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AN OLD FASHIONED LAWYER'S FIGHT

Gen. Reuben Davis' Encounter with a Judge Who Had Fined Him.

In his racy book, "Recollections of Mississippi," Gen. Reuben Davis gives the following account of a personal encounter he once had with a judge who had fined him for contempt:

My patience gave way, and I felt myself in a perfect blaze of sudden fury. I had in my pocket a very fine knife with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it and threw it point foremost into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the handle. Gen. S. J. Gholson and several others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn the court and carried the judge out of the court room, while a number of persons seized me. Judge Howry being withdrawn, prudent men among my personal friends condemned my action and appealed to me to let the matter stop. I agreed to this. Intending to pass straight to my hotel, I saw Judge Howry come forward toward the place where I was standing. I awaited his approach and when close to me asked him if he had intended by his fine to insult me. He said "No." I then said I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity and requested an explanation. He replied, "I do not, sir, explain my official conduct to any man."

In a moment I had slapped him on the face with my open hand. By some accident a claw hammer had been left on the floor near by; he seized this and struck at me violently, while I got from my pocket the broken knife and opened it. The blow of his hammer fell upon my head, cutting through my hat and several files of paper to the bone. I made another stroke at his jugular with the corner of my knife blade. This blow fell upon his jaw and I seized him with my left hand by the collar and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with the hammer, breaking and depressing the outer plate of my skull bone, but not until I had inflicted three more cuts upon his jaw. As we were pulled apart he gave me the third blow. I went to my room and sent the judge a message not to leave his room unarmed, as I would attack him on sight.

The court met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. I had gone to Pontotoc to attend the Federal court and was sitting in a room with Roger Barton and Chancellor Chalmers was sent for from below. He soon returned and said to me: "I suppose, Davis, you care nothing about that affair between you and Judge Howry?" I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it, that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Chalmers then said that Howry was below and would be glad to come up to Barton's room. He did so, and I met him at the door and we greeted each other in the most cordial manner. Until his death no two men could be more sincerely friendly than we continued to be. I shall always believe that he went down to his grave without finding out what led to our quarrel that day, and I am perfectly certain that I shall go down to mine in equal ignorance, unless he comes back to tell me.

Delights of Tobogganing.

You sit astride your toboggan, and when it begins to rush down the descent along a road as hard as iron, with the speed of light, your first feeling is that you would give everything you have in the world to be anywhere but where you are. There is, however, a wonderful fascination about rushing through the crisp, sharp air, taking corners cleverly by means of guiding pegs, and sailing down triumphantly on to the broad bosom of the lake. So many accidents had, however, taken place upon the lake run that we of the awkward squad were disposed to give it a wide berth. A snow storm altered, however, the complexion of affairs.

Two or three inches of snow on the hard, slippery track made the pace less rapid; and if, blinded by the snow and the monotonous whiteness above, below and around, you ran off the course, as I did, you and your sledge simply rolled over half a dozen times in the soft snow without the inconvenience of broken bones, much less of a broken neck. I cannot close this letter without alluding to the effect of this glorious out-of-doors life upon the nerves. I am fully persuaded that all the bromides in the world are incomparably inferior to a good draught of Engadine air.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

A Small Boy's Reasoning.

In a small city in western Wisconsin there is a small boy who lives with his parents. One day not long ago he and his mother were walking quietly down street when the little fellow noticed a number of young cattle grazing along the edge of the sidewalk. Said he: "Mamma, I wish Mr. So-and-So would keep his 'halfers' off the street." His mother, thinking to correct his pronunciation, said: "Heifers, Paul, not 'halfers.'" The boy looked at her a moment and replied: "No, mamma; I think I'm right in this matter. Ain't they half a cow and half a calf? I guess they are, and according to that they are 'halfers,'" said the boy, triumphantly.—Chicago Herald.

A Useful Present.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of this city, received a rather curious present from a young lady whom he had rescued from nervous invalidism. It was a cord of white oak chopped down and sawed up by her own hands, and sent as circumstantial evidence of the health she had gained by following his directions to live an open air life in the woods.—New York Telegram.

Earliest Form of Ladies' Headdress.

