy Shoes solid 49c to 75c up
750 " Children's Spring Heels 20c to 35c up	500 " Kid and Foxed Shoes 25c to 40c up
650 " Boys and Misses Shoes 20c to 35c up	500 " Button 20c to 35c up
275 " Men's working Shoes 20c to 35c up	250 " Congress and lace 20c to 35c up
620 " Carpet Slippers 15c to 25c up	220 " Ladies lasting 20c to 35c up
580 " Kid 15c to 25c up	

629 Pa. Ave. Also Manufacturer and Dealer in
ROCKFORD Watch Co. District Columbia, Key, Stem-wind WATCHES. The best quick-train time-keeper made. Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

Perry, Smoot & Co.,

—DEALERS IN—
under, Lime, Cement, Nails, Shingles.

No. 25, Cor. Union & Cameron streets,
Alexandria, VA

Our Specialties for Spring:

Gent's Hand Sewed Gaiters	\$2 to \$6
Call Gaiters and Boots	\$2 to \$5
Work and Plough Shoes	15c to \$2
Scotch Bottom Stuffed Shoes	\$1 to \$2
Ladies Lace and Congress Gaiters	75c to \$1
Ladies Kid and Foxed Boots	\$1 to \$4
Fine Hand Sewed Button	\$2 to \$5

LOW QUARTER SHOES OF ALL KINDS.
SLIPPERS AND SANDALS IN GREAT VARIETY.

L. HEILBRUN,
402 Seventh St., N. W.
SIGN—THE OLD WOMAN IN WINDOW.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Know

That Brown's Iron Bitters will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 28th, 1882. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, dyspepsia, and constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach. In fact, I had almost become a corpse. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband secured Brown's Iron Bitters, advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial, and now taking the third bottle, and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time. Mrs. L. F. GERRICK.

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EXCELSIOR CLOTHING COMPANY

Spring Display 1883.

Nobody Denies

That "EXCELSIOR" has the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys, Youths and Children in Maryland.

Or Rita Merton, not one word had been heard. She had gone out of the sight and knowledge of those who knew her, as completely as if the great grave covered her.

Yes, Tom Harris had faithfully redeemed his promise made to Rita Merton. He had graduated with the highest honors, and commenced the practice of his profession with every prospect of a brilliant future. His little country town could not long retain such talents—as he possessed, and he had taken up his abode in Washington, partly because broader fields were to be found for his labors, and partly because Rita Merton was a native of a nearer town in that city.

He had ever given up the determination to seek her out and avenge her wrongs.

In his walks through the crowded streets—he was ever watching for a sad eye, a dimpled cheek, or for the sight of her face.

What would he do when either were found? He did not know—he would leave that for circumstances to decide; but his search had always been fruitless.

He had but two objects in life, one was for vengeance, and the other to rise to the top of his profession.

Love had found no place in his heart since that first love had died out—at least making his young life with it—in the fearful struggle that followed Rita's cruel desertion.

He had loved one woman—had cherished her in his heart as something pure and perfect, and she had fallen. Why should he trust another?

He had been more successful in his legal efforts, and was fast gaining a national reputation. His old gray-haired brethren in the law listened to his burning, fiery eloquence and pointed to him as the "coming man."

One day he had been more than usually eloquent and his strong voice had rung through those marble halls in some heroic denunciation of right and justice, thrilling the hearts of his listeners. He slipped out unnoticed from the court house as the storm of applause shook that massive building at the conclusion of his speech.

As he walked slowly down the streets, he felt an arm linked into his and heard the friendly voice of Wilson, one of his few friends, saying:

"You have excelled even yourself to-day, old fellow. Let me congratulate you."

"Thanks," said Tom wearily, "but don't you just see I have let the court room just toward such remarks? Let's talk of something else please. Can't you?"

"No," answered Wilson, "I have followed you to talk on this subject and no other. If there had been any other subject, I would have been here to-day. There is but one thing for you to do to insure the realization of your ambitions dreams, (for like us all you must have such dreams), let them soar ever so high; and that is to become a member of our Club. Will you do so?"

