The Port Tobacco Times

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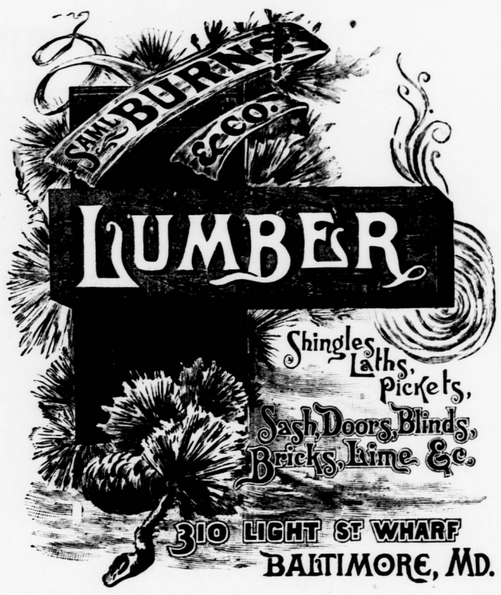

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AN UNPROFITABLE CLIENT.

How a Demure Confidence Woman Tricked a Young Connecticut Lawyer.

A day or two ago a talented young lawyer of Putnam, Conn., was delighted by finding in his office a richly dressed lady, who announced her desire to employ him professionally. With a beaming smile the young Blackstone handed the fair visitor a cushioned arm chair and assured her that "she was entirely and devotedly at her service." Seating herself, the lady ungloved a small, white hand that literally glistened with diamonds and applied a Suez scented handkerchief to her lips, blushed, and casting her eyes upon the floor, said:

"My business is very particular—it is—pardon me, sir, but you will not betray me?"

"Betray you? Not for the world, madam. You can confide in me with the same reliance as in a priest at the confessional."

"The fact is—I want—that is, I have been unfortunate in my marriage relations."

The eyes of the lawyer glistened, and, drawing his chair close to the side of his fair client, remarked: "I see—I see—you want a divorce. I am the man to get it for you. I am perfectly *au fait* in matters of this kind. How long have you been married?"

"Nine years."

"Nine years! You must have been very young when you entered that bliss ——, I mean wretched state."

"I was a mere child—a foolish, inexperienced girl. A doting mother placed me in the arms of a man old enough to be my father. But he was rich, and for two or three years I did not know the difference. I was as happy as though my husband had been twenty years younger, but association with other women opened my eyes, and I became wretched. I pined for a heart that was congenial with my own."

"Exactly so" exclaimed the lawyer, rubbing his hands and twisting his incipent moustache, "but your suffering will soon terminate. I will get you a divorce, and then——"

"Oh, dear me!—and then—but I must not be too sanguine. My husband is very rich, and he will never permit me to get a divorce if he can help it."

"Madam, you don't know the law—its majesty—its glorious certainty—its magnanimity. Consider yourself divorced and rest easy."

"Well, sir; how shall I proceed?"

"Let me see. In the first place give me a statement of your grievances."

"That would take a whole week. You can imagine what a woman like me must suffer with such a husband."

"Yes, yes; cruel and barbarous treatment; condition intolerable—neglect and all that sort of thing. I will just jot down a few of the items. Your name is—"

"Mrs ——. You must know my husband."

"What, the manufacturer! He's as rich as Crœsus."

"Yes, he's rich; but I don't care for that. I want a divorce."

The lawyer wrote down a sketch of the lady's matrimonial infelicities, and again assured her that he would have no difficulty in procuring a divorce, with at least $10,000 alimony.

"How much are you going to charge me for making me so happy?" asked the lady.

"Well, I ought to charge you a thousand dollars, but, out of consideration for your sufferings, I will only take a retainer of one hundred dollars, and when it is accomplished you will increase it to five hundred dollars."

"That is evidently reasonable. I have no change about me now. Oh, yes! here is a check for $200 that my husband gave me to go shopping. I will only want half of it to-day; you will get it cashed for me?"

"It is after bank hours but the check is all right. I will give you $100 for your shopping and keep the check."

The lawyer had that day received a remittance of $100 from his father. He handed it over to the vision of loveliness, and, placing her check in his pocketbook, bowed his client to the door. He was excessively happy at his good fortune, and that night dreamed of angelic clients, sensational divorce cases, and a huge pile of $100 bills. The next morning he went to the bank to get his check cashed, and was thunderstruck when the teller informed him that the name of Mr. —— was forged. Indignant at the thought that his fair client had been guilty of so base a crime as forging her husband's name, he hurried to the mill of Mr. —— with the intention of exposing the lady. He was still more astonished when Mr. —— informed him that he was a widower and had not been blessed with a wife for more than ten years.—*Providence Journal.*

The Story of Tiny Tim.

