The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 7, 1883. Volume XL.---No. 26.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

MAMMOTH OPENING

OF

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS

AT

COX'S STATION.

WE have just Returned from BALTIMORE CITY with a large and complete assortment of

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS suited to all classes of trade.

Our Cottons, Linens, Prints and Dress Goods are the best the market affords. Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers for Ladies or Gentlemen, have been made expressly for custom trade. Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, &c., Lingerie of all kinds; Hats and Caps of the latest style in every variety. Groceries of all kinds; Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrup, Molasses.

We are also agent for a **New York Whip Factory**, and sell the finest whip made, displayed from a handsome rack, not to be excelled in beauty in the county. We are also agent for the sale of the famous

Whipple Spring-Tooth Sulky Harrow; the Whipple Harrow and Corn Cultivator combined; McCormick Single Reaper, Binder and Mower.

The celebrated HUNTER F. & F. PLOUGHS as well as the noted ploughs manufactured by the St. Joseph Plough Company, Mishawaka, Indiana.

The **Remington Sewing Machine** is also sold by us.

Should overwork from the use of any of the above machinery prostrate you or make you feel badly, then call and we will sell you some of Shaker's world renowned medicines.

And if your land is too poor to justify you in buying machinery remember our lime kilns.

We will sell you also the Sickles & Co., Cincinnati buggy, one of which is now used by Dr. Robert Diggs.

Mint Julips always on hand; and choice meals to feed the the hungry man. All at

Howard Bros.

ap 20-us.

THE LARGEST & BEST SELECTED STOCK

—OF—

GOODS

—IN—

Charles County.

AT

Farrall's Store

AT

LA PLATA

Ready-Made Clothing

A SPECIALTY.

Gents Suits from	$5 to $25
Boys " "	3 50 to 10
Children's suits (all ages)	3 00 to 8

A FINE STOCK OF

SHOES AND HATS

To Suit the Young and Old.

Ladies Linen Dusters	75c to $3.50
Ladies Dress Goods, per yard	10c to 25c
Pacific Lawns	10c
Vox Populi	5c
Ladies Lasting Gaiters, per pair	75c
Newport Ties and Slippers	$1 00 to $2 50

And all other goods that were ever kept in a Country Store can be found at my establishment, and sold at an advance of only **10 per cent.** on first cost, or in Trade for anything the public may have for sale.

Highest Cash Price for Wool.

☞ Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere. *My Goods are guaranteed*

T. R. FARRALL.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS,

Bilious Attacks, Headache, Costiveness, Chills and Fevers, and all Diseases of the Liver and Stomach,

J. M. LAROQUE'S ANTI-BILIOUS BITTERS

ARE DECIDEDLY

The Most Potent Remedy that Can be Used.

It is a Purely Vegetable, Faultless Family Medicine, and has been Manufactured at LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, one of the most prominent Drug Stores of Baltimore, for more than half a century. Its efficiency in all forms of LIVER DISEASE has been tested and approved by thousands of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, who have used it successfully in combating the above complaints, all of which arise from a derangement of the Liver and Disordered Stomach. We therefore say to you confidently if you have *Dyspepsia, Suffer from Sick or Nervous Headache, have Chills, Bowels are Constipated, or you feel generally Played Out and don't care a continental whether you live or die*, **try J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters,** and our word for it, a single dose, taken either at night on retiring or in the morning before breakfast, will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fevers abound, it will be found a most effective Remedy in guarding the system from all attack. The price, too, is reasonable and within the reach of all; 25 cents for the Herbs in packages, or $1.00 for the bottles ready prepared.

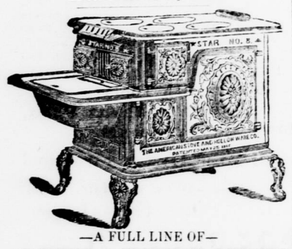
W. E. THORNTON, Sole Proprietor, cor. Baltimore and Harrison sts., Baltimore.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

T. Norris & Co.

No. 49 SOUTH CALVERT STREET,

Baltimore, Md.



