

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JUNE 13, 1890.

Volume XLVII.—No. 1.

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ESTABLISHED 1872.
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Successors to C. F. Wilkins & Co.,
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DEALERS IN
Grain, Hay, Mill Feed, &c.
921 La. Ave. and 924 C Street,
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Dear Sir:—The firm of C. F. Wilkins & Co. comprised of C. F. Wilkins and B. E. Hendrickson since 1872 has been dissolved by B. E. Hendrickson purchasing the interest of Mr. Wilkins in our long-established business at 921 La. Ave. and 924 C St.
He has associated with him Mr. D. G. Mohler, late of Mohler Bros., Baltimore, who has long experience in the business and will materially aid in the prompt and satisfactory disposition of your shipments.
All parties shipping will please be careful to mark goods to the new firm.
We ask your patronage.
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HAVING LOCATED AT "FACE HILL," the former residence of Dr. John H. Reader, I now offer my services to the public in any medical or surgical capacity. All calls promptly answered. I can always be found at my office unless otherwise advertised.
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Offers his Professional Services to the People of Charles and the adjoining counties. He will do both Operative and Mechanical Work; correct irregularity in Teeth, &c. Dr. Cobey will be in his office in Port Tobacco the first and second weeks in each month. The rest of the time he will devote to calls from home.
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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC is scientifically and carefully prepared. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all cases of Gonorrhoea, whether acute or chronic, and for all cases of Stricture, whether recent or old. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all cases of Gonorrhoea, whether acute or chronic, and for all cases of Stricture, whether recent or old.

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ENGLISHMEN'S ENGLISH.

An American's Observations Concerning the Use of Words in London.

Quite at random I make up a list of articles to which the English assign names differing from those we use.

That which we call a basin is here known as a basin. In England you ask for a basin of bread and milk.

That which we know to us a pitcher is here called a jug.

A donkey is here called a mule; in America a mule is a negro. Local slang for a cab horse is "a mule," because the meat of horses is peddled around the streets for feeding to cats.

By the way, British cats average much larger than our American cats, and they are notorious chicken-killers. The birdie cat seems to be the commonest.

What we call crackers are here known as biscuits, and I suspect this is strictly correct.

What we call shoes are here known as boots, and what we call boots are here known as bluchers. There is one shoe called the blucher, because it runs high from the heel up back of the ankle and is cut low in front.

Our druggist is here a chemist, many of the older practitioners retaining the old spelling—"chymist."

What we call ale is here known as bitter beer.

What is here known as hash we should call a stew, and what we call a hash is here known as a mince.

In England our overcoat becomes a great coat, our undershirt becomes a vest, and our drawers become pantaloons. It is said that when George W. Childs of Philadelphia, was in London a number of years ago he walked into a haberdashery and, seeking to appear as a native, asked to see the "blucher" styles in silk waistcoats. "Blucher" cried the proprietor to his assistant, "step this way and show this Hamerican gentleman our dandy weskits."

What we call sick the Englishman calls ill; sickness here implies nausea and vomiting. The British usage is wrong; but the late Richard Grant White settled the matter definitively.

How came the British to fall into this perversion? It was, I think, because the British can go nowhere except by water; and water, after a time, induces urgent symptoms of nausea and retching, which condition, called sickness, gradually came to be regarded as the correct definition of the word sickness. I can't imagine how the British justify their use of the words homesick, heartsick, and lovesick.

Here they call a street car a tram; correct. Here, too, an elevator is a lift, and that is right.

As a telegram is here called a telegraph, it will probably never be determined which of these usages is the better. Our postal card is here a post card; cuts become writs.

That material known to us as cotton flannel is here called swan's down, and our "muslin" is known hereabouts as "calico."

"Locomotive" becomes "engine," and our "conductor" is here a "guard."

What we call "steaming" (culinary term) the British call "simmering," and our "baggage" becomes "luggage."

Our "wheat" is called "corn," and our "corn" is called "maize," or, sometimes, Indian corn. Pigs' feet are called "troutlets." By the way, the theatrical name for a bad actor is "rotter."

A "chill" is here called a "rigor," and the eruption commonly known among us as "lives" is here known as "nettle-rash." Candy is known variously as "sweets," "sweetmeats," and "lollys."

