

DASHING AND DARING.

JAMES CHASTAINE'S BOLD CAREER AND TRAGIC DEATH.

He Was as Mild a Mannered Man as Ever Scuttled Ship or Cut a Throat—A Polished Gentleman in Society, and as a Burglar He Had Few, if Any, Equals.

During the months of February and March, 1881, the city was stirred from center to the circumference by daily reports of burglaries committed of the most daring nature. Forty houses were entered on as many nights, and from each articles of more or less value taken.

Handsome "Joseph Sutton." About this time a careful observer might have noticed at one of our best hotels a man strikingly handsome and faultlessly dressed.

A complexion that would excite the envy of a girl, long, dark mustache, slightly turned up at the ends, covering lips of coral whiteness.

I had met this man, and he was introduced to me as Mr. Joseph Sutton, of Texas. He freely discussed the frequent burglaries then nightly occurring, and even suggested some plans by which the midnight marauder might be apprehended.

Should any one of the players be in bad luck, and, consequently, in bad humor, he would smilingly recommend the same course by a short walk and fresh air, stating that he always was greatly benefited by so doing.

At other times, when his finances were apparently low, he would absent himself from the city for three or four days, always returning flush with money.

Benjamin Franklin's Watch. Levi W. Groff, of Lancaster, Pa., has in his possession a very old fashioned looking silver watch, shaped like a biscuit, and which was the property of Benjamin Franklin.

Purging Melancholy. A druggist recently received a visit from a lantern jawed, hollow eyed man, who asked, in cadaverous tones, if he could give him any remedy that would drive away a nightmare like care that was preying upon his health.

Youthful English Mail Carriers. It appears that in the little Cumberland village of Alderton Low Mills the work of her majesty's postoffice is largely performed by the school children.

Where Respect is Due. We owe respect to the man who, however ignorant, makes no false pretense, but strives to repair his deficiencies by attentive listening or modest questions.

A Safeguard. An old ledger has recently been brought to light in Edinburgh, Scotland, having at the top of the inside board, written by the bookkeeper, this inscription, which might be a safeguard to many a bookkeeper and cashier of today.

RED LILIES.

Strike fuller chords, or let the music rest! Of tender songs the world has yet no death, which scarce survives the moment of their birth.

The Barber's Sponge.

Barbers have entirely discarded the sponge in all first class tonsorial establishments for the more cleanly and more pleasing towel, and every customer is now treated to a sort of facial Turkish bath for the small sum of fifteen cents.

Monkeys Stealing Corn. Dr. Hopkins does not seem ever to have heard of the way in which monkeys prepare to rob a corn field. Let us describe it.

A Fund of Information.

Countryman (to the celebrated Hindoo snake charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal about snakes, mister?

The Woods Are Full of Such Men.

"Blizzard" representative witnessed a novel sight in a country store yesterday where a farmer actually refused to buy his wife a calico dress because he couldn't afford the expense.

The Great Atlantic Cable.

Every day brings us fresh proof of the great advantages afforded by the Atlantic cable. For instance, a New York daily paper prints a cable dispatch stating that "a new device is a Louis Philippe cravat, like those our great-grandfathers wore."

A Cute Customer.

Justice—Do you know that you are charged with the theft of a poor laborer's dinner?

Answered.

"Have you any data on which to base a prognostication of the duration of the present period of excessive calor in the circumambient atmosphere?" asked a young woman yesterday.

His Great Misfortune.

Teacher—Try to remember this, Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

A Smart Office Boy.

"Is Mr. — in?" asked a visitor, of the office boy.

Variety is the Spice of Life.

Miss Nanuyote, of Harlem (visiting in the country)—Isn't this cow's milk, Aunt?

Not Taught Right.

A somewhat unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Mme. Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right."

Cruelty.

Dentist—Well, how do the new teeth work? Patient—Not very well. They seem to cut the others.

The Right Ownership.

Stranger (in Boston street car, to aged citizen)—Excuse me, my venerable friend, but I think you have dropped your spectacles.

A Man of His Word.



"Promise me, John, that you will not get into any terrible railroad accidents, or be burned to death at a hotel. Promise me that, John, or my heart will break!"

A Suspicious Man.

There were half a dozen of us smoking and talking on the veranda, one evening, when a young man came along with a tank note in his hand and asked:

Why Didn't He Go to the Hotel Office?

