

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 11, 1887.

Volume XLIII.--No. 35.

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.

Chipchase Bros.,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF

Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool & Country Produce.
106 South Charles street, BALTIMORE, MD.

We will give special attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of FERTILIZERS, CLOVER SEED, GROCCERS AND IMPLEMENTS furnished at LOWEST PRICES.

Liberal advances made on consignments. We have engaged the services of MR. AUGUSTUS Y. GRAY to solicit for us in this county. (April 4-17)

E. D. R. Bean, Marcellus Burch
E. D. R. BEAN & CO.,
114 S. Charles St., Second Floor, BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides, Furs, Live Stock and Produce Generally.

Consignments Solicited and prompt returns made. (Jan. 29, 1886)

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

Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FIRAN G. DUDLEY, J. WALTER CARPENTER
LULLY & CARPENTER
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain &c.
57 Light Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Inspection and sale of TOBACCO, and sale of all Country Produce. Consignments solicited. Nov 20-17

ALBIN PRICE & CO.,
909 La. Ave., & 910 C St., S. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gen'l Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-wood, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.

Returns thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same. (Feb. 5-2-m)

A CARD.
J. W. MONTGOMERY,
BULLEN & MCKEEVER,
No. 939 Louisiana Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Burch & Montgomery having been dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bullen & McKeever for the transaction of a General Commission Business for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, and other country produce. Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past I respectfully solicit the continuance of same in the future.

RARE CHANCE OFFERED
To Secure high Prices.
T. M. POSEY,
Commission Agent
For all kinds of Country Produce.
941 B Street, S. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOMAS PERRY,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 17 King Street, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Agent for Chemical Fertilizer Co. of Baltimore city, Germ Patent Family Flour, and Wats's Richmond Flour. May 4-17

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to me, and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Entirely new! Something new, that just comes money for all workers. We will start you capital not needed. This is one of the greatest, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address: Feltz & Co., Augusta, Maine.

J. Benj. Mattingly,
GENERAL AGENT FOR

SOUTHERN MARYLAND
Passaic Agricultural Chemical Works

Is now in full operation, such an opportunity to get strictly first class Clothing for Men, Boys and Children at such incredibly low figures has not occurred in 15 years. Everything must be sold, cost what it may. Don't delay as goods are being eagerly purchased by crowds of shrewd buyers. For the greatest bargains of our times, visit or write to

ACME HALL,
17 East Baltimore Street.

Fresh Bone Super-Phosphate of Lime.
AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE.
U. S. PHOSPHATE and CELEBRATED GROUND BONE.

THE BEST FERTILIZERS NOW IN USE
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES
Nos. 54 and 58 Bachanan's Wharf Baltimore, Md.
FACTORY--NEWARK, N. Y.

I have an Established Warehouse at La Plata, on the B. & P. R. R., and have all ways on hand there a full line of all grades of the above Fertilizers ready for immediate delivery. References: J. H. Langley, W. M. Jamison, Capt. Alex. Franklin, Thos. B. Delolier, Alex. Haislip, John C. Carpenter, H. H. Owen and all who have used these goods. We have a most excellent article for POTATOES and all kinds of Garden Vegetables.

John M. Lloyd,
GEN'L AGENT FOR

G. OBER & SON COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STANDARD FERTILIZERS,
AND DEALERS IN
FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

OFFICE, 25 S. Gay Street, CORNER MARINE BANK BUILDING.
Factory, Locust Point. BALTIMORE.

Regular Brands:--SPECIAL NO. 1 PERUVIAN RAW BONE & POTASH, AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME, PURE DIS. RAW BONES, PURE DIS. RAW BONES & POTASH, PURE DIS. BONE, PURE RAW GUNNE DIS. BONE, PHOSPHATE, DIS. BONE, PHOSPHATE & POTASH, WHITE HALL PHOSPHATE, LOCUST POINT COMPOUND, FARMERS STAND MURATE POTASH, SULPHATE POTASH, GROUND TANKING, AND ALL FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

