The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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All Bilious Complaints.

They are perfectly safe to take, being PURELY VEGETABLE and prepared with the greatest care from the best drugs. They relieve the sufferer at once by carrying off all impurities through the bowels. All druggists. 25c. a Box.

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WE HAVE ABOUT $10 000 WORTH MORE

SURPLUS STOCK

than we should carry at this season of the year. Our sales for the next

Thirty (30) Days,

must be increased by that amount as we

Need the Room and the Cash

To secure both Profits will have to be sacrificed.

—IN OUR—

RUBBER SHOE DEP'RTMENT

we shall sacrifice only 100 Cases. When they are gone there will be no more at these prices:

25 Surplus Cases Ladies Rubbers, 23 cents.
15 " " Misses Springheel Rubbers, 21c
10 " " Men's Rubbers, 36 cents.
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[illegible] Surplus Cases Solid Sole Kip Boots, $1 49
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" " Calf Hand Sewed Shoes, 2 95
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15 Surplus Cases Boys and Youth Kip Boots, $1 23
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3 " Cases Childs Fine Spring-Heel Button, Kid or Goat, 70

Don't put it off, lest you be too late; no more at above Prices, after Surplus is sold.

Wm. Hahn & Co's

Reliable Shoe Houses,

Main Store: 816 7th Street,

WEST END BRANCH:

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EAST WASHINGTON BRANCH:

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An Elegant Steel Engraving as a Holiday Gift to every Customer.

J. E. JOY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

Hughesville, Charles Co., Md.

WE wish to inform our friends and the public generally that we are at all times prepared to attend to FUNERALS in any part of the county 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. We have added to our line of business a patent ICE CASKET, which we are prepared to furnish at short notice, which will preserve the dead any length of time desired with perfect satisfaction. Thanking the public for past favors, we would most respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

J. E. JOY & CO.,
Hughesville.

IT WILL PAY YOU

to make a visit to BALTIMORE and attend the

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE OF

DRY-GOODS

NOW IN PROGRESS at the well-known house of

GEO. H. C. NEAL & SON,

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—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 a[redacted] partment

Dress Goods

Contains all the Medi[redacted] All-Wool and W[redacted] We carry no ex[redacted]

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Contains all the Amer[redacted] ton [redacted]

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Contains all kinds of [redacted] and C[redacted]

Our Men's Fu[redacted]

Contains a full Line [redacted] Neckw[redacted]

Our Corset [redacted]

Contains only the best [redacted] m[redacted]

Our Notion[redacted]

Contains every article [redacted] necessary to carr[redacted] it co[redacted]

Our Boot & Sh[redacted]

Contains some of the [redacted] made in t[redacted]

Our Miliner[redacted]

Has every Parision [redacted] supervision of [redacted]

Our Plush and [redacted]

Shade [redacted]

Our Men's H[redacted]

Is new. Therefore ha[redacted]

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Was never more comp[redacted]

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Contains a full Line of [redacted] and Cotton Ingr[redacted] and T[redacted]

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The last, but not le[redacted] Remnant can be [redacted] Mill p[redacted]

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Dry Goods

—OF—

Hamilton Easter & Sons,

BALTIMORE STREET,

East of Charles St., White Marble Building.

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 direction in regard to color, and about he price wanted.

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FOR THE MONEY!

SIX FINE DRESS SHIRTS

MADE TO ORDER,

FOR SIX ($6.00) DOLLARS

WE were the first in Baltimore to give people Shirts at low prices, and we intend to continue to lead in our line. Don't make any mistake. We give better Shirts for the money you pay than any one else.

C. GEO. MEGINNISS,

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—WITH—

FOSRTER, CLARK & CO.,

SUCESSORS TO

J. E. CLARK & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Liquor Dealers.

44 South Street,

BALTIMORE,

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.

[illegible]RK'S WHITE [illegible]SSIAN

[illegible] Laundry Soap [illegible] Exposition. Guaran[illegible] pure, and for general [illegible] purposes is the very best

SOAP.

IMPORTANT

Announcement to Buyers!

—OF—

Fall and Winter Goods!

