The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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MAMmOTH OPENING

—:o:— OF —:o:—

SPRING & SUMMER

GOODS

—:o:— AT —:o:—

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, Gaitets 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 Digges.

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, as sincerely as, 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 effectual 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.

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ESTABLISHED 1847.

T. Norris & Co.

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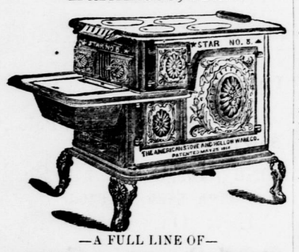

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Our SILVER STAR COOK is the Largest, Heaviest, Best and most Durable Stove on the market. oc 19-3m

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YOU CAN SAVE Railroad Fare. Your Expenses, and Have MONEY LEFT —BY— PURCHASING YOUR Clothing, HATS & CAPS.

Boots, Shoes AND Furnishing Goods. OF THE EXCELSIOR'S *Baltimore.*

All Goods of the Latest Styles AND BEST MAKES. AT Manufactures' COST.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GO THERE.

"Excelsior" Clothing Campang, S. W. COR. BALTO. LIGHT STS AND COR EASTERN AVE. & BROADWAY. Largest Establishment —IN— MARYLAND.

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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.

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W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 105 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE.

☞ Particular attention given to the in on and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. th 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.

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[LATE OF COURT OF APPEALS]

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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, HOGSHEAD 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. Sample 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 heating 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 three 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 $1,00 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.

Original Story.

[Written for the PORT TOBACCO TIMES.]

PALMOIN.

BY GULNARE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

Five years have passed away; five years has Lorraine Stanley lain in his six feet of ground with the green earth smiling above him, and yet the world still moves on.

In a handsome apartment of her Baltimore home, richly attired in glittering robes of white, stood Dora Wilson, almost the bride of another. A merry group had gathered around her but she heeded not their gay laughter and frivolous speeches.

Beneath the nuptual veil her face was pale and sad. Constantly before her was a form of the past and still she heard the familiar voice.

"I would like to be alone for a few minutes," said she turning to the assembled party.

"Oh, no," they all cried in chorus "we are all ready and the others have been waiting some time."

"No Dora," added her mother, who had just walked in with stately mein that became her august appearance, "this is a time when your whims cannot be humored, the hour appointed for the ceremony has been put off too long already for some foolish caprice of yours, and now I insist upon your going down and joining the rest."

"And I," answered Dora, in an authoritative voice, and with a strange expression settling over her white face "insist upon being left alone for a short while."

That stern command was not to be rebuked even by her mother, who rarely succumbed to any one, and so they left the room.

Dora after assuring herself that she was perfectly alone, opened the door of a small apartment built in the room raised a heavy dark curtain, and stood pale and for a moment speechless, before a life size portrait of Lorraine Stanley.

There he was in the full glow of fresh and manly beauty, the sparkle of the eye was there, every wave of the black hair, just as he was in life, just as she had often seen him.

"Oh, Lorraine! dear dead love!" was the smothered cry of anguish, "long, long gone but not forgotten So near you seem to me dear Lorraine, and yet so far, so sweet and so much like speaking those lips look to me, still they are so cold and silent. My hand I will soon give to another, dear Lorraine, but my heart still is yours. On my brow is wreathed the orange blossom but the cypress entwines my heart — Don't think you are forgotten, dear one, because I must leave you. Farewell," she kissed the portrait, carefully replaced the curtain and left the room.

Under the gorgeous brilliancy of many gas jets that enhanced the splendor of a large and fashionable assembly, Dora Wilson pledged herself to a noble man whom she might have loved, but for the dark, handsome idol of her life-long dreams, to her marriage was a cruel farce, and her gay laughter, that rang out with the rest, was a mockery.

