

# 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, SEPTEMBER 30, 1887.

Volume XLIV.—No. 16.

## WASHINGTON Flour & Feed Co., FLOUR, GRAIN & FEED MERCHANTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
Pearl Hominy,  
Breakfast Hominy,  
—AND—  
New Process  
Corn Meal.

Orders for any of above articles solicited.—  
We also solicit consignments of all articles pertaining to our business and guarantee satisfactory results in all transactions.

## WASHINGTON Flour & Feed Co., 43 & Va. Ave., S. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Liberal Cash Advance made on Consignments. (Sept. 9-17.)

## Chipchase Bros., —GENERAL— Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF  
Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool &  
Country Produce.  
224 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,  
GROCERIES AND IMPLEMENTS  
furnished at LOWEST PRICES.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.  
We have engaged the services of MR. A. B. GRAY to act as our agent in this country. (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. 29-17-'86.)

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, GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

## A CARD.

J. W. MONTGOMERY,  
WITH  
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.  
Respectfully,  
J. W. MONTGOMERY.

HIRSH G. DODD, J. WALTER CARPENTER  
DUDLEY & 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.

MONEY to be made. Out this out and return to you. We will start you in business with something of great value and now 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. Either sex, all ages. Something new, that just costs money for all workers. We will start your capital needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address: TATE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## OUR EXHIBITION —OF OUR— FALL NOVELTIES

NOW COMPLETE.  
Every Department to its Full Standard. Nothing Missing that should Mar our Fall Trade from being a Great Success. See what each and every Department contains.

### Dress Goods Department

Contains all the Medium and Better Class of All-Wool and Wool-Mixed Fabrics. We carry no extreme Novelties.

### Our Domestic Department

Contains all the American production of Cotton Goods.

### Our Cloth Department

Contains all kinds of Wear for Men, Ladies and Children.

### Our Men's Furnishing Dept.

Contains a full line of Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, &c.

### Our Corset Department

Contains only the best-making and well-known makes.

### Our Notion Department

Contains every article of small ware that is necessary to carry in stock to make it complete.

### Our Boot & Shoe Department

Contains some of the finest Hand Work that is made in this Country.

### Our Millinery Department

Has every Fashion Novelty, and under the supervision of a first class artist.

### Our Plush and Velvet Depts.

Contains Velvets, Plushes, Valencennes, &c. Shade and Price.

### Our Men's Hat Department

Is new. Therefore has nothing but the latest.

### Our Ladies & Children Wrap Department

Was never more complete.

### Our Carpet Department

Contains a full line of All-Wool, Wool Mixed and Cotton Ingrains in One, Two and Three Ply.

### Our Remnant Department

The last, but not least. Every imaginable Remnant can be found here that is Mill produce.

## Double Combination, 1241 and 1243 11th Street, S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

## NOTICE!

### Blacksmithing & Wheelwrighting, Carriage & Wagonmaking

And all kinds of farm work done at the shortest notice and in the best workmanlike manner. My wife, Mrs. E. A. C. Hayden, also keeps a Mill in readiness, come along when you get ready, day or night, I will wait on you.  
GRINDING DAYS:  
Wednesday and Saturday.  
Sawing done on Shares or for Cash.  
Lumber, Shingles, Lathes, &c.  
Always on hand or sawed at the shortest notice. Hoping to receive a share of the public patronage I promise good work in return.  
J. W. HAYDEN.

## Dry Goods

### Hamilton Easter & Sons, BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, ARE LARGE IMPORTERS, JOBBERS & RETAILERS OF DRY GOODS.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged first-class Dry Goods House.  
We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.  
Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.  
In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.  
We send Samples when we receive plain and explicit directions in regard to color, and about the price wanted.

## OEHM'S ACME HALL



The very heart of the City is the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, Charles Street dividing it into east and west, and Baltimore Street halving it into north and south. The above is a correct plan of the central portion of Baltimore, indicating the streets, the leading hotels, &c., and Oehm's Acme Hall, Baltimore's Largest Clothing and Furnishing Goods House.

