ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

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 20, 1889. Volume XLVI.---No. 15.

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM LOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE--NO DEVIATION.

319 S. E. Coner 7th & D. Strs., WASHINGTON D.C..

COUNTY DIRECTORY

CIRCUIT COURT.

HON. FREDERICK STONE, CHIEF JUDGE
La Plata, Charles county.

Associate Judges:
HON. JOHN BROOKE.
Mitchelville, Prince George's Co
HON. J. PARRAN CRANE,
Great Mills, St. Mary's Co.

Clerk of the Court:
J. SAMUEL TURNER.

State's Attorney:
L. ALLISON WILMER.

Sheriff:
DAVID SMOOT.

Auditor:
ADRIAN POSEY.

Regular Jury Terms begin on the third Monday of May and November; intermediate terms on the third Monday of February and July in each year.

ORPHANS' COURT.

Chief Judge:
WM. MCK. BURROUGHS.
Thompkinsville, Md.

Associate Judges:
JOSEPH PRICE, *Cross Roads, Md.* | D. IGS. SANDERS, *La Plata, Md.*

Register of Wills:
J. BENJAMIN MATTINGLY.

County Commissioners:
BENJAMIN M. EDELEN, President, Bryantown, Md.
GEORGE W. GRAY, Hill Top.
WILFRED GOUGH, Newport.
JAMES A. MURRAY, Bryantown.
J. THOMAS HALLEY, Pomonkey.

Clerk and Treasurer:
CHARLES F. DALEY, Port Tobacco

Collectors of Taxes.
1st Dis. KIRBY CARPENTER, Hill Top
2nd " PHIL. B. SWANN, Newport
3d " WILLIAM J. COX, Pomfret
4th " J. M. BURCH, Bryantown

School Commissioners:
HON. PHILIP A. SCASSER, PRESIDENT
DR. ALEX. D. COBEY, Port Tobacco
DR. LEWIS C. CARRICO, Hughesville

Secretary and Examiner:
FRANCIS J. MADDOX, Tompkinsville

Trustees of the Poor:
JOHN G. CHAPMAN, La Plata.
NICHOLAS STONESTREET, La Plata.
FRANCIS P. HAMILTON, McConchie.
GEORGE P. JENKINS, Port Tobacco.
SAMUEL HANSON, Hill Top.

Superintendent of Almshouse:
THOMAS M. WELCH, Port Tobacco.

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.

☞ Return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same. (Feb. 25 m.)

SHIRTS
—AT—
FACTORY PRICES!

NO THREE FROFITS TO PAY.

We manufacture all the SHIRTS we sell right in the house, and we sell you as good SHIRTS at 50 cents as you pay 75 cents for at other stores. Our SHIRTS are cut with great care, and you'll always find the body in proportion to the neck.

We Guarantee Satisfaction,
and if what you buy don't suit you can ge your money back. We sell the
COMFORT SHIRT
ADE IN THE BEST MANNER AND OF THE BEST MATERIAL,
FOR 75 CENTS.
Our FINISHED SHIRTS have all beautifu Hand-Made Buttonholes.

C. GEO. MEGINNISS,
No. 100 North Charles Stree

--EXPOSITION--

YOU ARE COMING TO THE EXPOSITION.

LIKES BERWANGER & CO.,

Extend to you a hearty welcome, and a most cordial invitation to make their STORE your head-quarters during your visit. All conveniences at your disposal.

OUR FACTORIES

Will be in operation and we will be pleased to show you through. In regard to CLOTHING for yourself and BOYS we have made up our mind to make this a MONEY SAVING visit for all and in consequence, all our SUITS and OVERBOATS are reduced in price for this special occasion.

WE START MENS SUITS at $6.00
YOUTHS' SUITS at $5.00
BOYS' SUITS at $4.00
CHILDREN'S SUITS at $2.00
OVERCOATS At Correspondingly Low Prices.

Rememberwe manufacture all our own goods and guarantee them to give entire satisfaction

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF THE—

BEST CLOTHING
10 and 12 East Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE MARYLAND.

NEW YORK
CLOTHING HOUSE,
102 and 104 E. Baltimore Street,
OPPOSITE LIGHT STREET.
BALTIMOREMD,
CLOTHING FOR
Men, Youths, Boys
AND
Children!

