NOTABLE CASE RECALLED.

The Trial in Easton Years Ago of Tilghman Chew Paca.

An interesting family history is recalled by the death of Tilghman Chew Paca, son of the late William B. Paca, of Wye Island, on Monday morning last. Chew was a quiet, inoffensive man, fond of children, and found much pleasure in his association with them. He was non compos mentis, and his estate, consisting of a fine farm on Wye Island, was in charge of Joseph Rasin, of Kent Co., who was his brother-in-law and committee.

The death of Chew Paca revives the memory of the great Paca homicide, which occurred in 1865, on the farm now belonging to Gen. William McKenney, and occupied by John Bishop, on Wye River. The farm at the time belonged to the heirs of the late Edward Paca. One of the heirs, E. Tilghman Paca, having joined the army of the Confederacy, his interest in the estate was sequestered by order of the United States District Court, put up at public sale and purchased by William B. Paca.

The farm was at that time in possession of Edw. Paca's widow, and was cultivated by her son, John P. Paca, and her brother, Arthur Jones. Bad blood was stirred up between William B. Paca and the occupants of the farm on account of the efforts of William B. Paca to obtain possession of the land he had purchased, and it was generally believed he was the cause of its sequestration. A right-of-way through this farm for the Wye Island farm had existed for many years, and one day, in 1865, Wm. B. Paca, accompanied by his sons, John P. Paca, T. Chew Paca and James P. Paca, armed with double-barrelled shot guns, rode over to the disputed farm and found John Paca and Arthur Jones building a fence. He abruptly ordered them to desist, but John Paca being a brave young fellow and feeling that his rights were being interfered with by his uncle, refused to do as ordered. Then the imbecile boys, whether at the request of William B. Paca or not is unknown, leveled their guns at the men, one at Paca and the other at Jones, and fired. The two men fell mortally wounded, and soon died.

Paca and his sons returned home and in a few days were arrested and lodged in jail in Centreville. The grand jury at the next term indicted William B. Paca and his son, John, for the double murder. The trials were removed from Queen Anne's county to Talbot, where William B. Paca was tried and acquitted. Joseph Rasin, afterward his son-in-law, being the foreman of the jury. John P. Paca's case was removed to Caroline county, where he was tried and was also acquitted. The defendants were represented by Thomas J. Keating, James L. Martin and Milton Whitney.

A few years after the trial, William B. Paca died suddenly, and shortly afterward John P. Paca committed suicide at the grave of his father. James P. Paca was shortly afterward drowned by falling into the Wye River, leaving Chew the sole survivor of the great tragedy.

A few years ago Chew became impressed with the belief that he was competent to manage his own affairs, and accordingly petitioned the court for a hearing in his case. This was accorded him, but the judges who sat in the case and heard all the testimony did not believe his mind sufficiently comprehensive to manage his estate, and declined to remove the ban. Recently he petitioned again and his case was set for trial the very day of his death. His death, of course, ended the matter.

Farmer's Tool Chest.

A good tool chest is almost a necessity to every well regulated farm, but few farmers have one, in fact we believe nearly one-half the money spent by farmers for the smaller tools is often thrown away, for two reasons; the first is, in the country it is hard to get tools of first class quality, and the second is that most farmers have no convenient place to keep them, so their tools get battered up, scattered around and eventually are lost, or become useless.

If you want a chest of good tools, our friends, the Powell Fertilizer and Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md., has solved the Tool Chest problem most satisfactorily, and we think if you read their offer as made in their advertisement published in this issue you will investigate their plan of getting a tool chest free. tf

Of Interest to Farmers and Fruit Growers.

Seeing the San Jose Scale and other pests are destroying the fruit and fruit trees, Mr. A. H. Larrimore has secured the agency for the best spray pump on the market. He also has the agency for the sale of Whale Oil Soap. This soap is recommended by the United States Agricultural Department as the most effective compound for the destruction of these pests. With this pump and soap the raising of fruit and tomatoes will no longer be a problem. He also offers fruit trees, shade trees and ornamental stock from one of the best nurseries in America. 1-16-4-16

B., C. AND A. RAILWAY

Men Familiar with the Territory Elected to Places in the Directory.

Changes in the board of directors of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Railway were made at the annual stockholders' meeting held recently.