The earliest form of ladies' headdress is said to have been the overchief or head handkerchief. Then came the hood, universally worn during the Fourteenth century, a revival of the Anglo-Saxon head covering. The close fitting cap is said to have originated in decking the corners of the hood for the sake of comfort and convenience. Chambers observes that "the era of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449, the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII in Rouen; from that time they began by little and little to take the place of hoods or chaperoons that had been used till then."—New York Telegram.

Needed No Surgeon.

A Thomaston wood chopper who, when he cut a terrible gash in his leg the other day, got a needle and thread and deliberately sat down and sewed the wound up himself, had good grit, whatever his accomplishments as a surgeon.—Lewiston Journal.

Rare Good Luck.

Fond Mamma—Why, what have you in your apron?

Little Daughter (breathlessly)—Oh, mamma! Such good luck! Dotty Dimple's cat had six kittens, and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five.—New York Weekly.

What a Desirable Diner Must Be.

A man to be desirable at dinner must be as agreeable as the dinner itself. He must dress well and look well. He must know what to say at the right time. He must be bright and talk well, but not too much.—New Orleans Picayune.

IN MARBLE CANYON.

Quick Sailing Down Stream by an Adventurous Exploring Party.

To give you an idea of the number of the rapids from the head of the Colorado river to this point, near the mouth of the Little Colorado river, a distance of about 290 miles, I will say that there are just 200 rapids, not counting small draws or riffles, and from Lee's Ferry to this point, a distance of eighty miles, there are 100 rapids. We have run the greater part of this 100 and portaged but few, and over many of them our boats have danced and jumped at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and over some, by actual measurement, at the rate of twenty miles per hour for half a mile at a time. Standing in the bow of one of the boats as she goes through one of these shutes, with first the bow and then the stern jumping into the air as she shoots from wave to wave, with the spray of the breakers dashing over one's head, is something the excitement of which can only be understood by being experienced.

That part of Marble canyon from Point Retreat for forty miles down to the mouth of the Little Colorado river is far the most beautiful and most interesting canyon we have yet passed through. At Point Retreat the marble walls stand up perpendicularly 300 feet from the water's edge, while the sandstone above benches in slopes and cliffs to 2,500 feet high. Just beyond this the canyon is narrowest, being but a little over 300 feet wide from wall to wall, while the river in places at this stage of water is not over sixty feet wide. The marble rapidly rises till it stands in perpendicular cliffs, 700 to 800 feet high, colored with all the tints of the rainbow, but mostly red. In many places toward the top it is honeycombed with caves, caverns, arches and grottoes, with here and there a natural bridge left from one crag to another, making a most grotesque and wonderful picture as our little boats glide along that quiet portion of the river so many hundred feet below.

At the foot of these cliffs in many places are fountains of pure sparkling water, gushing out from the rock—in one place, Vassey's Paradise, several hundred feet up the wall—and dropping down among shrubbery, ferns and flowers, some of which were found in bloom. Below this, for some distance, are a number of these fountains with large patches of maidenhair ferns clinging to the wall, fifteen to twenty feet above the water, green and fresh, and with the sparkling water running down over them they make a most charming picture.

Our weather has been most wonderful. The thermometer has never registered at 6 o'clock in the morning lower than 24 deg. above zero, and in the sun in the middle of the day has registered as high as 75 deg. The sun has shown brightly nearly all the time, though for eight days at one time it never shone on us, we being under the shade of the cliffs all the time.—Cor. Denver Republican.

A Lesson from the Baby.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise cannot sing a newborn child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.—American Analyst.

The Literary Standard in America.

We say in all seriousness, that in this new country, drunk with prosperity and besotted as it is with material ideals, the literary standard is as high as ever it was in the world; and that the literary performance is of an excellence which is only not conspicuous because it is so general. If any one doubts it, let him compare an average piece of fiction in The Atlantic Monthly, or The Century, or Scribner's, or Harper's with an average piece of fiction in Blackwood's or Frazer's, or Tinsely's of fifty years ago; or an average essay in one of our periodicals with an average essay of the best English time; or an average poem of our day with an average poem of the "splendid and unsurpassed literature of the past;" or an average review in the Sunday papers with the "really capable criticism" of the heyday of English reviewing.—W. D. Howells in Harper's.