In the "Christmas Carol" Mr. Webster provided a real goose and a real plum pudding, which were served smoking hot for Mrs. Cratchit and the seven little Cratchits, of course including Tiny Tim. The children always had enormous portions given them and all ate heartily every night; but what really troubled me was the conduct of the little girl who played Tiny Tim. The child's appetite appalled me. I could not help noticing the extraordinary rapidity with which she consumed what I gave her, and she looked so wan and thin and so pitiful that her face used positively to haunt me. We watched as well as we could, and the moment Tiny Tim was seated and began to eat, we observed a curious shuffling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything that I had given her—goose and potatoes and apple sauce—disappeared behind the sham stove, the child pretending to eat as hearty as ever from the empty plate. When the performance was over Mrs. Mellon and myself asked the little girl what became of the food she did not eat, and, after a little hesitation, frightened lest she should get into trouble, she confessed that her little sister (I should mention that they were the children of one of the scene-shifters) waited on the other side of the stage fireplace for the supplies, and that the whole family enjoyed a hearty supper every night out of the plentiful portions to which I, as Bob, had assisted Tiny Tim.—*Toole's Reminiscences.*

Apples are worth only 10 cents a bushel in Bentonville, Ark.

LINCOLN'S LEG CASES.

How the President Schemed to Save the Lives of Misguided Soldiers.

No man clothed with such vast power as President Lincoln ever wielded it more tenderly and more forbearingly. No man holding in his hands the key of life and death ever pardoned so many offenders and so easily. There were from time to time, of course, instances of cowardice in the army in the face of the enemy—a crime justly punishable by the laws of war throughout the world with death. In the earlier years of the war all the death penalties of court-martial had to be sent to the president, as commander-in-chief, for his approval. When Judge Holt, the judge-advocate-general of the army, laid the first case before the president and explained it, he replied: "Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to read the testimony." That seemed quite reasonable. When the judge explained the next case Mr. Lincoln said: "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living." To the third he answered: "The general commanding the brigade is to be here in a few days to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters; I will wait until then and talk the matter over with him."

Finally, there was a flagrant case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind the friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defense. The court-martial in examining his antecedents found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform, and that he was a thief who stole continually from his comrades. "Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case that comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln's refuge of excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved" on the paper; but the president, running his long fingers through his hair, as he often used to do when in serious thought, replied: "Well, after all, judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases,*" said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the president in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by *leg cases*, sir?"

"Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon holes? they are the cases that you call by that long tittle, 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' I put it to you, sir, and I leave it to you to decide for yourself; if Almighty God gives a man cowardly legs, how can he help their running away with him?"—*Colfax's "Reminiscences."*

Nearly Caught.

A minister was walking through a side street not very far from his parsonage, says Mr. Grundy (New York), when he observed a girl on the sidewalk crying. She seemed to be about 12 years of age and the good pastor felt moved to inquire what might be her loss or grief.

"Oh," said the girl, "I have been looking to find a minister who will go to see my mother. She is poor and none of these rich ministers will go to see her.

"I am a minister," said the rector. "Where is your mother?"

He took the child's hand. He went along the street, descended to Third avenue and beyond it, and the child turned into a house, going through a hall. The minister went up one flight of stairs and the girl beckoned him further on. Something he saw or felt or had reflected caused him to pause. He now looked into the child's face again and saw a different light in it from what had appeared on the street. A feeling of fear took possession of him and he said:

"I won't go up there without some person I know to accompany me."

The child turned, and running down a few steps seized him fast and said:

"If you don't give me money I'll have you arrested for following me home."

He saw in a moment the situation he was in—liable to be paraded in every newspaper of the town next day for indulgencies he had never conceived, his motives misconstrued, and his family and congregation scandalized.

At that moment he saw the bright badge of a policeman coming up the hall, and supposed himself to be already in the meshes of the law. But the man spoke to him by name, told him that he had followed him under the belief that he was deceived, and thereupon arrested the girl and her mother, who followed that line of business and kept respectable men spotted, so to speak, so as better to decoy them.

Human Star-Dust of a Great City.

I always think of a great city like New York as of the great sun which is fed by the star-dust of heaven. The sun lives by consuming that star-dust. A city like our own exists on the human star-dust and feeds upon it. From distant valleys and mountains and from the prairies of the great west men and women, not content with the dull routine of the country and fired with ambition, pour in in a continuous stream of human star-dust, feeding this immense metropolis. These human beings come with sunny hopes, but it is the old story—the weary waiting, the dying out of hope, and the final sinking to a standard of life pitiful to behold. Some return to their country homes to begin anew the old life, others remain here to begin a life of vice. And from the old countries, too, the streams of human life are pouring in from France and Italy and Germany and England. A large proportion stay here, their beautiful dreams dispelled, to die, or return with a broken heart.—*Rev. R. Heber Newton.*

A long pastorate has been celebrated in Wabash, Ind. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church has just begun the seventeenth year, a long season for a Western church.

