The Easton Star.

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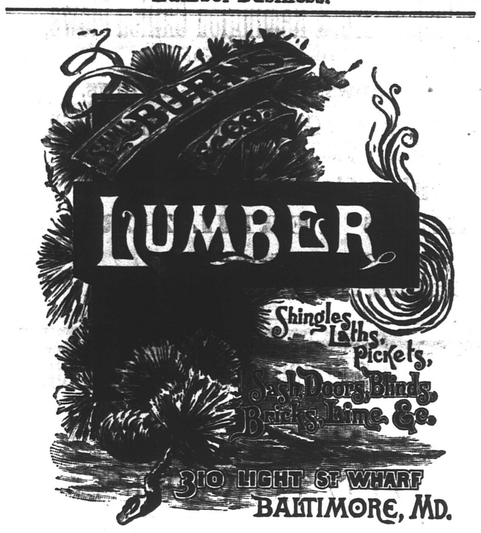
NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1887. | VOL. XXIII.—NO. 4.

Lumber Business.



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Select Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

My mother's weary hands!
Their praises let me speak;
They have held love's golden bands
So long,—they are thin and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow;
But, to me, they are just as sweet
As when, so long ago,
They guided my baby feet.

They have old and wrinkled grown;
But, to me, they are just as fair
As when they clasped my own
And folded them first in prayer.

They have toiled through patient years.
While no one praised their deeds.
They have wiped most bitter tears,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that mourn,
And inspired the hearts that quailed.

The naked they have clad;
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch, and sad,
They have laid away their dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old;
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of gold
That awaits their touch above.

Select Story.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

Chambers' Journal.

A prisoner had escaped from Dartmoor prison. During a dense fog, which had suddenly enveloped a working convict-gang, one of them—a man notorious for being perhaps the most desperate character among the many desperate ones there—had contrived to escape, and, for the present at all events, had eluded capture.

It was not a particularly pleasant piece of news for us to hear, considering that we had, attracted by a very tempting advertisement, taken a small house for the summer months not very far distant from the famous prison itself. We were tired of seaside places; it seemed as if we should enjoy a change from our every-day life in London more if we were in some quiet secluded spot far from uncompromising landladies, crowds of over dressed people, and bands of music. Every day we scanned the papers, with a view to discovering something to suit us; and our patience was at last rewarded by coming across the following advertisement, to which I promptly replied: "To be let for the summer months a charming cottage, beautifully situated on the borders of Dartmoor, containing ample accommodations for a small family, with every convenience; a good garden and tennislawn; also the use of a pony and trap, if required; and some choice poultry. Terms, to a careful tenant, most moderate. Apply to A. B., Post-office," etc.

The answer to my inquiries arrived in due time; and everything seemed so thoroughly satisfactory that I induced my husband to settle upon taking the place for three months, without a personal inspection of it previously. The terms were two pounds ten shillings a week, and that was to include the use of the pony trap, the poultry and several other advantages not set forth in the advertisement. The only drawback—rather a serious one—was that Mr. Challacombe, to whom the place belonged, had informed me that it was about three miles from a station. However, with the pony trap always at hand, even that did not seem an insuperable objection. He expatiated upon the beauty of the scenery, the perfect air from the heather-clad moors, and lastly, requesting an early decision from us, as several other applicants were already in the field.

To be brief, we agreed to take it, and on a scorching day of July, our party—consisting of two maid servants, my husband and myself, and our only olive branch, a most precious little maiden of three years old—started from Paddington station en route for Exeter, where we were to branch off for our final destination, Morleigh Cottage. The pony trap was to meet us, and Mr. Challacombe had promised that we should find everything as comfortable as he could possibly arrange; and as sundry hampers had preceded us, I had no fears as to settling down cosily as soon as we should arrive.

The journey to Exeter by an express train was by no means tedious; we rather enjoyed it. As our branch train slowly steamed into the wayside station, we seemed to be the only passengers who wished to alight; and presently we found ourselves, with the exception of a solitary porter, the sole occupants of the platform. At one end of it lay a goodly pile of our luggage, which the said porter had in a very leisurely manner extracted from our van.

The pony trap was to meet us, and as Mr. Challacombe had assured us it would not only hold four grown-up people and a child, but a fair amount of impedamenta, we were under no anxiety as to how we were to reach Morleigh Cottage

"Is there anything here for us?" my husband inquired of the porter.