High over the home he so vainly loved, gleamed the marble shaft of Lorraine Stanley, pure and white in the darkening twilight. The myrtle and grass had grown thickly over his grave, often the flowers had bloomed and faded, and were now blooming again, scattering their sweetness over the lonely dead.

At the foot of the hill was the lowly mound of his wife, four years ago the broken hearted mother was laid beside her daughter to rest in peace. Nothing more was ever heard of the unfortunate hunchback.

Long since the gloom had disappeared from Palmoin, merriment rang thro' the halls as of old.

From the many lights that flashed from the house, and the gay groups scattered over the lawn, some festivity seemed near at hand.

In the *denouement* appear familiar faces of the happy past. Miss Euphonia Smilax, who scarcely seems to have grown a day older, flutters in a gauzy robe among her guests, she has evidently entered upon a new career in life, for she introduces the portly Mr. Loveall as "my husband." Miss Jane enters upon the scene as a blooming matron, leading a little bright-eyes miniature of herself. Uncle Hezekiah and Aunt Dinah and Bo are seen back of the gorgeous shifting forms, a few years older but scarcely any changed.

Oh, but the sad vacuum that can never be filled, the form that lies low in the dark grave, the voice forever still.

THE END.

Awful Good Hair Oil.

A youngster on Cass avenue had noticed a tall black bottle on his father's dressing table and asked what it held. 'That, my son, is hair oil,' answered his father with a furtive and wandering look, 'and it is not at all nice for little boys.' The youthful questioner took a smell of the contents and asked no more information upon the subject. He kept up a good bit of thinking, however. Last Sunday the family entertained some friends at dinner, and there was plum pudding with brandy sauce. The small boy had found his opportunity. When he was helped to the pudding he seized it up with large eyes. 'Pa,' he said in a loud, shrill tone, as he sniffed the sauce afar off, 'the hair oil on this pudden' smells awful good.'

Select Reading.

The Hot-Water Cure.

RECENT PROMINENCE WHICH IT HAS ATTAINED—ITS ORIGIN AND HOW IT IS USED.

The drinking of water at a temperature of blood heat of 150 degress Fahrenheit, having become popular enough to call for an allusion to it in the *Lancet* as a valuable American contribution to medicine, and since it seems to be used at random from the directions of its distinguished introducer, I have thought that the origin and proper use of hot water should become history.

The practice dates back to 1858, when Dr. James H. Salisbury, of this city, concluded a series of experiments on feeding animals to ascertain the relations of food as a cause and cure of disease. Besides swine he experimented on men. These he took in companies of six healthy laborers, placed under military discipline, which he enforced himself. He also ate and drank as they did.

The men were kept on single articles of food, coffee and water Among these articles were beans, beef, bread, chicken, crackers, fish, lobster, mutton, potatoes, rice, turkey, oatmeal. The blood, etc., of the animals were carefully examined microscopically and chemically daily without any preconceived idea to develop, but simply to ascertain facts and develop ideas from those facts. In this manner he went through the whole range of food to show the permanent value when lived on exclusively and singly. Among other things he found that the fermentations of food, and the product of these fermentations, were the chief primary factors in producing the diseases which arise from unhealthy alimentation. With the idea of removing these diseases by removing their causes, he employed hot water in order to wash out the acids and fermentation vegetations (peasts) from the stomach and intestines.

At first he tried cold water on his men to remove these products of fermentation, but the cold water caused distress, pain and colic, so he increased the temperature of the water. Lukewarm water made them sick at the stomach. The temperature of the water was increased to hot—110 degress to 150 degrees. This was well borne, and afforded a feeling of agreeable relief, which thousands since testify to. The hot water washes down the slime, yeast and bile through its normal channels, washes out the liver and kidneys, and the bile is eliminated through the bowels, and not through the blood, via the kidneys. It was some time before the times of a ministration, and proper number of ounces of hot water, and the proper number of ounces to be drank at meals could be settled in order to obtain the best result.

