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, FEBRUARY 15, 1884. Volume XL.---No. 36.

THE SUN,

Published daily except Sunday.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE.

Terms of Subscription by Mail, Invariably Cash in advance—Postage Free:

One year	$6 00	One Month	50 cts.
Six Months	3 00	Three Weeks	38 cts.
Four Months	2 00	Two Weeks	25 cts.
Three Months	1 50	One We k	13 cts.
Two Months	1 00		

SINGLE COP ES by mail..........3 cts.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN.

A Newspaper giving a week's events in compact shape.

$1 00 BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN. $1.00

TERMS—Invariably Cash in Advance. Postage Free to all Subscribers in the United States and Canada.

One Dollar a Copy for Twelve Months.

1884. PREMIUM COPIES TO GETTERS UP OF CLUBS FOR THE "BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN." 1884.

FIVE COPIES..........$ 5 00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year

TEN COPIES..........10 00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun three months.

FIFTEEN COPIES..........15 00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun six months.

TWENTY COPIES..........20 00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun one year, and one copy of the Daily Sun nine months.

THIRTY COPIES..........30 00
With an extra copy of the Weekly Sun and one copy of the Daily Sun one year.

SINGLE COPIES by mail..........3 cents.

Getters up of Clubs will find the above terms the most liberal that can be offered by a First-Class Family Journal.

The safest method of transmitting money by mail is by check, draft or postoffice money order

No deviation from the published terms.

Address A. S. ABELL & Co., Publishers, SUN IRON BUILDING, Baltimore, Md.

By Universal Accord,

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use, and being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required.

For sale by all druggists.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. $3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.

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 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.

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

Money To Loan.

$100,000 TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE ON SOUTHERN MARYLAND FARMS. Apply to R. W. TEMPLEMAN & CO. (Real Estate Agents) 37 LEXINGTON ST., Baltimore, Md. c261y

Baltimore Advertisements.

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 Company,

S. W. COR. BALTO. LIGHT STS

AND

COR EASTERN AVE. & BROADWAY.

JNO. H. FOWLER. ROBT. S. FOWLER.

BLANFELD, 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 in on and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

ih 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 RAILS 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.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland Maine.

Woodward & Lothrop:

921 Pennsylvania Ave.,

912 D street,

Washington, D. C.

Grand Closing-Out Sale

—PREVIOUS TO OUR—

Semi-Annual Stock Taking.

—THIS WILL INCLUDE—

Remnants, Short Lengths, Odds and Ends, Odd Sizes, etc., etc.

all of which have been very much reduced in price in order to clear them out before the last of February.

We call special attention to the following list from our HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT on which we quote

LOWEST PRICES KNOWN FOR YEARS

25 Dozen ⅝ German Linen Napkins, extra quality and finish, actually worth $1,25 only $1,00 a dozen to close.

100 Dozen ⅝ German Linen Napkins, extra fine linen, worth $1,75, only $1,35 a dozen to close

50 Dozen ¾ German Linen Napkins, full size superior quality, only $3,50 per dozen.

50 Dozen All Linen Colored Border Doylies, only 60 cents per dozen.

TABLE DAMASK.

Unbleached Loom Damask. Extra quality, all linen Good weight & good width	37½c, 46c. & 50c.
Bleached Damask, Special Bargain extra quality.	only 62½ cts. per yard.
Blea German Damask Two yards wide superior quality.	only $1,00 per yard
Barnsley Damask Special Bargain 68 inches wide	only 75 cents per yard.

Turkey Red Damask, fast colors, 50c pr yd.

Cardinal Damask, extra quality, only 75 cts.

DINNER SETTS.

Cloths—2½ to 3 yds long Napkins to match	From $4,50 to $10,00 per sett

BARGAINS IN TOWELS

$1,00 Doz Kitchen Towls, Purely Linen, Extra heavy 2 yds and 36 inches.	Only 12½ cts. each
50 Doz. Twilled Towels all Linen, Bender, Fine and Heavy 22x40 inches.	Only 12½ cts. each
25 doz Fancy Towels, Extra Quality. Size 21x42 inches.	Only 17 cts. each
50 doz Fancy Hack Towels Knotted Fringes Size 20 x40 inches.	Only 25 cts each
25 doz German Loom Towels, Extra Good Quality. Large Size, 22x45	Only 25 cts each.