"No, sir; not that I know of."

"From Morleigh Cottage?" Jack explained.

"No, sir," he repeated. "But chance it may come yet."

"Chance, indeed," I echoed in a low tone. "It will be too disgraceful, Jack, if Mr. Challacombe has forgotten to desire the carriage to be sent."

We both proceeded to the other side of the station and gazed through the fast-falling twilight up a narrow road, down which the porter informed us the pony trap was sure to come, if it was coming at all—which did not seem probable, after a dreary half-hour's hopeless waiting for it.

In the meanwhile we beguiled the time by asking the porter some leading questions with regard to the surroundings, etc., of Morleigh Cottage; all of which he answered with a broad grin on his sunburnt, healthy face.

"How far is the Cottage from here?" Jack inquired.

"Better than six miles."

"Six miles!" I exclaimed. "O, Jack, Mr. Challacombe said it was about three.

"It's a good step more than that," observed the porter, with a decided nod of his head.

"It is a very pretty place?" I said interrogatively.

"It isn't bad for them as likes it," was the guarded and somewhat depressing response.

I felt my spirits sink to zero. I had persuaded Jack to take it; he had suggested that we should go to see it first; but the advertisement had been so tempting, and the idea of the other longing applicants had made me so keen to secure it, that I felt whatever it was like, I must make the best of it, and contrive that Jack at least should not repent of having been beguiled into, as he explained it, taking "a pig in a poke."

"The pony carriage is sure to come," I said in a confident way, once more straining my eyes up the deserted road. As I uttered the word "pony carriage," I detected a distinct grin for the second time on the man's face, which was presently fully accounted for by the appearance of our equipage coming jolting down the deeply rutted road. Imagine a tax cart of the shabbiest, dirtiest description, with bare boards for seats, and the bottom strewn with straw; the pony, an aged specimen, shambling along, with a harness in which coarse pieces of rope predominated. It was a pony trap with a vengeance.

I could almost have cried when it drew up, and I saw Jack's critical eye running over all its shortcomings. And it was all my fault.

It was too late to recede from our bargain now, and all that we could do was to bundle into the horrible machine and endure as we best could an hour's martyrdom driving to Morleigh Cottage.

Our groom was a civil boy of about fifteen, clad in ordinary working clothes. He managed to sit on the shaft or somewhere, and to drive us back, as Jack of course had no idea of the direction; and judging from the solitariness of the scene, we should not have been wise to depend upon chance passers-by to direct us.

Arrived at last, we found the Cottage was just two shades better than the trap. It was a tiny abode, as desolately situated as it was possible to conceive; the only redeeming point about it being that it was clean.

The next morning which happened to be a very wet misty one, we surveyed our garden and domain generally. The tennis-lawn was spacious enough, and the garden, to do Mr. Challacombe justice, was well stocked; but the place itself was like the city of the dead—so silent, so quiet, so lonely.

But as the weather improved we got out most of the day, which rendered us very independent of the small, low-roofed rooms. Jack and I took long walks, and occasionally we utilized the pony trap, taking with us our little Rose and her nurse.

We began to think soon of asking some of our relations to visit us; and the first to whom I sent an invitation was an elderly cousin, who resided in London, and who was in rather delicate health. I candidly explained the out of the way nature of the place we were in, but descanted upon the great pleasure it would be to have her and my entire conviction that the air would do her an immense amount of good. She came; and it was very fortunate for me that she did so, as about three days after a telegram had reached us requesting my husband to lose no time in returning to town, in consequence of one of his partners being taken ill It was raining when he left us, and I watched the wretched trap disappear down the road with feelings I could scarcely express—a sense of foreboding evil seemed to oppress me. I tried in vain to shake it off, but only partly succeeded in doing so. Cousin Susan endeavored to console me by reminding me constantly that Jack had promised to return in a day or two.

Jack had just been gone one week when Rose's nurse, a pleasant girl of about twenty, came to my room and informed me of the occurrence I have already alluded to—"A prisoner had escaped."

Nothing could have frightened me more, and I was afraid it might alarm cousin Susan, so I charged Margaret on no account to let it reach her ears. Very likely even now the man was captured; it was rare, indeed, that a convict ever escaped; but I had heard stories of their eluding capture, until, driven by sheer starvation, they often surrendered themselves to any stray passer-by, to whom the reward might or might not be of some consequence.