The water must be hot, not cold or lukewarm. But hot water is meant a temperature of 110 degrees to 150 degrees, Fahrenheit, such as is commonly liked in the use of tea and coffee. This is to excite downward peristalsis of the alimentary canal. Cold water depresses, as it requires animal heat to bring it up to the temperature of the economy, and there is also a loss of nerve force in this proceeding Lukewarm water excites upward vomiting, as is well known. In cases of diarrhea, the hotter the better. In cases of hemorrhages, the temperature should be at blood heat. Ice water is disallowed in all cases, sick or well.

The quantity of hot water varies usually from half to one pint or one pint and a half at one drinking.

The time of taking hot water are one hour to two hours before each meal, and half an hour before retiring to bed At first Dr. Salisbury tried the time of half an hour before meals, but this was apt to be followed by vomiting. One hour to two hours allows the hot water time enough to get out of the stomach before the food enters so sleep comes, and thus avoids vomiting. Four times a day gives an amount of hot water sufficient. Should the patient be thirsty between meals, hot water can be taken any time between two hours after a meal and one hour before the next meal. This is to avoid diluting the food in the stomach with water.

In drinking the hot water it should be sipped, and not drunk so fast as to distend the stomach and make it feel uncomfortable. From fifteen to thirty minutes may be consumed during the drinking of the hot water.

A period of six months is generally required to wash out the liver and intestines thoroughly. As it promotes health, the procedure can be practiced by people in health throughout life, and the benefits of cleanliness inside be enjoyed. The drag and friction on human existence from the effects of fermentation, foulness and indigestible food, when removed, gives a wonderful elasticity and buoyancy.

In case it is desirable to make it palatable and medicate the hot water, aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover blossoms, ginger, lemon juice, sage, salt or magnesia are sometimes added. Where there are intense thirst and dryness, a pinch of chloride of calcium or nitrate of potash may be added to allay the thirst and leave a moistened film over the parched and dry mucous membrane surfaces. When there is diarrhea, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in the hot water and the quantity lessened. For constipation a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia may be used in the hot water.

The effects of drinking hot water, as indicated, are: The improved feelings of the patients. The sweat starts freely after drinking, giving a true bath from the centre of the body to the periphery. The skin becomes healthy in feeling and appearance. The digestion is correspondingly improved All thirst and dry mucous membrane disappears in a few days, and a moist condition of the mucous membrank skin takes place. Ice water in hot weather is not craved; and those who have drank ice water freely are cured of the propensity. Inebriety has a deadly foe in this use of hot water.

The gas that sometimes eructates after drinking hot water is not formed by the hot water, but was present before. The amount of gas contained in the alimentary canal is larger than most are aware of, and yet it is not excessive, as it takes some time to eruct a gallon of gas from the stomach.

This time can be tested by submerging a gallon jug filled with air under water and observing how long it will be in filling with water. Some physicians have advised against hot water on the ground that it would burn the covering off the stomach. If this is so, then a denudation of the lining of the stomach for twenty-five years is compatible with a state of otherwise perfect health with no sign of illness for that period of time, and is also compatible with the numerous cases that have occurred under the use of hot water as a foundation during the past twenty-five years. Again, the same physicians drink tea and coffee at the same temperatures, and this act belies their warning and shows their inconsistency and want of consideration before speaking.—*Dr. Cutler, in London Lancet.*

A Small Boy's Discovery.

Mr. Gilfillan, ex-treasurer of the United States, has been telling a reporter something about various robberies which were made at different times, of Uncle Sam's coffers. One bold thief was detected during General Spinner's time, the amount of whose stealings can never be known. Very little has ever been said about him, as the amount or nature of his crime has always been surpassed. Mr. Gilfillan gave a very interesting sketch of this robbery. The thief was C. H. Cornwall, the chief of the redemption division. He was a very ingenious man, particularly skillful in palming and sleight-of-hand tricks and was on the committee charged with the destruction of money redeemed and ordered to be canceled. The method employed by the committee was to first cut the bills in two lengthwise. The packages of half notes were then thrown into a furnace. Pratt, a treasury bureau man, yet in the employment of the government, was a member of the committee and one day his little son went with him to see the money cremated. The little fellow was very much interested and when he came out and was going home he asked his father why one of the men put the money in his pocket instead of the fire.'