Mark Twain Not a Ladies' Man.

On one occasion Clemens was standing against a lamp post and holding a cigar box under his arm. Mrs. Capt. Edward Poole, a very beautiful woman, and as bright and as witty as beautiful, came along and stopped and held out her hand, saying: "Why, Mark, where are you going in such a hurry?" "I'm m-o-o-v-i-n-g," drawled Mark, at the same time opening the cigar box, disclosing a pair of blue socks, a pipe and two paper collars.

He had never cared for the ladies, was, in fact, a fish out of water when he happened to be near them. While employed on the daily Alta, having secured employment there after leaving The Call, he called at a dressmaker's establishment and for ten minutes addressed a wax figure of a lady before discovering his mistake.—Boston Transcript.

About Cold and Hot Air.

A good many people are afraid of cold air, especially at night, shutting themselves in close bedrooms, where their systems are poisoned and their constitutions gradually undermined by breathing the bad air. And even hot or warm air that is pure, air in a room that has ventilation as well as heat, is debilitating where breathed all night. Pulmonary complaints are inevitably and exclusively caused by foul indoor air, and cured by pure, especially by cold, pure, outdoor air. The remedial influence of fresh air is so much increased by a low temperature that "colds" are, in fact, far more curable in midwinter than in midsummer.—Herald of Health.

A Recent Discovery About Light.

Recently a wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the car to a vessel containing silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.—American Art Journal.

Feathered Dentists in Virginia.

George E. Heath, who lives in Hanover county, a short distance from Ashland, was in the city today. He states that on Saturday morning he went to his henery and attempted to take a hen off her roost, when she flew in his face, pecked him in his mouth, and took out a tooth which had been troubling Mr. Heath for some time, and which he intended having extracted.—Norfolk Landmark.

African Shoes.

There was a pair of wooden clogs, with Arabic inscriptions on them, which were sent to Mr. Ward by Tippo Tib as a kind of Christmas card. The only way to keep them on your feet is to grasp a peg, which sticks up in the forward part, with two of your [illegible] fortunate Central African [illegible] as our fingers.—New York [illegible]

POST-NUPTIAL.

Before the glowing anthracite,
That still reflects enchanting dreams,
Coné, dearest, sit by me to-night,
And banish thoughts of household themes.

Of perfect peace this is the goal,
The sweet fulfillment of the joy,
That in the red, prophetic coal,
I pictured when a love struck boy.

A many mooded girl were you
In those delicious virgin days,
So mutable I hardly knew
The way to woo, and wooed all ways.

Your moods enhanced your words to me;
Be changeful still, I will not chide;
Why should a sweetheart's fancies be
Less captivating in a bride?

What if the dimple hearted pinks
Have faded from your cheeks? I find
Them in a richer bloom, methinks,
Within the garden of your mind.

You are the diviner now, forsooth,
Than in the ante-nuptial time!
When in the tropic heat of youth
I sang your praise in ardent rhyme.

May nobler inspirations spring
From love made perfect by the years!
And may your laureate live to sing
Songs more delightful to your ears.

—Montreal Star.

Bad Winter for Coal Dealers.

"There will be more hardship in the coal trade this spring than ever before," is what a dealer in black diamonds says. "The loss on the supposed failure of the ice crop will amount to naught as compared with that of the coal trade," he continued. "It is a gray haired knowledge now that this winter has been the mildest in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. Few people have stopped to think of the savings to poor families on that account, and the consequent loss to coal dealers. I mention poor families because it is from them that the greatest profit accrues.

"People of means purchase their fuel in the summer, when the market is down to the last notch. Poor families can't do this, no small portion of them being obliged to purchase their coal supply from the corner grocery at so much per pail or bushel, as occasion demands. Each winter for the last five years I sold between 70,000 and 80,000 tons of coal. This winter my output will not reach 30,000, and from present appearances I'm afraid it will run below 25,000 tons. I have had a dozen horses and wagons idle all this season, there being nothing for them to do. I feel sorry for some of the companies that have secured a small sized corner on the market. They'll come out the wrong end of the game."—New York Mail and Express.