## TERRIFIC REDUCTIONS!

\$300,000 WORTH OF ELEGANT CLOTHING.  
Men's Good Strong Suits, \$6 & \$7, formerly \$10.  
Suits, \$4 & \$5, formerly \$7.  
Fine English Serges, Worsted, &c., \$10 & \$12.  
Imported Fabrics, all colors and shapes, \$10 & \$12.  
Finest Imported Cloths in the world, \$10 and \$12, elsewhere \$15 and \$20.  
Boys' Suits, Best in this or any other market, at \$1.50 and \$2.00.  
Boys' Stylish Suits, in Serge and Cashmere, down to \$1.00.  
Boys' and Youths' Finest Three Piece Suits down to \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12, and \$15.  
Best Shirts in the world, \$1 & \$1.50, elsewhere \$2.  
Neckwear at 50c, equal to other places \$1.

## Oehm's ACME HALL, CLOTHING HOUSE, Baltimore Street, 1 door from Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.

Also OEHM & SON, Pratt and Blavier Sts.

When visiting the city, make this Store your headquarters. Every convenience for strangers, and baggage checked free of charge.

"TO ORDER" DEPARTMENT.  
See the grand stock of Woolens, 50 to 75 times the largest in Baltimore. Prices and perfect fit guaranteed, or money refunded.  
Write for Catalogues, felt measurements and Samples, when will less than 50c free of cost. Post yourself in styles and prices by visiting the Great Store of Baltimore, if you wish good Goods at low prices.

JACOB MEYERS.  
WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!  
WINDOW SHADES.  
Floor and Table Oil Cloth.  
39 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

THE Old Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store of Baltimore city, is now prepared to show Spring Styles of Wall Paper and send samples to any part of the country when application is made. Will send the best workmen to put up the same when ordered. Will sell Wall Paper and Window Shades at factory prices. Call on or send to him for beautiful lines.

JACOB MEYERS,  
39 North Gay Street, Baltimore.

Has no branch House or any connection with any other house in the city.

## UNDERTAKING

MR. P. W. ROBY having recently purchased the undertaking outfit of C. F. Hayden is at all times prepared to attend to funerals in any part of the country, at short notice. COFFINS and CASKETS of any description furnished at reasonable prices, and undertaking in all its branches performed after the most approved methods.  
Thinking the public for past favors I would most respectfully ask for a continuance of the same.  
P. W. ROBY,  
Cox's Station.

## Poetry.

THE SEA.  
Beautiful sea, so vast, so solemn,  
Stretching outward into space,  
Seething mountains high in breakers  
Or falling into fany lace.  
Billows tossing in the sunshine,  
Sunbeams dancing on their crest,  
Or perchance a stormy shadow  
Darkening from the distant west.  
Changing, changing, ever changing,  
With a never ceasing roar,  
Singing anthems to the present,  
Ancient hymns of days of yore.  
Tumbling billows, boiling, seething,  
Dabbling on the glistening sand,  
Now receding, now advancing,  
By some strange magician's wand.  
Hark the voices, that are talking,  
From the depths of ocean's caves,  
Voices telling tales of anguish,  
Tossing shoreward on the waves.  
Listen, listen, in the night-time  
When the earth was last asleep,  
Down, down, down, the great three-master,  
Struggled in her winding sheet.  
In the darkness waves were raging,  
Battling with the sinking ship;  
Hands are clutching masts and rigging,  
Prayers arise from every lip.  
When the tide comes rolling inward  
When in restlessness, restless moon,  
Every billow welters in foam,  
Fragments of a day's dream.  
Now, the morning sun is glowing  
Scatters up and down the sea,  
On the sand there lie the victims,  
Remnants of a broken dream.  
Dreams and voices rising upward  
Catch the waves, gleaming bright,  
And the billows rolling inward  
Break in music, soft and light.  
Greenish waves with golden sparkles  
Edging outward into day,  
Changing, changing, ever changing,  
Always with a different hue.