They call it "a duck of a bonnet" because there is so much bill to it.

MISSING LINKS.

Deer are so plenty in Grass Valley, California, that they enter orchards and destroy fruit trees.

A Swiss has invented a musical box which imitates the human voice and also the thrill of birds.

There are only about five thousand elephants in the world, and the number is decreasing every year.

A Pennsylvania oil expert says there is more oil under the soil of California than in all Pennsylvania.

An octopus weighing 250 pounds and sixteen feet in length was caught lately near Port Townsend, W. T.

Ex-Warden Gafford of the Arkansas State Prison has been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for whipping three convicts to death.

An immense reservoir is in course of construction in Egypt for the purpose of storing water for irrigation when the annual overflow of the Nile fails.

George Seeholtz, of Canton, Ohio, punished his six-year-old daughter Anna for telling a falsehood by burning her on the hand with a red hot poker.

An ostrich escaped from one of the California ostrich farms recently, swam a river, and gave the horseman a run of twenty-seven miles before he was captured.

Eleven hundred and forty-five writers have contributed articles for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," the last volume of which has just been issued.

The London hansoms are now fitted out with little brass clocks on the dasher. This is, of course, for the convenience of gentlemen who have promised to be home by 12.

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad trains kill 100 Jersey City people every year and don't work very hard at that. The average settlement is $2,000 each, which is called a very liberal figure.

Ingenious San Diego, Cal., thieves broke into a saloon, rolled a barrel of whisky against the outside wall, and then, boring a hole through wall and barrel, drew off the liquor into buckets.

A New Bedford, Mass., citizen, who lost a $10 bill several mouths ago, has just received it from the finder, with a note saying: "I needed it very badly at the time and returned it as soon as I could."

Col. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, has been raised to the dignity of General of Nebraska Militia. He is now on his ranch and is enjoying himself hugely after his arduous "Wild West" campaigns.

Nebraska has its Paradise Valley, Milk River, Honey Creek, Thunder Canon, Lightning Fork, Doughnut Prairie, Baker's Reef and Cake Basket Precinct. For variety and style of product, this commonwealth has no rival.

Capt. Nicholas Costello of Haverhill, Mass., is still active and healthy at 106. His especial pride and great treasure is a black cutaway coat in which he was married sixty years ago, and which he still wears on state occasions.

Judge Martin Clyatt, of Sparks, Ga., owns an unfortunate mule. A negro was driving the animal, when it stepped into a hole and fell down, its head striking the ground. The mule's tongue happened to be between its teeth, and that member was nearly bitten off.

Alfred M. Smith, half genuis and half crank, who has long been one of the noted characters in the vicinity of Boston, has gone to Brazil because he thinks civilization is a failure, and because being a vegetarian, he can live on nuts and berries without being obliged to work.

One of Louisiana's well-known literary women is Mrs. Slaughter, who writes over the nom de plume of "Pleasant Riderhood." She is a tall, slender, gray-haired woman, of gracious manners. Her home is in Ruston, La., in a big brown house of many gables, covered with jasmine vines.

Emperor William of Germany is still carrying on his crusade against all things not Teutonic. He has ordered the officers of his army to discard pointed English boots and wide creased trousers. He has also made a change in the royal crown, which he considered too high for his style of beauty.

Maggie Wilson, of Cincinnati, who died there a short time since, left a clause in her will which read as follows: "It is my will that the two china dogs now in my room be separately put in a box with glass fronts, both alike, and one placed on my dear husband's grave, at Spring Grove, and the other on my grave, and all to be paid for out of the money I leave."

Benjamin King, of Little Silver, N. J., last summer had a swarm of bees take to the woods. He tracked them to a tree, and, after letting them work there all summer, recently cut it down. The tree, which was hollow for over eight feet below the knothole where the bees went in and out, had evidently been a bee tree for years, and it contained over six pails of excellent honey.

Dr. A. E. Jones of Cincinnati says that Bob Burdette, the humorist, was once a student with him for a time, but became disgusted with the profession, abandoned it, and soon afterward turned up in the newspaper business. Mr. Burdette's fun is by no means ghastly, but it is a little singular that he should get his first ideas of the humorous from the skeleton in the doctor's closet.

The Rev. William Right, an eccentric English clergyman, has left his fortune to found a college for young women, in which the pupils shall get up early in the morning, take cold baths, and attend "quarterly conversaziones," in which two thirds of the persons present shall be single men. Now, the question arises, Was Mr. Right devising a soft snap for the young women or the single men?

Mrs. Margaret E. Parker of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has gone into the work of importing servants for California families. She recently arrived in San Francisco from England with thirty-three English women, from twenty-five to forty years of age, for whom she had no difficulty in getting good places. She has already brought about one hundred young women to this country and found employment for them.