Trailing Arbutus in March.

"What! Trailing arbutus the 4th of March!" exclaimed Mrs. Blaine when a little colored boy held several branches of the pretty pink blossoms up towards her as she alighted from her landau.

"Ten cents a bunch, lady," said the ebony youngster, not knowing who his customer was.

"Dat was big bizness," said he, as he went off flowerless but turning a silver dollar over and over in his yellow palm. "I'm gwine get more dose 'butuses an' hang roun' dat corner."

The fragrant little spring flower grows abundantly along the Potomac hills, and the colored people know its pretty hiding places well. To them mistletoe, sassafras, holly, arbutus are like raspberries and blackberries in their season, and they earn many an honest dollar gathering them. But they never found the arbutus so early before.—Washington Letter.

The Author of "Lorna Doone."

R. D. Blackmore, known the world over as the author of "Lorna Doone," continues to write with all his old time assiduity and with much of his old time force. He is a brisk old gentleman, and as a sort of avocation or amusement he cultivates grapes and fruits in his large gardens in one of the suburbs of London. Some time ago he discovered that one of his gardeners had purloined and sold $25 worth of pears, and the old gentleman has been in a condition of great mental perturbation ever since. "Lorna Doone" has reached its eighteenth edition. And everybody who reads it wonders whether it were possible for any man to be strong enough to pull the muscle out of another man's arm. Blackmore has received thousands of letters on this subject.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

His First Letter.

A writer in The Christian Union gives an amusing account of the first letter ever written to his wife by a certain old gentleman. The couple had never been separated in all the years of their life until "Pa," at the age of 70, concluded to visit some relatives in Boston.

When he was preparing to start on his memorable trip his wife, who was to remain at home, said:

"Pa, you never writ me a letter in your life, an' I do hope when you git safely there you'll write me a line and let me know how you bore the journey. I'll buy a sheet of paper and put in a wafer, so you won't have no trouble about that."

Pa was absent a week, and, faithful to his promise, he sent a letter. It read thus:

"RESPECTED LADY: I got here safe, and I am very well, and I hope you are the same. I shall be glad to git home, for the pride of the airth that I see here is enough to ruin the nation. Gad! the women folks are too lazy to set up in their carriages. They loll back and look as if they was goin' to sleep, and I don't s'pose one of 'em could milk a cow or feed a pig.

"Nephew Abijah has a proper diary of horses, an' I have rid all over Boston. There wa'n't no need o' puttin' them boughten buttons on my coat, for nobody noticed 'em. I am

"YOUR RESPECTED HUSBAND."

An Indian Fights with a Boa.

One day an Indian made an excursion to a mountain near Chevantzieurm, state of Michoacan, in Mexico, to look after some fuel for his hut. While cutting up a dry oak he suddenly felt a bite on the calf of his leg, given in the fraction of a second. A moment later he felt coiling around his body the terrible fold of a boa constrictor. Instinctively he leaned his his head over toward the wounded leg and was almost fascinated by the glare of two bright basilisk eyes, that gleamed like fiery coals in the head of the serpent.

Quicker than a flash the Indian ducked his head and caught the neck of the reptile between his jaws, sinking his teeth in the quivering flesh and clinging to it with the desperation of the dying. The huge serpent lashed his tail and tried to twist its head in order to bury its fangs in the Indian, but the latter clung on and began to chew away at the neck of the boa, which is the thinnest and most delicate part of the snake's anatomy. After chewing for a long time, the Indian succeeded in beheading his antagonist, the folds dropped from around his body, and the Indian was free.—New Mexico News.

Boys Out of Work.

Boys have little chance to learn any business by which they can earn their daily bread. One trouble is that the girls, who ought to be at home doing housework, have taken the places of the boys. I might mention dozens of trades where no great muscular effort is required that are taken up by girls and which should be held by men alone. How can the boys secure apprenticeships when the places are already filled by girls? While the girls are at work the boys are idle for want of it; some of them sit around the house, while others are loafing, stealing rides on trains or devoting themselves to other forms of mischief. A friend of mine has no work, but his two sisters are down town in a store. I know of a husband that is idle, while his daughter and sister-in-law are employed.—Cor. Detroit News.