## Select Reading.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

It was a very singular, mysterious and complicated case.  
In a bare room of an old house in the vicinity of London bridge railroad station a man was found dead, hanging by a small cord to a hook driven into the wall, his feet resting on the floor.  
He was discovered some days after his death, and by reason of the strong smell sent forth from the decomposing body.  
He was a stranger, born in some other place, and why he should have come to that place to commit suicide was a mystery.  
He was well dressed, had a gold watch in his pocket, to which was attached a heavy gold chain; he had a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cluster ring of diamonds on one finger; he also had a pocketbook on his person containing over \$200 in banknotes.  
It was therefore evident that he had not committed suicide on account of poverty, or been murdered for his money.  
Was it suicide or was it murder? There was no scrap of paper on his person to tell who the stranger was, nor his motive for the mad deed, if he did it.  
The room, which was an upper story of an old building, the lower portion of which was occupied by a commission merchant, containing no article of furniture.  
It had been rented about ten days previous to a rather venerable man, who walked a little lame and wore goggles, who said he wanted it for an office for the sale of patent and would become very popular with sea-going people.  
When questioned about the patent, he said he would not then explain it, but would have some things on hand for an exhibition in the course of ten days or two weeks.  
The dead man was not the one who had taken the room, however; and how and when he had got access to the apartment no one knew.  
There was an old fashioned fireplace in the room, and some paper ashes attracted the attention of a detective, who happened to be no other than my humble self.  
In turning over these ashes I discovered two or three little bits of paper not entirely consumed, and they had the words written on them, though now barely distinguishable:  
"found her and locked"  
"private room"  
"meet you"  
"saw in "G."

## Double Combination, 1241 and 1243 11th Street, S. E. WASHINGTON, D. C.

## 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.

somebody and why had he allowed his correspondent to visit that out of the way room and commit suicide without ever going near him afterward?  
And why should the man come to such a place to kill himself?  
And could he have found the room without a guide, and did he get access to it unknown to any one, if he were not the man who had rented it in the first place?  
But then it was certain that he was not that man unless he was in disguise when he hired it; and why had he gone to all that trouble merely to hang himself, when he could have done it quite as effectually in 10,000 better places?  
No; looking on it—reason as I might—I could not believe that the stranger hanging in that bare room had put the rope around his own neck.  
I told the coroner of my belief; but whether he coincided with me or not, it is certain that this jury did not, for they brought in a verdict of suicide.  
The body was placed in the mortuary for recognition, and I requested that it be kept there as long as possible, for I had a desire to see what I could do in working up the case.  
I started out with the bits of paper I had secured to see if I could find at any telegraph office any messages recently sent off embodying the words I had transcribed in their consecutive order.  
I was soon fortunate in getting possession of what I believed to be the original message.  
It was addressed to Horace Granger, 187—street, Manchester, and read as follows—the words I found among the paper ashes I inclosed in brackets:  
"I have found her and locked" her up in a private room. Come and see the anxious father had come on to see and to take back with him.  
As the dead man appeared to be not far from 35 years of age it was natural to suppose that no daughter of his could be beyond her teens.  
A school girl, perhaps, who had played truant and ran away.  
But, then, if she had been caught and locked up, it was not reasonable to suppose it had been in that bare room in a mercantile building that had no other lodgers.  
And then again, if the father had come on and found her, what had become of her, and of "G," who had sent the message? And why had the father remained behind to hang himself?  
Or had the girl, as hinted by "G" murdered her father?  
In any event the affair was one of great mystery, and on privately reporting my discoveries to my chief I received the welcome order to work it to the end.  
To do this properly I immediately went to Manchester.  
The address took me to a large, elegant mansion in the suburbs, which led me to believe the owner was a man of means.  
I did not ring, enter and state my business, but visited the nearest apothecary, as the man was most likely to know the general facts about his neighbors.  
Would you be kind enough to answer a stranger in the city a few questions? I said to the dispenser of medicines.  
Proceed, he replied, looking curiously at me.  
Do you know a gentleman by the name of Horace Granger?  
I do.  
Has he a family?  
A wife and a daughter.  
About what age would you judge him to be?  
About 35.  
And his daughter?  
Fourteen.  
Is Mr. Granger at home?  
I cannot say. I have not seen him for more than a week.  
Is his daughter at home?  
I think not. I think she is away at boarding-school.  
Pardon me, sir, I seem to be inquisitive, said I; but I have a reason beyond mere curiosity for all questions I ask, and some time, if not at just this moment, you shall know all. Can you tell me if he is on good terms with his wife?  
It is rumored—mind you, I only say it is rumored—that he is jealous of a certain gentleman of whom he has no reason to be, and that he has all confidence in one who may yet turn out to be a treacherous villain.  
This is becoming very interesting to me.  
May I venture to ask the name of this second party?  
Well, sir, as you are a stranger to me, replied the druggist, I will not mention any name, but if you should ever happen to have business with the head clerk of Horace Granger, it is my opinion you will be within 100 miles of the party.  
Thank you, I said feeling now pretty sure of my course.  
After some further questions I left him, and repaired to the office of Horace Granger, the street and number of which I had ascertained.  
I found a tall, dark, muscular, sinister looking clerk, about 30 years of age, standing at a desk behind a counter.  
Is Mr. Granger in? I asked.  
No, was the curt reply.  
Will he be in soon?  
Don't know.  
Has he been in to day?  
Can't say.