Writing to John Smith, your social equal, you are expected to address him as John Smith, Esq.; if he be your tailor, grocer, etc., you address him as Mr. John Smith.

The word "apt" is exceedingly popular here. It is "apt to rain," "apt to be muddy," a man is "apt to go down town," a bank is "apt to suspend," etc.

Even the best prints use this word as a synonym for "likely," and "likely" is another barbarism everywhere prevalent in the United Kingdom is the use of the adverb "directly" for the conjunction "as soon as"—e. g., "directly Dickens was quite slowly at times, seems to have been addicted to this indefensible vice."

What is the British word "leftenant" meant? I should like to know.

"Quite" is another hackneyed word here; it is edged in upon every occasion.

The first criticism I would pass upon the press of London would be for the indirectness of its speech. When a newspaper writer wishes to convey the idea that yesterday was a pleasant day he says: "Yesterday was a most unpleasant day." A good play is "not bad," a humorous speech is "not unrelieved by wit," a riotous and unbecoming demonstration of approval, "and so on, an *infin. ad. us.* Now all this sort of thing may be subtle and it may be conservative, but it is not in the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, and it vexes me to find so little of the Anglo-Saxon in the literature, the speech, and the practices of the very people where I had thought to find so much.—Chicago News.

Romance of a Molar.

If anyone is casting about for a plot for a story, this is freely tendered: A destitute young Englishman in San Francisco. A beautiful and rich young girl of the same place. One of her incisors is faulty. She will have none of it. The dentist bids her bide his time. It arrives in the person of the young Englishman. He agrees to part with a screw for the \$50. On one side of a screw is the tooth; on the other the girl's. The tooth is pulled out and swiftly transplanted. Then the heroine departs without having seen the hero who, with the \$50 in his pockets, sets boldly out into the hills and makes his fortune. In five years, somewhere and somehow, they meet and mate. Then, just when you please, the story of the tooth drops out. It isn't over, but it is related as a fact.—Society.

Berlin's Electric Wires.

Siemens, the electrician, says that no death has ever been caused in Berlin by contact with electric wires. The city's immunity from danger is due to underground conduits.

IT'S THE PROOF-READER.

A Defense of the Much-Blamed "Intelligent Compositor."

The "intelligent compositor" is the man who is supposed to make all the mistakes which occur in the printing of a newspaper, writes Dominick O'Connor in the *Union*. Every newspaper has one. He is the scoundrel of the establishment. He is damned alike by the publisher, editor, contributor and reader. He does not appear to have any friends, therefore, it is safe to blame him for any blunder that may be made, and they all do it with wonderful unanimity.

With all of these gentlemen, says one, the compositor has no relations. They are at liberty to abuse him all they like. He does not care; he knows them not. The one exception is the proof-reader. With him the compositor is at war—a never-ending, irremediable conflict, which began with the first proof-reader and will continue until the last newspaper has gone to press.

But the conflict is one-sided. The proof-reader has it all his own way. He has somehow won the confidence of the public, and he abuses the compositor to his heart's content and the public seems to believe him. There are two sides to every question, however, and because the compositor meekly accepts all this abuse it does not follow that it is always his due.

I well remember the night I set up a review in which occurred the quotation from Gray's "Elegy": "Far from his madding crowd" the proof-reader marked it "maddening." I went in to see him about it. He laughed at me in a superior sort of way, and said there was no such word as "madding." I tried to tell him about poetic license, but he knew as much about poetic license as he did about Greek. Arguments only made him angry, and he loftily asked me if I wanted his situation. I beat an ignominious retreat, and went out and bumped my head against the wall several times in time to cool off, one of my fellow-compositors remarking with hypocritical sympathy: "You ought to know better than to talk Choctaw to a Chinaman."

An amusing blunder—for which the compositor received the entire blame—happened on the "Press" several years ago, in an editorial by Colonel Forney. He was shaking a red rag at a bull. He quoted a line which any school-boy ought to recognize at a glance; yet because a tramp type, unacquainted with the Colonel's flowing cursive, made "red" out of "red rag," he escaped the eagle eye of the proof-reader and appeared so in the paper. What the Colonel said when he read his article I do not know, but he must have been chronically, but he discharged the duties of a printer—and saved his proof-reader.