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Poetry.

"MOTHER'S WAY"

Oh, within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eyes and voices would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."
If our home is bright and cheery,
Opening wide its doors of greeting
To the many not the few,
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
The reason our hearts remember
"This was our mother's way."
Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,
Our tasks seem very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we seem to have no strength,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise and brightly say,
"This was our dear mother's way."
Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Fall, we may find our way
To go home our mother's way.

An Original Story.

RITA.

BY KNARE RENWARR.

CHAPTER IV.

Sixteen years had passed since the events which we have recorded in our former chapters occurred. Sixteen long, changeable years. There is a spot on this wide earth that had witnessed many changes in that long period of time, and probably more than that spot which we have had the scenes of our story.

Still the noble river lay before that murmuring softly in the rephrys, dashed to fury in the tempests. Still the tall trees waved their leafy tresses in the summer breezes, or bowed their naked branches to the winter blast; but the changes had come all the same. Old Squire Jones had long since been gathered to his fathers. Sally, his wife, had gone, with her children, to seek other fields for her suffering and strangers now dead in the old house by the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, slept peacefully in the old church yard. They had contented and thankful that their darling boy had faithfully received his promise.

Of Rita Merton, not one word had been heard. She had gone out of the sight and knowledge of those who knew her, as completely as if the great grave covered her.

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Tom smiled incredulously at his friend's exalted opinion of his Club, as he answered, "Thank you, but I am such an unsocial individual that I would be but a poor companion for any set of good fellows. Can't you excuse me?"

"No," replied Wilson, "nor can you afford not to accept my invitation. Politicians, lawyers, poets, authors, all aspire to be members as sure means of advancement. It is a secret organization and I cannot tell you much concerning it; but it is an association of all grades, and of all creeds, having its headquarters here, its branches extend all over the country, and its power is almost absolute. It advances statesmen, makes or unmakes Presidents—in short, rules our so-called free republic as completely as ever imperial Caesar ruled degenerate Rome, or Napoleon ruled infatuated France. The masses of our people fondly imagine that they have the controlling power in the country, but they are mistaken. Let the mandate go forth from our Club for the advancement of any man or measure, and it is straight way obeyed, from the halls of Congress to the hamlets of the country. For over twenty years the present dominant party has ruled the country with a rod of iron, but an effort is now being made to wrest from it the power which it is said to have abused. Your great talents and strong love for democratic principles have been noticed, and the party now struggling for the ascendency cannot afford to lose your valuable services. I have, been deputed to invite you to join them. Once a member, and your success is assured in whatever you may undertake. There is a meeting to-night. You will, at least go and see who comprise this association. You can then join or not as you desire."

Tom, though slightly at a loss as to what to do, he had no objection to the description as he answered, "Well, as I have no engagement for this evening I suppose I had as well go and see this wonderful Club of yours. Call for me and I will be ready to accompany you."

"Very well," said Wilson. "I will call at 8 o'clock to give you time to see a meeting of the members before the meeting is called to order. Good-bye until I see you later."

Tom, a large room in a certain section of a number of men were assembled, as Tom and his friend entered, the same evening a little after 8 o'clock. Some were clothed in the plain, though elegant dress of citizens of the highest order, while others wore the glittering uniform of the army or navy. Some were recognized by Tom as men who held the highest official position, but most of them were strangers to him.

As Tom and his friend walked through the large room, Wilson pointed out to him the different men of note who were present. Some of these brilliant assemblage were collected in small groups talking earnestly to gether, others were intent on the perusal of the evening papers, while not a few were seated at the various little tables ranged along the side of the apartment engaged in some favorite game.

"The biggest guns have not arrived yet," said Wilson, "and we are waiting a game of snuff while waiting, as I have I have shown you all there is to be seen yet awhile."

Tom agreed, and they seated themselves at one of the unoccupied tables and were soon engaged in the game.

While they were playing a handsome man of about forty five stepped up and looked at them, and then, bowing politely, said a little indifferently, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but in here all are supposed to be friends. May I join you in this game?"