—A FULL LINE OF—

COOKING & HEATING STOVES

of various designs at low prices.

Our SILVER STAR COOK is the Largest, Heaviest, Best and most Durable Stove on the market. oc 19-3m

Baltimore Advertisements.

EXCELSIOR'S

NEW SUITS

—FOR—

Fall and Winter

—ARE—

Ready for You.

New Fall Overcoats.
New Winter Overcoats
Boys' Suits to rough it in.
Youths' Suits you look dressed in.
Men's Suits you look best in.

Furnishing Goods.

Our stock contains everything in vogue in the way of Shirts, Underwear, Hose, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins, while in choice and fashionable Neckwear we offer to the public the finest makes at prices that cannot fail to please. In short our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. Please remember that our prices are the very lowest.

HATS & CAPS.

The exhibit in this Department will beggar description. Hundreds and hundreds of novel staple styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makes in order to secure the most beautiful specimens of Head Gear for Old Men and Young Men, for Youths and for Children. Come and see the styles. You will not be coaxed to buy, but if you should invest a dollar it will go as far as a dollars fifty in any Hat Store in Baltimore.

BOOTS & SHOES.

We have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Shoes, Gentlemen's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Boy's Shoes and Children's Shoes in Baltimore. It is impossible to give an idea of the extent of our stock to those who have never visited our Shoe Department. We are bound up by no one manufacturer. We purchase anywhere we can get the best goods for our money. You who read this examine our stock and do likewise.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoe Departments separate.

"Excelsior"

Clothing Campang,

S. W. COR. BALTO. LIGHT STS

Largest Establishment

—IN—

MARYLAND.

JNO. H. FOWLER. ROBT. S. FOWLER

BLANKFORD, FOWLER & COMPANY

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 106 S. Charles Street,

Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the Inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all Country PRODUCE. FERTILIZER IMPLEMENTS and Farm Supplies, &c., furnished at Agents prices.

Oct. 29, 1875.

W. H. Moore. J. F. Mudd

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

GROCERS AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 105 S. Charles St.,

BALTIMORE.

☞ Particular attention given to the Inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. n 26-

FINE WATCH REPAIRS

—AT TRADE PRICES—

Cleaning $1,50. *Mainspring* $1,50.

Warranted for one year by the English Watchmaker,

JOHN R. HARE,

No. 63 FAYETTE St.

Opposite Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore.

CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

dc 17-1y.

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER

[LATE OF COURT OF APPEALS]

Attorney-at-Law.

Prince Frederick, Calvert Co.

WILL practice in the Court of Appeals and in the Courts of Charles, Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties, which he will attend regularly.

Office and Address—ANNAPOLIS, MD. m 5-

Special Notice.

Steam Saw and Grist Mill,

Near La Plata Station,

ON THE BALT. & POTOMAC RAILROAD.

I AM now prepared to furnish all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, POST and RAIL and PAILINGS for Fences, LOGSHEAD SIDING, HEADS and HOOPS, also HOGSHEADS already set up. The above can be obtained either at my Mill or from T. R. FARRALL, at La Plata Station, at greatly reduced prices.

Grinding day, Saturdays.

jan 12-1y* JOHN HOFFMAN

A CARD.

Dr. Thos. A. Carrico respectfully announces to the public that he has resumed the practice of medicine, and will give the best attention he can command to all cases entrusted to his care.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

WOODWARD

& LOTHROP.

921 Pennsylvania Ave.,

Washington,

D. C.

Great Blanket Sale

We shall open this morning the largest assortment of Blankets ever shown in Washington, and at the lowest prices ever named for the same grades.

Nearly all of the lots mentioned below have been purchased from the Great Auction Trade Sale of Blankets which was recently held in New York City, and are much below the market price.

Blankets for $1,25 Per Pair.

280 Pairs Extra Quality 10-4 Blankets at $1,25. Selling rapidly for loaning sheets, etc.

Blankets for $1,75 Per Pair.