BARGAINS IN QUILTS

We are offering for a short time only a limited quantity of extra Marseilles Quilts, 11-4, for $1,25 each, also one lot of Fancy Corpet Fringed Quilts, from $1,25 to $2,50 each.

OUR STOCK OF LINEN CRASHER AND TOWELLINGS

has been depleted by the rush of Fall Trade, and in order to close out the odd prices remaining we are making some VERY LOW FIGURES.

Broom Scotch Crash, all Linen. 17 inches.	Only 17½c. to close
18½ inch	Only 8 cts to close.

Half Bale of GENUINE RUSSIA CRASH, 9 and 11 cents per yard.

Fine Scotch Bleached Crash 19½ inches wide. Only 12½ cts yd.

Choice lues of plaid GLASS TOWELINGS of our own importation, at prices much below the market, from 12½c to 7c per yard, accord to width.

Extra Wide—27 inches—only 20c per yard.

SUPERIOR QUALITY LINEN BUCK,

by the yard, from 25 to 35 cents.

LOWEST PRICES EVER NAMED FOR SHEETINGS

4-4 Brown Cotton, only 7 cents per yard, extra quality 8 " "

Bleached Shirting Fruit of the Loom	only 9 cts per yard.
Dwight Anchor Wamsutta	only 10 cts per yard.
10-4 Sheeting, Good Quality Bleached and Brown	only 25 cts per yard.

The Best Grades Ever Offered at the Same Money.

BARGAINS IN TICKINGS,

Fancy Ticking, Superior Quality, 30 inches wide	only 12½ cents per yard.

Extra Heavy Ticking, 32 inches, 15c per yard.
Feather Proof " " 18c "
Extra Fine " 4 4 18c "

—FLANNELS—

One-half case white Domet Flannel only 12½c.
One case gray lining Flannel only 15c.
Red Twilled Shaker Flannel @ 25c, 26c 37½c.

WOODWARD AND LATHROP.

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

Washington, D. C.

A Select Story.

YIK KEE.

After father died, some 10 years ago, I found that for three years we had been living on credit. I was 18, strong and well, but did not know how to work. In the little back room of the New York tenement house (by the way, the landlady seized my clothes for rent) I considered my future. I had inherited a great faith in relatives from my father so I wrote to seven. I received six polite notes telling me to go the work, and the following letter:

JONESBURO, COL, JACKSON'S RANCH—Dear Nell: I'm your cousin Jack. Your father once gave me money to come West. I've took up land got a comfortable home, no style or frills, but good folks to live with and healthy grub. I've got the best wife you ever see and seven youngsters. The city ain't no place for a friendless girl. Wife wants you to come. She'll be a mother to you. Come right off, I'll meet you at Denver.

Inclosed was a check sufficient to defray expenses; so I started. Denver was then only a large town, and the depot a barn-like structure. I got out of the cars and stood bewildered among all the emigrants and their bundles. Some one touched me on the shoulder—a roughly dressed, broad shouldered man, with long blonde beard and big blue eyes

'Are you Nell?' he said.

'Yes; and you are Cousin Jack.'

'I knew you,' he said, as he led the way, 'by your black clothes an sorrerful look, an' them big blue eyes, like yer father's as two peas. We'll git the shadder outer 'em when we git home. Yer father was a mighty good man. This 'ere's a dry country, we don't waste water.'

Comforting me in this kind, rough way, he reached his team, a big, green wagon, drawn by two wild looking steeds, which I afterward knew to be bronchos. A fat, blonde boy, about 12, held the reins.