This request was politely granted, and the three were soon playing. A friend of Wilson's, passing, claimed his attention and carried him off on a sofa after they were leaving Tom and the stranger together.

There was something strangely familiar to Tom Harris about this man—something that involuntarily made his thoughts turn back to a flower-bordered cottage and a young girl, named Rita.

Could it be possible that the man for whom he had sought for the last six years, was before him? He looked at him closely, every moment becoming more and more convinced that such was the case.

Suddenly the stranger, by a movement which seemed habitual to him, pushed the bread crumbed hat which he wore low over his face, back from his forehead revealing, as he did so, a long red scar across his temples.

Tom knew him then—knew him that indelible mark which his boyish hand had traced there, on that night which he had tried to save Rita.

The hunt was over. The game he had sought for so long was before him. He threw the bits of pasteboard on the table and sprang to his feet. The stranger looked upon his face showing a look of well-bred surprise.

"Will you not continue the game?" he said quietly.

"No," answered Tom hotly, "I never play with scoundrels when I know they are to be such."

The stranger's handsome features flushed at this insult, but he answered, still quietly sitting.

"In the set to which I belong the utter of such words is always called to a strict account for them at a fitting time and place. Will you favor me with your card?"

"No place like this: No time like now," said Harris, "and if your lagging

courage wants more to stimulate it, I again proclaim you, Will Bayne, a seducer of woman and a liar, and that you are a coward, that red mark across your brow, which my boyish hand inflicted and which you dared not resist, will show. I am Tom Harris, don't you know me?"

Bayne was on his feet now, his eyes flashing and his face red with anger as he answered.

"Once before, Tom Harris, we stood face to face, when your youth saw of you from merited chastisement. No such consideration can claim my forbearance now. Come on, I am ready for you."

"First," said Harris, "answer me one question which I demand of you. Where is Rita?"

"And if I refuse to tell you?" asked Bayne.

"Then," replied Tom, "I will choke the answer from you foul throat, and your worthless life shall follow it."

"No need for that," said Bayne. The answer is not of such moment to me, and I will tell you without subjecting you to such a dangerous experiment—tell you that the woman whom you seek, having proved false to her mother's teachings, false to her boyish lover, proved equally false to the man who loved and would have cherished her; and having once tasted of the cup of sin and shame, she was not content until she had drained it to its bitter dregs. If you still seek her, you will doubtless find her a drunken wretch in some sailor's brothel or night."

At this hideous picture, drawn by the man he hated, the woman he loved, Tom sprang upon the man before him. Vain was now the city athlete's boasted skill for fierce as a lion the young avenger was upon him, his strong fingers grasping the white throat with a force which would require only a few moments to do their fatal work, but the bystanders rushed between them and bore them apart just as a gray-haired, noble looking old man mounted upon a raised platform at the end of the room, and in a loud, firm voice called the meeting to order.

Instantly every head was uncovered, and silence fell upon them all. The old man glanced round that silent assemblage for a moment, and then in a commanding voice said:

"Bayne will come forward to the chair."

Bayne, still gasping from the rough treatment he had received, came forward at once.

"The old man addressed him sternly, "Mr. Bayne, over your private affairs we claim to have no control, but it seems to me more than right that the young man's question should be answered, and we, too, ask, where is the woman?"

"The man has been answered," replied Bayne doggedly.

A frown gathered on the old man's face as he turned to his secretary and quietly said "Swear him."

Bayne's face grew pale at these words, but there was no alternative, and he advanced and took the oath that none dared violate. Then with his piercing eyes fixed on the man before him the old man's stern voice was again heard.

"Once again we ask you, where is the woman?"

"At No. 12—St.," answered Bayne.

"Take down the number," said the old president to the secretary. "Wilson you will bring your friend before me," addressed Harris, he nodded.

"There is the answer to your question. You will find it correct. You are not a member of our association and you can go. Some other time we will be glad to have you join us. Usher show this man out. Mr. Bayne, you remain until the meeting is over. Gentlemen we will proceed to business."