You write an article about Magistrate South, and you see the proof. There it is—South, plain as day. You pick up the paper in the morning and find it Smith—and damn the compositor. Or you chronicle the death of a Bucks county statesman and wake up in the morning and find that he was from Berks. whose fault was that? The compositor's? By no means.

These are just a few instances which recur to memory at the moment. In each of them the compositor, while not blameless, was much less at fault than the proof-reader. This is very often the case. The proof-reader is rarely revised. In the hurry of preparing for the press time is everything. Consequently, while the writer of an article gets a "first proof," he seldom gets a "revise." And right here is where the proof-reader gets in his most deadly work.

To err is human. Compositors are very human and err more or less. But proof-readers are not divine by a long way. If they were the casual blunders would be to a great extent, but a "machine" proof-reader—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—is answerable for many an egregious blunder for which the compositor is blamed.

There are a great many machine compositors, of course, but the machine proof-reader is the dandy. I have known a compositor who has never written a line of type, but who has been a proof-reader for years. He has come to the conclusion that his species will never become extinct, and, realizing this, I now act on the "similia similibus curantur" principle. In other words, I meet machine proof-reading with machine composition, and while the result in the day's paper may not always be gratifying to the editor and publisher, it causes me less trouble.

In writing this my object is not to attack the proof-reader, but to defend the compositor, who has never, at least to my knowledge, had an open defender, and also to remove the prevalent impression that he is an unmitigated scoundrel, who will do nothing right that he can possibly do wrong.

Hits in Brazil.

Hotels are few and ill-conducted in Brazilian coast towns, but there are excellent French and German restaurants in Bahia and Pernambuco. When one has the bill to settle he finds that the score runs into the thousands. The basis of currency is an imaginary unit, the reis, 1,000 of which make a milreis, worth about 16 cents. The lowest nickel coin is 100 reis, worth 5 cents. Below these are copper coins, 20 reis, being equivalent to 1 cent. If one dines with a friend at a restaurant the score will amount to 7,500 reis—a result startling to the uninitiated. When real-estate transactions are conducted the figures rise into the millions, and when trade statistics are computed billions and trillions are brought in. Reversing the process, one pays 2,000 reis to a boatman to go ashore from a steamer, 1,000 reis or a milreis for a bottle of beer and some cheese, 500 reis to be a guide for portage through a public building, 200 reis for a ride on a street-car, 100 reis for a turn on the lift from the upper to the lower turn, and another 100 reis for having his boots blacked.

Nicholas Knew What to Say.

Perhaps one of the grandest complications ever paid by one human being to another was that rendered by Nicholas, the Emperor of all the Russias, to Mile. Racheff, the celebrated French actress. When she was introduced to him she knelt; but the Emperor raised her and himself falling on one knee, said: "Thus should the royalty of rank pay homage to the royalty of genius."

THE ORLEANS FAMILY.

Descendants of Louis Philippe, King of the French from 1830 to 1848.

Three recent incidents, says the *Youth's Companion* have called special attention to the descendants of King Louis Philippe of France, who are generally known as "the Orleans family."

The revolution in Brazil resulted in the expulsion from that country of the comte d'En, husband of the Brazilian princess Isabel and a grandson of Louis Philippe.

Feb. 4 the duke de Montpensier, fifth and youngest son of Louis Philippe, died in Spain.

In the same week, Feb. 7, the young duc d'Orleans, great grandson and heir in the direct line of Louis Philippe, made his rash entry into Paris, though by law he was forbidden to set foot on French soil.

Thus the Orleans family have come into considerable notice of late. There is no doubt that they still have longed for the French republic may some day be overturned, and that their own house may be restored to royal power.

Of the five sons of Louis Philippe three are still living. The eldest son, the former duc d'Orleans, was killed nearly fifty years ago by a fall from the top of the dome of St. Peter's. The eldest son of Paris, now 52 years of age, and the young duc d'Orleans, just 21, is the comte de Paris, eldest son of the comte de Paris, moreover, has one brother, the duc de Chartres.