Mr. Wilbur F. Jackson, president of the Continental National Bank, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Enoch Pratt. Ex-Governor E. E. Jackson succeeded Mr. Brayton Ives, of New York; Mr. Robert B. Dixon, of Easton, took the place of Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, of New York, and Mr. L. P. Miller, of Salisbury, succeeded Mr. C. C. Pomeroy, of New York.

These changes were made to extend the influence of the board by increasing the number of men familiar with the territory and the people from whom patronage is secured. The other members of the board are John E. Searles and Winthrop M. Tuttle, of New York; Nicholas P. Bond and J. Upshur Dennis, of Baltimore; Samuel Bancroft, Jr., Henry P. Scott, Henry Smith and Capt. Willard Thompson, of Wilmington, Del., and Carroll S. Tyson, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Searles was re-elected president; Nicholas P. Bond, vice-president and general counsel; W. M. Tuttle, secretary; Willard Thomson, general manager, and Andrew Hunter, Jr., general auditor.

Report of the general manager showed that all fixed charges of the last year had been paid and that there is no floating debt, but a balance on hand of about $26,500. Authority was given for remodeling the steamers Avalon and Joppa.

The company filed its answer Saturday in the United States Court to the petition of the interstate commerce commissioners for a writ of mandamus requiring the company to furnish yearly reports of its operations. It takes the ground that as its lines and business are entirely within Maryland, it is not required to furnish the reports called for.

The only rail line owned or controlled by the company, it is stated, extends from Ocean City, in Worcester county, to Claiborne, in Talbot county, and is entirely within this State. At Claiborne the rail line connects with a water line owned by the company, but the water line terminates at Baltimore and is also entirely within the State. N. P. Bond, attorney for the company, filed the answer.

VAPOR BATHS.

People of Intelligence Are Always Ready To Learn More.

"Its frequent use not only tends to keep the body in a state of perfect cleanliness, but it imparts a clear fresh color to the complexion which is hardly attained by other means." Its most important effect, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, "is the stimulation of the emunctory, an organ of the body, which serves to carry off excrementatious matter; an excretory duct." By this means we are able to wash as it were the solid and fluid tissues, and especially the blood and skin, by passing water through them, from within outwards to the surface of the body. Hence one of the most essential requisites, in practice, is a copious drought of water during sweating.

During the operation, the novice is often astonished at the amount of effete matter eliminated from the pores of the skin. A surprising amount of scarf skin which no washing could remove, peels off. Much more solid matter is contained in the perspiration of those who take the bath for the first time, or after a long interval. Nothing escapes through the skin save what is noxious if retained. Its influence is directly curative in rheumatic, gouty and scrofulous affections," etc. tf

Through Line to Indianapolis and Chicago

Commencing January 24, the B. & O. R. R. will operate a through line of Pullman Buffet Drawing-room Sleeping Cars between Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis and Chicago, via Cincinnati.

Train Schedule as follows:

Leave	Baltimore	10.45 a. m.
	Washington	11.45 a. m.
	Weverton	1.14 p. m.
	Harper's Ferry	1.25 p. m.
	Martinsburg	1.58 p. m.
	Cumberland	4.05 p. m.
	Grafton	7.50 p. m.
	Clarksburg	8.29 p. m.
	Central	9.31 p. m.
Arrive	Parkersburg	11.00 p. m.
	Cincinnati	3.05 a. m.
	Indianapolis	7.00 a. m.
	Chicago	12 noon.

Direct connections are made for Greencastle, Terre Haute, Lafayette, Crawfordsville and principal points in the West and Northwest.

To People In Business.

To do business properly and profitably you must have some printing. We have new type, new presses and experienced workmen and we use good stock. The result is we turn out first-class work, and you will not object to our prices, either. They and our count are correct. When out of cards, letter or note heads, envelopes, bill heads or statements, or when in need of circulars, dodgers, posters, or anything in the way of printing, give us a call. We'll treat you right.

WAS A SLICK ARTICLE.

A Criminal's Ingenious Plan to Keep From Working in a State Prison.

Dr. Robert Safford Newton tells an interesting story of an impostor who successfully feigned epilepsy for a great number of years, in spite of the fact that he was watched by the most skillful neurologists.