500 Pairs Extra Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $1,75. Never before sold less than $2,00 per pair.

Blankets for $2,00 Per Pair

480 pairs Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $2,00. Regular price for these goods, $2,50.

Blankets for $2,50 Per Pair.

500 pairs Extra large 11-4 Blankets, $2,50. Also two cases finer grade 11-4 Blankets at $2,75 per pair.

Blankets for $3,50 Per Pair.

300 pairs 11-4 Blankets at $3,50. Extra heavy for the price and really worth $4,50.

Blankets for $4,00 Per Pair.

150 pairs Choice Fleece 10-4 Blankets at $4. Every pair actually worth $5. Handsome borders and velvet finish.

Blankets for $5,00 Per Pair.

50 pairs Choice Fleece 11-4 Blankets, at $5. The attention of Housekeepers is especially called to this lot, as it is the best Blanket ever offered at the price.

Blankets for $6,00 Per Pair.

200 pairs 12-4 Extra Large and Heavy Blankets at $6. Never before sold at less than $7 per pair.

Blankets for $7,50 Per Pair.

Two cases Extra Super 12-4 Blankets at $7,50. Warranted by the manufacturers to be every thread and fibre wool. Never sold before at less than $8,50 per pair.

Signal Service Blankets.

The celebrated Signal Service Blanket may be found in our stock in all sizes.

Gray Blankets $2,25 Pr Pair.

Two cases 10-4 Gray Blankets, $2.25. Extra value for the money. Well worth 3.

Gray Blankets $3 per pair.

Two cases Extra Heavy 11-4 Gray Blankets, $3 per pair

Gray Wrappers for $4 Each.

One case Extra Super 11-4 Gray Blankets $4. These goods are now very much used for Ladies' Wrappers.

Scarlet Wool Blankets.

Scarlet all Wool 10-4 Blankets, 4.50. Usually retailed at five dollars.

Scarlet all wool 11-4 Blankets, 5. Regular price six.

Finer Grades of Blankets including the famous "Whitney Blankets," from 8 to 14

Crib Blankets $1,50 per pair

Finer Grades of Crib Blankets, in fancy colors, 3.50.

Bed Comforts for $1.

Bed Comforts, full size, 1.25, 1.50 1.90 each.

Bed Comforts, solid cardinal, oil boiled, only 2 25 each

Bed Comforts, English chintz, one piece, only 3.50.

Colored Bed Spreads.

A complete assortment in Choice Designs, 1.25, 1.75, 2.50, etc. etc.

White Bed Spreads, 1.00 1.25, 1.75, 2.00, etc., etc.

WOODWARD AND LATHROP,

921 Penn. Ave.....912 D Street.

Washington, D. C.

Poetry.

NO CHANGE.

The morning glory's purple has not paled,
O'ermatching all the tints of Tyrian dyes,
As fair the days as when with hope I hailed
The light of morning skies.

There is no change since first my heart was stirred
By sight of field, or stream, or flower, or vine;
As sweetly carols now the singing bird—
The change is only mine.

What seems to blend into a blighting rust,
Where once mine eyes saw colors only bright,
Is but the blinding of life's highway dust
That soon will close them quite.

And, knowing this, with strengthened hand I crush
Back to their tombs the ghosts that upward start
Robed with regret, and, sweeping cleanly, brush
All cobwebs from my heart;

Uncurtain all my soul from clouding shade,
Till I again all living joys can reap
With harvest grasps as wide as when I prayed,
"I lay me down to sleep."

—*Ben D. House.*

Original Story.

[Written for the PORT TOBACCO TIMES.]

PALMOIN.

BY GULNARE.

CHAPTER VII.

TIM DOOLAN'S REVENGE.

About a month after his memorable interview with Dora Wilson, Mr. Stanley neared the familiar green banks of Palmoin.

His heart beat with vain and foolish delight as he beheld the noble old mansion, tranquilly grand under the noonday splendor of a glorious autumnal day.