WARRANTING FIREARMS.

An Interesting Suit Showing the Responsibility of a Dealer in Rifles.

A sportsman has recovered £1,000 damages from a firm in London for breach of warranty as to a rifle purchased by the plaintiff. The case was settled in court, after the plaintiff's case had been opened and a certain amount of evidence called, by the defendants submitting to a verdict of £1,000 and costs. The result of this compromise was that certain interesting issues and legal points in the case were not threshed out. What those points were will be seen from a sketch of the cause of action.

The plaintiff is Mr. F. Hallowell Carew, a gentleman on the sunny side of thirty, and possessed of considerable private means. He has gone in freely for sport since attaining his majority; he has figured in the pigskin between the flags, and in 1888 he bethought himself of that reputed sportsman's Eden, Southeast Africa, and its resources of big game. The defendants are Rowland Ward & Co., the naturalists and taxidermists of Piccadilly. Mr. Carew, prior to starting on his African trip, visited Messrs. Ward's establishment and took some lessons in skinning animals.

In the course of conversation with Mr. Ward he mentioned that he contemplated obtaining his rifles from Holland's, the well known gunmakers, and one of the Ward firm thereupon volunteered to him that they could supply him with the weapons which he would need, of equal quality to those which he could obtain at Holland's, but at half the price. Mr. Carew accordingly consented to deal with them, and ordered from them the rifles which they suggested for his own use, together with the five-and-twenty Sniders for the use of his African native staff; he also bought his ammunition from the defendants.

The rifles were delivered to him, the invoice being made out in the name of the defendants. He then took the rifles down to Nunhead to test them as to sighting, and on that occasion, and not previously, according to his evidence, the name of some third party as the manufacturer of them was mentioned to him by some one speaking on behalf of defendants. The trial with the rifles satisfied him; he fired from the one which was the cause of action about ten trial shots. He did not personally inform himself as to the charge which he used in the trials; but it seems that he used ammunition supplied by the defendants, and similar to that which he was taking from them for his use in Africa.

In due time Mr. Carew sailed for Zanzibar, and started up country, spending about £1,000 on his trip. Before long one of these rifles burst in his hands, causing him most serious injury, maiming him and disfiguring him more or less for life. His left hand is permanently crippled; powder has burned into the skin of his face, and his hearing has been impaired by the explosion. His trip was, of course, spoiled by the catastrophe, and the outlay upon it was wasted. It appears that he had fired the rifle which had burst some dozen times after he reached Africa. On the occasion of the accident it was loaded with a cartridge supplied by defendants. An expert examination of the burst rifle disclosed the cause of its weakness. The hole for the extractor pin had been in the first instance bored into the wall of the barrel.

The workman had then plugged the hole with steel wire and had rebored the hole. The effect of this boring had been to make the barrel defective in strength, leaving only one-sixty-fourth of an inch of metal where there should have been one-eighth. The explosion was due to this defective workmanship, according to the expert evidence of Mr. S. B. Allport, the celebrated gunmaker, who is also chairman of the Birmingham proof board.—London Field.

The Telephone in Germany.

The telephone service is admirable, as is testified by the public appreciation, there being over 10,000 instruments in use in Berlin. There are no private telephone companies in Germany, the telephone, like the telegraph, being a branch of the postal service. The price for telephone service is low, the annual charge for an instrument being 120 marks, or something less than $30. The long distance service between the principal cities of the empire is being rapidly introduced. A telegram received for a person who has a telephone is at once delivered orally from the central office, and the written message then forwarded by the local post. Likewise a telegram is transmitted by the sender to the telegraph office by telephone. The telephones in use are manufactured by Siemens & Halske, the great electricians, and are said to be a great improvement upon the Bell patent, upon which they are based.—Cor. Mexican Financier.

A Permit for Smoking.

