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, JUNE 6, 1884. Volume XL.---No. 52.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO.

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING;

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE--NO DEVIATION.

319 S. E. Corner 7th & D. Sts., WASHINGTON, D. C.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP.

921 PENNSYLVANIA AVE. & 912 D STREET,

Washington, D. C.

Spring Goods Lower Than Ever!

Our Assortment of Staple Dry Goods is now Larger than ever before and the prices lower than ever. Our Business motto has ever been and still it: The Best Goods Possible for the Price.

Prints and Ginghams.

2,000 yards Prints, light and dark, 64x64 cloth, guaranteed fast colors, only 5 cents per yard.
1,500 yards Best Clocheco Dress Prints, spring styles, only 8 cents per yard.
1,500 yards 33-inch Percales, dress and shirting styles, warranted fast colors, only 12½ cents per yard.
One case Apron Check Ginghams, 27-inch, staple colors, guaranteed fast, only 8c per yard.
2,000 yards Canton Plaids, Chambray Cloths, Seersuckers, &c., in new designs, with plain goods to match, only 10c per yard; worth 12½c.
1,000 yards Fancy Checks and Stripe Seersuckers, only 11c per yard; worth 12½c.

Hosiery.

One case Misses' Ribbed Cotton Hose, solid colors, including black, extra fine quality, all size only 25c per pair; full regular made; actually worth 37½c.
One case Misses' Plain Hose, Ingrain colors, full regular made, all sizes, only 25c per pair.
100 dozen Ladies' Ingrain Hose, solid colors, including cardinal, garnet, brown, navy blue, olive, Electric, wine and plum, full regular made, only 25c per pair; would be cheap at 37½c.
100 dozen Ladies' Balbrigan Hose, full regular made, French toes, gusseted, extra fine quality for the price, only 25c per pair.
Two cases Ladies' Superfine Lisle Thread Hose, full fashioned, double threaded Soles, extra fine quality, colors—garnet, navy blue, cardinal, wine and black, would be cheap at 75c per pair, only 50c per pair.
Ladies' Extra Fine Cotton Hose, ingrain colors, white feet, full regular made, all sizes, worth 75c, only 50c per pair.

Domestics.

One Bale 4-4 Brown Cotton, only 5 cents per yard.
One Bale 4-4 Brown Cotton, good quality, 6¼ cents per yard.
One Case 8-4 Brown Sheeting, splendid value, 17c per yard.
One Case 9-4 Brown Sheeting, same as above, 21c per yard.
5 Cases each 10-4 Brown and Bleached Sheetings, extra heavy for the price, guaranteed as the best for the price, only 25c. per yard.

Housekeeping Goods.

2,500 yards Scotch Crash, all linen, 14 inches wide, only 5c per yard usual price, 6½c to 7c.
1,000 yards Scotch Crash, 15 inches wide, all linen, only 6½c per yard.
[illegible] yards Scotch Toilet Crash, 17 inches, only 7c; worth 8c cheap at 9c.

Table Damasks.

58-inch Cream Loom Damask, guaranteed all linen, only 37½c per yard; worth 45c.
28-inch Cream Loom Damask, red border, all linen only 42c per yard; worth 50c.
66-inch Genuine Bartsley Damask, the best and heaviest make of goods in the market, only 75c per yard.

Towels.

150 dozen Extra Large Brown Honeycomb Towels, size 20x42, red border, 12½c each; a genuine bargain.
100 dozen Huck Towels, size 18x36, extra value, guaranteed all linen, only 12½c each.
120 dozen Figured Diaper Towels, only 21c each; the identical Towel which has been sold for 25c each and which was considered a great bargain at that price; only 21c each.
25 dozen only Extra Large Damask Towels, 24x45 inch, heavy and superior quality, only 25c each.

Extraordinary Bargains in Our Dress Goods Department.

The Early invoices of Spring Dress Goods have already arrived and are now open to inspection. Owing to the recent depression in the Foreign trade we have been enabled to purchase new and elegant designs in these goods at very nominal figures and very much below the regular prices.
50 pieces 42-inch Foules, all wool, in brown, blue, cardinal and green, only 59c per yard; actually were $1 per yard.
50 pieces, 42-inch Alhatros Cloth, all wool, full line of spring colors, 59c per yard; worth 75c
50 pieces 42 inch Tricotine, all pure wool; greys, London smoke, sage, garnet, wood colors, blue, green, &c.; only 75c per yard; would be cheap at $1.