Vast fields of wheat rolled back in the distance, hemmed in by a brilliantly hued forest. Up from a broad meadow where the corn hung in golden ripeness, came a sweet strain of "Kitty Wells," and when he landed on his beloved shore what a crowd of black faces beamed with delight at the sight of their master; each endeavoring to give him the first warm welcome.

Mr. Stanley's arrival home was soon made known throughout the community in which he lived and that night Palmoin soon regained her true splendor and gayety that had been suspended for so long.

To no one short minute he spoke of the innocent life that he had blighted, the world knew it not. His manner had lost none of the sparkling vivacity and genial abandon that made his presence so desirable to all.

Long shadows of evening gradually approaching fell into one great one making that beautiful semi-darkness, called twilight.

Mr. Stanley stood on the river shore looking over the broad smooth estuary with a vacant eye. Perhaps he thought of the little wave washed hillock under the hill as anon his eye glanced that way. All around him silence seemed to reign. From the back of the dwelling came some low, confused sounds of children playing about the cabin doors, and a twittering of the fowls gathering in for the night.—Through the woodland beyond, was fast disappearing a long line of gaily attired darkies, which bespoke of some neighboring merriment among the African element. Loud and merry peals of laughter died away in a distant sound as the figures were lost in the forest.

Some few paces down the shore was Tim Doolan, the hunchback, regarding Stanley with a malignant eye and muttering something unintelligible between his set teeth.

Presently he came up to the spot where Stanley stood, displaying his usual servility of manner in the presence of the heir of the "ancestral halls;" indeed there was an unusual smoothness in his voice as he spoke his regret at Stanley's leaving home. The latter saw only the humble exterior in the man before him and never thought once that there was a hidden meaning beneath this well assumed urbanity, and being entirely alone that evening he invited Tim Doolan to take a night with him, which invitation was readily accepted, while in his eye there burned a satanic fire which was lost on Stanley.

Together they proceeded to the mansion, and entered the sitting room. A comfortable fire and the rich glow from a globe lamp that stood on a centre table scattered over with various newspapers and periodicals, rendered the apartment cosy and inviting.

So thought the hunch back as he sat before the blazing logs and rubbed his hands with a strange but exquisite glee. Now and then glancing around the walls, where hung a long line of portraits conspicuous among them was Stanley's beautiful mother, 'twas not so much the classical features that drew people's attention as the pensive shade of the eye and the sweet but sad smile that hovered around her pretty formed mouth; in her arms she held a handsome infant in whose bright, laughing black eyes one might recognize the Stanley of our tale.

Long and thoughtfully Tim Doolan gazed on the pictures but on none did he bestow such wrapt attention as the last one which represented Stanley in the beauty and vigor of manhood.

"The last," he muttered to himself in menancing tones, "the last of the proud family; only he lives, and he shall not live to-morrow."

He had barely disclosed this dark prophecy in time to shape his mouth into a smile as Stanley entered the room.

They both took their seats at the table and began looking at the books and papers.

"Tim," said Stanley, "here is something perhaps you will like," handing him Godey's Magazine, "it contains some quiet, judicious reading for mothers and daughters; a few mild and inoffensive poems, which might act as a sedative to a tired overworked brain, an essay on raising children, another on the treatment of servants, and a column devoted to domestic and culinary affairs; wonderful costumes and bonnets latest from Paris, all done up neatly in pamphlet form and dedicated solely to ladies as if the poor things could appreciate nothing better."

"Thank you," returned Tim with a black look of prejudice over spreading his face. "You are very kind, but I can select my own reading and though poor and in patches, I know good books from indifferent ones."

"Humph," said Stanley with contempt in his voice.

No more was said and they both settled themselves to reading whatever they liked.

Supper being over they sat down to a game of cards.

"Timon of Athens," said Stanley jocosely, "you will please be my servant for once and bring me a glass of wine."

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," answered Tim, moving with much adroitness toward the dining-room.