Before purchasing your Fertilizer for the coming season, it will be to your interest to give us a call. All the above brands are strictly reliable, besides we keep in stock all kinds of the best grade material from which we can make you any grade Fertilizer you may need. This House is an old established one, and every thing they sell you in as represented. As an evidence of the superiority of our goods, my sales have increased from 21 tons per annum, the first year to one thousand and eighty-five tons, this being my sales in Charles and St. Mary's counties the past year. I shall be satisfied with any well-served respectable farmer in Southern Maryland, as it is not only for my own interest, I wish to do so. My greatest desire is to induce the planters of Southern Maryland to use strictly first class goods and can only do so by dealing with a first class house. If you will buy your goods from the G. O. & S. Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. I. Birk, at Bryansville, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, at Collector and Salesman, will be glad to receive your orders, and I will devote as much time as I can in the two counties the coming season in order to induce the farmers of Southern Maryland to buy the best Fertilizer offered to the people of any State in Union. All responsible orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

Yours very truly,
JOHN M. LLOYD.

N. B.--What Mr. James P. Mattingly, a large and practical farmer of Choptank District, St. Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound: He says that he can grow as large Tobacco from other fertilizers as he can from Obe's, but while there is just as good as to quality, it weighs from 1 to 2 more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will here add that Mr. Mattingly is not only a very good and prosperous farmer, but strictly reliable. Mr. Mattingly has used our goods for several years and says he will use no others in the future for Wheat and Tobacco.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES, BUGGIES!
CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!!
All Kinds at All Prices from \$50 up.

A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY \$73.

Call and be convinced of what we say.
H. D. SCHMIDT,
21 N. Liberty Street, BALTIMORE.

OUR MATCHLESS
Mark Down Sale

Is now in full operation, such an opportunity to get strictly first class Clothing for Men, Boys and Children at such incredibly low figures has not occurred in 15 years. Everything must be sold, cost what it may. Don't delay as goods are being eagerly purchased by crowds of shrewd buyers. For the greatest bargains of our times, visit or write to

ACME HALL,
17 East Baltimore Street.

HEADQUARTERS
Sleigh Goods!

Assortment Large, Prices Low
IRONED SWELL CUTTERS,
With Shells, no Paint, Substantial, Stylish, Superior. Write for Prices.

SWELL CUTTERS, NOT IRONED
SLEIGH BASKETS,
TWO AND FOUR PASSENGERS.

Sleigh Runners,
ONE TO TWO INCHES SQUARE,
Sleigh Bells, Plumes, Plushes,
CLOTH CARBETS, COLLARS,
SHOES, IRONS, BOLTS, ETC.

Quotations Cheerfully Given
"CAMBRIA"
Link Barb Wire,
makes the Best Fence, easiest to put up.

"CASTORINE"
THE RELIABLE AXLE OIL.
"CASTROLINE"
THE BEST AXLE GREASE.

COACH FINDINGS,
Bar Iron, Steel,
VARNISHES,
MORAY'S FINE COACH COLORS.

Important Items.
Delivery F. O. B. Cars and Boats. No charge for Boxes

J. B. KENDALL,
618 Penna. Ave., 619 B St.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

INFORMATION
MANY PERSONS
suffer from
either
Malaria, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Indigestion, Typhoid,
Headaches,
Lumbago, Pain in the
Limbs, Back and
Sides, Bad Blood,
Depression of Spirits and
Weakness, by using
VOLINA CORDIAL.

Dr. John W. Mitchell,
DENTIST,
Old No. 160 N. Howard Street,
New No. 527 N. Howard Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Opposite Academy of Music.

I would respectfully ask my Charles county friends to call on me when requiring dental work of any description. I have every facility for doing first class dental work and guarantee satisfaction in all cases.
DR. J. W. MITCHELL, D. D. S.
CHAPEL POINT MILLS.

THE undersigned having re-learned, thoroughly repaired and relubricated the above Mills are now prepared to receive grain of all kinds. Wednesdays of each week for grinding Wheat. We keep constantly on hand a large supply of Meal to exchange for Corn. We will receive the public at any time of day from 5 o'clock A. M. to 8 o'clock P. M.

SMOOT & CROSS, Props

Poetry.

SMILE CREEDS

BY ELVA WHEELER WILSON

If this were our creed, it were creed enough
To make us thoughtful and make us brave
On the sad journey of our pathway rough
That leads us steadily on to the grave.

Speak no evil, and cause no ache;
Utter no just that can pain awake;
Guard your actions and hold your tongue;
We are the slaves when hearts are stung.