Nowadays Germany might well be called "the smokers' home." Every German has his pipe and can smoke whenever he will, and within certain limits wherever he will. There are no restrictions against the use of tobacco, and one's desires in that direction are only circumscribed in particular places—such as churches, lecture rooms, opera houses, etc. But at one time in certain parts of Germany a man dare not walk on the street or highway with a pipe in his mouth without special permission so to do, for which permission he paid a yearly stipend.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Importance of Occupation.

There is nothing that adds more to the zest of life than an interesting occupation; even if it means hard work, there is a recompense in the enjoyment of well earned rest. No work ought, however, to be overpowering or so exhaustive that one's energies fall below their aspirations. On the other hand, no life is so thoroughly wretched as one where the necessity and desire for work is entirely wanting; and this is particularly true of persons of education and intelligence who allow themselves to fall into that unsettled condition of mind where nothing is of interest.—Herald of Health.

A Busy Preacher.

If there be any busier man in New York than Rev. Morgan Dix, of Trinity corporation, he would do well to step up and be identified. Besides attending to the vast routine business of the Trinity corporation, with its $20,000,000 invested, preaching regularly, marrying people, visiting the sick and officiating over the dead, he is called upon by men and women of every walk in life for advice on all sorts of questions. No matter how early you go to his office in the morning, you will find a dozen or twenty people ahead of you. They all want to see the distinguished rector of old Trinity in person and explain to him their various schemes and troubles. The writer of this waited two hours for an opportunity to get a word with him on a matter of private business.—Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

A Historic Shoe.

Joseph F. Graham, of New York, has in his possession a shoe and a sandal which were worn by Queen Elizabeth more than 300 years ago.

The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. It is a No. 1 in length, but rather too broad to be considered shapely at the present time. It is made of yellow brocaded satin, lined with fine, stout canvas. The sole is of oak tanned leather. The heel is exactly like the high French heel of modern times. It is placed well under the foot and is at least two inches high. The toe runs to a sharp point. Across the instep are two satin straps, which evidently were once fastened with jeweled clasps. There is no stiffening in any part of the shoe. The edges are bound with yellow silk braid.—Shoe and Leather Review.

PORTIERES AND POPPING.

Curtained Doorways Are Serious Obstacles in the Way of Matrimony.

A few evenings ago I said to my friend Dareal: "Joseph, why haven't you married?" The question seemed abrupt, I admit, but the moment was most propitious. As we sat in the coziest corner of the club room testing a new and recompensing brand of cigars we talked awhile at random, and finally we, too, drifted to the subject of marriage in Buffalo. We spoke of the apparent reluctance of certain young men to do anything but wddle about the objects of their adoration, and when Joseph said, "Do not blame them, perhaps it is not their fault," I put to him the startling question, "Joseph, why don't you marry?" Joseph took several long pulls at his cigar before replying, but finally said, his eyes fixed on the ascending smoke: "If you wish to know what has kept me from matrimony I will tell you. It is the portiere." I stared.

Joseph went on: "In other words, it is because parlors have no doors—because our modern houses are one vast whispering gallery in which the slightest sound is heard from one end to another. It is years since I have felt sure that I was absolutely alone with a girl—an environment necessary for sentimental demonstrations. But to particularize. It is not long since I became unusually interested in a young woman of my acquaintance. Perhaps I was in love with her. If not, I know that I might have become so. I paid her rather marked attention for nearly a year, but in my numerous visits to her house there was never an opportunity for anything but the most formal conversation. Usually her father sat in the library across the hall in full hearing—if not in view—of us. No chance to shut a door. At the parlor door—portieres; at the library door—portieres; at the dining room door—portieres; and never an opportunity for that sense of private tete-a-tete which gives a man inspiration for sentimental deeds.

"Now, it is my idea that the time when mutual love is first acknowledged should be a supreme moment in life—one to be made the most of, and not to be thrown away by any such insensate proceeding as a proposal by letter, or even to be risked at unpropitious seasons, when interruption is probable or possible. Therefore, I did not tell my love with papa reading his paper in the adjoining room, or with the servant fumbling at the sideboard in the dining room, with only a thickness of curtain between her and us. I did not tell my love while all the doors were wide open and the sisters were active in the upper halls, and I could hear the brother in his room overhead dressing to go out. No; I waited for some moment of assured privacy. It never came."