Never was he in such a high state of delight, his soul seemed possessed with joy. With trembling hands he poured out the rich red wine, but he paused for a moment as if to gather courage to carry out some evil plot.—A long burning for vengeance fired up in his heart and spurred him on to his deadly work.

"It shall be! it shall be!" he said, a wild look in his eye. "In his own costly cup he shall drink his death to-night."

He took from his pocket a vial of dark fluid and cautiously poured it in the glass of wine. With dilated eyes he saw the poison mingle with the wine.

"'Tis mixed," said he "and now with what joy to see him swallow it, truly my hour has come." He had reached the sitting room now and with the most obsequiousness handed the wine to Stanley.

"Come," said the gentleman when he had drunk the delicious vintage, "I have changed my mind about the game of chess, you please go in the back room and in one corner you will find my violin, which, my boy, please get for me. I feel like playing to-night." With the same alacrity which he had evinced several times that evening Tim brought the violin.

After performing several brilliant waltzes and polkas, Stanley played and sang his favorite song, "Though the day of my destiny is over." His rich and well rounded voice bringing out in full effect the deep Byronic roll of gloom and grandeur.

"I feel strangely to-night," said he when the song was ended, "perhaps it is the influence of the song that has settled more firmly on me that melancholy that seems to have brooded over my life for some time past. Try as I may I can't shake it off."

"Perhaps your destiny is nearer at an end than you think; little do we know how near we are to the boundary of eternity."

"Why do you look at your hand so hard?" said Stanley, evading Tim's remarks.

"That hand," said the hunchback as he arose and faced Stanley with a look of dark defiance, "that hand has to-night accomplished its destiny, it has wiped out the wrongs of an innocent girl, it has prepared your death draught. Look at it," he continued in loud and angry tones, while a dark scowl of hatred settled over his face, "read, oh, read! proud Stanley in its rough lineaments read your doom."

"What do you mean, hunchback, speak out plainly and tell me what you have done!" cried Stanley, growing white with fear.

"You have heard it, the sentence is passed, to-night you die. In that cup of sparkling wine lay the deadly potion I poured out for you. I have an antidote that would save you, but at last you are in my power and I have willed that you must die," said the hunchback, a cold calmness superceding the hot fury of a minute ago.

"Spare, oh, spare me! moaned the unfortunate victim of this hatred.—'Save me and to-morrow all my possessions shall lay at your feet!"

"No, no!" answered Tim Doolan in slow measured tones of deep solemnity.

The fire was quenched in his eyes as they looked on Stanley with a steady gaze that nothing could quell.

"At this terrible hour your wealth avails nothing. For weeks but the one thought has burned in my breast, but one wish to accomplish. I've nursed it and fed on it, think you now that for your gold I would forego that long nourished desire. Look at the home you have desolated. At the poor mother bowed in grief—look for a moment on the humble mound that covers the young life you have crushed, and ask if all your money, your grand home and broad lands could buy back my long coveted revenge!

"Go down to the grave, perjured husband! cruel deserter of innocent love, with that awful sin dogging your last footsteps. You the perpetrator of that inhuman wrong, and I the avenger. Let God decide between the two crimes. Little deemed you, oh Stanley, the sorrow of others when your own happiness was in view, two lives have you wrecked for one brief passion, but all your sweet carnal joys are at an end. To-night is your last on earth to-morrow, Stanley, Palmoin will weep over its fallen master. Every note of joy will be turned to a wail of sorrow. That fine form of yours must soon moulder in clay, worms feed on those lips that have so often distilled sweets to women. What availeth vanity—what availeth fame at this hour! Had you been formed like poor me, had you lived a pauper as I have lived, 'twould have been the same now. Death consumes all vanity—ends all triumphs.—This morning saw you what you have been many years, the proud scion of a proud, aristocratic family—to-morrow you will lie lower than the outcast who has begged at your door.

"Long have I cringed to you for my daily bread, but now I hold you in my power and in my power you must die.