The second, third, and fourth sons of Louis Philippe, still living, are the duc de Nemours (father of the comte d'En), the prince de Joinville, and the duc d'Annamale. The two latter have long been recognized as men of marked ability. De Joinville has served with distinction in the French navy, and both are able and forcible writers, and the prince de Joinville has served in the Orleans princes in whose favor the law of exile, forced against the family four years ago, has been revoked. He made a gift of his magnificent estate of Choisy to the French institute while still in exile; and the tender of this gift, coupled with the belief that he is too patriotic to conspire against the republic, caused his readmission to his native land.

While the duc de Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, who recently died in Spain, was far from being an able man, he has played a somewhat notable part in the history of the last fifty years. As a young man he did some military service in Africa, and at the age of 21 he married Maria, the sister of the then reigning Queen Isabella II. of Spain. The marriage was vigorously resisted by Emperor Napoleon III., and it was feared that it might result in the control of Spain by France.

But no such result followed. The duc de Montpensier was made captain-general of the Spanish army, and plotted more than once to get the royal power in Spain, but being neither able nor popular his plots always came to nothing.

The comte de Paris, who is the chief of the Orleans family, being the heir of his father, the comte de Paris, Orleans, is perhaps chiefly interesting to Americans on account of his service on Gen. McClellan's staff in the early part of the civil war, and because he is now writing a long and minute history of that war.

With his brother, the duc de Chartres, he served upon the staff of the comte de Paris, and he has attained the rank of captain. He is known as an amiable and scholarly man, ambitious to wear the crown, but lacking in those qualities of tact, judgment, and boldness which might, on occasion, win success. He married a daughter of his uncle Montpensier in 1864 and has two children.

The Orleans princes are widely connected by marriage or blood with the reigning European families. There are family ties between them and the houses of Spain, Austria, Russia, the Netherlands, Denmark, and several of the minor German houses. They have played a stirring part in politics, war, and one and all are men of large wealth. Yet it seems doubtful if France will ever change the republic for another Orleans dynasty.

The Typical Maiden Aunt.

Two elderly ladies, living alone on Selden avenue, are very proud of a certain 5-year-old nephew of theirs, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and whenever he deigns to visit them they lose their individuality and are his devoted slaves while he remains in the house.

The other day, when he returned home from a morning call upon his relatives, he brought with him as souvenirs of his visit a great paper bag which had been neatly crackered by their aged fingers, and besides these he bore a massive, old-fashioned solid silver teapot and a heavy, cut-glass salt-cellar which had happened to please the infant fancy. He displayed his spoils to his parents, and his father said to his mother after the inspection: "I believe those sisters of mine would not climb up on the roof and get down the top brick of the chimney for the little imp if he hinted that he wanted it."

The remark was intended for her ears alone, but Hopeful caught it, nevertheless, and as soon as he had bolted his dinner he put on his hat, overcoat, tippet, and leggins and started off up-stairs.

About an hour afterward one of the aunts rushed up to the house in a state of great excitement. As soon as she had caught her breath she explained that "our little boy" had just been to their house, and with tears in his eyes begged for the top brick in the chimney, and she and her mother feared that the dear child's mind had been affected.

"Well, what did you do about it?" the mother asked as her tender eyes filled with moisture and she bit her lips till they almost bled.

"Do about it? Why, the poor boy cried so for it, and we knew that he couldn't hurt himself with it, that we opened the scuttle, pulled a ladder up on the roof, and sister went up and got it for him. We didn't do anything wrong, did we?"

The small boy's prayer at bedtime included this sentence: "Please, God, bless my dear aunts and make them love their relatives just a little more."

BRUTALITY IN A PRISON.

The Whipping Post in the Missouri Penitentiary.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic* who has been there tells of prison punishment in Missouri. He says: "The use of the lash in the prison is common—too common to be of any possible benefit in keeping order. A man goes to the whipping post, not with the feeling that he is being punished for some infraction of the rules, but to gratify the ill-feeling of some guard whose enemy he has incurred. Deputy Warden Bradbury is the one whose duty it is to wield the rawhide. In the middle of the room stands the whipping post and stocks. The men stand facing the instrument of torture, and the guards report the number of their men to the warden. One complains that one of his men neglected his work, or was talking to a fellow-prisoner; perhaps a prisoner was caught carrying bread from the cell from the kitchen. Deputy Warden Bradbury steps up to the whipping post, pulls off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and in a caressing way picks up a rawhide which he intently examines to see if it is all right.