Out in the brilliantly lighted streets, bearing in his hand the slip of paper which bore the information he had long sought for, Tom bared his heated brow to the cool night-air, walking all the time in the direction of the house in which he would find Rita. How would she receive him? How would she thank him for seeking her out in her seclusion to find her—what he dared not even think, but he must see her, he would see her, and he would walk on through the wide streets until he reached the house he sought.

He did not hesitate a moment, but went up the steps and rang the bell. A neat looking colored girl opened the door. He walked by her, into the hall. He gave no name, nor did he know what name to ask for. A light was burning in a room adjoining. He went in.

A woman was sitting close up to a fire in the grate; her head with its brown hair sprinkled with gray was buried in her hands. She raised it at a startled surprised look her pale thin face, as Tom walked on to the mantel, looking down on her.

He recognized that pale sad face at once, so greatly changed but still bearing traces of its former beauty.

"Rita," he said, "I have found you at last. Do you know me?"

(To be continued.)

At a town meeting a large taxpayer rose up to protest against building a new school house in a certain part of the town. "What's the good of it," asked he. "They are an ignorant set down there, anyway."

One of the knowing heathen: A Portland (Oregon) Chinese peddler refused an English shilling offered as a two bit piece, saying: "No good, Mr. heathen. No chicken on him."

Select Reading.

The Day-Boarder.

"You take a woman,"—broke in the day-boarder,—you take a woman on the war-path, and it just beats all how deceitful she can be." Here he flourished his fork over the remnants of what had been an immense pile of puke-hat cakes, with a sort of 'come to my arms-love air, which made the landlady shove them away out of his reach.

"What do you mean by being on the war-path?" inquired the blonde dress-maker.

"Gunning for a husband—after matrimonial scalps! I boarded at a private house in Omaha last summer, and the woman who superintended things was only hired by the real owner to run it; but you wouldn't think, to look at her, but what she owned the whole city, and had a two-thirds interest in the bank. She was just old business. She wasn't dished high for looks, though—so blamed ugly in the face, that it wouldn't stay in the house. One day a moon-cuss—a clerk in the post-office—came to board with me, and we all took a ten-story dislike to him the minute he squared himself at the table. But he wasn't more'n a week before the boys put a job on him. After meals we used to pick our teeth in the front parlor and loaf around five or ten minutes; and every day we'd say something about him in splendid layout the landlady had in the way of town property and personal effects, and what a catch she was, and how much money she laid by in the bank every month, and how long she had been a widow, and how economical she was, and suggest that she wouldn't be so bad looking if she would put on a clean dress once in a while, and get some lunar caustic and burn off a couple of seed-warts alongside her nose. The post-office clerk swallowed all this guff like a tripe-eater with a morbid appetite, and gaped for more; and it was as much as five or six could do to keep him filled up—he seemed to pine for it so much.

"He began to dislike some of us boarders early in the day—he was just full of us; and we could hear him muttering to himself going up to his room how that such and such a one of us would have to leave when he came to run the house; and when one of us would come to the table, he would choke up and glare at him as though he wanted to say, 'That's all right now; but you'll have to trot when I hold the ribbons.' Well, the first thing we knowed he peeped the question, was accepted on the spot, and it leaked out, and we all congratulated the poor devil; and they were married the next Sunday; and I lit away after the ceremony he tackled me, just as I was going down the front steps, and said: 'I guess I'll have to give you up your room after this week. You ain't very pretty, anyway—no great shakes for utility; and I hate to see you stand around like a bump on a log, and eating like a parcel of swine. Yes, I guess you'll have to go. I can rent the room easy enough to a gentleman. I told him he must be drunk or crazy; that he hadn't any control over the house, and he said, 'What! you scuffling parasite, and just then his wife came out, dressed all up in her ancient toggery, with a big carpet sack in her hand and a waterproof cloak on her arm, and said if it was all the same to him they would go out and look up some rooms to rent; and then the post-office clerk said 'What! and tried to smile; but he looked sick as a dog, and his knee pants rattled together like a window-sash in a cyclone.