'That's Ted,' said Cousin Jack. 'Ted, this is Miss Nell, your cousin; give her a hug.' The fat boy solemnly obeyed

After this he seemed to have a special claim on my affections because he met me first. Jack's wife was a jolly plump woman, with brown eyes and curly hair She always had a baby in her arms and another at her heels. She adored Jack. I never knew them to have a quarrel. I soon grew to love the life at the ranch. I liked the big, half-finished house, its untidiness and comfort; its pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I loved the children, the household pets; Shep, the sagacious dog; Thad, the clever cat; the hens and sheep; the horses, Dolly, Dot and Daisy, that did the plowing and marketing at Denver, 12 miles away, and were so gentle and kind we used to ride them without saddle or bridle, I learned that cattle grew fat on the dry-looking grass and gave the best of milk. I learned to love the broad plains and the glorious sunset, and to watch the distant bands of Indians with half fear, half interest. I helped Cousin Mary, sewed, cooked, kept the house and children neat and lifted many burdens from her weary shoulders. We were so happy. The children and I took long walks over the plains, and Ted and I took many rides on Dolly and Dot, and in the long winter evenings I told the children stories. Occasionally Harry White came over to visit us from his ranch, five miles away. He lived with his old mother; he and Jack were dear friends. Harry needed a wife, Jack used to say, winking at me.

One day Jack went to Denver for supplies. He went alone, and coming home later than usual, Ted and I and baby Mame went out to meet him. Jack looked sober and guilty, and seemed ill and ease. If he ever drank I should have thought him intoxicated. In the wagon was a queer shaped heap under a horse blanket. I was sure it moved. When we got behind the barn Jack said, sheepishly, avoiding my eyes:

'Well, Ted, I calkerlate, I've got su'thing in that there waggin that'ul astonish yer marm.'

Little Mame pulled the blanket off the heap; she had been peeping under it all the while she was in the bottom of the wagon. There lay a human being. Such an object; short and squat, dressed in a queer blue blouse, with flowing sleeves, wide trousers and queer wooden shoes. He had small black eyes, a shaven poll, from which depended a long thin queue. His countenance was battered and bruised, his clothes torn and bloody.

'There was a row down to Denver,' said Jack; 'the Christian folk stove in these 'ere heathan's winders, tore their houses down, an' killed half of 'em. I cleared out as soon as I could. When I got half way home I heard a noise back o' me, and out crawled this thing. I was so dumbfounded I couldn't speak. He thought I was going ter send him back, an' he fell ter cyin' and jabberin' in that yap of his an' clingin' onter my han' an' kissin' of it. It sorter turned my stomach. I told him ter set down, give him some crackers ter eat, covered him up an' told him he could live with me. What do you s'pose marm 'll say?'

'Oh! Cousin Jack,' I said, 'of course she will not care. Your home is a refuge for all the wretched and unfortunate.'

'Now, don't Nell,' he said, turning as red as a rose, and busying himself about the harness. The Celestial looked at us solemnly; Mame toddled up to him. He looked at her curiously, but did not move.

'Get out, John,' said Jack, 'you needn't be scired any more; we're at home.'

He got out stiffly, and, to my surprise, turned and lifted the baby down. She took his pig tail and pulled it in wild delight. He seemed grieved when I took her away. When Jack told Mary the good soul found a thousand reasons why he should stay, and hurried to make him a bed in the attic. The Celestial did not say much, but when Jack called him 'John' he smiled a sad smile.

'Melican man callee John. Humph. Yik Kee'

So with due consideration for his feelings we addressed him as Yik Kee. He was of great use. He helped to care of the children, did the washing (Mary did not fancy his method of sprinkling clothes), and helped Jack on the farm. We made him one of the family. He was always pleasant and smiling, but was a man of few words.