"The culprit is brought up to the post. His hands are tied to the post near the ground, leaving him in a stooping position. His neck is placed under the stocks, which are then fastened so that he cannot jerk his head away. The Deputy Warden steps up, and seizing the man's shirt, pulls it up around his neck, leaving the bare back exposed. The prisoner receives from one to twenty-five lashes, according to the offense and the number of times he has been so punished. The warden tucks his shirt sleeves carefully above his elbow, takes the rawhide in his hand, plants his foot firmly, and with a full swing of his powerful arm, down comes the whip with a swish and a crack upon the bare back of the prisoner. Swift comes the whip again, and the prisoner bites his lip to keep from crying out with the pain, as such a thing only increases the punishment. Crack, the whip again and again strikes the quivering flesh, and the rawhide along the back, and as the force of the blows increases as the Deputy Warden warms up to his work, the wets are warm first a red, then a blue hue, and finally the blood runs down the man's back in little streams. Again and again the lash, soft and pliable with the warm blood, curls around the naked form of the prisoner, and yet the prisoner until either the allotted punishment has been inflicted or else the prisoner faints from the pain and is taken to the hospital.

"He is then given over to the doctors. From long whipping sessions a man is often made so weak that he is unable to stand. In case he wishes to make the pain more intense, after one-half the strokes have been given he goes to the other side of the prisoner and makes a series of cross-cuts, making a number of bloody X's on the back. I have seen a prisoner faint from the severity of the punishment, and he has lost consciousness. After the whipping is over the prisoner is carried for the blood on the rawhide is carefully wiped off, and it is ready for the next culprit. When the whipping was done by an official who was intoxicated or under the influence of liquor, the punishment was always more severe. I have seen one of the officials stagger as he went up to the whipping post, and I know he was greatly under the influence of liquor."

Gen. Crook as a Huntsman.

"Gen. Crook was very fond of hunting," said Lieut. Kennon, "and was one of the best shots I ever saw. When he was a young officer he always did the hunting for his mess. In those days sometimes the mess birds exceeded the officers' salaries, and I have heard Gen. Crook tell how they made him enter, and by his intimate knowledge of the Indians' economical methods of cooking and hunting, and yet the mess was so soon able to declare dividends. I have been with him on many hunting trips, and I never saw a better or a steadier shot. Sage hens are not the easiest game to bag, and yet I have seen him repeatedly drop a bird out of a flock with each barrel; not only that, he would kill a chicken every time. His eye was so quick that while aiming he could select the chicks instantaneously. With all his experience and trials Gen. Crook was as simple as a child. He was straightforward and truthful, and had no patience with concealment or trickery. He never broke his word to white man or red man."—Washington Star.

Beating the Nickel in the Slot.

"Gimme a nickel's worth of buck-shot," said a St. Paul gamine wearing somewhat a disordered raiment. His head, says the *Pioneer Press*, just topped the counter in a bazar devoted to sporting goods.

"I suppose he will load them into a rusty pistol and accidentally shoot some one of his intimate friends," suggested a bystander.

"Oh, no," replied the proprietor of the gun store, "he has no firearms. He is going in to beat the nickel-in-the-slot scheme, and I suppose I am participating criminally."

"How?"

"Why, he will put them on the street-car track; the car will convert them into the exact size of nickels and pennies; and, of course, you can anticipate the financial panic liable to ensue in St. Paul, when, with a gun-machine at almost every corner."

Experience of a Woman.

A kind-hearted woman at La Crosse bought five cords of wood and three buck-saws and gave all tramps a chance to earn a meal. They stole the saws, and boys stole the wood, and one day a tramp entered the house of the L. H. W., scared her most to death, and stole her watch.

The Latest London Idea.

An American bar and a winter garden on the roof of the new premises of the Pelican club in Soho are the latest London idea.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so, even if he has to be up all night looking for it.

These times suit the scissoring-grinder. He likes to find things dull.