CHURCH & STEPHENSON
Lumber Merchants,
Cor. 8th St. and Maryland Ave. S. W.
Adjoining B. & P. Freight Depot,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER
GOOD BORDS AT
$1.30 Per Hundred!
GOOD WHITE PINE SHINGLES,
$3.00 PER THOUSAND.
Lumber delivered free on both Cars and River Boats.

ESTABLISHED 1837.
J. EDWARD BIRD & CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVERY DEPARTMENT
BRIGHT WITH ATTRACTIONS FOR SPRING.

BLACK SILKS	RIBBONS.
COLOREE SILKS	RUCHINGS.
FANCY VELVETR	TRIMMINGS.
VELVETS	BUTTONS.
PLUSHES	SHAWLS.
DRESS GOODS	HOSIERY.
MOURNING GOODS	MERINO UNDERWEAR.
CLOTHS	SKIRTS.
CLOAKINGS	MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
VELVETEENS	UMBRELLAS.
CALICOES	GLOVES.
CAMBRICS	LINENS.
SATTEENS	WHITE GOODS.
GINGHAMS	DOMESTICS.
COTTON PLUSHES	LININGS.
CRETONNES	FLANNELS.
FRINGES	BLANKETS.
LACES	FANCY GOODS.
WHITE EMBROIDERIES	NOTIONS.

Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Cloaks and Dresses, Ladies' and Children's White Underwear, Infants' Outfits, Ladies' and Children's Corsets, All New—the Best that Can be Bought —All at the Lowest Prices.

OVER HALF A CENTURY
of unsullied reputation is back of every offering that our shelves or counters carry.
FAIR DEALING, ONE PRICE STRICTLY
and Freshest Novelties in Fancy and Staple Products have made us Headquarters in Baltimore for
BEST GOODS at BOTTOM PRICS.

MAILORDERS
We solicit correspondence (with orders) from any portion of the country, pledging our ample experience, immense facilities, expert help and superb stock to please all. The simplest to the largest want filled on day of its receipt.
CALL ON OR ADDRESS
J. EDWARD BIRD & CO.
13 E. Baltimore St. Baltimore, Md

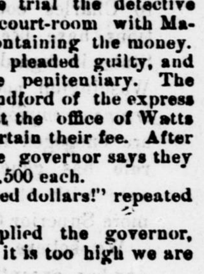
MONEY TO LOAN.
MONEY to loan on mortgage on country property. Address
PAUL C. BURNETT,
1 St. Paul St., Baltimore

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets — The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

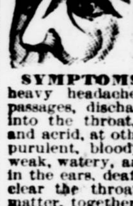
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative, or purgative**, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE.



Billious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



$500 REWARD
is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now ... years old and sound and hearty."

Woman's Career

She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless white,
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue.
Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due.
I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes,
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize,
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters and free her from man's ways.

Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon
My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd speculate upon
What my graduate was doing, if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride,
And at her feet her baby, dimpled, happy, crowing youth,
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

—Life.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Mrs. Denza was the prettiest woman in all Sydenham, and her villa was the best kept and most artistically decorated house in the town. Michael Denza was a wine merchant, in partnership with his elder brother Joseph, and had a large connection in the city. The brothers Denza were good-looking men: Michael especially so. They had Italian blood in their veins, and something of the Italian warmth of feeling in their natures. They were well off, too, without being wealthy.

Michael Denza was leaning back in his office chair one afternoon in November, picking his teeth with a quill—a look of perplexity upon his handsome features. Notwithstanding the time of year, a yellow rosebud bloomed in his buttonhole, and his dress was that of a man of fashion.

"I can't imagine," he said, as he regarded a newly-received telegram on the table before him, "where the money goes to! Ella is so very simple in her tastes. She scarcely ever seems to spend any money on herself, and yet this is the second demand she has made for 20 pounds within a fortnight. I don't grudge it her, Joseph, mind that: but I can't think what she does with it."

"Why don't you ask her?" observed the practical elder brother. Joseph Denza might have been as good-looking as Michael had he not been so fat, but he was ten years older—a man verging on forty, and he was of a harder and more suspicious nature than his younger brother. He had no love for women either. He had been cruelly deceived by one of the sex in the days of his youth.