Having purchased a very large and carefully selected Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and in order to clear them out for the next ninty days

A BIG CUT IN PRICES

will be made; the prices are low, never so low before my Stock is complete, and must be sold. I will name in part:

Men's Good Serviceable Boots	$2 00,	worth $2 50
Men's Good High Top Oyster Boots	2 50	
Boys' Good Serviceable Boots	1 50	
Men's Good Heavy Winter Shoes	1.25	
Boys' Good Heavy Winter Shoes	1 00	
Men's Good Serviceable Winter Suits	4 62½	
Men's Splendid Working Suits	5 87½	worth 6.50
Men's Fine All Wool Cashmere Suits	12 50	" 15.00
Men's Fine Cork Screw Dress Suits, in Black and Blue	12.50,	worth 15. 00
Men's Real fine Cork Screw Dress Suits	16 00	" 18.00
Men's Heavy, Good Over-Coats	4 75	" 5 50 & 6
Good Calico at	4 cts.	per yard.
Splendid Calico at	5 "	" "
Best Calico at	6¼ "	" "
29 inch Heavy Unbleached Calico, or Century Cloth at	8 cts.	per yard,

never so Cheap before

A Nice Line of 4-4 All Wool Tricot Cloth in all the desirable shades, for 50 cts. per yard.

A Nice Line of Wool Dress Twills, in all the desirable shades, for 12½ cts. per yard, and many other Special Bargains too numerous to mention.

Breach and Muzzle-Loading SHOT GUNS

AT DIFFERENT PRICES. MY

Stock of Millinery Goods

is also complete and will be sold low.

I am still selling the World Renowned Singer Sewing Machine at $25.00, and the McSherry Grain Grill at less than manufacturers prices. Come and examine goods and prices.

W. HICKS,

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WINDOW SHADES.

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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 required. Will sell Wall Paper and Window Shades at factory prices. Call on or send to him for beautiful lines.

JACOB MEYERS,

39 North Gay St., Baltimore.

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

UNDERTAKING

—AT—

COX'S STATION.

MR. P. W. ROBY having recently purchased the undertaking outfit of C. F. Hayen is at all times prepared to attend to funerals, in any part of the county, 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.

Thanking the public for past favors I would most respectfully ask for a continuance of the same.

P. W. ROBY,
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RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 811 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. At Keystone House, Pa., 2d Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

Poetry.

DECEMBER.

December's come, and with her brought
A world in whitest marble wrought;
The trees and fence and all the posts
Stand motionless and white as ghosts,
And all the paths we used to know
Are hidden in the drifts of snow.
December brings the longest night
And cheats the day of half its light.
No bird-song breaks the perfect hush;
No meadow-brook with liquid gush
Runs telling tales in babbling rhyme
Of liberty and summer time,
But frozen in its icy cell
Awaits the sun to break the spell.
Breathe once upon the window glass
And see the mimic mists that pass,—
Fantastic shapes that go and come
Forever silvery and dumb.

December Santa Claus shall bring,—
O happy children, happy king,
Who with his sleigh and rein-deer stops
At all good people's chimney-tops.

Then let the holly red be hung,
And all the sweetest carols sung,
Make we with joy remember them,—
The journeyers to Bethlehem,
Who followed trusting from afar
The guidance of that happy star
Which marked the spot where Christ was born
Long years ago one Christmas morn!

Select Reading.

THE CABIN BOY.

The picture hangs upon the wall of my sitting-room; the room that overlooks the Channel. From its windows when the atmosphere is favorable, I can see the French coast line; and when there is a gale, and steamers are plowing heavily in the waves, and the sail-vessels are scudding under bare poles, I love to take my sewing or my book into one of the great bow-windows, and enjoy the grand view.

My father built the house so near the sea, because he had been a sailor all his life, and could not live far away from salt water. When he died, the place came to me, and the man I married happened to hold an important position in the revenue service, and it was precisely the thing that we should live in this dear old home. So my children were born here, grew up here, and two are buried in the Cliff Cemetery, over yonder. They, the living, are all married now, and living in houses of their own, "from Land's End to John O'Groat's;" but each summer the old home is full of them and their families, and my dear grandchildren, sometimes a dozen of them together, make the place young again with their mirth and laughter and charming child ways.

And the picture?

It hung there in my own childhood: it has hung there ever since. I thought it the bravest, handsomest picture that could be; and not a child nor a grandchild of mine but has been attracted to it from the time that anything was noticed.

No ordinary picture is it, you may be sure! If it had been made in these cheap days of big imperial photographs and colored lithographs, and gaudy chromos, there would be nothing about it worth five minutes notice. But if you look in the lower left hand corner you will find the mark, "J. R. pinx., 1785," and that, I may tell you, was the mark of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most famous painter of the reigns of the Four Georges.