The Largest Wheat Farm.

The Grandin wheat farm in Dakota comprises about 40,000 acres, of which 13,000 are under cultivation, 11,000 acres being sown to wheat. There used are on the farm forty-five gang-plows, two plows in gang, each cutting fourteen to fifteen inches. There are forty-five gang-harrows. These are six feet square, but are arranged together side by side to work twenty-four feet wide. One long evener draws the four with a pair of mules near each end. One man drives both teams. The advantage of this system is worthy of notice by other farmers. It reduces the number of men usually required by one-half. There are forty-four broadcast sowers, sowing eight feet each, and one man drives both spans, another saving of half the man force. There are sixty-five self-binding harvesters employed on the place. Modern improvements have so perfected these that one expert is required for the whole, especially since the experienced workmen on the machine are kept from year to year, and they are able to attend to any little repairs. The harvesters are drawn by three mules, and one and one-half to two men are required to shock the bundles from each machine. The thrashers, of which there are six, are quite extensive affairs compared with those of former times or with those of the flails or the animals on the thrashing floor of our boyhood. Each one of these machines, driven by steam power, thrashes out from 1,900 to 2,000 bushels a day. They are set down in the center of a hundred acres of shocks and when these are thrashed are moved to the center of another hundred acres. The working force on a single thrasher forms quite a little army. Thus there is, first, the general superintendent, eight bundle teams to haul the shocks, with eight drivers and eight other men, part in the field and part at the machine as pitchers and unloaders. At the machine two men are required simply to cut the band. There are three feeders, two at work and an alternate. Then there are the engineer, the fireman, the water-man, the "straw-bucker," who with two mules and a pole removes the straw accumulating before the machine, a barn man to care for the animals, and the cook and his assistant. The wheat is received into wooden tanks holding one hundred bushels each, and four men with four wagons drawn by four mules each, one tank wagon at the machine and three on the road, take the wheat to the elevators. This saves bags and bagging. It will thus be seen that there is a force of thirty men employed to run a single machine.

Appearances are Deceptive.

One of the public characters of Washington is the old newswoman who has her stand at the corner of F and Fifteenth streets, opposite the treasury, says the New York *Tribune.* She numbers among her customers many well-known men, and, between making inquiries about their health at every sale of a paper and driving off the newsboys who seek to encroach on her monopoly of the corner, she is kept pretty busy. A blessing goes with every paper, but when an old customer forgets or refuses to make his regular purchase, the language is more vigorous than that commonly used in giving thanks for a favor. The old woman is said to be well off, but she makes no parade of her wealth, and her appearance often caused unsuspecting strangers to buy out of what they imagine is pure charity.

One raw, blustering day, when the rain was pouring in torrents, a gentleman who was passing with a government official was struck by her evident distress and stopped to make inquiry.

"My poor woman," he said, "you ought not to be out in such weather. I'll buy all your papers and you can go home. What is your name, my good woman, and where do you live?"

"Phwat's me name to yez," said the newswoman, sharply. "Go 'long wid yez, now, and mound yez don't be afther insultin' the loikes o' me."

"But, madam," protested the charitable individual, "I only wanted to know your name and where you lived, that I might——"

"Well, thin," interrupted the newsdealer, "if it's a civil quastion Oi'll give yez a civil answer. Me name is Lily Langthry, and Oi live in Bookingham palace."

Then, as the disgusted philanthropist walked away she called after him with a show of indignation:

"Go 'way, you spalpeen, trying to bate a poor woman out of a nickel. It's small business for the loikes of yez."

An Intelligent Dog.

There is a railroad station in West Virginia that has a most extraordinary flagmaster, says the New Orleans *Picayune.* The place is in charge of an old one-armed man, who has been in the employment of the company for more than twenty-five years, but the duties of his position are discharged by a small long-haired black-and-tan dog, for whose accommodation a little platform has been erected, where he takes his stand with flag in mouth, when the car approaches, to direct them when to switch off. He is well known to all the engineers and conductors, and his signals are always obeyed.

This dog possesses peculiar intelligence. If a train is delayed, or an accident has happened which will prevent it passing the station, the dog is sent a few hundred yards up the road to give the proper signal. Immediately outside the station the road passes through a deep cut, with impending rocks on both sides. It has frequently happened that fragments of stone are detached and falling, if not immediately removed, might throw the cars from the track. To guard against this the dog is ever on watch, especially at night. If he hears an unusual sound, as that produced by the falling of a stone, he leaves the little sentry box which has been erected for his convenience and comfort, walks leisurely up the road, carefully examining if anything is on the track that would danger the train, and if any object of the kind is discovered goes to the old flagman, wakes him up if he happens to be asleep and conducts him to the point of danger. This is no fiction, and can be vouched for by many who have witnessed these performances.

If scientists know anything, it would take a cannon ball only eight days to reach the moon.