"Why don't you ask her?" he said. "She won't tell you the truth, of course, but it may prevent such exorbitant demands for the future."

"Ella never told me a lie yet," cried Michael, firing up. "I am sure of it. She is as clear and open as the day."

"Clear and open!" sneered Joseph. "My dear Michael you are a fool! A divorced woman clear and open!"

"She is not a divorced woman" returned the other, hotly. "You know that perfectly well. She divorced her first husband on account of his cruelty and infidelity to her."

"But where can the money go to?"

"Oh, I don't care," cried Michael, impatiently, as he pushed the paper away from him. "I wish I had never raised the question. I am not going to suspect my wife of using it for an unlawful purpose. She can do as she likes with it. It is all the same to me!"

"But that is rather a dangerous way of tampering with fortune. If Mrs. Michael does not spend it she must give it away."

"But to whom could she give it? She has no relations dependent on her?"

"Can any one have a hold upon her, Michael?" demanded Joseph, suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"Can Ella have been so imprudent as to encourage some young fellow far enough—I am only alluding to a flirtation, you know—to embolden him to apply to her for money on pain of disclosure? We have heard of such things with married ladies before, you know, you and I."

Michael Denza's face flushed with passion as he started from his chair with a clenched hand.

"If you were not my brother, Joseph," he began, but broke off with a harsh laugh. "What folly I am talking, and you, too," he continued. "Ella flirt? Why, she is the quietest little woman in the world."

"Well, yes. She certainly has not got on very well in Sydenham. I suppose this divorce business has to answer for that?"

"I suppose so," said Michael, gloomily. "People will talk, if it is only to hear their own confounded tongues. I should have thought it would have died a natural death long ago."

"So should I. That is what makes me think there must be a fresh cause for scandal. Anyway I should find out where the money goes to."

"I shall do no such thing!" exclaimed Michael, angrily; but at the same time he knew that he should.

He quitted the office earlier than usual that afternoon. He entered a smoking compartment of the train, as usual, at London bridge, and, laying his head back on the cushions, tried to compose himself to sleep. But the chatter of two young men in the same carriage arrested his attention. They were discussing some woman, after the manner of their kind.

"She's awfully jolly," said one of them. "Just my style, you know—tall and slim, with gray eyes and brown hair. Quiet little woman to look at, but knows a deal, my boy."

"Married, Dick? Eh!"

"Married! I should think so. I don't care a hang for them till they're married. No bread-and-butter misses for me," continued the creature, who had not a hair upon his face. "I like a woman with some nous about her and who knows a thing or two."

Michael Denza listened to the balderdash with a fast-beating pulse. It recalled so painfully the unpleasant conversation he held with his brother Joseph. He took a hatred to the speaker, although he had never looked at him before, and the instant his train reached the Sydenham station he leaped out and walked rapidly to his own house. His first inquiry was for the mistress of it. The servant replied that she was out.

"Out at this time?" he said with a frown, as he consulted his watch. "Why, it is nearly dark. Are the children with her?"

"No, sir; they are in the nursery. My mistress wouldn't take them out to-day. She said it was too cold."

Michael Denza began to pace the room in a fury. He was naturally passionate and jealous, like the race he sprung from, but he had never had his feelings roused in like manner before. The words he had exchanged with his brother Joseph and those to which he had listened to in the train, all seemed to rush back upon his mind like so many flashes of electric light to disperse the mist which had blinded him—perhaps to his own dishonor. In a moment the twin demons—doubt and suspicion—caught hold of him and worked him up into a state bordering on madness. Was it possible, he asked himself, that the words of that vainglorious, blatant fool in the railway carriage pointed to his wife? He had always believed his wife to have been a most injured woman, but the devil of doubt had been raised in his breast, and he was ready to believe the very worst. And if, as he said to himself with clenched teeth, his brother's suspicions proved to be correct, and he found that Ella had deceived him, there would be murder in that house before the night was over. He had been pacing the floor of the dining-room for perhaps a couple of hours before his wife's step sounded in the hall. She came in hurriedly and nervously: and, when she heard that her husband had returned home, it seemed to him that her voice indicated more than surprise.

"Already!" she exclaimed falteringly, "surely it is not 7 yet! Where is he, in the dining-room?" She opened the door then, and stood on the threshold, a lovely picture by the firelight, in her velvets and furs.