If this were our aim, it were all in sooth
That any soul needs to climb to heaven,
And we would not number the way of truth
With many a dubious, or rife pretension;

Help whoever, whenever you can;
Mind forever needs not from man;
Let never a day die in the west
That you have not comforted some sad guest.

Were this our belief we need not brood
Over mistakes done, or misdeeds left;
For this embodies the highest goal
For the life we are living, or after death.

We need no trials we do not need;
We'll borne sorrow, which is good;
And a wise soul ever thanks God for pain.

Select Reading.

MRS. BURKE'S PUDDING.

BY MARY N. PRESOTT.

It had always been the custom in Mrs. Capulet's day to bake one of her best plum puddings during Christmas week for the dear woman, Mrs. Burke, who was never likely to taste such a dainty at other seasons. "Why should we keep all the good things to ourselves," she used to ask, "eat plum pudding whenever we fancy it, and this poor, hard-working woman never knew the taste of such a morsel?" It was the custom of the house to bake, as Harry Capulet used to say, several of these rich puddings at the same time; they would keep for weeks or months without spoiling, and there they were at a moment's notice, if dinner company arrived unexpectedly on washing or ironing days, when it was inconvenient to connect nice desserts.

When Mrs. Harry Capulet took the management of affairs after her mother's death, her husband's cousin, who had been regent during the interregnum, said to her at Christmas time: "I hope, dear, you will continue Mrs. Burke's pudding; she has received it for so many years, she will feel injured, I'm afraid, unless you do."

"Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Capulet, "I shall give Mrs. Burke a pudding, but not one of these. What are you thinking about--waste all these delicacies on a char-woman?"

"Gingerbread pudding, with a few raisins added, will satisfy her quite as well," put in Mrs. Harry's sister.

"What will call a poor man's pudding," asked Mrs. Harry.

"Yes, the very thing," answered Mrs. Capulet, "Mrs. Burke will know; she has been accustomed to the best. I have made it a principle to send her as good as I kept; I hated to scrimp her at Christmas time."

"Oh, you're too extravagant, Cousin Sue. Besides, you give an old ignorant char-woman credit for all your own virtues and tastes. I don't think it worth while to waste so much money upon her; a poor man's pudding is more appropriate for the circumstances."

"Nonsense, oblige," insisted Sue. But Mrs. Harry laughed, and ordered the poor man's pudding to be baked the same size as her own plum pudding.

"I can hardly tell them apart, cook has given them all such a rich brown. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the baking as well as the eating."

But Sue sighed. "Mrs. Burke is English. You won't be able to deceive her about an English plum pudding."

"I'm not going to label it, and she can take or leave it. Beggars should not be choosers, I've heard," cried Mrs. Harry, who couldn't keep her temper as well as she could other things.

"That was a pudding!" said Mrs. Burke, one morning after Christmas, having come in for some work. Mrs. Harry looked at Sue. "I think," continued Mrs. Burke, "they grow nicer every year, Mrs. Capulet. This one just melted in your mouth; it was too good for poor folks."

"There!" cried Mrs. Capulet, as soon as Mrs. Burke's back was turned. "what did I tell you, Sue! After educating Mrs. Burke up to the English plum-pudding! This is all the good it does to educate the lower classes, you see."

"I hope it isn't blarney in Mrs. Burke," hazarded Sue.

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still," quoted Mrs. Harry.

After this, whenever Sue and Mrs. Harry disagreed, her sister would say, "Remember Mrs. Burke's pudding, Sue!" However, the matter faded out of their minds in time, and perhaps they would never have thought of it again if Dr. Gus Blake hadn't happened to drop in upon them. Now Mrs. Blake was something worth while in Mrs. Lily's eyes. She had met him here and there, danced with him at gowns, yachted with him, picked up with him, lunched with him; once he had even sent her some flowers; she had seen of her home now, pressed in a look of love-sonnets. He was one of those cordial people who shake hands as if they were making love.

Miss Lily was more than fond of his society; she intended to marry him. But it was a pity that he should arrive on the only day in the week when they had a picked up dinner.

"There is one of the Christmas puddings left, at any rate," said Mrs. Harry. "that will redeem the dinner."

Mr. Gus Blake was very affable as usual. He and Lily sang duets together before dinner; she had also to show him over the grounds; the view of the river, the eagle's nest; they hunted for four-leaved clovers together, and she told him a riddle with a daisy. He was complimentary and gallant. Lily felt as if a crisis was at hand. They met Sue with her hands full of wild flowers, coming from school.