Woodward & Lothrop------Boston Dry Goods House.

James S. Topman

1231 Pennsylvania Avenue,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS SATCHELS, HARNESS

SADDLES, BRIDLES,

WHIPS, HORSE

ROBES, COVERS.

And a full line of all other Travelers and Horse Goods.

HARNESS BARGAIN

That speaks for itself. AT ONLY $20.00. A Superior Hand-made, Nickle-Trimmed Buggy Harness, of my own make, of Best Baltimore Oak Tanned Leather, with stained Russet Reins not over drawn oak, if desired, fully equal to Harness SOLD ELSEWHERE AT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

CALL AND EXAMINED THEM AT THE POPULAR & OLD ESTABLISHED FABTORY & WARE-ROOMS OF

JAMES S. TOPMAN

1231 Pennsylvania Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO ORDER—Any description of HARNESS or TRUNK desired made to order on the premises at popular prices. NO CONNECTION WITH THE OLD 7th ST. STORE

SEEDS

VEGETABLE & FLOWER SEEDS,

PEAS, BEANS, &c.

BEST QUALITY, LOWEST PRICES. PRICE LIST FREE.

J. BOLGIANO & SON,

28 SOUTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

SEEDS

JNO. L. HARRIS. JNO. H. HOFFPLUM.

JNO. L. HARRIS & CO.,

FINE GOODS

First-Class Workmanship.

MANUFACTURERS OF—

Harness and Saddles,

62 W. Fayette St., Baltimore.

Opposite New Post Office Site.

Repairing neatly and promptly attended to. Orders from the country solicited. Handmade Harness a specialty, from $18 upwards.

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.

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.

EISEMAN BROS'. Spring Overcoats, 7th and E Sts., Washington, D. C.

BRYANT'S

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

CHO. CERCUVA SCOTIA SEED POTATOE

CONSISTING OF EARLY ROSE, BURBANK SEEDING & BEAUTY OF HEBRON.

Landreths' Garden Seeds,

Full Stock at Lowest Rates

FIELD SEEDS OF ALL KINDS.

Agricultural Implements and Machines,

In Great Variety.

Bryant's Reliable Fertilizers

FOR SPRING CROPS.

BRYANT'S

FINE GROUND RAW BONE,

Strictly Pure, $10 per Ton.

BRYANT'S

NO. 2 STANDARD,

For Potatoes & Tobacco, $12 per Ton.

BRYANT'S

Ammoniated Dissolved Bone

For Vegetables, $32 per Ton.

BRYANT'S

CORN & OAT FERTILIZER

$30 per Ton.

BRYANT'S

S. C. DISSOLVED BONE,

$22 per Ton.

Fine Ground South Carolina

(GENUINE FLOATS) KAINIT,

Muriate of Potash, Nitrate of Soda, &c

OUR Fertilizers are made from the best and most concentrated materials known to the trade, and are specially adapted for use on the crops for which they are recommended. They are guaranteed to be fully up to the standard, and, *considered*, no goods in the market are cheaper.

HERBERT BRYANT, MANUFACTURER.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

JOHN LANNON,

WHOLESALE

GROCER and LIQUOR

MERCHANT.

Blacklock's Old Stand, North Wharves

ALEXANDRIA, VA

AGENCY DUPONT'S SPORTING, MINING & BLASTING POWDER.

A full line of celebrated pure old WHISKIES BRANDIES, GIN, RUM, &c., Massey & Co's Philadelphia and Clocquet's Baltimore ALES and Burger & Engel's LAGER BEER, in cases or bottles.

Agent for the POTOMAC RIVER STEAMERS.

Orders promptly attended to and consignments solicited.

Wm. Hahn & Co's.