That very morning we had arranged to drive to rather a distant spot to get some ferns. I would fain have deferred the expedition; but cousin Susan was already preparing for it, so I could only have postponed it by giving my reasons; and the chance of encountering the convict seemed too small to risk terrifying her by telling her of it.

It was a lovely morning when we started, and cousin Susan became quite enthusiastic over the "frowning tors and wind-swept moors."

"Don't you admire them, Helen?" she said.

"They are very grand," I admitted.

"Oh, so lovely, so wild!" said Susan.

I was glad she liked them.

The ferns were to be found in a sort of ravine, which was reached by a narrow lane; on one side was almost a precipice, overhanging a streamlet, now nearly dry, but one which the winter rains soon transformed into a torrent; on the other side was a wood composed principally of stunted oak trees, with hardly any foliage, and singularly small; but all around the trees was a thick sort of underwood.

We had left Tom the stable boy with the trap by the roadside, and I had privately resolved not to let my cousin penetrate further into the ravine than I could help; but she was so charmed with its wealth of rare ferns that she skipped from one point to another with an amount of nimbleness and dexterity I had never before given her credit for.

"I do think we might collect quite a hamperful, Helen!" she said, kneeling down as she spoke to dig up a root most energetically.

"We had better come another day, then!" I responded. "I don't want to be late getting back, so, if you don't mind just taking a few specimens, when Jack is with us we can come again."

"Now or never!" gaily rejoined my cousin, little imagining how soon her own words would be applicable to ourselves. She pounced joyfully on her ferns and had collected quite a small heap when I suggested that we had better tell Tom to tie the pony to a gate and carry them down for her.

"O no!" said cousin Susan. "I will carry them myself. Do help me here just a minute, Helen."

By this time we were some distance up the ravine; the walk was narrow and winding; we had gone further even than I had intended. I bent down to give her the assistance she wanted in raising up some lovely lichen from the trunk of a dead tree. As I did so my eyes wandered some distance from where we were standing towards a fallen tree. I fancied—perhaps it was only fancy—I knew I was in a very nervous state, and apt to imagine, but I fancied I saw a movement just beyond the tree—it was within twenty paces of us. I felt my face grow icy cold; my veins seemed chilling; for a moment I feared I was going to faint. Death must be something like what felt on that sunny day in August when I stood in the Devonshire ravine with my unconscious cousin. I looked again. There it was more distinctly visible than ever—a line of drab-colored clothing, and presently a side view of the most villainous looking countenance it was ever my fortune to behold. If I could, without alarming her, get my cousin to retrace her steps about ten yards, we should have turned a corner, and then I could tell her enough to hurry her onwards. I knew she was nervous—more so, perhaps, than myself; but I knew we were in imminent peril while in such close proximity to this desperate, and, from his very escape, doubly desperate man.

"Susan," I said—my voice seemed so hard and dry and strange—"you have passed all the best ferns here."

"O no, I haven't," said Susan, joyously, approaching two steps nearer the crouching convict.

"Am I to throw these away?" I continued, holding out one of her best specimens, and as carelessly and indifferently as I could moving one, two, three steps nearer the corner.

"No, of course not," she exclaimed, hurrying towards me now. "Why, Helen, what are you thinking of?"

I moved a few more steps on; and in a few more Susan and I would both be out of sight of that fallen tree.

"There is a much better one here," I said, keeping my face well averted, for I felt if she looked at me she would see its ashy paleness.

"Where?" she asked. "Wait a minute and I'll come for it." "To my horror she retraced her steps towards her heap of ferns, and carefully counted them, whilst I waited in a state of terror words cannot describe. But she came at last, and I tottered with her round the fateful corner.

"Don't be frightened," I said; but come quickly; ask no questions. "Do as I tell you Susan."

She paused, affrighted. "Good gracious, Helen, have you seen a wild beast?"

"Worse," I murmured. "Do not run, but lose no time."

I ventured to glance behind. Nothing was visible, but every moment was precious; we must reach the pony-trap and Tom. Once all together, the convict would surely not venture to attack us, and I knew that being on the high-road alone would in itself insure our safety. But we had not reached it yet; a long rough narrow path had to be traversed. If the man suspected we had seen him, nothing would be easier than for him to overtake us and make short work of us. I thought of Jack, of Rose, of my happy life. Everything seemed to float through my mind as I half led, half dragged Susan after me. We had gone perhaps a shade more than half way when I once more turned round; in the distance, on the path over which we had just passed, to my unutterable consternation, I beheld the convict hurrying towards us.