"To die!" cried Stanley in a hollow unnatural voice. "Oh, God! 'tis a terrible thing! And in this room—this room, where I have knelt by my mother's side and in childish accents offered up my evening prayer. In the dim mist of years I see that mother's face, at twilight's hour so calmly beautifully divine, I see that smile so sweet yet so sad. How often she blessed her boy, while the unbidden tears flowed from her mild sweet eyes; how gently she admonished me when she knew death stood at her door, yet how little I heeded that kindly warning, how little I have thought of my God she taught me to revere and to love in my youth. And will I lie dead in this room when to morrow dawns, and no longer answer to the faithful call of my servants?

"Must they weep over their dead master to-morrow, touch with loving tenderness the cold hand that was wont to guide them through life? They who have ever been kind to me, administered with affection and fidelity to all my wants, and now I must leave them unprotected to the cold mercy of the world.

"Have I for one moment forgotten the sweet face that now lies in dust? The eyes that never looked up in mine but with the deepest love. Low in the cold ground lies my little Violet, and they say twas by my hand she was so early buried, my hand that should so tenderly have cared for her; but you are happy with the angels, my Violet. 'Tis I who must rightly suffer through dark, countless ages, 'tis I who must soon drift out on the unknown, boundless waste. All that is dear to me will shortly fade from my view, waters seem rushing past me, but 'tis not my own dear river, it is a black flowing stream and in its angry rear I hear my eternal doom, darker and darker grows the earth.

"Farewell, sweet world, I have loved you too well!"

These were his last words, the cold wave of death came over and swept away the breath.

Like an incarnate fiend the hunchback stood by the lifeless form and gloated over his diabolical work.

"At last—at last," he said with a demoniacal laugh. "I have had my revenge, the sweetest morsel my soul ever fed on, my long smothered hate is at last free. No more will I see that proud man admired and courted by the world, no more will the sweet music of flattery fall on that dull, dead ear."

And then again he laughed, but as the wild unnatural glee, mingling with the solemn peal of midnight, rang in the deathly still house with a deep resonant hollow sound, he looked around him with horror, for as the harsh laugh died away in the deep stillness of the night, ghosts of the people who had reigned in the old house for centuries back seemed to gather around him, and freeze the air with the chill of the grave.

Cold, damp sweat stood on his brow, for the first time in his life he felt the fear he had so often ridiculed in others. He looked back at the fast stiffening corpse, the wide, staring black eyes seemed to mock him in his fright.

With his arms wildly flung aloft and an unearthly cry of terror he fled from the house, over the wide fields, and disappeared in the dense darkness of the the forest. Dawn broke over Palmoin, bringing to light the beauty of the unfolding landscape, mirroring the brilliant autumnal foliage that hung over the bank in the calm water below, peered through the heavy curtains of that dark fated room and rested on the cold, dead face, that would never more warm to the bright rays of the morning sun. The lamps still shedding a warning, sickly glare on the gastly scene below, the violin, whose soul would never again wake to its masters' fond touch, was just where he last laid it, books and papers as he had last touched them, the last fire that shown on the dear face alive had turned to black and smouldering embers.

Above this mournful picture, hung the portrait of the mother, still sadly, sweetly smiling, the infant boy still laughed in glee, that prettily dawning of life that by some dark fate, but a few steps off, stretched out in death, just as it blossamed into manhood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Dear Joke.

In later times Thomas Warton paid a dear price for a joke. On one occasion a fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, who was not remarkable for wisdom, while reading the service, came to the Psalm lxix., 5: 'Lord, thou knowest my simpleness.' Warton, who sat below him, whispered, 'Why, that is known to every body.' Soon afterwards the office of president became vacant, and Warton was obliged to canvass this man for casting vote. The answer he received was, 'No, I am not so simple as that neither,' and Warton lost his election.

The hotel cook should be given a wide range.

Select Reading.

The Philosophy of Love.