"How to feign epileptic fits forms a necessary part of the education of many criminals in Europe and America. In England, where it has been successfully worked for a great many years and is well known to the police, the feigning of epilepsy is called 'throwing of fits' and 'dummy chucking.' It is invariably worked in threes, after this formula: Two men, evidently friends, are walking along the street, when suddenly one of them falls in an epileptic fit. The friend of the sick man pretends to be greatly worried and gives all of his attention to the resuscitation. Naturally enough, a crowd gathers around. The third man lifts pocketbooks and watches and makes off with them.

"There is one man whose career as a feigner of epilepsy is most remarkable. This man's name was Craig, and my first knowledge of him was when I was connected with the Whitechapel Road House hospital, the biggest hospital in England. It had been noticed that whenever Craig fell in a fit in the streets of London, reports were sent in to the police of money and jewelry lost. He was more than suspected and was sent into the hospital, both to be treated and to be watched. This man was a perfect fraud, but he was so well up in his acting that though he was most carefully watched he escaped detection. He was a valuable man, but perhaps his pals feared that the London police had too close an eye on their movements. At all events Craig was next heard of in America. The old formula was repeated. He fell in fits, and valuables stolen were reported to the police. He was shifted around from hospital to hospital, and a careful watch was kept upon him, both when he was in one of these fits and in the time of their intermission.

"Craig began to think that a 'coup de theatre' was necessary to save his reputation. He was at this time confined in a hospital and was in one of the upper wards in the front part of the building. There were doors that opened out on a balcony. This balcony was 38 feet from the ground, and at its base there was a solid stone pavement. Epileptics are usually a dull, stupid sort of people, even when not in fits, and Craig feigned this stupidity as well as the other symptoms of the disease. He was allowed to wander about the hospital pretty much as he pleased, and every once in awhile down he would fall in a fit. The doctors had not discovered his fraud, but Craig felt more than uneasy at the way he was watched and suspected. One morning he got up from his chair, and, with a dazed sort of a look, at the same time putting his hands up to his head, he staggered toward the balcony and tumbled over backward—down, down, the full 38 feet—to the stone pavement below. When he was picked up, it was found that one of his wrists was broken and that he was otherwise hurt, though, wonderful to tell, not seriously. Of course this settled in the minds of the doctors the doubt that had previously existed as to whether he was a fraud or not. The thing worked exactly as Craig had planned that it should, and in course of time he was discharged as a true but incurable epileptic. Once again on the outside, he worked successfully the old game of fits and pocket picking in threes.

"Once more he was taken up and sent to the hospital. Here a young doctor set for himself the task of watching this clever rogue. He had every symptom. He would froth at the mouth, blood would stream from his tongue that he had bitten in his convulsions, and there seemed nothing wanting in real epilepsy. But this young doctor kept his vigil, and patience had its reward.

"One day, just as Craig was going through the preliminaries before falling—the looking dazed, the slowly attempting to fight off the coming spasms, the clinching of the hands—the young doctor who was watching him observed that, instead of closing the hands with the fingers over the thumbs, as would have been the case necessarily in true epilepsy—for the thumb, having the shorter muscle, must feel the contracting force first—Craig shut his hands with the fingers on the inside of the thumbs. The doctor gave him a gentle kick in the side and said: 'That'll do, Craig. I've caught you. You are a fraud. You've done your tricks well and for a long time, but your time is up. If you had been a true epileptic or just a little better read in medicine, you would have closed the fingers over the thumbs.' Without a single protest Craig straightened up and said, 'Well, I knew it was bound to come some time.'"

"What became of the man?"

"Oh, his talents found a market. He was so well known, had been so written up for the medical journals of both Europe and America, that the doctors hired him to go before medical students and demonstrate to them how epilepsy could be feigned and also to explain how these pretenders were taught in England and elsewhere. To counterfeit the frothing at the mouth they used a small piece of soap. If there was any danger of detection, they could swallow both soap and froth. With a little sharp knife a stab could be given to the tongue which would simulate the biting of that member."—New York Tribune.

The tickets to the village ball were not transferable, and this was the way they read: "Admit this gentleman to ball in assembly rooms. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A wood pulp mill in Christiania, Norway, has begun making roofing tiles out of wood pulp chemically treated. They are light, strong and cheap.

KEPT HIS WORD.

A Supernatural Voice Was Heard In the Composing Room.