"Run, Susan," I panted—"run for your life!"

Another twist in the road hid us momentarily from his sight; but I knew he was after us, running now as fast as, or perhaps a good deal faster than we were, though we were now both of us flying along at a pace which only the peril we were in could have enabled us to sustain.

"For your life!" I repeated. "Run, Susan!"

I held her hand. Narrow as was the path we managed to struggle onwards together and to keep ahead of our pursuer Mercifully, we had had a good start; and it had only been on second thoughts, some minutes after we had disappeared, that the man had elected to follow us. I felt if I once let Susan's hand go, she would be lost. Ever and anon she stumbled; once she nearly fell, but she recovered herself well, and though panting terribly, showed no signs of succumbing.

But he was overtaking us; I heard him coming faster and faster, nearer and nearer. I heard him breathing behind us, and I felt that in another instant and he must be upon us.

"Help!" I shrieked.

"Help!" echoed poor exhausted Susan, in a still shriller treble.

I heard an oath, awful in its profanity, hurled at us; but the steps seemed to pause.

"Help! help!" I shrieked again.

We plunged forward. I heard as in the distance the sound of horses' feet galloping towards us. Another moment and we were in the high-road; Susan speechless, her dress half torn off her with our terrible race, her hat gone, and otherwise in a dishevelled condition; I feeling faint and sick, but safe, thank God! both of us quite safe—with not only Tom seated in the shandrydan, staring in mute amazement at us, but with three stalwart mounted warders, who were even then in quest of the convict.

They captured him an hour afterwards, after a terrific struggle, which was made all the more terrible from the fact of his having possessed himself of a knife, with which he attempted to stab the warders.

Jack came back the next day; and as his partner's illness had assumed rather a serious aspect, he told me he must give up Morleigh Cottage, and we could finish our holiday at Eastbourne or some place nearer town. "I never could leave you here again, my darling," he said; "after such an escape, I can't risk another." So we all, cousin Susan included, returned to our cosy house in Seymour street, and afterwards proceeded to the seaside, where in due time Susan and I both fully recovered from the shock we had received in that Devonshire ravine.

Worse Than the Guiteau Case.

"Remarkable thing about that Guiteau curse," said one Austin man to another.

"Yes, it is."

"He said misfortunes would came upon all who had anything to do with his trial."

"I know he did."

"A good many of them are dead already."

"So I have read in the papers."

"No parallel for this is found in history, I think."

"Oh, yes there is."

"What?"

"The fate that befell the assassins of Julius Cæsar—all dead, every one of them"—Texas Siftings.

Old Mother Earth bears testimony to the fact that the plough and the harrow are great dentists.—Yonkers Gazette.

It's great fun to see a young woman play the piano and fight flies at the same time.—Burlington Free Press.

NAMES OF WOMEN.

BY S. W.

We might quote from history a dozen instances in proof that names have, in all ages, had an important influence upon the destinies of women, as well as men; but a single illustration shall suffice. When two French ambassadors negotiated a marriage between one of the Spanish princesses and Louis VIII., the names of the royal females were Urraca and Blanche. The former was the elder and more beautiful, and was intended by the Spanish Court for the French king; but the ambassadors resolutely persisted in their preference for Blanche, on account of her name, observing that Urraca would never do. So Blanche was made queen because she was Blanche.

We are told that, in the second quarter of the Brahmin's life, when he has left his teacher to commence housekeeping, he is instructed to "choose for a wife a girl whose form has no defect, and who has an agreeable name." There is wisdom in the injunction. Were it acted upon here, parents would be more careful to give their children, and especially the girls, pretty names; and we flatter ourselves that we shall confer a great and lasting benefit upon the yet unnamed generations by calling attention to our personal nomenclature. We will confine ourselves, in this article, to the names of women, defining and illustrating some of the most beautiful ones in common use, and suggesting a few others now almost unknown.