—FAMOUS & RELIABLE—

SPRING SPECIALTIES:

Ladies 95 cent Kid and Pebble Button Boots.
" $2.00 Unrivalled Kid " "
" 4.00 hand sewed Paris Kid Button, the easiest, prettiest and best Shoe made.
Ladies comfortable House Slippers, 15 cents up.
" Newports, Oxfords and Low Button Slippers, from 75 cents up.
Childs' 75c heeled or spring heel fine Button Infants 25c, 30c and 35c Button, all colors.
Gents $1.50 and $2.00 Solid Button, Laced and Gaiters.
Gents $2.50 Calf Button, Laced and Congress, wears and fits as well as any *five dollar shoe*, is guarantee with every pair.
Gents $1.00 Solid Kip Brogans and Plow shoes
" $4 to $5 fine Custom hand stitched Shoes
" Low Ties, Button and Gaiters, $1.25 up.

—WE HANDLE ONLY—

SOLID LEATHER GOODS.

—THE—

LEADING SHOE HOUSE

—OF—

THE DISTRICT.

816 Seventh Street

ALSO BRANCH STORE

1922 Penna Avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

BLAKEFIELD, FOWLER & COMPANY

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 93 S. Charles Street,

Baltimore.

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

Oct. 29, 1875.

ACME HALL,

The Palace Clothing Establishment of Baltimore,

Opens its doors to the public on April 5th, and extends to all lovers of Fine Clothing a special invitation to look over its Goods. Our object is to supply gentlemen with such Spring and Summer Clothing they have hitherto been unable to procure except from Merchants Tailors, at exorbitant prices. We obviate all delays and chances of misfits that so frequently follow ordered goods, and we guarantee our Garments fully equal, and even superior, to most measured work, at considerably lower figures.

The most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with the Men's and Boys' Garments shown at

ACME HALL,

"The Mirror of Fashion,"

209 W. BALTIMORE ST

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

—BY BUYING FROM—

HEADQUARTERS.

J. B. KENDALL

618 Penn. Ave., 619 B Street, N.W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

—IS HEADQUARTERS FOR—

COACH FINDINGS AND METALS

AXLES, SPRINGS, TOOLS,

IRON (OF ALL KINDS), STEEL,

BOLTS, DUCK, LEATHER,

CANVAS, SPOKES,

RIMS, HUBS,

WHEELS,

HORSE SHOES, HORSE NAILS, ETC., ETC.,

—WE WILL SELL YOU—

Horse Shoes, per keg	$4 50
Horse Nails, per box	4 00
Bar Iron, per pound	02½
Spring Steel, per pound	04
Buggy Shafts, per pair	75
Buggy Bodies, each	6 50
Good Buggy Tops, each	15 00
Drilling Machines from	$12 00 to 40 00
Fire Benders from	10 00 to 30 00
Forges, from	12 00 to 40 00
Buggy Wheels from	6 00 to 15 00
Short Buggy Axles, per set	2 25
Bolt Shears, per pair	6 00
Bench Vises, from	15 cts to 15 00

We are the only house in the District carrying in stock a FULL LINE OF

BLACKSMITH TOOLS.

We are also manufacturing the MORHEAD SAW SETTS, for setting Circular and all Heavy Saws. The only tool made which will do the work.

Price $2.00 Each,

An Inspection of our Stock is invited and correspondence solicited.

Come and See Me and Save Money.

J. B. KENDALL.

618 Pa. Ave., 619 B St., n. w.

Washington, D. C.

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-

R. W. Anderson, of A. A. Co., Md. W. F. Henry of Charles Co. Md

ANDERSON, HENRY & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

All kinds of Country Produce

917 La. Avenue,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Live Stock a Specialty. ap 11-6m.

THE

TURF-EXCHANGE

RESTAURANT.

GEO. O. MILLER, Propr.

N. W. Corner of Sixth and Penn. Avenue

WASHINGTON, D. C.

oct. 19 1y.

A Sad Story.

THE OLD TREE'S SECRET.

BY THE 'MELLOW BARD.'

'We will take the house—shall we not, Charlie?' We had gone all over the roomy, old-fashioned house, my little wife and I, from the dusty, cob-webbed garret to the neglected cellars, and we now stood together at the back of the garden, critically surveying its appearance.