Was he in yesterday?  
Can't say.  
Will he ever be in again?  
The man started, and looked at me for the first time in a quick searching way.  
What do you mean? he asked.  
Has he come back with his daughter? I questioned in turn.  
He again started, came forward, and sharply scrutinized my person; but, as I fancied, with a guilty conscience.  
Who are you? What do you want here? And why these impertinent questions? he demanded in fierce way.  
Don't you know that Horace Granger is dead? said I, with a fixed look upon the fellow that made him quail.  
Dead! he echoed, in a well-nigh amazed amazement and horror. Good heavens! How? When? Where?  
How?—by hanging; when?—xx days ago; where? London, I answered categorically.  
You take away my breath? he almost gasped.  
What is your name? I queried.  
George Greenham.  
Ah, yes, the G. thought I.  
You know Mr. Granger went to London nearly a week ago to find his daughter? I proceeded.  
I saw the man turn pale and shudder, as he answered in a mumbling confused way:  
I believe—he did—go—somewhere.  
But his daughter was not in London, you know!  
I said this at a venture, for I fancied I had divined the plot.  
Why, how do you know that?—that is—I mean—  
Never mind, I interrupted, his daughter was not there, but you were.  
Man! and his eyes fairly glared.  
You had been there before in the guise of an old man, I went on; you had engaged a room in a commercial house to exhibit a patent; you went again and telegraphed to your employer that his daughter was found and locked up, and to come on the last train and you met him at London bridge station. You did meet him; it was in the night you took him to the room you had previously engaged; you fell upon him; you garrotted him; you hung him to the wall; you burned the telegram and then you hastened back here to play the role of innocence!  
I went through with my accusations so rapidly, giving the villain no time to answer, that he was in a complete rupture—I piled one fact upon another so quickly and surely that I seemed to the guilty wretch to be an eyewitness relating what I had seen; and I brought the whole damning scene so vividly to his mind's that, with a face distorted with horror and covered with the sweat of mental agony, he staggered back, sank down and half groaned and half shrieked out:  
Good heavens, have mercy!  
Why, I had my eye, but before I could make much use of it the murderous scoundrel blew out his own brains.  
Of course the affair made quite a sensation in certain circles at the time but was kept as much as possible from the public at large, and was soon hushed up and forgotten by everybody, not in any manner interested beyond the mere curiosity and scandal of the hour.  
What part the wife had in the wicked plot I do not know.  
I, of course, won the distinguished approval of my chief for the part I had taken in the affair, and that proved of much importance to me in the future of my profession.

An Irish Horse Trade.

The following story was told to a clerical friend in the west of this county by a countryman named Dinny Cooly: "Gone tomorrow, Dinny, where did you get the horse?" "Well, I'll tell you reverence. Some time ago I went to the fair of Ross, not with this horse, but with another horse. Well, some a man said to me "Dinny, do you come from the Aist or do you come from the West?" and when I left the fair there wasn't a man to say, "Dinny, are you going to the Aist or are you going to the West?" Well, your reverence, I rode home, and was near Kilnagloss, when I met a man riding along the road for me. "Good evening, friend," said he. "Where you going to?" "I'm going to the fair of Ross," said I. "Did you sell?" said he. "No," said I. "Would you sell?" said he. "Would you buy?" said I. "Would you make a clane swap?" said he; "horse, bridle and saddle and all?" said he. "Done," said I. "Well, your reverence, I got down off my horse, not this horse, but the other horse, and the man got down off my horse, and that's this horse, not the other horse, and we swapped and rode away. But when he had gone about twenty yards he turned round and called after me. "There niver was a man from Ross," said he, "but could put his finger in the eye of a man from Ross," said he; "that I swapped with that horse," said I; "I swapped with that horse," said he, "is blind as an eye," said he. "Well, then, your reverence, I turned upon him, and I called out to him, 'There niver was a man from Ross,' said I; 'but could put his two fingers in both the eyes of a man from Ross,' said I; 'and that horse that I swapped with you,' said I, 'is blind as both his eyes,' said I. 'Spectator.'