'Is this where they edit?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the horse reporter as he looked up and discovered a trimly-built young lady standing in the door way. 'This is the exact spot where Right, environed on every side by Intellect, deals telling blows against Wrong and Injustice, clad though they be in the garments of Might and Oppression. Armed with the lances of Thought that glisten brightly in the sunlight of Reason, the editor stands ever ready, a helmeted knight in the holy cause of Justice, full panoplied, and with weapon in couchant poise.'

'That wasn't exactly what I wanted to find out about,' said the young lady. 'I am going to make a crazy-quilt, and mamma said that an editor could probably tell me all about it'—and a bewitching smile illuminated the features of the fair visitor.

'Our insane bedclothes editor,' said the horse reporter, 'is not here at present, and the rest of us naturally feel somewhat diffident about intruding upon the domain of quilts which are suffering from temporary aberration of mind and pillowshams concerning whose mental condition there is doubt.'

'I hardly think you understand me, sir,' continued the young lady. 'A crazy quilt isn't really and truly crazy, you know—it is simply called so because, being made of silk of different colors, it presents an *outre* appearance.'

'Present- a what?'

'An *outre* appearance—looks rather strange, you know.'

'Oh, yes; sort of dizzy looking you mean.'

'That probably expresses the idea, sir, although not perhaps in the most choice language. I should be very glad, though, if you could give me some information about this matter, because it is necessary that I should begin the work at once.'

'Making this demented quilt for yourself?'

'No, sir—that is, not exactly,' and a vivid blush suffused the young lady's features. 'But I want to have it done before the 1st of January, because we won't have any room for the frame in the other house.'

'Which other house?'

'Why, the one I—that is, we—oh, I think you're awful,' and more blushes ensued.

'The 1st of January is not generally considered the most auspicious season of the year for moving, said the horse reporter. 'The blithe carol of the plumber and the low, and wail of the man who is trying to thaw out the water pipes with a two-inch candle and a jug of hot water, with which he will evidently inundate himself, are about the only features of prominence connected with domestic life in Chicago at that season of the year. Why don't you wait until May—joyous, happy May—when the buds are bursting and the robins, tuneful harbingers of the sweet June days so soon to come, are twittering on every bough?'

'That's just what I have said all along,' replied the young lady; 'but Charley declares that he will never live in the house with mamma, and—now I sha'n't say another word,' and more blushing ensued.

'Oh,' said the horse reporter, 'you're going to be married, are you?'

'Yes, sir. That is, Charley said—'

'I know what he said. He leaned you up confidentially against his suspender, and, speaking in low, tremulous tones, asked you if you felt that you could leave parents, brothers, sisters, fishballs on Sunday, and all that makes home at once the altar of our affections and the joy of our lives, and live forevermore with him. And you yanked him out of the realm of doubt so quick that it made his head swim, isn't that it?'

'Why, yes, sir—that is, I said—'

'Certainly. You said that when a girl, standing on the threshold of womanhood and watching with wistful eyes for the mists of futurity to lift, sees advancing the man to whom she can give her heart, all her doubts and fears disappear as if by magic, and she knows only that a great happiness and holy content enshroud her being.—Charley then kissed you warmly about an inch below your nose, and broke himself the next day buying an engagement ring. He calls at the house every night now, and when he says to you: 'Myrtle, do you love me as much this evening as you did last Thursday afternoon?' you look at—'

'He doesn't call me Myrtle at all,' interrupted the young lady. 'My name is Edith.'

'It's the same thing. A rose by any name would have as many thorns.—When he asks you if you love him as much as you did last Thursday, you climb up a little higher on his neck and wanted to know how he can ever doubt you. It's all right though. Be a true and loving wife, and perhaps some day Charley will give you a quarter to spend without requiring an itemized account, sworn to before a notary, as to where such a vast sum has gone. Cherish his love as you would a tender plant that the rude blasts of winter would destroy. Make your whole life a constant endeavor to promote his welfare, but do not finish that quilt.'

'Why not, sir?'