'Don't talk nonsense,' said Mr. Pratt, hurrying along toward his home.

But the child was persistent and was not to be suppressed. The next time money was to be burned he again accompanied his father, and this time he was so vehement in his assertions that the man did put the money in his pocket that Pratt reported the matter to the treasurer. Cornwall was immediately arrested and a very serious condition of things was revealed—much more serious than the authorities cared to acknowledge.

It appeared that Cornwall by his dexterity in the art of palming was able to pocket a number of divided packages. These he afterward substituted for uncut packages redeemed and was able to withdraw whole notes from the redeemed packages and substitute in their place the cut packages he had stolen from the mouth of the furnace. In this way the records were made good and no trace left of the thieft. Cornwall's house was searched and a large trunk was found full of cut packages of stolen notes to be used in future substitutions. No whole notes were found, however, and, Cornwall pretended that he had only been able to get out a few packages. He was prosecuted for the theft of one package of $100 notes and was convicted and sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary. Very little was said about the case and the thief was almost immediately pardoned through powerful influence. How much he captured will never be known. It may have reached into the millions.

Why the Ice Gave Out.

'Now,' said drumer No. 1, as the train pulled out of Pittsburgh, 'I have a bottle of whiskey. Let's sit down and have a real good time. I only wish we had sugar and ice; we could have some toddy.' 'I've some sugar;' said drummer No 2, unstrapping his valise. 'And my brother has some ice,' said drummer No 3: 'he's in the baggage car. I'll just step in and get some,' and he did. The toddy was brewed and rebrewed. The wiskey bottle was a large one, the supply of sugar seemed inexhaustible, and drummer No 3 made as many visits to the baggage car as the occasion demanded. However, just as they were all feeling good, and were about to compound a farewell drink, No. 3 returned empty-handed. 'Very sorry, boys,' he remarked, 'but the baggage man says if I take any more ice off my brother he won't keep.'—*Judge.*

'Excuse me,' said a polite citizen to a colored man. 'I didn't kick you on purpose.' 'No, sah; kicked me on de shin, sah. 'Scuze yer dis time, but don't git in de habit ob it, sah.'

Wilkes Booth's Diary.

When Booth was captured, his diary was found beside him. He had kept a faithful record to the last moment.—The diary was deposited in the Department of Justice, and is now there. We make the following extracts:

APRIL 14—Friday, the idea Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted 'Sic semper!' before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of one leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our county owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not wat becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. The night before the deed I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set out the reasons for our proceedings. He or the South.

FRIDAY 21,—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats, till I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And for why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than the world ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I know no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone; a country groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end. And yet now behold the cold hand they extend me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerated people The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the heavens for me since man condemns me so. I have only heard what has been done, (except what I did myself,) and it fills me with horror. God try and forgive me, and bless my mother. Tonight I will come once more try the river, with the intention to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He, may He spare me that, and and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy Harold with me, who often prays, (yes before and since,) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me.

These were the last words he recorded.

One Chinaman who Got In.

In the case of Chew Fong Lee, who applied for admission to this country this week, on the grounds that he was a student, the learned Judge asked counsel for applicant what art or profession Lee was studying.

'He is, your honor, conducting a series of experiments and investigations in the art of desiccating and freeing from moisture the long-tailed decapod crustaceans which inhabit the waters of our beautiful bay; also in pulverizing the palaemon vulgaris and utilizing the carapax of macroural and the cephalo thorax of the anamoural as an article of food.'

'That sounds very good,' said his Honor. 'I wish they were all seized with the same desire to benefit science.'