Cousin Jack added much to his income by trading in hides. Ranchmen living at a distance sold their hides to him, and Jack sold them to traders, who came around at certain times in the year. Harry White was a partner in the business. He used to go on a sort of round up and visit the ranches all over the country. The cattle of the ranchmen roamed in vast herds over the plains, protected only by the brand of the owner. Cattle stealing was frequently practiced. Offenders in this respect were shown no mercy. They were convicted, tried and executed only in the court of Judge Lynch I never blamed the ranchmen for this; it was impossible to guard the herds in the vast area over which they traversed, and the cattle must be protected in some way. Gil Mead was a wealthy ranchman, who lived about 10 miles from us. He owned the largest herd of cattle on the plains. They were branded with the vowels of his name, E. A., which could be recognized anywhere. He always shipped his cattle East to his brother in Chicago. I feared the man. He was tall and gaunt, with deep set black eyes and low forehead. His home was unhappy, his wife cross and ugly, and his children wild and unruly. This made him more than commonly disagreeable.

I think it was in the fall of '74 that Harry White brought the big load of hides to Jack. Both were much pleased at the bargain they made. Harry gave glowing accounts of a new customer—a ranchman from Chicago who had taken up an abandoned homestead. He had purchased many cattle from his cousin, Gil Mead, and hoped to rival him in the number and quality of his herd Jack packed the hides away to keep till December, when he expected the dealer.

One afternoon, not long after this, Gil Mead rode up to the house looking very agreeable and pleasant. A couple of strangers, also ranchmen, were with him. They wanted to look at the hides, one of them being a trader, Gil said, Jack was in Denver, so Yik Kee and I went the barn with them. They looked the hides over carefully, and conversed in low tones, Gil with a suppressed oath. Finally they thanked us courteously, and took their leave.

'Humph: no goodee,' said Yik Kee, but he wouldn't say more.

About 5 that evening, when we were at supper a crowd of 25 or 30 men rode up on horseback. Jack came out and met them, inviting them in to take supper, in his generous hospitable way. They wanted him to go to Denver with them; there was to be a meeting there of importance to ranchmen. The meeting would be 8 o'clock. They had brought with them an extra horse for Jack. Mary looked around for Yik Kee to help her, but he had mysteriously disappeared. I faintly remembered seeing his white, horrified face peering around the barn at the horses. I noted the visitors ate little—the food seemed to choke them. Some of them watched Mary and the baby in a queer sort of way. When Jack, as was his custom, kissed his wife and babies good-by, one of the visitors, and oldish man, coughed huskily and said, 'Blest if I kin stan' this.' They all rode off: Jack the merriest of all waving his hat till he was out of sight.

When we were clearing up the unusual quantity of dishes Yik Kee appeared at the end window and beckoned me. I followed him out. Ted was with him. Behind the barn were the three horses saddled. Shep was with them, released from confinement, where he had been secured from following his master.

'Foller 'em,' said Ted, in an excited whisper. 'Yik's afraid they're up to something.'

'What is it, Yik?' I said sternly. 'No fooling, now.'

For answer he twisted his long pig tail around his neck, tying it under his left ear in a significant manner.

'Humph, he hangee; stealee cow.'

'Oh, Mary,' I sobbed, remembering Gil Mead's visit and his strange actions, and dimly seeing what Yik Kee meant, 'I must tell Mary,' I said wildly.

'Humph, no,' said Yik Kee. 'Yellee sick,' and he closed his eyes in a dieaway sort of manner. 'Go now—too late.'

'We mounted.

'Mother'll think we're gone to ride,' said Ted, as we galloped over the plains. He was deathly pale, poor little fellow, but he sat erect and firm. I saw his father's big Colt's revolver sticking out of his pocket. He was a determined boy. Even in my despair in my wild hope that I could save Jack by begging on my knees, that I could cling to him, and that they would have to kill me first, I could not help a smile at the comical figure Yik Kee presented on horseback. His loose garments flapped in the wind, his long pigtail flew out behind, and he bobbed up and down like a kernel of corn in a corn popper.

It was a soft, warm night, lighted only by the pale young moon and the twinkling stars. We rode as fast as our horses could gallop. Shep was close at our heels. 'What ahead, when we reached the top of a little hill, we saw the crowd of horsemen. They were riding toward Denver. We galloped on with renewed zeal. They turned into a cross-road leading to Mead's ranch. On this road was a bridge over Dry Gulch, which was in the spring a roaring torrent. Beyond the bridge, across the fields, was the haystack of Mead, where was stowed sufficient to feed his domestic cattle through winter. We at last reached the turn of the road. They were three miles in advance, riding rapidly Yik Kee stopped at the turn, 'Humph! Can't catchee. Hangee at bridge. You goee!' He turned his horse and sped across the field, deserting us basely.