In the course of our investigations on this subject, we have made out a list embracing as many as three hundred female names, about half of which may be considered as either native or naturalized among us; but scarcely fifty of these are in anything like general use. Mary, Maria, Martha, Anne, Margaret, Elizabeth, Eliza, Ellen, Sarah, Jane, Susan, Lucy, Louise, Fanny, Caroline, Catharine, Charlotte, Julia, Sophia, Emma, and a few others are universal. These are good names when understandingly applied. We would not proscribe one of them. But there are a hundred others, equally beautiful and appropriate, which are seldom or never used. The result is we have two or three Marys, and as many Ellens, Fannys, and Lizzys in the same neighborhood; and confusion necessarily occurs, unless we use the the surname also, in speaking of each individual Mary or Ellen. It would be much better to bring into use a greater variety of names as pretty as these, and thus avoid their too frequent repetition.

Mary, the commonest of all female names, is also one of the sweetest ever given to woman. It is not strange that it prevails so universally. Byron assures us that he had an absolute passion for it.

"I have a passion for the name of Mary,
For once it was a magic name to me,
And now almost calls up the realms of Fairy."

It is still the theme of bards and bardlings innumerable. It signifies exalted. Maria and Marie (the latter French) are only other terms of Mary, and, of course, have the same meaning. Martha signifies bitterness. Anne, Anna, Hannah, and probably Nancy are from the same source, and signify kind or gracious. Ellen was originally Helen (Latin, Helena; French, Helene). According to some etymologists, it has the meaning of alluring; but others define it as one who pities. Happy is the lover who finds his Ellen to justify the latter definition, for pity is akin to love. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, signifies (like Anna) kind or gracious. For Sarah or Sally, we find two definitions—a princess and the morning star. Susan signifies a lily, and it is a fitting name for a tall, slender, flower-like girl, of delicate complexion and native grace. Rebecca—plump, quite unlike Susan—should be somewhat embonpoint. Lucy signifies like light, and was anciently given to girls born at daybreak. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright, and Alberta, all bright, will serve in similar cases. Louisa signifies one who protects, or furnishes a place of refuge, rest, and safety. Those who love her may call her Leo. Fanny (more formally Frances) is frank or free. Catherine or Katherine, derived from the Greek, pure or chaste, is one of the best of our female names. It is pretty in its Irish modification—Kathleen; but we like it best in its familiarized or pet form of Kate. Who ever knew a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous, and lively? We never did. Caroline and Charlotte are feminine forms of Charles, which comes from the Sclavonic krol, a king, and should therefore be queens—queens of hearts. Sophia, from the Greek, means wisdom. Emma should be tender, affectionate, motherly. The name signifies literally one who nurses, cares for, or watches over another. Margaret is from the Latin margarita, a pearl; but another, and, if possible, a still more beautiful signification, has curiously enough attached itself to the name. The German word magd, a maid, was anciently written magete and maghet, which words were easily confused with Madge, and thus with Margaret. Daisies were also called maghets, maids, or margarets; whence we have the French marguerites, daisies Margaret or Madge may then be a pearl or a daisy, as she chooseth; or she may, if she will, combine the beauty and purity of both in her life and character, and thus prove herself worthy of the doubly significant name. Elizabeth, which we like better as Lizzy, means true. Eliza is from the same root, and has the same meaning. Julie is soft-haired. Juliet and Julietta are simply derivations of Julia.

We have thus run through the list of the most commonly used female names. Among the beautiful ones less frequently met with are Agnes, chaste; Amelia, and Amy or Amie, beloved (from the French verb aimer, to love); Clara, clear or bright; Eleanor, all fruitful; Gertrude, all truth; Grace, favor; Laura, a laurel; Matilda, a noble or brave maid; Phœbe, light of life; Rose, a rose.

Now, why may we not add indefinitely to this list by restoring a number of beautiful names formerly in common use, but now nearly obsolete, and by the adoption of such foreign and classic ones as are adapted to the genius of our language, and thus enrich our meagre personal nomenclature?

Military titles are common in the South but no young man can obtain a higher appellation than captain until he is over 21. It is impossible to make a major out of a minor.—Boston Courier.