It was a low, two story stone house, in the shape of a T, with a cluster of tall chimneys in the middle and the three gables hidden in ivy. It had once stood quite out of the town, which had since gradually crept towards it, until what had been a road was now become a street of straggling cottages and villas, extending to the high wall inclosing the grounds. The lawn was shaded with old trees, and the garden, chocked up with thickets of lilac and snowball. The old lady, Mrs. Gage, who had for forty years resided here, leading a very secluded and invalid life, had taken no pains to keep the place in order, and she died and the house was for sale.

'It looks dreadfully gloomy and neglected,' said Cecie, gazing up at the back windows. 'Mrs. Moss, next door, says that for twenty years no one has occupied those upper rooms; and see how the ivy has bound together those shutters on the left. But it is a beautiful old house, and I know that we can make it bright and cheerful. And then the garden—what a delight it will be to the children, and to ourselves, too! We will take it, won't we, Charlie?'

There was no resisting her pleading, coaxing manner. So that very evening I went to see the agent, and before a week had elapsed the house was ours.

With what zeal and enjoyment we entered upon the transformation of our new abode! The masses of ivy were torn down from the gables or judiciously trimmed; every door and window was thrown wide to the fresh air and sunlight; and paint and paper, muslin curtains, and bright carpets and India matting made the house delightful to behold.

This much accomplished, we turned our attention to the garden. It was already June, and the season too advanced for much improvement; but we pulled down the rotted arbors, we hoeing and transplanting roses and lilacs, and I caused a little round table and some rustic garden seats to be placed under an old tree at the further end of the central walk. Here, on returning from my office in the warm sunny evenings, we would sit—Cecie engaged with some light stitching, and I with cigar, books and papers, reading to her, while our little ones ran wild up and down the garden walks.

'This is thoroughly delightful,' I remarked one evening. 'How is it, Cecie, that we have managed to live eight years of house-keeping without a garden?'

'Yes,' she answered, radiantly, 'it is delightful. Living so much in the open air one seems to take a new and fresh growth, like the flowers. Only'—and here she glanced uneasily around—'only, Charlie, I think—I fancy—that this is not exactly the spot for our *al fresco* boudoir.'

'Why not? It faces the walk, it commands a view of the house and the whole garden. And these branches hanging so low and clothed in ivy, make a nice canopy above us. What is it that you object to?'

'I scarcely know. But somehow I have never liked this tree.'

It was a very old tree under which we sat with a huge gnarled trunk growing in a sloping position near the garden wall, and covered with ivy. About eight feet from the ground the trunk separated into three branches, and here the ivy had matted itself in an impervious mass, concealing the decayed branches with the exception of the extremity, which here and there protruded from the green mass white and bare.

'They look like skeleton fingers,' said Cecie, glancing up, 'and it gives me the horrors. I think the tree ought to be cut down. It always reminds me of a graveyard or a haunted house.'

I did not at the time pay much attention to her remarks. But some days after she again suggested that our garden table and chairs should be removed to some other spot.

'I don't know why it is,' she said uneasily, 'but I always feel nervous here. I fancy there is something peculiar about the place—in the rustling of the ivy and in the very atmosphere; I often find myself starting and looking about with a vague sense of something horrible. I hate the sight of that tree, with its distorted shape and bare skeleton arms.'

I rallied her upon being fanciful, but promised that the 'skeleton arms' of which she complained should be cut off. She sat silent for a moment, then said seriously:

'Charlie, did it ever occur to you that certain objects in nature—trees, for instance—may have an individual life of its own? I don't mean the mere vegetable life, but a sort of mysterious spiritual existence. Now, I can't help fancying that this tree is conscious of what is going on beneath it—that it remembers things which it has witnessed in its long life, and, were it able, could tell us some horrible ghastly tale of the past. You may laugh, but I assure you that I never sit under this tree, even on a sunny noonday, without feeling a chill creeping over me, and a sense of something mysterious and horrible, which makes me almost a raid.'

'Of course,' I said; 'having once imagined that the dead branches resemble 'skeleton arms,' and associated them in your mind with the idea of a graveyard, you will be haunted with all sorts of dismal thoughts and fancies in connection with the tree. But since you don't like it, Cecie, I will have this bugbear removed, and we'll build a pretty Summer-house on the spot. I will speak to the men to-morrow, when they come to take down the wall.'

The portion of the wall to which I alluded separated our garden from that of our next-door neighbor. It was of stone, but the mortar had fallen out and left it little more than a pile of loose stones, which I feared might at any moment topple down on the children, as they played about. So I concluded to have it pulled down, and a light wooden paling placed in its stead.

Over there, in the next house, lived an old gentleman and his wife, who passed much of their time in their garden, cultivating flowers and small garden fruits, in which they appeared to take delight. They had called on us a cheerful and kindly old couple; and when the old wall was pulled down and before the new one was put up, the way lay open to a more familiar intercourse.

One evening, by their invitation, we stepped over into their garden to see a collection of roses upon which Mr. Warren prided himself. These duly admired, the old lady expressed her pleasure in having neighbors who *were* neighbors. She had lived ten years in their present abode, and in that time had only twice seen Mrs. Gage!

'She wasn't always such a recluse,' said the good lady. 'I remember that when she and her husband first came here, a young married couple (I was a child then), they were merry, gay, and fond of society. It was their daughter's fate which changed them. You have heard the story?'

We had not been very long in this town, yet Cecie remembered to have heard something about a daughter of Mrs. Gage running away to join a lover at a distance, and being never afterwards heard of.

'Her name was Emily,' said Mr Warren, 'and she was the handsomest girl in the town. She was an only child, and had been all her life petted and indulged, and allowed to have her own way. Such children don't generally turn out as well as they should; and Emily Gage rejected many good offers to fall in love at last with a handsome and dissipated fellow who made his appearance here for a short time. Being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, Mr. Gage forbade his visiting his daughter, and the two then agreed upon an elopement. This was put a stop to, and the young man shortly afterwards left the place. The girl, however, was very closely watched, the parents having cause to suspect that she was in secret correspondence with him. And one morning she was nowhere to be found—only a note slipped under the door of her parents' sleeping-room informed them that she had taken with her all her jewels, together with five hundred dollars, which her father had left in his writing desk, and that she had gone to meet her lover. And that was the last that they ever knew about her.'

'But could they not find the young man?' asked Cecie.

'They found him, after a very long search, but he denied all knowledge of her intended flight. They had corresponded, and she had assured him she would yet find means to join him, but her letters had then ceased; nor had he ever heard from her. This was his story. Some believed it, but others, though nothing could ever be proven against him, had dark suspicions of him. And the strangest thing was, that, having once passed the garden wall, every trace of the girl was utterly lost.'

'The garden wall?'

'I forgot to mention that it was in that manner she escaped. She mounted the sloping trunk of the old tree at the foot of the garden walk—the same under which you so often sit—and then stepped along its horizontal branches to the top of the wall. This was rendered evident by the broken twigs and scattered leaves at the foot of the tree. On the ground outside the wall was found her shawl, which she had doubtless dropped or forgotten in her haste. That was all. To this day the mystery of her fate remains unknown, though undoubtedly there was foul play somewhere. The jewels and the money were great temptations to crime.'

That evening my wife said to me:

'That horrible tree, Charlie! Did I not tell you that it had a secret to reveal? Perhaps it knows what became of that poor girl.'

Next day Cecie went on a visit of a few days to her mother, taking all the children with her. Before going to my business I gave orders respecting the tree. I wished every trace of it to be removed before her return, when perhaps she would forget all about it and its gloomy associations.

Returning home in the evening, I was met by the workmen with countenances of interest and mystery. Their information startled me. While busied in cutting down the tree, they had heard something rattle and fall within; and on examination discovered within the bones of a skeleton, though whether human or not they could not tell. Communicating the fact to Mr. Warren, who was in his garden, they had by his advice desisted until my arrival.

I went to the spot, and with the men and Mr. Warren examined the tree. Through the opening already made the bones were clearly to be distinguished; and I directed that the trunk should at once be felled. When this was done there was exposed a hollow stump, in which lay a mass of human bones, with the remains of a woman's dress; and beneath these and the decayed wood and dust which had gathered over them gleamed the lustre of jewels and gold and silver coin.

I looked at Mr. Warren, who white as death, had staggered to a garden bench.

'My God!' he exclaimed. 'It is—Emily!'

'Yes, it was Emily. Of this there could be no doubt. The tree had long held its fearful secret, and was still unable to reveal it. It had given up Emily's skeleton, but how came the poor girl to be immured within this living tomb?'

Further examination, however, revealed the whole horrible truth.

'I see how it all was,' my old neighbor said, in a broken and faltering voice. 'She had thrown her shawl over the wall that it might not be in her way, and then mounted the tree to where the three great branches meet; and there hidden by the mass of ivy, lay the fatal trap. Through that great hole she slipped, and the ivy closed over her in her living tomb.'

He shuddered, and the tears gushed into his eyes.

We neither of us expressed the thoughts which chilled and moved our hearts to pitying horror. Had her death been sudden, or had she here slowly starved and pined to death? Her cries could not have been heard, for the house stood apart, and her parents had left home and gone in pursuit of her. I thought of Cecie's strange fancy concerning the old three, and lost myself in vague conjectures as to the nature of those mysterious influences which sometimes affect our human perceptions, how or whence we may not know.

This was the secret which the old tree had so long held. And I may add that to this day Cecie knows nothing about it; for, besides the clergyman who gave Christian burial to the remains of the poor girl, no one but ourselves who made the discovery ever knew the secret. We thought it best that it should be so.

But I observed that Cecie never afterwards complained of the uneasy influence which had before so annoyed her. With the removal of the tree and the burial of the bones, nature resumed her bright and joyous sway in the old garden.

Select Reading.

Why She Broke up the Game.

On the train running down from Nashville to Memphis a couple of travelers called for the card table and began a game of euchre. Near them sat an old woman who had been industriously reading for an hour or two. At sight of the cards she dropped her book and spectacles and pricked up her ears and only three points had been made when she rose up and walked over to them.

'I pass!' said one of the players as he looked up.

'Young man!' she replied in a very solemn voice, 'do you know the infernal wickedness of them pasteboards?'

'Yes'm, and take that king with the ace,' he answered.

'Want to make a hand in?' asked the other.

'I shall take a hand in if you don't put them keerds up. Poker killed my son Jim afore he was twenty-five years old. Old sledge brought my son Sam to prison when he was only eighteen. Euchre was what separated me and the old man. I can't bear the sight of keerds, and I won't have no playing in this kyar if I have to fight for it.'

'What's trumps?' queried one of the players of his companion.

'Clubs!' replied the old woman, as she brought him a cuff with one hand and seized the 'deck' with the other. 'Boys, hand me over them devil's darning needles.'

He refused to comply until she had collared him, but when she had the pack in hand she walked to the door and gave it a fling clear of the track. Then, returning to the pair, she handed one of them a well-worn Testament and said:

'Now, read a chapter and pass it over to your friend, and if you haven't been brung up to know Moses from Judas Iscariot don't be afraid to turn around and ask me! If both of you don't admit in half an hour from this that you feel a hundred per cent. better I'll treat you to some elderberry wine and fried cakes.'

Couldn't Back It Up.

A lawyer had been 'bully-ragging' a witness for some time, at last got him down to personal questions.

'Did I understand you to say, sir,' he asked, 'that the defendant made certain remarks about me?'

'I said so, sir.'

'Ah, thought so. Well, now, I should like to ask if he could substantiate those remarks?'

'No, sir, I don't think he could.'

Ah; something libellous, I presume. Will you be kind enough to state to the court what he said?'

'Yes, sir; he said you were an honest and thruthful man, and—'

'That's enough. Call the next witness.' And the lawyer went into the jury-room for a minute's relaxation without excitement.

The richest planters in Brazil live on coffee grounds.

Presidential Gossip.

INTERESTING FACTS IN REGARD TO SEVERAL CANDIDATES.

Here are some interesting items about the presidential candidates: Robert Lincoln, at the age of 40, is the youngest of the Republican candidates, and General Sherman, who is 64, is the oldest. Senator Sherman, at 61, stands next in age, and all of the remaining candidates are between 50 and 60. Harrison and Gresham are each 51, Arthur is 54, Allison 55, Edmunds 56, and Hawley of Connecticut, 58. Senator Logan, is his autobiography in the Congressional Directory, does not give his age, but he looks to be within 59 and 60. The Democratic candidates show a majority of old men: Samuel J. Tilden is 72, Henry B. Payne 74, Allen G. Thurman 71, Joe McDonald 65, Tom Hendricks 60, Tom Bayard 56, General Denver 66, and Flower of New York, 49.

Of the candidates of both parties prominently before the country or probable as dark horses, over one-half were born in Ohio, viz., the two Shermans, Harrison, Allison, McDonald, Hendricks and Grant. Thurman was born in Virginia, Tilden, Flower and Payne in New York, Arthur and Edmunds in Vermont, Logan and Lincoln in Illinois, Jewett in Maryland and Hawley in North Carolina.

Of eleven Republican candidates, eight received collegiate education. Edmunds had a private tutor, and General Sherman was schooled at West Point. Logan's education was received at the common schools, as were also those of Denver and Flower. Blaine went to college at Washington, Pa., Lincoln at Harvard, Harrison at Oxford, O., Allison at Hudson, O., and Hawley at Hamilton College, New York.

Senator Logan's father was a hotel keeper, Sherman's a judge. Arthur's a Baptist preacher, Gresham's a sheriff Thurman's a preacher and Bayard's a lawyer and statesman. As to the religion of the various candidates I am unable to find that any of them ever had any. Senator Sherman's church is the Episcopalian; the General's wife, every one knows, is a Catholic. President Arthur attends the Episcopal, and Gresham is sometimes found in the Presbyterian. Both Payne and Thurman are liberal in their views, and Mrs. Logan, who has a strong influence with her husband, is quoted as a Methodist.

As to professions, Blaine and Hawley have been editors, Logan, John Sherman, Edmunds, Harrison, Allison, Arthur, Gresham, Bayard, Hendricks, Payne and Thurman have practiced law. McDonald once followed the saddle trade, and Arthur taught school at $15 a month, and John Sherman acted as a surveyor.

Every one knows that Tilden is a bachelor, and that Allison and Arthur are widows. Gresham has a wife and two children. Lincoln has three children, one of whom is named Abraham, and Blaine, Edmunds, Payne and Thurman are married and have families. Joe McDonald has had two wives, and is now, as they say in Scotland, wearing his third.

Of course, any estimate of the wealth of the candidates must be based on supposition. Tom Bayard is said to be worth $150,000. Roswell P. Flower $2,000,000, Henry B. Payne from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000, Allen G. Thurman $300,000 to $400,000, and Hugh J. Jewett is estimated as being several times a millionaire. No one knows what John Sherman is worth, but I have an idea that his income, outside of his salary, is large enough to keep him. Edmunds has an income estimated at $100,000, McDonald one of $20,000, General Sherman, his salary as a retired officer, and Blaine, says William Walter Phelps, is worth less than half a million. Every one has heard of Tilden's bar'l, and most people know that Logan and Gresham are moderately poor.

Ventriloquism a Humbug.

Ventriloquism is declared by an expert to be very largely a humbug. There is no such possibility as throwing the voice to a distance. The old stories of Wyman the Wizard, in which he figured as exhibiting much ability in the midst of a crowd, were necessarily fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be some distance away from his audience or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance, he merely lowers it, and indicates the direction of their imagination to take. He can deceive them sideways, upward, downward or backward, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker at the rear. To a listener close by no ventriloquist can be in the least deceptive. Nor is there any truth in the theory that he talks with the top of his gullet, or with aught else than with the organs intended by nature to be vocal. By holding his lips as fixed as possible, and avoiding such words as cannot be pronounced without palpably moving them, he assists the delusion. But no man is so skillful that he can get on without a screening mustache.

If you want to kill weeds in a pasture turn in the sheep. We once had a pasture of four or five acres overrun with golden-rod, otherwise called ironweed. It had been used for pasturing calves principally, and was call the calf-pasture. Sheep were pastured there one season, and we never saw a stalk of the weed afterward. Another thing worth remembering; they masticate their food so finely that there is no danger of getting foul seed in your soil from sheep manure.