So it is a painting, and no common one either. Those colors were laid on by a master hand. It is grand size—six feet by four and a half. I could turn my eyes from it and describe every detail of it. A sailor-boy of twelve, hatless, and fair of face as the pictures of the youthful Byron, sits up on the high main cross trees of the ship, his back to the mast, his left hand grasping one of the ropes by which he has ascended to this dizzy height, his left foot braced against cross-ropes, his right foot swinging, his right hand resting on the timber of the cross-tree. His flaxen hair and the loose ends of his neckerchief are blowing out; yet there is not wind enough below to ruffle the ocean, for, far down and far away to the horizon, you see it stretching as placid as a pond. An albatross is flying about the ship—the only other living creature in sight. There he sits, clinging to the ropes, his blue eyes gazing off over the wide ocean—O, so eagerly.

For years past they have come to me, my children and grandchildren, and begged me to tell them about this handsome little sailor.

There must be some story about him," has been the common remark.

"Indeed there is, my dear, and a good one. You shall hear it."

The time has come when it has been told to all of them; even to little Minnie, who has not yet given up her dolls. So now the great, kind public shall be my children, and for the last time will I relate the story of this brave sailor-boy.

* * * * * * *

When Captain Jacob Converse was about to leave London with the ship Cynthia, laden with a great variety of fancy articles for traffic with the natives of the far-off islands of the South Pacific, he bethought him that he had not secured him a cabin-boy.

"And what'd ye want of a cabin-boy asked his gruff mate, Mr. Hinds. 'A cabin-boy is mostly a little vagabond who learns nothing about ship but to be lazy, to steal the goodies out of your locker, and to tell tales of you to the fo'castle. I wouldn't have such a fellow about.'

But the Captain and Mr. Hinds differed on this subject, as they did on almost every other. Captain Converse was a mild and merciful man, who knew something by experience of the hard lot of sailors, and wished to make it easier. Mr. Hinds, on the contrary had just one theory about Jack Tar—namely, that he was a worthless guzzler ashore, and a lazy, sulky animal afloat, and that all that could be got out of him at sea must be got at the ropes end. He never gave an order but with an oath, and the day on a voyage that he did not knock down a seaman, either with his fist, or a handspike, was a rare day. Captain Converse deplored his bad temper and savage ways, and had often seriously talked with him on the subject; but he could not be changed. The fact was, the Captain was too easy a man to be in authority anywhere, and especially over such a tyrannical brute as Hinds was. The crews of his ships suffered everything, because the Captain had not force of character enough to interfere between the mate and the men. And he kept Mr. Hinds in place because he found him useful; his knowledge of navigation was great and he had sailed in almost every known sea.

Against his protest, the Captain engaged a cabin boy for this voyage. He was the orphan grandson of one the legless veterans of the Royal Navy, and he had been about Greenwich Hospital so much, and heard so many stirring stories of the sea from the disabled and superannuated tars laid up there, that he was longing to make a voyage. Captain Converse liked the bright looks and manly talk, and took him on this voyage. The boy's name was Rodney Barre.

It is not necessary to the proper understanding of the story that all that befell the ship and her crew on the voyage down the Atlantic and around the Horn should be told. It was a voyage of many weeks, as it is now, under sail. The Captain was mild and easy as ever; the mate was quite as brutal as he had ever been known to be, and the quick, bright cabin-boy kept his eyes and ears open and learned something new every day about sea-faring.

It was when the Cynthia had got well up in the low latitudes of the Pacific that a great disaster happened.

For a week the Captain had been confined to his berth in his cabin by a low, listless ship fever. In that week he was unable to visit the deck, and Rodney was busy attending to him. The ship's chest had a few simple drugs and remedies, of which every ship master was supposed to know the use, and Captain Converse attempted to prescribe for himself.—He did not make much of a success of it.

I think that if he had known half the shocking treatment that the mate was dealing out to the sailors he would have got upon deck some way and stopped it; but he did not, Mr. Hinds' brutality went on till the catastrophe came.

It came on a still, quite night, when the ship was hardly moving through the water. The Captain was slightly delirious, and Rodney was awake almost the whole night, wetting his head, and giving him powders and drink. About midnight the cabin-boy heard strange noises from the deck. There were shouts and cries, a pistol shot; and later, the sound of oars in the water, rounding the ship's stern. Rodney looked out through the bull's eye window, but the night was dark, and nothing was in sight.

He thought he would go cautiously on the deck and reconnoitre. He tried the cabin door, and found it locked.

When the long hours of the night had passed, the Captain woke from his slumber and was conscious. The boy told him what he heard.