"What has brought you home so soon, Michael?" she inquired.

"Have I arrived too early for your convenience, Mrs. Denza?" he answered in a strange tone. "Have I cut your engagements short?"

"I don't understand you," she said, closing the door and advancing toward him, but he could hear that her voice trembled.

"Then I will explain myself. Where have you been? Who do you come from?"

Mrs. Denza flushed scarlet. She was a pale woman by nature, but now her eyes filled with tears under the pain of her burning complexion.

"Why should you speak to me like that?" she half whispered; "why do you want to know where I have been?"

Her evident timidity looked so like guilt that Michael Denza felt sure that his doubts would prove to be realities.

"Because I suspect your errand, Ella—more, I know it, and I am resolved to hear the truth."

"Oh, God," she cried, involuntarily, and there stopped. Her husband stalked up to her and grasped her wrist.

"I married you because I thought you were a true woman, and would stick to me," he said, "and till this day I never suspected you of double dealing. But I have found you out at last, and you shall suffer for it. Tell me the truth or I will kill you. You have been with that man."

Her eyelids fell before his angry glance.

"Oh, Michael, for God's sake forgive me," she cried.

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I will forgive you, madam; and I will tell you how. I will turn you out of the house you have dishonored this very hour; you shall never see me nor your children again, nor have another opportunity of deceiving me, as doubtless you did the unfortunate devil whose name you bore before mine."

"It is a lie," she cried, goaded into resentment. "I never deceived him. I was only too patient. He has said so himself."

"Then you reserved the honor for me. I am infinitely obliged to you. But it is for the last time. You shall not live to deceive me again."

He advanced upon her with such a threatening air that the woman really thought her last hour had come.

"Mercy, mercy!" she shrieked. "Oh, Michael! spare me, and I will tell you everything."

"Tell me the truth then, if you can. Have you come from meeting another man?"

"Yes! yes! I have"

"My God! and you can own it. What is his name?"

She hesitated, and he returned to the attack.

"Give me his name, or I will strike you to the ground."

But a sudden courage seemed to have come to Mrs. Denza's aid. She drew up her slight figure to its full height, and looked her husband straight in the eyes.

"Strike me if you will," she answered, "and you will learn nothing. But be patient, and I will take you to him. Then you can revenge yourself upon him as you will."

"You will take me to him!" he stammered.

"I will take you to him," she repeated. "But come at once, or it may be too late."

She ran swiftly from the house as she spoke, and Michael Denza, clapping his hat upon his head, followed her as in a dream. He could not believe it possible she would introduce him to the very presence of her lover. Mrs. Denza walked quickly down several streets, until she reached a poorer quarter of the town, formed of small houses. Knocking quietly at the door of one of these, she merely said to the landlady: "I wish to go up-stairs again." Then to her husband, "Follow me," and in another minute they had ascended the narrow staircase together and entered a bed-chamber.

Mrs. Denza seemed strangely altered. Her step had grown majestic, and her manner almost defiant, as she advanced to the bedside, and, pulling down the sheet, disclosed the pallid face of an attenuated corpse.

"There," she exclaimed proudly, as she turned to Michael, "there is the man I came from."

"Dead!" he said, falling backward, "you are fooling me, Ella. This is some trick of yours. What had you to do with this corpse?"

"I will tell you, Michael Denza," she replied. "That is the corpse of the man who beat and insulted me, until for my own safety I was compelled to separate from him. He has killed himself by drink and debauchery, but he was, none the less, the man whom once I swore to cherish. When his landlady appealed to me some weeks ago for money to buy him the actual necessaries of life I did not feel justified in refusing it. How could I have lived in luxury and content, knowing that this wretched creature was dying without one comfort to smooth his passage to the grave? Yesterday he passed away, and the money I asked you for this afternoon was to pay for his funeral expenses. I was wrong, perhaps, not to confide in you before, but I was afraid the subject might worry you, and cause dissension between us. That has been all my fault. I leave you to judge whether I deserve the imputation you have put upon my absence."

She passed proudly down the stairs again as she spoke, but Michael Denza had caught her before she opened the hall door.

"Ella, forgive me," he whispered. "I was mad. I don't know what possessed me, but evil thoughts had been put into my head, and the idea of losing your confidence and affection was unbearable."