There was a long silence. "Well?" I said at last. "That is all. Last summer the young woman in question made a visit to a provincial town, where she could shut the parlor door. While there she became engaged and was married last autumn."

"And that is courtship as she is conducted in Buffalo," I sighed. "That is the state of things in nine houses out of ten where I pay social visits," said Joseph Dareal. And as I recalled the homes of our wedable but unwedded maids I concluded that Joseph was not wrong, and that what is most needed by our young men is not courage, but "a chance."—Buffalo Courier.

Prepared for Emergencies.

"Well, when our advertising car got along there last season the men wanted one side of a cooper shop to display some of our finest pictures. The owner wanted $25 in cash and ten free tickets for the privilege, but we refused to be robbed. He finally came down to $20, then to $15, and we offered him $10. He said he would take an hour to think it over, and at the end of that time I went to get his answer.

"'What do you estimate the tickets worth?' he asked.

"'Fifty cents apiece.'

"'And I can sell mine!'

"'If you wish.'

"'Well, you see how it is. My wife is very sick and liable to die. If she lives we can use two of the tickets to go to the circus. If she dies I can use one, but I'll have to give the other to my sister-in-law for helping at the funeral. That's what I have just agreed to do. Make it $10.50 and ten tickets, and you can have the shop.'

"As business is business, I agreed to his terms, but I never ached harder in my life to give anybody a good licking."—New York Sun.

A Professor's Mistake.

For the foreigner who attempts entering society in America, the way is beset with many obstacles, especially in the choice of proper words to express the meaning to be conveyed. Professor Mendel had been in this country but a few few weeks when it fell to his good fortune to be invited to one of the first homes of Philadelphia, a prominent attraction of which was several dark haired, black eyed, and withal very stylish daughters. A most delightful evening was passed in the society of the ladies, and in the enjoyment of a bountiful lunch prepared in honor of the distinguished visitor.

At the proper hour the professor announced that the time had arrived for his departure, and in his leave taking, in his most gallant manner, he thanked the hostess for the very pleasurable evening he had passed in her "homely home" and in the company of her "homely daughters." The coolness that existed between the professor and his generous hostess and her daughters was never fully dispelled until he explained that in Germany "homely" signified "hospitable," and certainly none could have been more hospitable than she and her hospitable daughters.—Philadelphia Times.

Tiger Stories.

Lady Dufferin, in her book, "Our Viceregal Life in India," tells of a tiger which in nine months killed twenty-three men. The whole neighborhood entreated an English sportsman, who happened to be in the vicinity, to kill the terrible man eater. The sportsman spent twenty-four hours in a cage, built so that the sportsman within may shoot at the tiger through the bars, and yet be protected from his attack. A companion joined him after he had been twelve hours in the cage, and they both watched twelve hours more, but no tiger appeared.

Then the two men went to sleep. When they woke they found the tiger had walked round the cage, for his footprints were plainly to be seen through the bars.

This same sportsman hunted one day for a tiger, in a jungle so thick that he could see nothing. But he felt sure that a tiger was close to him all the time. At last he made his men examine the ground, and they found tracks which disclosed that the tiger had been following them all day.—Youth's Companion.

The Washerwomen of the Treasury.

It takes 500 towels a day to supply the treasury department, and one month in the neighborhood of 15,000 towels were used. A great part of the treasury work is dirty work, and every room has a new towel every day. The washing of these towels is done by women who are paid thirty cents a dozen and who are charged with every towel they take away. If any are lost they have to pay for them, and Uncle Sam watches the corners mighty close in all of his business.—Washington Letter.

Deserved an Increase.

Old Mr. Cashly (to his private secretary)—So you want an advance in your salary, eh? Why, I am sure I've always tried to be liberal with you.

Mr. Gall—I know it, sir; but your daughter and I have agreed to get married, and I want to support her decently.—Elizabeth Town Tattle.

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GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Fr. No. 2, daily except Thurs. & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 4, Saturdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.

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On and after Monday, May 19, 1890, the Steamer

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RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St. Wharf at 2.45 P. M. for the above landings.

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