'Something dreadful has happened,' the Captain groaned. 'Take a hatchet from the locker, break the lock of the door, and find out what's wrong.

Something very dreadful had happened, and Rodney was not long in finding it out. The mate was propped up against the foremast, with two knives driven through his breast and a bullet-hole in his head. A white paper was pinned to his coat scrawled over with rude characters, which the boy deciphered as follows:

"Sir Cap.: We likes you, and we would not hurt you nor the boy; but this here brute had to pot where the devil will give him the rope's end.—We start him on his vige, and we goes our ways. Fair well, and may you make port safe."

All around this queer letter were signed the names of the seamen, 'round robin' style, so that, in case they were caught, the names of the ringleaders would not be known.

Rodney looked from the horrible spectacle of the deck and saw that there was a dead calm. The sea was like glass. The sails of the Cynthia idly flapped from the yards. Not an other sail was in sight. The mutinous and the runaway crew had taken the long boat and the jolly-boat and were far beyond call or sight.

Rodney took the paper and went back to the cabin. The Captain, weak and sick as he was, helpless and unnerved, heard the boy's accounts and fell back groaning on his pillow.

"God be merciful to us!" he cried. "It is a judgement upon us for not standing between Hinds and my poor sailors. I knew my duty, and I did it not. Boy, we shall starve; we shall drift helpless until the storms carry us to the bottom. Poor innocent that that you are, I have involved you in my punishment."

Rodney Barre was but twelve years old but 'the child is the father of the man,' and the hero spirit of his later years began to shine out in him. He talked cheerfully and soothingly to the sick Captain, and told him what he thought he could do. There would be no danger, he said, while the calm continued; and, before a gale came up, he hoped to signal some vessel and get relief.

"How, I'd like to know?" fretfully interrupted the Captain.

"I'll run up the Union Jack, union down, to the main top mast."

"Well. But there's no water no food in the cabin lockers, here. Ten to one some of those sailors locked up the bulkhead door and threw the key overboard. How will you get into the hard biscuit, salt junk, and water casks?"

"I can find an axe," said Rodney. "I'll break in."

"Good," said the Captain, drowsily. "Take command of the ship, lad; I can't stay awake. Hinds said I mustn't bring you, but I think the hand of God was in it."

While the Captain slept Rodney bestirred himself. He found the bulk head door was wide open, and brought down into the cabin provisions and water enough for weeks. The disagreeable job of pulling out the knives and rolling the body of the mate overboard was next performed by the boy. Then he got the Union Jack from the cabin, and wrapping it about him under his arms, he went up the shrouds, up the ropes, till he stood on the main cross trees. He seized the halliards, rove the flag to them, and ran it up to the very peak of the main mast.

There was no breeze on deck; in that lofty height there was just enough to shake out the folds of the bunting, and show that the union was down, the signal of distress.

The boy sat down, grasp the rope, and waited. He scanned the horizon in every direction. Nothing appeared but and albatross and some noisy gulls. He knew that the Captain's slumber would continue at least two hours, and he remained aloft to watch. His little soul was strong with hope, was firm with trust in God. His courage and faith were rewarded, for on the horizon at last appeared a white speck; it slowly but steadily grew, it became a sail, it was surely approching the foriorn Cynthia, and Rodney descended to the deck, and returned to the cabin, to tell the joyful news.

Before dark the Cynthia was hailed by the good Dumbarton Castle, of York, and the cabin-boy boldly told his story through the Captain's speaking trumpet. Men enough were spared by the Castle to take the Cynthia into port. Ship and cargo were saved the cabin-boy received from the owners in England, months later, one hundred pounds for his services.

"But who was the cabin-boy?" the children always asked at this point.

"Years later," I would say, "he was known as Admiral, Sir Rodney Barre, R. N. The events I have described occured in 1770. When Sir Joshua painted the picture Sir Rodney, although only twenty seven, was a post captain, and had seen sea fights in his own ship."

"But how did you get the picture?" would be the next question.

"Well, my dears, it so happened that the Admiral was my father. He married when he was of middle age; I was his only child. God has allowed me so long a span of life that I can talk to the Admiral's great-grandchildren about him.

It was wee Minnie who remarked at this point, looking at the picture:

"Why, what a nice little sailor-boy our great-grandpa was!"

A Soft Answer.

The husband was quick of temper, and often inconsiderate. They had been married not a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your own home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind!"

If I leave you, returned the unhappy wife, 'will you give me back that which I brought to you?'

Every dollar I covet not your wealth you shall have it all.

"As!" she answered, 'I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these back to me.