"And was it all about money?" she said, "was it because I never accounted for how I had spent the last checks?"

"I am afraid it was," he answered, with a shamed look.—Florence Morryat.

"Stonewall" Jackson.

"I am just in from Lexington where I have been attending the annual commencement of the Virginia Military institute." The speaker, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, was Gov. Fitzhugh Lee. "Yes, 'Stonewall' Jackson was once a professor in the institute and the latter is still redolent of his eccentricities. I knew him well and he was the last man you would have picked out of the crowd of military men, not knowing who he was, as possessing wonderful energy, endurance, and executive ability. It was in the heat of action that these characteristics flamed out. At other times he was dull, uncommunicative, and apathetic. In the parlance of the day he was a 'crank' in many things, but a terribly earnest one. When a professor at the institute he was the butt of the students' jokes. Yes, he was very religious. He was known in the army as the 'Blue Light Elder.' Gen. J. R. Jones was his classmate at West Point and was noted for his profanity. One day, in the battle of Chancellorsville, some mules attached to our ammunition-wagon got 'stalled' and finally got balky under the lash. Jackson was looking on when Jones rode up. The latter took in the situation at a glance.

"'See here, Jackson!' he shouted, 'let me cuss 'em.' Jackson smiled, but demurred by shaking his head. While Lee's army was crossing the Potomac into Maryland some of the mule teams refused to leave the water. Col. Harmon, Jackson's quartermaster, rode into the water and poured volley after volley of curses and lashes on the mules and got them moving again. Jackson sat on his old sorrel taking it all in. Harmon, on perceiving him, quickly rode up with the apology:

"'I beg your pardon, general, but cusses and blows are the only language that a mule understands.'

"Jackson lies buried in the little graveyard at Lexington beside his first wife, who was a sister of Margaret Preston, poetess and essayist. A simple headstone marks the grave of one of the most remarkable characters the war produced in the south."

Queer Barometers.

"I can always tell when it is going to rain half a day ahead of any change in fair weather," said George Slosson to a New York *Sun* man as he was knocking around billiard balls in the Columbia rooms just after the recent deluge.

"How's that?" asked a bystander, getting interested directly.

"Why there isn't a better barometer in existence than an ivory billiard ball or a good billiard cue," the billiard expert replied: "they are better than a favorite corn."

"How d'ye tell?"

"A ball always rolls slow and with difficulty over the cloth when it is going to rain. Ivory is so sensitive in changes of temperature, particularly from dry to moist, that the effect is felt almost instantaneously. The cue will get cranky, too, when there is going to be a change, long before the dampness is perceptible in any other way. Another peculiarity of the ivory globes is their tendency to become egg-shaped. They contract at what are called the top and bottom poles and swell out at the sides, so that you might as well play with potatoes if you do not watch their idiosyncrasies. They are worse than old men in their susceptibility to draught. A draught will crack the ivory and make it chip off quick as a wink, and, like old folks, you can never get the spheres acclimated to these draughts. Just take a billiard ball and study its behavoir and you can beat the clerk of the weather prophesying. You can bet on your own prophecy every time."

The Comfortable Hansom Cab.

"Women all like hansom cabs," writes a correspondent of the *Press*. "I saw one pretty thing driving through Fairmount Park with her beau the other day, and they both thought the hansom so nice. She stared right over the apron and so did he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once or twice yourself you wouldn't have known that they had hold of hands at all. She wore a white bar muslin dress, cut Mother Hubbard fashion. Around her waist (besides his arm) was a cream-colored ribbon. Her hands were encased in his and a pair of yellow silk mitts. About her neck was a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two wheelers and love!"

People who make most fuss at the watering-place hotels are mostly snobs.

erate 'possum eaters in Congress, and it has already leaked out that these two distinguished Georgians have ordered two dozen of Mr. Throckmorton's finest and a couple of bushels of sweet potatoes to be sent to them next Christmas.

THE WOODCOCKS AND THE WORMS.

They Imitated the Sound of Rain on the Ground and the Worms Came Up.