'Because,' was the reply, 'it would recall to him the happy past.'—*Chicago Tribune.*

A young man who sat upon a black piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and, unceremoniously sprang seven feet into the air with a shriek of despair, says he doesn't think much of Hot Springs as a health resort.

VARIETIES.

May they be always on hand, but never come up to the scratch—Ladies finger nails.

A Dayton, O., man put a pistol ball in his stomach. As his digestion is good he may not digest yet.

A Texas murderer recently received a regular William M. Evarts sentence—ninety-nine years.

When Ismail Pasha looks at his bills for fall bonnets that's the time of course, he finds his harem scare'-im.

The new queen of Madagascar's name, being interpreted, means Cloud-full-of-water. Long may she rain.

"You'll have to take the will for the deed is what the heir said to the lawyer when the latter presented his bill.

A Western young lady who had just returned from 'Yurrop' talks knowingly of the 'statute of Apoller with a beveled ear.'

Heard at the theater: She—'Thay, Guth, do you perthieve that I lithp?' He—'Thertainly not; you don't litph any more than I do.'

Small boy: "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?' Pa: 'I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I married her.'

Pater Familias to Festive Son: 'Remember, my son, its not the coat that makes the man.' F. S.: 'No, sir, I know it; it's the pants.'

A Philadelphia confectioner has patented a machine which will make a gallon of ice-cream in a minute. He calls it the Mary Anderson freezer.

Five persons have been made sick in Philadelphia from eating Bologna sausage. Some one has probably been throwing physic to the dogs.

'Oh, ma!' exclaimed a little Austin girl, glancing at the steam-gauge on a stationary engine, its sixty o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that.'

A little girl hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half-mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.

There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said, 'She couldn't get any husband and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married.

Among the tombs: Stout party—'Well Pat, hows trade?' Grave-digger—'Poorly, surr, ontirely; shure we haven't buried a livin' sowl this three weeks!'

It Were the Dog.

A citizen of Harlem, upon arising the other morning, heard a noise in one of his trees. He had seen a hawk hovering about his garden on the day previous, and he went inside and obtained his gun.

He came out to the tree, loaded the gun, and then began to sneak around to get a view of the hawk.

He saw a large black object on one of the upper limbs. He took aim and blazed away. What was his surprise to see a very dilapidated young man come rolling to the ground.

'Hello!' shouted the affrighted gentleman, 'what's this?'

He recognized in the fallen man one of his daughter's lovers. The young man had his left coat-tail blown off and his pants looked as if he had been sitting on a buzz saw.

'What were you doing up there?' asked pater familias.

The young man, who was not hurt, executiveized himself again, and said: 'You know I am dreadfully afraid of dogs, and last night when I called I saw two large dogs guarding the front door. I ran for the tree, and as they kept watching me, I staid up there all night.'

'Come over. I won't let them harm you.'

The two proceeded to the front door, and the papa patted the ornamental bronze dogs on the head and told them to lie down.

The young man is now wondering whether to sue for breach of promise or promise of breeches.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Calendar on Your Fingers.

This is the way that an old-timer manages to fix the day of the week that months open with. It will be found correct and interesting to people who have a memory for such things:

'What day of the week did January come in on?' asked Grandpa Martin. 'If you can tell me that, I can tell you the day that any month will come in on by help of a little lingo I learned from my father when I was a boy.—Monday, did you say?' and grandpa held up his hands preparatory to counting his fingers. 'Now, April is the fourth month, let me see—at Dover dwelt George Brown, Esq., good Christopher French and David Frier.' We go by the first letters of these words—1, 2, 3, 4—at Dover dwelt George—G is the letter, and it is the seventh in the alphabet. January came in on Monday, you say. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—seven; April comes in on Sunday. Take February—second month at Dover. D is the letter, and fourth in the alphabet. Take Monday again at the starting point—Monday, one; Tuesday, two; Wednesday, three; Thursday, four; February comes in on Thursday.

'If you make no mistake in using the rule it will give you the answer every time. Leap year requires the addition of one day for the last ten months, to allow for the 29th of February.