We rode on, Ted and I. He was pale still, my cheeks were burning. We neared the bridge. The high mound of earth before us hid them from our sight. We stopped our horses and listened. The men had lighted torches, some were preparing a rough gallows under the bridge; two were uncoiling a rope; some held the horses of the others beyond the bridge. The men were masked now, and I could see by the lighted torches that their number was increased. Jack was very white and sad, but he showed no fear.

'I am innocent, gentlemen,' he said slowly, 'but I refuse to tell you of whom I bought the hides.'

I understood him. Could Harry White be a cattle thief?

'What shall we do?' whispered Ted, cocking his revolver.

Suddenly a bright red light illuminated the heavens, followed by clouds of black smoke and a queer, crackling noise. A yell from the men, Gil Mead's voice above the rest. The haystack was on fire. It seemed to me in the glare around it that I could see a foreign looking human vanishing across the plain.

The men mounted their horses, Gil Mead at the head, and set off across the fields at a mad gallop They must save the stack. They left Jack bound hand and foot and guarded by one man

Shep, the wonderful dog, had kept by us until now, slinking in the dark shadows. Now, gliding sideways and still, he reached the man on guard, caught him by the throat with strong white teeth that could choke a coyote in a second. The man, who was in a sitting posture, fell back with a groan. Ted struck him over the head with the built of the revolver, and pulled off the dog. I cut Jack's bonds with a knife He looked at us wonderingly and staggered to his feet.

'Never mind how he came, Jack,' I said. 'Quick, mount the horse beyond the bridge and ride to Denver for your life. They will not harm a woman and child.'

'Harry White,' he muttered, the loyal soul that even could think of another's danger.

'I will tell him.'

'No, no; not of this—only say, if he stole the cattle to fly the country. They will find out sooner or later.'

He galloped down the road. Ted and I mounted, calling off Shep, who sat on his haunches watching the unconscious man, and then we too, sped down the road. The haystack was giving out great volumes of smoke, but the fire was dead.

Ahead of us was a riderless horse, Dolly, who greeted her master with a joyful whinny. Where was Yik Kee? Then Dot, my horse, shied from the rode at a recumbent black figure. It was the indomitable Yik Kee, who had crawled all the way from the stack on his stomach, so that he could not be seen, after lying the ditch until the blaze had faded out. 'Humph! no catchee Chinee; heap sore,' he said laconically, rudding his stomach.

He mounted Dolly and we rode on to White's ranch. Harry rushed out at the sound of horses' feet at midnight. There under the twinkling stars, I looked into his eyes and told him the whole truth. He showed no guilt, but only said we must stay the night at his ranch, for the men would come back to Jack's for him, and then mounting his fleet coat, rode off down the road. I comforted his mother as best I could. At daybreak we rode home.

Mary was in a wild state of alarm. Where had we been? Where was Jack? and how cruel we were to leave her alone. She said that at 1 o'clock three masked men had come to the house and searched it and the premises but had not molested her or the children, only asking where Jack was; very sternly and sharply.

At noon Jack, Harry, the sheriff and a party of armed men from Denver rode up, stopping only a moment to tell me that they would be back at night. I dared not tell Mary, and she worried all the afternoon at their strange conduct. At night Jack and Harry came home, looking tired but happy. Then Jack told Mary, and she cried and clung to him as though she could never let him go.

It seemed the pleasing ranchman from Chicago was one of a band of cattle thieves. He sold the hides to Harry, who, honest and open himself, was slow to suspect wrong dealings in others. The sheriff had caught the men skinning a cow that belonged to Mead and had captured the gang and taken them to Denver.