When the moon rose I took a position near one of the moist places, where the borings were freshest and most plentiful, and awaited developments. For a long time the bright light of the moon fell full upon the spot I wished to observe, and I could see everything with the utmost plainness. At about 8 o'clock a woodcock dropped down silently beside the brook. Presently another bird walked out of the shadow and joined it. Both began to "bore" for worms, an operation I had never seen before, and a curious performance it was. The birds would rest their bills upon the mud and stand in this position for several seconds, as if listening. Then with a sudden swift, movement, they would dive the bill its entire length in the soil, hold it so for a second, and then as swiftly withdraw it. Though I watched the birds closely with a glass, I could not detect the presence of a worm in their bills when they were withdrawn.

But the subsequent process gave me the clue to their method of feeding. After having bored over a considerable piece of ground—a square foot or more—they proceeded to execute what looked comically like a war dance upon the perforated territory. They also occasionally tapped the ground with the tips of their wings. My intense curiosity to know the possible utility of this process was at length gratified by seeing a worm crawl, half length from one of the borings, when it was immediatly pounced upon and devoured by one of the woodcocks. Presently another worm made its appearance, and so on until the two woodcock had devoured as many as a dozen of them. Then the "vein" seemed exhausted, and the birds took their leave.

I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bait, and have come to the conclusion that certain birds are a great deal wiser than certain bipeds without feathers. If you will take a sharpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap on the ground with the stick for a few minutes, you will find that the worms will come up through the holes which you have made. I account for it by the supposition that the tapping of the stick somehow affects the worms the same as the patter of rain, and it is a well-known fact that worms come to the surface of the ground when it rains. The antics of the woodcocks after they had made their borings, then were simply mimetic, and intended to delude worms into the belief that it was raining in the upper world. The worms being deceived, came up and were devoured. All this may seem ridiculous, but, if it is not true, will some naturalist please state how a woodcock can grasp and devour a worm when its bill is confined in a solid, tight-fitting tunnel of soil, and also how it is enabled to know the exact spot where it may sink its bill and strike the worm? And further, of all those who have seen a woodcock feeding, how many ever saw it withdraw a worm from the ground with its bill?—*Forest and Stream.*

Losing a Big Fee.

Ex-Gov. Watts, the newly elected president of the Albany State Bar association, is an Alabamian who has helped make history as attorney-general of the confederacy and governor of the state during the war. He tells some good stories on himself, says the Birmingham (Ala.) *Chronicle*. He and Col. John A. Elmore were the attorneys for the southern Express company against Agent Maroney at Montgomery, who stole an express package containing $40,000 before the war. They got retaining fees of $100 each. It was hard to obtain evidence until a Pinkerton detective got into Maroney's confidence. Maroney agreed to give him the stolen money, except $400 which he had spent, for safe keeping. On the day of the trial the detective walked into the court-room with Maroney's sachel containing the money. Maroney wilted, pleaded guilty, and was sent to the penitentiary. The next day Col. Sandford of the express company called at the office of Watts & Elmore to ascertain their fee. After a consultation the governor says they decided to ask $1,500 each.

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" repeated Sandford.

"Yes, sir," replied the governor, "but if you think it is too high we are open for debate."

"Oh, no," replied Sandford. "I had filled out and brought checks with me for $2,500 each."

"And so," the governor tells it, "our modesty lost us just $1,000 each."

Why Not?

About ten miles beyond St. Thomas the locomotive whistled an alarm, slackening a bit, and then put on full steam and we felt a bump clear back in the last coach, says the Detroit *Free Press*. As soon as the train could be checked and backed up to the highway crossing we all piled out to ascertain the trouble. A woman about 40 years old, hat off and hair flying, was picking some parcels out of the grass, and a man of about the same age sat on the ground staring about him in wonder. In his left hand he held a pipe and in his right a paper of tobacco. He had been crossing the road with his team. One horse lay dead in the ditch, and the other was limping off down the road, while the wagon was smashed to kindlings. The woman gathered up five or six parcels and started off after the limping horse, never speaking a word, and by and by the husband slowly filled his pipe, hunted around for a match and lighted it, and as he got to his feet to follow the wife the conductor queried:

"Didn't you see the train coming?"

"Of course," was the quiet reply.

"Then, why didn't you hold up?"

"Didn't you see me coming? Of course you did. Then, why in thunder didn't you hold up?"

And he jogged off down the road without another word.

Lord Ronald Gower recently bought a Boucher screen for $7.50 and resold it for $2,000.

A five-year-old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.