The talk had turned to the supernatural, and a man who has been the foreman of a newspaper composing room for a good many years down in Virginia told the following story in the presence of a reporter: "There used to be a young fellow by the name of Blank, who worked at a case in —— office. He was a nimble typesetter and a very nice kind of a boy. But he would wander about the country. That, you know, is a characteristic of the typesetting fraternity. I never liked the habit and never indulged in it to any considerable extent myself. I told him one day that he would come to a bad end.

"'If ever I am in trouble, I will call on you, Frank,' he replied generally.

"Well, one day he came to me, and throwing his stick on the imposing stone said that he was going to leave the office and go to Norfolk. I tried to dissuade him, but all to no purpose. He was a headstrong fellow, and that settled it. About a week later I was busy at the forms, getting the inside pages ready to send to the cellar. The clock in the city hall had just struck midnight. Suddenly I heard my name called. I thought it was one of the boys in the office who was calling, and I made no immediate reply. Again I heard some one call in a very distinct voice. This time I recognized it as Blank's voice.

"'Blank is out in the street, and he is calling you, Frank,' said one of the compositors.

"I walked over to the front window, threw up the sash and peered out. The street was silent and deserted. Not a living thing was to be seen.

"'What do you want, Blank?' I called out.

"There was no reply. I shut the window and went back to the page which I had been making up.

"'I thought that I heard Blank's voice,' I said to my assistant.

"'So you did,' he replied. 'We all heard him call.'

"And so they had. The next day a telegram reached the office saying that Blank had been run over and killed by a train near Norfolk about midnight. Blank had kept his word. He called on me when he was in trouble. He probably died calling for me."—Washington Star.

A LETTER FROM DR. HOLMES.

He Tells a Little Girl of an Adventure When He Was a Boy.

Isabella Graham Murdock contributes to St. Nicholas an experience of her school day life, in which she quotes the following interesting letter that she received from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

BOSTON, March 15, 1880.

MY DEAR MISS ISABELLA—Here is one little incident of my life which I have never told in print:

When I was a little boy, I got upon a raft one day—a few boards laid together—which floated about in a pond—a very small pond, but rather bigger round than a dinner table. It was big enough, anyhow, to drown a little boy, and came pretty near doing it, for, while I was stooping over the edge of the raft, I slipped and went souse into the water.

I remember a great sound in my ears—"guggle, guggle," I said it was, when they asked me about it—and a desperate struggle, feeling that I was going to be drowned, just as little Sam Childs had been, and then all at once my whole past life seemed to flash before me as a train of cars going a thousand miles an hour—if such a speed were possible—would pass in one long crowded streak before the eyes of a person standing by the railroad.

I had never heard that this was a common experience with persons who are near drowning, but I have since heard of many cases where the same flash of their past lives has come before drowning people who have been rescued and have told about it.

You may put this story in your essay, if you like.

I get a great many letters from young persons, and it takes a great deal of my t[ime] answer them, so I think I am quite go[ing] tured this evening to tell you all this. D[on't] you think so, dear Miss Isabella? Very truly yours, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Horned Rattlesnake.

The oddest specimen of the snake family known to the American naturalist, not taking into consideration the two headed snake and other monstrosities of that ilk, is the horned rattlesnake, which up to a few years ago was thought to be one of the rarest as well as one of the most poisonous of serpents. Prior to the time when Dr. C. Hart Merriam made the famous Death valley exploring expedition, in 1892 3, but few specimens of it, and those mostly from the western desert regions, had been collected. The Death valley explorers say that Death valley is literally alive with them. They have horns on top of their heads and are the smallest rattlers known.—St. Louis Republic.

Gold Anklets on a Girl Cyclist.

At one of the London railway termini the other day a handsome and stylish looking girl created considerable interest. She was wearing a becoming cycling dress and had her machine with her. Her skirts were short enough to display a massive gold cable chain anklet just above her left ankle. If her object was to attract attention to the undoubted "shapeliness" of that portion of her anatomy and to an uncommonly neat pair of oxford shoes, she was eminently successful, for all eyes were turned downward toward her feet as presenting quite an interesting novelty.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Property and Industry.

Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let no man who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when it is built.—Abraham Lincoln.

The white camellia has been a favorite flower in France ever since the publication of Dumas' "La Dame aux Camelias." In that country it is regarded as symbolic of loveliness.

A kilogram, or 1,000 grams of the French system, is about equivalent to 2½ pounds.

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