A wet handkerchief or a cabbage leaf inside a man's hat in these sweltering days may be pardoned, but the housewife draws the line when he comes home with a brick in it.—Baltimore Herald.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for October is "Apple Seed and Brier Thorn," by Louise Stockton, the sister of Frank Stockton, a pleasantly told story, with an ingenious plot and full of exquisite feeling which her brother might himself envy. There are two short stories, Abel Perry's Funeral," a biting satire on the mania for extravagant funerals, by Josiah Allen's Wife, and "Zobeide, the snake-Charmer," a weird, strange story, by Annie Robertson Noxon. "Literary and Social Reccollections of W. D. Howells" is an entertaining bit of biography, by L. R. McCabe, a friend of the novelist's, who made the latter's acquaintance during his obscure and struggling youth. There are two of the autobiographical sketches for which Lippincott is noted,—"The Lesson of Practicality," in which Mr. Junius Henri Browne details his evolution from a manufacturer of acceptable manuscripts for periodicals, and "My Experiences as a Wood-Engraver," in which Mr. J. H. E. Whitney gives an amusing and instructive sketch of his professional career. "The Government and Public Works," by L. R. Haupt, is an able criticism of the present managment of the Bureau of Public Civil Works, with suggestions for its reoganization. The series of college articles is continued by an article on "Social Life at Williams College," contributed by James S. McDonald, of the class of '89. The poems are by Henrietta Christian Wright, H. W. F., Louise Imogen Guiney, and Daniel L. Dawson. The latter's Stanzas, entitled "The Seeker in the Marshes," are especially fine and strong. Our "Monthly Gossip" and "Book-Talk" entertaining as usual,

St. Nicholas for October.

St. Nicholas for October is the last but not the least excellent number of the current volume. A charming story by Miss Alcott, with which it opens, lends strength to the hope that there are "more to come" in the new year of St. Nicholas. The present story is entitled "An Ivy Spray." It is a kirmess story, and it tells in a stong, hepful style how a brave girl danced her way to happiness.

Frank R. Stockton contributes one of his capital "Personally Conducted" papers, on "The Low Countries and the Rhine," with abundant illustrations of the many interesting scenes described. "General Grant at Vicksburg" is the title of Generl Adam Badeau's war story, which is pleasantly supplemented by a very clever Southern sketch,—"Old Mammy Prissy,"—Jessie C. Glasier, the author of the amusing story, "A Gunpowder Plot," in the July number. There are four characteristic illustrations by E. W. Kemble. John R. Coryell tells about the curious habits of an absurd bird with the queer name of Kiwi-Kiwi; and Mary J. Stafford about a self-respecting and knowing dog that stopped a mutiny.

First Omaha Man—Eureka! I've struck it at last. It's a new invention. Millions in it.

Second Omaha Man I don't take much stock in patents.

"Yes, but this one is a dead sure thing. It is a hand organ modeled after the automatic race tracks you see in hotels."

"Won't pay."

"I'll have them everywhere, and will rake in thousands of dollars a day. Every body who comes along wil' drop a nickle into it"

"Dropping a nickle into it starts it to playing I suppose?"

"No, that stops it."

A certain farmer of Hart County, talking about his cotton crop told us that his preacher's patch was the best cotton he had. 'Where is your preacher's patch located?' we asked. 'Right in the center of the field.' 'Why did you put it in the center of the field?' 'So that the Lord couldn't send rain on the preacher's patch without raining on mine."

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere solar rays had bound us,
Have we for heart cried out
With blankets all around us.

But now when Sol has got the call
To burn us up like tether
We sigh for ice, with breezes nice,
And civil-service weather.

Tommy's mother has a terrible time teaching him to remember to say "If you please." As thus:

Tommy—Mamma pass me the butter.
Mammy—If what, Tommy?
Tommy—If you kin reach it.

There are 2,400 unmarried women in the foreign missionary field. A hateful old bachelor suggests that they go into the field because they are determined to boss somebody, if only a heathen male.—Philadelphia Call.

In 1884 Germany sent 7,136,263 gallons of rum to the west coast of Africa. The native Africans don't care much what they wear during the day-time, but they are awfully particular about their night caps.

Carter Harrison says that his health has improved very much since he left politics. We have also noticed an improvement in Chicago politics.

On the Bowery: County customer—Will that suit fit me? The original Cohen—Fit you! fit you! Mein Gott! He will give you convulsions.

Young Housewife—What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer.

There is nothing consolatory for the patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that "colds always attack the weakest spot!"

The other day a young man lost his mind from smoking cigarettes. This should not until him for continuing the habit.

The tobacco crop is reported ruined by the heavy rains. The price of the five cent cigar, however, will not be affected.

As a rule departed spirits are not so much feared as those that have just been turned loose from the bonded warehouse.

The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.

What this State needs at Washington is a howler, a man who will ask for everything in sight and get it.

It is a neck and neck race between Chicago and Detroit, and either would break its neck to win.

One must be superficial and shallow to be popular.