The men concerned in the attempt to lynch Jack were sincerely sorry. Their regrets would not have availed much, however, if they had succeeded in their purpose. They gave each of their children 10 acres of land, they gave Ted 65, and me, whom they pleased to consider very plucky, 150 acres. I felt rich enough, and time has made it very valuable land. The man on guard was our warmest admirer. He thought Ted, Shep and myself wonders of courage. He said when I came down on the bridge with the open knife he thought his last hour had come.

Gil Mead committed suicide not long after this. He was always queer. No one ever knew that Yik Kee set the stack afire. I tell you Jack rewarded the faithful fellow—gave him a good farm, taught him to work it and built him a house. The funniest thing was Yik Kee had a wife and 3 queer little children in China, and Jack sent for them, and Yik Kee and his family are as happy as they can be. The children play with Jack's—he has 12 now—and get along finely together.

In 1875 I married Harry White, which, I suppose, was forseen from the beginning—at least Jack says anybody could have seen it. The most serene and satisfied face at the wedding was the Celestial's. In my inner consciousness, notwithstanding he is a "heathen Chinee." I have the conviction that as great a hero as is seen in modern times is the man of few words—Yik Kee.

Select Reading.

Moneyless Wives

Money is power, there is no liberty for those who are forbidden to spend freely what is really theirs. Yet this is just the position of most women, even in families which are wealthy, enlightened, and in other respects liberal. In the village which was the home of Emerson, and has drunk deeply of his gospel of liberty, the leading ladies in the churches advocate holding fairs and festivals, on the ground that the women have no money of their own to give for any purpose.

I know a very sensible and economical lady who was never suffered by her husband, though he was a man of wealth, to have any money to spend, but was merely permitted to buy what she wanted on credit, under a liability of being closely questioned about the reason for her purchases. Even wives who have inherited money sometimes cannot get hold of it except by coaxing or teasing their husbands. Nothing is commoner than for a woman to be obliged to explain why she wants more money, and to tell how she has spent what she had last.

It has been said that the only way a woman can get any money of her own is to become a widow. There is no doubt that many girls hurry into teaching, acting, authorship, or domestic service, simply in order to have money of their own, which they can spend without being questioned annoyingly.

Of course it is well for the members of a family to consult each other about expenditures of importance, but for a man to limit and question his wife to an extent he would not endure himself is tyranny.

Some restrictions may properly be imposed on children for their own good, and the interest of the whole family may require that the carelessness of some members be closely checked; but regulations of this kind should not be enforced simply in the line of sex, or the wife and daughter subjected to any restraint not considered equally proper, in corresponding circumstances, for the husband or son.—The only way to learn to spend money wisely is to have a regular supply sufficient for reasonable wants, and full liberty of expending it. The girls or boys who spend too much of their allowance to-day will not have enough to spend to morrow, and will have the best possible instruction in economy. But people who can get money only by spending what they have and teasing for more are under strong temptation to spend as fast as possible.

Many a wife is kept in such ignorance of her husband's resources that she never knows whether she is economical or extravagant. The result is that, if she should become a widow, she would not know how to use her property, or perhaps even how to keep it.

Many a girl has expensive and toilsome instruction in everything except in what she needs most of all to know; that is, how to adapt her plans and wishes to her income. This she cannot begin to do until she knows what her income really is. The only plan by which the members of a large family can live in such freedom from oppression as is necessary to that of pure love, is that of fixed allowances or shares in the joint income.

Wanted the Date of It.

Tom R——has a young brother and a young lady sister, and Tom R——is a hard one to keep up with. His sis had a beau the other night, and just as the conversation became interesting the little brother walked in.

'Well,' said his sister,' 'what do you want here?'

'I want to whisper something to you,' was the reply.

''Tisn't polite to whisper in company; speak out like a little man.'

'Oh! I don't like too.

'Yes, but you must, so Mr. J——can see how bright you are.'

'All right then. Brother Tom told me to ask you what was the date of your last bustle, for he can't find today's paper high nor low, and he left it in your room just before supper.'

Tom left on the midnight train for a trip South, and his house is not expecting him back before the 1st of May. The young lady may recover by that time.

The Boy Couldn't Stand It.