"The mistress of the house told me," said the new wife, "that I would have to dig out as soon as I got married; but she gave me an old lounge up in the back attic for a wedding present."

"Why—why, ain't you the owner of the house—the landlady?" chattered the post-office official.

"No, I was only the house-keeper."

"Well, suffering Lazarus!" said the clerk, "you've gone and fried a pretty mess of fish, you—you! and he drew back to strike her in the face, but he caught his arm; and the boys came out, and kicked him up the stairs a couple of blocks, and left him there to work his way back to the house as best he could. Yes, you take a woman on the war-path, and she's as deceitful as a house fly in the fruit cake."

Remarkable Midget.

Mrs. Marion Poe, the wife of a prominent merchant of Chattanooga, Tenn., on Mar. 15 gave birth to a child which is almost without a parallel for diminutiveness, the little creature weighing only one and a half pounds at its birth. The entire body is not as large as the forearm of an ordinary person. It is but eleven inches long, and in no portion of its body is it more than six inches in circumference. Its head is no larger than a large English walnut. Its arms, legs, like a man's little finger, and the leg like the center finger. Its hand is not as large as a five-cent piece. The child is perfectly formed, and its entire physical organization is complete in every detail. Its head is covered with all the hair usually found on one so young, and in all particulars it differs in nothing from an ordinary child except in size. In answer to the question whether it cries, Mr. Poe says: "If you had seen me walking the floor last night to quiet it, you would not ask the question. It cries as loudly and lustily as any child I ever saw."

The mother was asked regarding its nourishment, and replied: "It takes its nourishment perfectly natural, and has a most voracious appetite. The child is doing well. To show you the size of its arm I will take this plain gold ring from my little finger and slip it over the child's arm to the elbow, and, suiting the action to the word, the ring, which was very small, slipped over the forearm with the utmost ease. Mrs. Poe is a lady weighing about 125 pounds; her husband is robust and healthy, and is fully six feet tall; has six children; two by his present wife, the eldest of the latter, when born, weighing 5 pounds four ounces. She is now 2 years old and fully grown for her age. She is wonderfully precocious and has remarkable intelligence. Small children were never before born to his or his wife's family.

A Tale of Telegraphic Ticking.

A well-to-do young man recently married and started west on his bridal tour. The happy young couple were breakfasting at a station eating-house. During the repast two smart Alecks came into the eating room and seated themselves opposite the contracting parties. By delicate posing of their knife and fork they were able to make sounds in close imitation of telegraphy—in the mystic language of the key one said to the other:

"Ain't she a daisy, though?"

The party thus addressed replied by clicking off:

"Wouldn't I like to kiss her, the little fat angel!"

"Wonder who that old blot is that she has married?"

"Some gorgeous granger, I reckon," replied the other.

The groom stood it until for a bareness ceased to be a virtue, when he also balanced his knife, and click, click it went in rapid succession. It was intelligible to the very cute twain that had recently made fun of its author. When interpreted it read:

"DEAR SIBS—I am superintendent of the telegraph line upon which you work. You will please send your time to headquarters and resign your positions at once. Yours.

A Motor that Will Supersede Steam.

Cool, one of the leading journals of practical science in England, makes known a discovery that, as represented, will work as great a revolution in employment of power as Keeley's motor would were it to do all he promises. The journal in question says: "A new motor has been discovered which, it is claimed, will supersede steam. The material from which the energy is generated is bi-sulphide of carbon, which is utilized as a motor agent in the form of vapor, and the advantage claimed for it over steam is that, while water expands in the ratio of one cubic inch to 1,700, bi-sulphide of carbon has an expansion property of only one to 800. When the vapor is generated it passes into the steam chest of the engine and moves the piston rod. A pipe attachment to the engine conveys the exhaust vapor directly through a condenser back to the tank in its original liquid form to be generated. The system of generation and condensation is similar to the heat action, and, with machinery properly constructed, it is claimed that a single supply of bi-sulphide of carbon can be used with re-enforcements for an indefinite period. The cost of fuel is trifling, being claimed that from the peculiar properties of the bi-sulphide an ordinary house fire can develop a power sufficient to run an ocean steamer. Water boils at 212°, and it takes 320° of heat to make steam available, while the new agent takes the form of vapor at 180°.