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then, taking her to his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unstained. I will cherish your blessing as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness into my keeping.

How true it is that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and how many, oh! how many of the bitter strifes of the domestic life, might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith?

Sudden Change of Heart.

Man—"My gracious! We'll be late. Get you your things on."

Wife—"My dear, it's raining pitchfolks and the wind is blowing a hurricane."

"We have strong umbrellas."

"My dress will be ruined."

"Wear your waterproof."

"And you know you have a cold."

"I can wear rubbers. I wouldn't miss that opera for—"

"Opera? This is not opera night; it's prayer-meeting night."

"Oh? I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this!"

The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one is a mighty diner and the other is a dynamiter.

MR. BIXBY WAS CALM.

HEROIC FORTITUDE OF A FAMILY MAN IN A TIME OF PERIL—WHAT A COOL HAND HE WAS.

One of the Bixby children was sized with a fit of croup the other night.—Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing and, bounding clear over the footboard of the bed, yelled 'Croup' in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theatre.

Then he tried to put his trousers on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front

'Jump!' he screamed to his wife, 'there isn't a second to lose! Get the sirup of squills! Put on a tub of hot water! Give him something to drink Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! Hurry, hurry! Don't lie there doing nothing while the child is choking to death! Fly around!'

Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek, but eminently sensible and practical little women who never get a tenth part of the credit for good they do in this world. While Bixby was racing up and down stairs, declaring that nobody was doing anything but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand.

Do something quick! screeched Bixby as he ups t a pan of hot water on the bed and turned a saucer of melted lard over on the dressing-case. Here, somebody, quick! he yelled.—Can't anybody do a thing but me? Run for the doctor, some of you. Give the child some more squills. Is there any thing hot at his feet? Give him aconite. He ought to have a spoon of oil. If he don't get relief instantly he'll die, and here there's nobody trying to do anything but me! Bring him some warm water with a little soda in it. He ought to have been put into a hot bath an hour ago. Heat up the bath room What's on his chest? Great heavens! has the child got to die because no one will do a thing for him?'

Mrs. Bixby quietly and unaided brought the child around all right and sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed.

And next morning he has the gall to say at the office: 'One of my little chaps nearly died with the croup last night, and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right, but I did after working like a Trojan all night It's a terrible disease and scared the women nearly to death. They fly all to pieces right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not fool away a second in hysterics. That's where a man has the advantage, of a woman in managing a case of croup. It's mightly lucky I was at home to take my little chap in hand."

How a Verdict was Reached.

A special from Augusta, Ga., says: Probably the most novel way on record of a "hung jury" reaching an agreement upon a verdict occurred here in a magistrate's court some days ago.—A case of trover for the recovery of a stolen horse was tried before one of our magistrates. The plaintiff claimed that the horse had been stolen from his stable, in this county, a year ago, while the defendant claimed to have raised the animal. The evidence showed almost conclusively that the animal was the stolen, and the magistrate charged the jury to that effect. The jury consisted of five men, and they were sent into the magistrate's bedroom for the purpose of agreeing upon a verdict. When the vote was taken four favored returning the animal to the plaintiff whose property it undoubtedly was. However, the fifth man, who afterwards proved to be a great friend of the defendant, voted in his favor. The majority argued with the fifth man for an hour, but he positively refused to give in.

They kept up the argument until the old fellow said, "Well, boys, I'll settle it with you. Get a pack of cards and I'll play any of you a game of seven-up for a verdict" One of the four considered himself an expert at cards, and the proposition was eagerly accepted. A table and pack of cards procured, and with the players seated at the table the other three arranged themselves back of their representative to watch the progress of the game. The majority side got the deal, and of course made high, jack on the first hand, giving game to the minority.—However, when the fellow on the minority side shuffled the cards and turned jack the other fellow become nervous and begged. The cards were run another jack turned, and the other three points were quickly made. With the eye of an eagle old minority watched his opponent shuffle the pasteboard as he afterwards said to prevent any "monkey business," and won the game. The four kept the agreement and the jury to the surprise of all returned a veridict that the animal was the property of the defendant, thus not only clearing him of theft but making him the lawful owner the animal.

In its old age every comb loses its teeth and hair.

A preferred creditor is one who never asks for money.

No matter if others do not understand you, if you understand yourself.

Bustles are now made so big that they make a pretty woman look like a butterfly with a Saratoga trunk strapped to its back.

Life is full of disappointments and a man realizes it awhile after he has planted some bird seed with the idea that he was going to raised canaries.