An Egg Will Do.

For burns and scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured into the wound. It is a softer variety than a burn than ordinary, and has also more cooling than the egg and cotton seed, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay smarting pain. It is in contact with the air which gives extreme discomfort experienced in ordinary accident of this kind. It prevents inflammation, it is to be at once applied. The patient considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coat on the organs, to enable nature to resume healthful away over a diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more rapid the recovery.

She Was Married for Keeps.

The skipper of a canal boat on the Illinois and Michigan canal recently died, after mature deliberation and careful consideration, to marry his cook, a right smart, energetic and not wholly bad looking fellow, who had been a tried and faithful servant for him for quite a number of his perilous trips on the storm-lashed canal. So he spoke to about the matter one day, and after securing her coy consent he ordered the boat tied up at wharf of Joliet, and being a practical skipper, skipped up the street after a ransom. The nuptial knot was soon tied, the parson beaten down to \$1.50 for his fee, and then the canal boatman said:  
"Well, Melindy, we are married for keeps now. We are hitched for life, and must pull together. I'm a little short handed to day, and as that lead mule has got so liddle galls on his back you just take the top and lead him down on Lehighport and I'll steer and kinder raminate on some plan to give you work on the boat without going ashore in mud. I've got a powerful sight more respect for you now that you're my wife, Melindy."  
Chicago National.

The cream of the base ball club should be found in the pitcher.

"Bar with me a little," observed the grizzily as he hugged the hunter.

"Oh, mamma!" sighed little Ethel, "I have such a headache in my ash!"

It is the silent watches of the night that render alarm-clocks necessary.

The fisherman has no difficulty in making both ends meet when he catches an eel.

A Cunning Expedient.

There is a 'fa'le among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailor, and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and that this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this piece of intelligence the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted into his presence, and demanded of him to know the secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold.

The experiment might easily be tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity accompanied by his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter produced a tree of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your Majesty's."

The king took the piece of gold but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented the sin; but yet I dare not say that my hand is clean. I pass to your prime minister."

The latter after a brief consideration, answered: "It were a pity to break the charm by a possible offender. I receive taxes from the squire and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the city."

"No, no," cried the Governor, "I am serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it!"

And the high priest said, "you forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and disbursements for sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed:—"Your Majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure the King laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient that he granted him a pardon.

What An Egg Will Do.

For burns and scalds, nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured into the wound. It is a softer variety than a burn than ordinary, and has also more cooling than the egg and cotton seed, which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay smarting pain. It is in contact with the air which gives extreme discomfort experienced in ordinary accident of this kind. It prevents inflammation, it is to be at once applied. The patient considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coat on the organs, to enable nature to resume healthful away over a diseased body. Two, or at most three eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more rapid the recovery.

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A Cunning Expedient.

There is a 'fa'le among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailor, and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and that this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this piece of intelligence the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted into his presence, and demanded of him to know the secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold.

The experiment might easily be tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity accompanied by his courtiers, and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter produced a tree of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your Majesty's."

The king took the piece of gold but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented the sin; but yet I dare not say that my hand is clean. I pass to your prime minister."

The latter after a brief consideration, answered: "It were a pity to break the charm by a possible offender. I receive taxes from the squire and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the city."

"No, no," cried the Governor, "I am serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it!"

And the high priest said, "you forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and disbursements for sacrifices. At length the thief exclaimed:—"Your Majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."