Sophronia—"What is philosophy?" It is something which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

Miss Verdant, of Verdantville, bought a "letter-writer," and then wrote an indignant letter to the bookseller because she had to write the letters herself.

Mathematical Problem:—If it takes 15 pounds of cross-eyed apple butter to fatten a bow-legged mousquin, how long will it take a sick kitten to chew the legs off an iron safe?"

What's in a name? Custom-house official (holding up two black bottles) —"I thought you said you had wearing apparel only in this trunk. What are these? Lady—"So I did. These are my husband's night-caps.—Life.

Original Story.

RITA.

BY KNARE RENWARR.

CHAPTER IV.

Sixteen years had passed since the events which we have recorded in our former chapters occurred. Sixteen long, changeable years. There is a spot on this wide earth that had witnessed many changes in that long period of time, and probably more than that spot which we have had the scenes of our story.

Still the noble river lay before that murmuring softly in the rephrys, dashed to fury in the tempests. Still the tall trees waved their leafy tresses in the summer breezes, or bowed their naked branches to the winter blast; but the changes had come all the same. Old Squire Jones had long since been gathered to his fathers. Sally, his wife, had gone, with her children, to seek other fields for her suffering and strangers now dead in the old house by the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, slept peacefully in the old church yard. They had contented and thankful that their darling boy had faithfully received his promise.

Of Rita Merton, not one word had been heard. She had gone out of the sight and knowledge of those who knew her, as completely as if the great grave covered her.

Yes, Tom Harris had faithfully redeemed his promise made to Rita Merton. He had graduated with the highest honors, and commenced the practice of his profession with every prospect of a brilliant future. His little country town could not long retain such talents—as he possessed, and he had taken up his abode in Washington, partly because broader fields were to be found for his labors, and partly because Rita Merton was a native of a nearer town in that city.

He had ever given up the determination to seek her out and avenge her wrongs.

In his walks through the crowded streets—he was ever watching for a sad eye, a dimpled cheek, or for the sight of her face.

What would he do when either were found? He did not know—he would leave that for circumstances to decide; but his search had always been fruitless.

He had but two objects in life, one was for vengeance, and the other to rise to the top of his profession.

Love had found no place in his heart since that first love had died out—at least making his young life with it—in the fearful struggle that followed Rita's cruel desertion.

He had loved one woman—had cherished her in his heart as something pure and perfect, and she had fallen. Why should he trust another?

He had been more successful in his legal efforts, and was fast gaining a national reputation. His old gray-haired brethren in the law listened to his burning, fiery eloquence and pointed to him as the "coming man."

One day he had been more than usually eloquent and his strong voice had rung through those marble halls in some heroic denunciation of right and justice, thrilling the hearts of his listeners. He slipped out unnoticed from the court house as the storm of applause shook that massive building at the conclusion of his speech.

As he walked slowly down the streets, he felt an arm linked into his and heard the friendly voice of Wilson, one of his few friends, saying:

"You have excelled even yourself to-day, old fellow. Let me congratulate you."

"Thanks," said Tom wearily, "but don't you just see I have let the court room just toward such remarks? Let's talk of something else please. Can't you?"

"No," answered Wilson, "I have followed you to talk on this subject and no other. If there had been any other subject, I would have been here to-day. There is but one thing for you to do to insure the realization of your ambitions dreams, (for like us all you must have such dreams), let them soar ever so high; and that is to become a member of our Club. Will you do so?"

Tom smiled incredulously at his friend's exalted opinion of his Club, as he answered, "Thank you, but I am such an unsocial individual that I would be but a poor companion for any set of good fellows. Can't you excuse me?"

"No," replied Wilson, "nor can you afford not to accept my invitation. Politicians, lawyers, poets, authors, all aspire to be members as sure means of advancement. It is a secret organization and I cannot tell you much concerning it; but it is an association of all grades, and of all creeds, having its headquarters here, its branches extend all over the country, and its power is almost absolute. It advances statesmen, makes or unmakes Presidents—in short, rules our so-called free republic as completely as ever imperial Caesar ruled degenerate Rome, or Napoleon ruled infatuated France. The masses of our people fondly imagine that they have the controlling power in the country, but they are mistaken. Let the mandate go forth from our Club for the advancement of any man or measure, and it is straight way obeyed, from the halls of Congress to the hamlets of the country. For over twenty years the present dominant party has ruled the country with a rod of iron, but an effort is now being made to wrest from it the power which it is said to have abused. Your great talents and strong love for democratic principles have been noticed, and the party now struggling for the ascendency cannot afford to lose your valuable services. I have, been deputed to invite you to join them. Once a member, and your success is assured in whatever you may undertake. There is a meeting to-night. You will, at least go and see who comprise this association. You can then join or not as you desire."

Tom, though slightly at a loss as to what to do, he had no objection to the description as he answered, "Well, as I have no engagement for this evening I suppose I had as well go and see this wonderful Club of yours. Call for me and I will be ready to accompany you."

"Very well," said Wilson. "I will call at 8 o'clock to give you time to see a meeting of the members before the meeting is called to order. Good-bye until I see you later."

Tom, a large room in a certain section of a number of men were assembled, as Tom and his friend entered, the same evening a little after 8 o'clock. Some were clothed in the plain, though elegant dress of citizens of the highest order, while others wore the glittering uniform of the army or navy. Some were recognized by Tom as men who held the highest official position, but most of them were strangers to him.

As Tom and his friend walked through the large room, Wilson pointed out to him the different men of note who were present. Some of these brilliant assemblage were collected in small groups talking earnestly to gether, others were intent on the perusal of the evening papers, while not a few were seated at the various little tables ranged along the side of the apartment engaged in some favorite game.

"The biggest guns have not arrived yet," said Wilson, "and we are waiting a game of snuff while waiting, as I have I have shown you all there is to be seen yet awhile."

Tom agreed, and they seated themselves at one of the unoccupied tables and were soon engaged in the game.

While they were playing a handsome man of about forty five stepped up and looked at them, and then, bowing politely, said a little indifferently, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but in here all are supposed to be friends. May I join you in this game?"

This request was politely granted, and the three were soon playing. A friend of Wilson's, passing, claimed his attention and carried him off on a sofa after they were leaving Tom and the stranger together.

There was something strangely familiar to Tom Harris about this man—something that involuntarily made his thoughts turn back to a flower-bordered cottage and a young girl, named Rita.

Could it be possible that the man for whom he had sought for the last six years, was before him? He looked at him closely, every moment becoming more and more convinced that such was the case.

Suddenly the stranger, by a movement which seemed habitual to him, pushed the bread crumbed hat which he wore low over his face, back from his forehead revealing, as he did so, a long red scar across his temples.

Tom knew him then—knew him that indelible mark which his boyish hand had traced there, on that night which he had tried to save Rita.

The hunt was over. The game he had sought for so long was before him. He threw the bits of pasteboard on the table and sprang to his feet. The stranger looked upon his face showing a look of well-bred surprise.

"Will you not continue the game?" he said quietly.

"No," answered Tom hotly, "I never play with scoundrels when I know they are to be such."

The stranger's handsome features flushed at this insult, but he answered, still quietly sitting.

"In the set to which I belong the utter of such words is always called to a strict account for them at a fitting time and place. Will you favor me with your card?"

"No place like this: No time like now," said Harris, "and if your lagging

courage wants more to stimulate it, I again proclaim you, Will Bayne, a seducer of woman and a liar, and that you are a coward, that red mark across your brow, which my boyish hand inflicted and which you dared not resist, will show. I am Tom Harris, don't you know me?"

Bayne was on his feet now, his eyes flashing and his