A boy about 12 years of age called at a doctor's office Sunday afternoon and asked him to visit the house in a professional way, as his mother had been severely injured. The doctor found the woman lying on a lounge, with a black eye, a smashed nose, several contusions on the head, and a generally used up appearance.

'Where did you fall?' he asked.

'Nowhere!' she answered.

'Did you get run over?'

'No, sir.'

'Looks to me as if you had been struck and choked.'

'Yes, I have been.'

'Husband, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, he ought to be sent to State prison for a year,' continued the doctor as he found a new bruise.

The woman remain silent, but after a moment the boy spoke up.

'Now, mam, that's dead mean to let him go on and abuse pap that way!—Here, doctor—come in here!'

He opened the door of a bed-room, and the physician found a man with a cut on his jaw, two more on his scalp, a lacerated ear and both eyes closed up.

'Now, then,' said the boy as he gave the quilts a pull, 'wouldn't it be better to send mam up for about eight months and give pap four?'

The doctor agreed with him.

Facts About Time.

As the recent change in time has awakened some inquiry on this subject the following facts may be of interest: Julius Cæsar rectified the calendar 46 B. C., and by means of the calculations of his astronomer made the year of its present length. This, however, is said to be really 11 minutes too much, and by the time Pope Gregory XIII, came into power the surplus had reached 11 days. The pope had sufficient influence to set aside Cæsar's method, and the new calendar was accepted at once in Italy, Spain and Portugal. It gradually came into favor in France and Germany, and both Denmark and Sweden adopted it in 1700. In England, popular prejudices opposed the Gregorian method until, in 1751, an act of Parliament legalized the change, and this gave use to the terms 'old style' and 'new style.' Ridiculous as it may seem, whenever riots occurred at that time, for whatever cause, this change was made a basis of complaint by those who did not understand a word upon the subject. Hogath, in his picture of the election riot, represents a man drunk in the gutter, while near by lies his banner, inscribed: 'Give us back our 11 days.' This shows how readily politicians, even then, turned everything to an account. The recent change is only a more perfect attainment of a uniform standard.

Effect of Light Eating Upon Colds.

Dr. C E. Page, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: 'Though a lifelong sufferer from the disease in various forms, from the 'snuffles' of infancy to the 'hay fever' of adult age; together with occasional attacks of neuralgia, rheumatism, throat and lung affections, etc., I now find it impossible to excite any of the 'well-known symptoms,' or, in fact, any form of disease, though subjecting myself to what many would consider the most suicidal practices in the matter of exposure to the elements, so long as I live upon a frugal diet, chiefly cereals and fruit, served plainly—nominally two meals a day; holding myself ready, however, to 'skip' a meal whenever necessary, *i. e.*, whenever any of the symptoms of indigestion, as acid stomach, flatulence, pressure in the region of the lungs or stomach, etc., warn me of having carried the pleasures of the table a trifle beyond the needs of the organism, * * When, however, I have chosen to prolong the experiment by continuing to eat heartily, as is the custom with people in general at such times, I have found my experience identical with theirs; the symptoms would increase in severity, and to nasal catarrh, headache slight feverisnness and languor, would be added sore throat, perhaps with pressure at the lungs, hoarseness, increased fever and entire indisposition for exertion. In this case two, perhaps three days' fasting, would be required, with a little extra sponging the skin, to completely restore the balance. Out-door air is desirable, and, when not demanding too great effort, exercise. Air baths, when there is much feverishness of the skin, are comforting and curative,

Retort Sarcastic.

Judge Tarbell tells the following joke on himself. A short time after his retirement from the bench he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for some time. The Judge, all smiles and heartiness, effervesced over his friend in such a way as to provoke the inquiry:

'What office are you a candidate for now, Judge?'

The Judge made a deprecatory movement with an outward palm, and said:

'For none at all, dear brother, I am simply a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven.'

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more wit than politeness, and more profanity then either, said:

'I'll bet you don't carry a d——township."

Doubtless the Judge lost sight of the man's profanity in admiration of his sublimely truthful candor.