"My dear sir, I should hate to be suspicious. Have you any money to lose?"

Each Time I Had Visited the Ship I Had Noticed the Hold Full of Long Black Bones.

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LOVE'S WHISPER.

Somebody whispered to me 'yest'even, somebody whispered to me: And my heart gave a flutter, and few awa' close.

THE OLD HULK.

My father was captain of the English coast guard service for the district, so on this account, that he might be near his men, we lived on the water's edge, near the barracks, and when I had been very good he would give me in charge of Bressin, the old pensioner, who would row me about the harbor and tell me strange stories of the sea.

Bressin would take me forward and hold me over the bows so that I could admire the figurehead—a beautiful lady, with gold eyes and blue hair.

Yes, it was pleasant to row about the old ship and listen to the old sailor's stories of her—stories of the times when she sped through the waters like a swan, with a merry crew and her white sails set in the breeze.

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Two wax candles I stole from my adviser, the cook. My Latin 'Caesar' never left my pocket, and one afternoon, just at dusk, I peeped cautiously into the old Catholic church upon the hill and, finding no one there, filled a small bottle with holy water from the font near the door.

For the next two or three days I alternated between feelings of doubt and fear, but at last the Sunday came. Of how triumphant I felt, as I looked around in church and thought of what a hero I was soon to become!

At supper I was very quiet. I obeyed implicitly and refused the third piece of cake which was kindly offered to me by my mother, a circumstance never known to have happened before.

Ten o'clock struck on the church clock. I could hear them about to go to bed, now they were coming up the stairs; now they had gone into their room.

The rope was easy to undo and the tide went high, so I was soon rowing out toward the black mass in front. The spirits at last would have their rest.

That I was frightened I will not deny, but the night was so clear and the moon seemed so friendly that I took courage, and besides, it was only half-past 10 and nothing would appear until 12.

But stay, something might be done even in my absence. A brilliant idea, and a safe one! I went to the center of the ship, trembling in every limb.

As good luck would have it I got in safely. I rushed to my room, undressed, and then, with a feeling of great restfulness, took my position at the window.

"Great heavens!" what was that? The whole house seemed to rock and sway and a mighty noise of thunder sounded in my ears.

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"Ensealable Life" for Children.

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has, after several years of careful study of the needs of street children, prepared a bill for their relief.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to give some Annapolis localisms, or slang terms. "Sax" is nice. "Spuds" are potatoes.

At the Naval Academy. Perhaps it may not be out of place to give some Annapolis localisms, or slang terms.

Now I had some idea, I don't know from what source it rose, that Sunday, being a day of business, would be better fitted for my undertaking, so made my preparations accordingly but with great secrecy and

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Young Philosopher Tackles an Egg Problem.

Master Bobby's papa is the happy owner of a hatching machine. The other day, as the former was watching a chick energetically breaking its way through its shell, he inquired:

Misfortune Rather Than Fault.

An indignant parent, in rebuking a refractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!"

The Correct Thing.

Mother—Tommy, ain't you ashamed of yourself to strike your little sister? You ought to know better.

Reaffirmed.

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back.

A Birthday Present.

A boy was teasing his little brother about the shape of his nose, when the little fellow quietly remarked: "I can't help it; I didn't buy it myself—it was a birthday present."

Hard on the Young Man.

The younger society element of Philadelphia are laughing heartily over an adventure that befell one of their number some time since.

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A Frank Admission.

A distinguished physician who recently retired from practice has built himself a fine house in the suburbs of Paris.

He Was No Night Hawk.

"Young man," he said sonorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning, when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory?"

Hard Luck.

"Poor John," said Mrs. Spriggins, "he's lost nearly everything. But George says he's got lots of creditors left, and that's some comfort."

A Voice from the Heart.

Chloe (as they stroll by the silvery sea)—How beautiful the moon on to-night, Gustus.

In Pious Boston.

Old Mrs. Litany (anxiously, stopping ear)—Do you go to Trinity church, conductor?

Lay in Your Stock Early.

Ostriches are down to \$1,000 each, and poor family should be without one.—Detroit Free Press.

Newportian.

Miss Brecher is giving little Mr. Duvoy a spin along the ocean drive.

Bill Nye on the Washington Fly.

Washington is a beautiful city, but malaria, assassination and bluff lurk here on every hand.

Small but enthusiastic Merchant—Lazenglers for der kid, lady!

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