Chew Fong Lee is now drying shrimps and small crabs out at the Potrero, and says, 'My liar all same welly smart man.'

At the Arsenal.

'Papa, was your papa a cannon?'

'Why, no, my boy. What makes you ask such an absurd question?'

'Cause.'

'Well, because why?'

'Cause Johnny Snks call me a 'son of a gun' the other day, and I thought if you was a gun I was only a toy pistol, and your papa must have been a cannon.'

'No, my son; he was only a plain preacher?'

'Ha, you rascal!' shouted the small boy, shaking his fist at a strutting turkey who gobbled himself red in the face, 'I'll knock the stuffin' out you to-morrow.'

VARIETIES.

Takes well—Water.

Highly gifted—Santa Claus.

The first wager.—The alpha-bet.

The keynote—"Wife! let me in."

A two-foot rule—Wear easy shoes.

"I'm down on bed rock," said a henpecked husband, as he swayed the cradle containing his howling son and heir.

When a man finds a dog collar in a piece of mince pie he feels a little sorry for the dog, but his sympathies are mostly concentrated on himself.

A Western town recently had a fall of snails and a mean editor in an adjacent county said he guessed they had fixed on the right place to come to.

'A matter of course: 'No, sir, my daughter can never be yours.' 'I don't want her to be my daughter,' broke in the young ardent. 'I want her to be my wife.'

'Can you tell me,' asked a Cortland man of his tailor, 'how you came to get this coat so tight?' 'Oh, yes, sir. The fact is, you were tight when I measured you.'

A lady who is a great admirer of Shakespeare calls her husband Wish and her little boy Thought, because cause the wish is father to thought.—This kind comes one in a box, and is very expensive.

'What are you laughing at, my dear?' asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. 'Something I saw here,' he replied, 'but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Maker of musical instruments, cheerfully rubing his hands: 'There, thank goodness, the bass fiddle is finished at last!' After a pause: 'Ach, Himmel if I haven't gone and left the gluepot inside!'

'No, don't go yet,' said a Philadelphia girl at midnight, as her lover arose to leave; 'don't go yet; it isn't late. Remember that the clocks in this city have been shoved ahead forty seconds.'

'No,' said a fond mother, speaking proudly to her twenty-five-year old daughter; 'no, Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever any one scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously

'I understood you to say that your charge for services would be light,' complained the client, when his lawyer handed him a tremendous bill.—'I believe I said my fee would be nominal,' was the reply, 'but—' 'Oh, I see,' interrupted the client, 'phenomenal.'

What a Woman Can Do.

She can say 'No' and stick to it for all time.

She can also say 'No' in such a low soft voice that it means 'Yes.'

She can sharpen a lead pecil if you give her plenty time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can pass a display window of a dry goods store without stopping—if she in running to catch a train.

She can walk half of the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing a desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the text was.

She can look her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being detained at the office, without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can rumple up $17,000 worth of dress goods and buy a spool of thread, with an order to have it delivered four miles away, in a style that will transfix the proprietor of the establishment with admiration.

She can—but what's the use. A woman can do anything or everything and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can in a hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow to her own sweet will, and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything, with but one exception; she cannot climb a tree.

A Fair Offer.

It happened in Illinois. A burying-ground had been sold by the town and time given for the removal of the coffins The purchaser finally took possession, and one day while engaged in plowing, he suddenly appeared before the village shoemaker and said:

'Henry, I've just plowed up the bones of your father up there.'

'Eh! Is that so?'

'And what shall be done with em?'

'Well, I dunno.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do, Henry.—I'll box up the bones and bring 'em down here for a dollar, or I'll plow 'em under as a fertilizer and allow you fifty cents on what you owe me.'

'Well,' replied the shoemaker, after taking some time to think it over, 'I guess you may credit me with fifty cents: but if you find the bones of the old woman, too, I shan't take less than seventy-five cents cash for the heap.'