"A neighbor?" he asked with his most indifferent manner, as she just nodded and hurried by.

"Oh, no. That is Sue Capulet, Harry's cousin. She used to keep his house before he married."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. She's rather prim in her ways, and opinionated, like all other country people."

"Ah! she must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps; but one needs to live with her to find it out."

"And you live with her?"

"Yes. She will live here I suppose till somebody marries her."

"Then she has a lover?"

"I never heard of one."

"And yet she is not precisely ugly," with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"No, not at all; only commonplace," continued Lily.

"The dinner progressed as far as the dessert. It was a picked up one, to be sure; but what could any one expect who came without announcing himself, Mrs. Harry assured herself.

Mr. Blake was a famous diner-out, he knew, moreover, how to make himself agreeable over a dinner of herbs, and then there was her English plum-pudding to top it off with. How plump and delicious it looked as it came upon the table, and what royal odor it emitted. She cut it with precise hermen. She tasted it and shot a quick glance at Mrs. Harry, but said nothing. The guest was quietly nibbling at it and talking brilliantly. Presently Lily, who had been listening to him, attacked it. She turned pale, and gave her plate a little angry push. Then Mrs. Harry, having helped everybody else, settled herself to the enjoyment of her pudding. Sue, regarding her saw a look of consternation gather upon her face. She uttered an exclamation as if she had been wounded.

"Sue," she cried angrily, "you carried the wrong pudding to Mrs. Burke. This is the poor man's pudding," reproaching her guest.

"I carried the pudding the cook gave me," returned Sue.

"No wonder Mrs. Burke thought it too good for poor folks!" put in Lily, sourly.

"They both glowered at Sue. They were obliged to repress their wrath before their guest, but they were too full of indignation to talk rationally or coherently. If Mr. Blake guessed that there was thunder in the air, he was as factious and anecdotal as usual, ignored the atmospheric changes, and did not hurry away. But when he was obliged to take his train at last, the thunderbolt burst about Sue's head.

"So you carried your point, after all my directions to the contrary," says Mrs. Harry; "Mrs. Burke had her English plum pudding in spite of me."

"I had nothing to do with it," returned Sue; "it was as much a surprise to me as to you."

"Pity Harry hadn't been here," said Mrs. Lily, ignoring Sue's version. "If his wife isn't to be mistress in his house, it is time he knew it. A poor man's pudding to set before Mr. Gus Blake, one of the most fastidious of men!"

"I'm very sorry," said Sue, "it was not a nice pudding."

"Nor a nice thing for you to do in another's house."

"Mrs. Capulet, I had nothing whatever to do with it," protested Sue.

"Susan Capulet, I don't believe a word you say."

"And if I were sister, you or I should leave the house."

And so it happened that Sue packed her trunks, and Harry Capulet had such a season of Mrs. Burke's pudding as he had not dream of recollecting her.

She went to a friend's house in the city, who had promised to find her a situation.

In the meantime Mrs. Capulet's servants confided the story of the plum pudding to Mrs. Burke herself, and Gus Blake's part in it.

Mrs. Burke felt it her duty to write Mr. Blake and repeat the whole affair, and through him to help sweet Miss Sue, who would never hurt a fly, out of her trouble.

Mr. Blake smiled over this letter. So they had made it hot for Miss Sue. He had suspected as much. He went to call on his friend, Mrs. Barnes, and requested her co-operation. He was shown into the Music room and met Sue.

"So," he said, shaking hands, "this is the result of Mrs. Burke's pudding." And then Mrs. Barnes entered.

"I came," he said, "to consult you about the affairs of a friend of mine, who has come to grief. Her case is even worse than that of the man in the South who burnt his mouth eating cold plum porridge."

The upshot of the consultation was that Sue had a position, a little later, where Mr. Blake was intimate and carry the wedding cards of Miss Sue Capulet and Mr. Gustavus Blake, which was all owing to Mrs. Burke's pudding--Harry's Bazar.

In the Jury Room.

The case seemed clear enough to a boy ten years old.

The plaintiff sued the defendant on a debt. The defendant admitted that he contracted the debt, and that he had never paid it. He tried to show, as an offset, that he once lent the plaintiff some money, but he failed even to establish the date of the transaction. The amount sued for was \$400, and the judge charged us to return a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

When we got settled in the jury room and elected a foreman, he said: "Well, I suppose we must return a verdict for the full amount?"

"Well, I don't," replied one of the jurors--a man whom I had selected as an honest, conscientious juror.

"But isn't it a plain case?"

"No, sir! The plaintiff had two lawyers, while the defendant had but one. There was nothing fair about that!"

"But the judge charged us to return a verdict for the amount," observed another juror.

"S'posin' he did!" exclaimed an old man on the left; "if the judge knows more about this case than we do then what are we here for?"

"Which of 'em was the plaintiff, anyhow?" solemnly inquired a solemn juror, whom I had seen sleeping through most of the trial.

"The red-headed man, of course," replied a young man who wore very tight pantaloons and chewed plug tobacco with great ambition.

"Was it? Why I thought it was the fat man!" exclaimed juror No. 6.

The foreman suggested that we mark on slips of paper the amount each juror thought the plaintiff entitled to. His suggestion was followed, and the amounts ran from fifteen cents to \$400.

"It seems to me," he reflected, "that the defendant either owes him \$400 or nothing."

"I don't believe he owes him nothing," replied one of the twelve.

"But you heard the evidence."

"Hang the evidence!"

Some suggested that we add up the sums marked and strike an average.

Another suggested that we return a verdict for the defendant.

A third offered to flip a cent and head or tail for the \$400 or nothing.

A fourth wanted someone to tell him if the debt hadn't been outlawed.

"It was finally discovered that we stood five for the plaintiff and seven for the defendant and wanted to know what we should do."

"Well," said one of the seven, "if we agree with you in this case will you agree with us in the next?"

He couldn't promise and the leader of the dissenters declared that he would remain in that room a lifetime before he would agree with the five.

At the end of an hour there were eight men willing to return a verdict for \$75.

At the end of two hours there were seven men who didn't care a cent, and five who were in favor of the defendant.

At the end of three hours six men were in favor of \$400, and the other six were playing poker.

In another hour two of us favored \$100 and the other ten had made up their minds that at least two out of the three lawyers ought to be in jail.

We finally marched in with the announcement that we couldn't agree, when the juror who didn't know the plaintiff from the defendant raised his voice and protested:

"Judge, we could have agreed all right if anybody had told us what the case was about! I think we ought to be furnished with diagrams."--Mr. QUIN in Detroit Free Press.

Interested in Religious Work.

"Are you at all interested in religious work?" asked the pastor. "Indeed I am," replied the stranger, at the other end of the street car; "I have a mortgage for \$8000 on the Y. M. C. A. building, the Presbyterian pastor owes me three months rent. I've just sold two town lots to the Catholics, I'm trying to collar the Methodist vote for my son, and I'm running for the Legislature, and last week I picked up a Baptist deacon on a horse trade, and I hope to fall from grace if he didn't skin me out of a Morgan colt worth \$200 for an old goat that he'd doctored up to look more like a four year old than a dime looks like a ten cent piece. Say, you're the new Baptist minister, ain't you? If we've found a home to suit you yet?"

PEBBLES.

Fat lady--What advice would you give me, professor, about skating? Professor--Why, lady, my advice is to keep off the ice.

A petrified Indian has been exhumed in Arizona. The savage is supposed to have been petrified with astonishment on discovering an honest Indian agent.

Mr. Stanley, the explorer, says that the greatest difficulty encountered in building railroads in Africa is that the ostriches eat up the rails as fast as they are laid.

Down in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off it was found that the eye which she claimed he winked was a very clever glass imitation of the human eye. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made and presented a bill to the firm for the advertisement she had given them.

A Notable Tilt.

A prominent business man of St. Louis, who has lately returned from New York, tells the following story:

"Some time since, a month or so ago, Col. Ingersoll was thrown accidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party, finally desiring to see a tit between Robert and Beecher made a playful remark about Col. Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual rapt rhetoric. In fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in a very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectation of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener, and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic in the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Col. Ingersoll, at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied: "Nothing--in fact if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent upon a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Ingersoll, who notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, as I was walking down town to day, I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the fifth when a burly ruffian, himself bespattered, rushed up to him, and jerking the crutches from under the unfortunate man, left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was," they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing