ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

# The Port Tobacco Times

## AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

Volume XXV. No. 30. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1868. Terms: $2, in advance.

**THE PORT TOBACCO TIMES,**
**And Charles County Advertiser,**
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY E. WELLS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

**Two Dollars per Annum, Payable in advance. $2.50 if not in advance.**

ADVERTISING RATES.—For plain matter, one dollar per square for the first insertion.—For rule and figure matter, two dollars per square for the first insertion. For each insertion after the first, fifty cents per square. Eight lines (or that space occupied) constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. The privilege of annual advetisers extends only to their immediate business.

Obituaries, tributes of respect, calls upon persons to become candidates, &c., inserted as advertisements, at the usual rates. Marriage notices 25 cents.

Communications, the effect of which is to promote private or individual interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of 50 cents per square.

## PROCEEDINGS, CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE MARYLAND EDITORS' ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, *October 13th*, 1868.

**Adjourned Meeting of the Maryland Editors' Association.**

The Meeting being called to order. Mr. George Colton, of the *Maryland Republican*, read a letter from Mr. George W. Wilson, President of the last meeting, expressing his regret at not being able to be present, whereupon Mr. Colton moved as a temporary organization, that Mr. Thomas K. Robson, of the *Easton Star*, be called to the chair; and Mr. B. E. Smith moved, as a further organization, that Mr. Charles A. Wailes, of the *Eastern Shoreman*, be appointed Temporary Secretary. The meeting being thus organized Mr. Colton, Chairman of the Committee, appointed at the adjourned meeting to draft a Constitution and By-Laws, made their report, and, on motion of Mr. Smith, the association proceeded to consider the Constitution, which was taken up *seriatim*. The following is the Constitution as adopted:

PREAMBLE.

We, the Publishers and Editors and representatives of the press, and of the printing interests of the State of Maryland, for the purpose of self-protection, mutual improvement, and the elevation and usefulness of the profession and our own social enjoyment, agree to form ourselves into an association, as above named, and to be governed by the following Constitution and By-Laws:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This association shall be known as "THE MARYLAND EDITORS' ASSOCIATION."

ARTICLE II.

The officers of this association shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, one Recording and one Corresponding Secretary, one Treasurer and an Executive Committee, consisting of three members, all of whom shall be elected annually and hold their offices until their successors are elected and regularly installed.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the association, put all motions, and otherwise to discharge the duties of said office according to general usage.

SEC. 2. In the absence of the President one of the Vice-Presidents—precedence to be determined by seniority—shall perform the duties of the office.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep, in a substantially bound book, for that purpose, the minutes of each meeting; have charge of the books of record and of all other documents belonging to the association.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct all the correspondence incident to the requirements and welfare of the association; shall notify members of the time and place of meeting, and perform such other duties as may be devolved upon him in connection with this association.

SEC. 5. The Treasurer shall have charge of all money and other property of the association, and disburse said money and property, upon order of the President and Corresponding Secretary and recommendations of Executive Committee; and make a report of his receipts and disbursements at each annual meeting.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to prepare business for the association; to investigate all cases of infraction of the Constitution and By-Laws; to see to the finances and general business, and do all else which in their judgment may prove beneficial to the interests of said association.

ARTICLE IV.

Any editor or publisher or proprietor of a job printing establishment in Maryland may become a member of this association, by signing the Constitution and By-Laws thereof and paying into the treasury of said association the sum of five dollars as a bonus, and five dollars annually thereafter, so long as he continues in membership.

ARTICLE V.

Any editor or publisher or proprietor of a job printing establishment in any of the United States, or any merchant, artizan or gentleman of good standing in any of the same, may become an honorary member of this association by paying annually into its treasury the sum of five dollars, which will entitle him or them to attend its annual meetings and festivities as guests and enjoy such other benefits of the association as may be deemed consistent with the best interests of all parties concerned.

ARTICLE VI.

Seven members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.

No distinction or favoritism shall be shown regarding the political or other sentiments of members attached to this association, and political discussions and disputations shall not be allowed at its meetings.

ARTICLE VIII.

This Constitution, as a whole, or any part thereof, may be repealed or amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any regular meeting.

On motion of Mr. Smith, the By-Laws, as reported by the Committee, were adopted as follows:

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of each member to attend each annual session of the association, unless satisfactory reasons can be given in excuse.

SEC. 2. Any member who shall be absent during two successive regular meetings of the association, shall, unless satisfactory reasons are given, forfeit his membership.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The place of meeting shall be agreed upon from year to year, by a vote of members during the regular annual session.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify the members of the association of the time and place of each annual meeting, by sending to each a written or printed notice at least one month prior to the meeting.

SEC. 3. Members of the association who reside at the place where the annual meeting is to be held, shall be considered a local committee of arrangements.

SEC. 4. It will be always considered advisable to hold the annual meetings of the association at the time and near the place of the annual meeting of the Maryland State Agricultural Society.

The following shall be the

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Calling the roll.
2. Reading the minutes of previous meeting.
3. Propositions for membership.
4. Unfinished business.
5. Programme of business.
6. Election of officers for the ensuing year, and appointing of essayist or poet for the same.
7. Selection of the place for ensuing annual session.
8. Address.
9. Adjournment.

On motion of Mr. Smith, the Editors throughout the State were requested to publish the Canstitution and By-Laws as adopted, and such Editors as are not now present, are requested to communicate to the Corresponding Secretary their approval or disapproval of them, and should they meet with their approbation, be requested to comply with their requirements.

On motion of Mr. Wm. H. Ruby, of the Baltimore County *Journal*, the association proceeded to the election of officers, under the Constitution, to serve until the next annual meeting, or until their successors are elected and installed.

The election resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen to wit:

PRESIDENT:

Mr. GEORGE W. WILSON, of the *Marlboro' Gazette*.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Mr. GEORGE COLTON, of the *Maryland Republican*.

Mr. J. GUEST KING, of the *Annapolis Gazette*.

Mr. WM. L. W. SEABROOK, of the *Westminster Sentinel*.

RECORDING SECRETARY:

Mr. CHARLES A. WAILES, of the *Eastern Shoreman*.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY:

Mr. WM. H. RUBY, of the *Baltimore County Journal*.

TREASURER:

Mr. GEORGE COLTON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Mr. THOMAS K. ROBSON, of the *Easton Star*.

Mr. B. E. SMITH, of the *Worcester Shield*.

Mr. E. WELLS, of the *Port Tobacco Times*.

On motion of Mr. Colton, the 3d Tuesday of October, 1869, was set apart as the time of the next annual meeting of the association which shall be held in Baltimore City.

On motion of Mr. G. E. Haddaway, of the St. Michaels *Comet*, the President was authorised (should circumstances require) to change the time of the next annual meeting.

Mr. Colton then moved that the expediency of holding a special meeting in the spring be left to the discretion of the President and Vice-President.

The thanks of the meeting were then tendered to Mr. Fulton for taking minutes of the meeting for the city papers.

The members present, were then requested to come to the Secretary's desk and sign the Constitution and By-Laws, and pay the bonus as required by the Constitution; when, after a few remarks from Messrs. Smith and Colton, upon the future intentions and prospects of the Association, the meeting was adjourned.

THOMAS K. ROBSON,
*President.*

CHARLES A. WAILES,
*Recording Secretary.*

☞ Why is a printing office like the Supreme Court of the United States?—Because it contains a *chase*.

☞ An excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat and chase him until he drops it.

☞ The reason why "Nature will have her way" is because she is feminine.

## Selected Poetry.

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the *Westminster Review* to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written:

Within the sober realms of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dun waters winding in the vale,
Sent down the air a greeting of the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His wintry log, with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
The banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before;
Silent, till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung.

Where sang the noisy martins of the eaves,
The busy swallows ever circling near—
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that walked the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of his rosy lust;
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn,

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin thread night by night,
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted touch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel and with her joyous mein
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice war bowed to her in sable plume,
Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the drooping wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Life dropped the distaff through her hand serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

## An Interesting Story.

### THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

AN AMERICAN TRUE STORY.

Just ten years ago there suddenly burst upon the Western World a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his travelling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858 on the grand tour of the universe.

It seemed strange that petty human life could go on as usual, with its eating and drinking, toiling, trafficking, and pleasuring, with that "flaming minister," on his billion leagued circuit, was preaching the wonders of infinite immensity and power, and the nothingness of earth.—The comet no longer runs his kindling race, like Vich Alpine's henchman, with his fiery cross announcing war and disaster,

"Herald of battle, fate and fear."

He is on his own business, not ours.

Under the tail of this particular comet, doubtless many a tale of love was told—in the light of his swift splendors many a tender look exchanged. The astronomer coolly swept the starry field with his glass, unawed by the irregular night-guard patrolling the heavens, and the robber and murderer disdain the awful witness. He left us as he found us—joined to our mortal idols, wise in our conceit, weak and worldly and wicked, but no cast-aways of the universe after all.

We remember that comet-summer, not so much for its great astronomical event as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will grovel in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an æronaut, after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the management of the balloon, that, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the æronaut, with its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to his fence. But [illegible] thus secured it his three children, aged respectfully ten, eight and three, begged him to lift them "into that big basket," that they might "sit on those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the æronaut was diverted by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the "ounce too much" for the ærial camel, and brought him to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family was lifted out. The relief was two great for the monster. The volatile creature's spirits rose at once; he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air. Vain was the æronaut's anchor. It caught a moment in a fence, but it tore away and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes these two little white faces peering over the edge of the car grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "papa!" and "mamma!" grew faint and fainter up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but the dark cruel shape sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an ærial privateer, the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched out yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.

The æronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurance that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in the water or deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, it was thought that the older child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again rise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children, seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and called loudly for help.—But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

Amazed at this strange apparition, they might have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic venture of their own, as heading towards the rosy cloudlands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the West, and faded away.

Some company they had, the poor little sky-waifs. Something comforted them and allayed their wild terrors—something whispered them that below the night and clouds was home; that above was God; that wherever they might drift or clash, living or dead, they would still be in His domain and under His care—that though borne away among the stars they could not be lost, for His love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that the comet might come too near to their airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the fiery dragoon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon after said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself, I'm so cold!

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly, "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself, but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby-wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet and the millions of unpitying stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"There! God heard that, easy; for we are close to him up here," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to hear the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he was lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched quietly through the long hours, and the car floated gently on in a still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can imagine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scouts and heralds of the great comet—or perhaps being cast away on some desolate star island; or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy change, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve. Something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands; or as though some celestial pilot guided it thro' the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into a lake or river, lofty wood or impenetrable swamp, where this strange, unchildlike experience might have been closed by a death of unspeakable horror, but causing it to descend as softly as a bird alights on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and warmth, for they were cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on the edge of his own private prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular occasion he awoke before the dawn, and, though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more.—So at last he said to his good wife, whom he had kindly awakened to inform her of his unaccountable insomnolence. "It's no use; I'll get up and dress myself, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a hasty summons to the door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange, portentous shape hanging in a large pear tree about twenty yards distant. He could see no likeness in it to anything earthly, and he had fancied it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity, he called upon his valiant wife. Reinforced by her he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely never pear tree bore such fruit.

Suddenly there descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice:

"Please take us down; we are very cold."

Then a second little voice said:

"And hungry too; please take us down."

"Why, who are you? And where are you from?"

The first little voice said:

"We are Mr. Harwood's little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon."

The second little voice said:

"It is us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

He first pulled out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards towards the house, then turned round and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful little sister was so chilled and exhausted that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told the wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger was dispatched to the Harwood home with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived, in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rang in the neighboring town, and the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

## Selected Miscellany.

### Oiling Harness.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* furnishes the following mode of preserving and cleaning harness:

In the first place, I subject the harness to one or two coats (as the leather may need) of lamp black and castor oil, warmed sufficient to make it penetrate the stock readily. Then I make about two quarts of warm soap suds and with a sponge wash the harness. When dry, rub it over with a mixture of oil and tallow, equal parts, with sufficient lampblack to give it color, or, what is better, prussian blue, which gives it a new and fresh look. This compound should be applied sparingly and well rubbed in, which can be quickly done and will leave a smooth and clean surface.

The advantages claimed for this process are these:

First, By saturating the stock in the first place with oil, the soap and water are prevented from penetrating it in the process of washing. When leather is permitted to absorb water or soap it has an ultimate tendency to harden it.

Second, When the harness is washed *first* (as is generally the case) the water repels the oil; consequently in the one case you have the oil inside of the stock, and in the other you have the soap and water.

Third, By oiling first it softens the dirt, so that it can be washed off in at least one-half the time required when washed before oiling, and also saves the "scraping" process which defaces the grain of the leather.

Fourth, It will remain soft much longer from the fact of its being penetrated with oil.

Fifth, The whole process can be accomplished without the delay of waiting for it to dry.

Consequently the harness can be oiled and cleaned in much less time, will remain soft longer, wear longer, and look better than when cleaned by the old method.

☞ Lawyers are lucky. They can do lots of court-ing and not be engaged.

### Common Sense Treatment of the Horse.

If a man does not like a horse his head is not level. We believe that the heads of our readers are level, *ergo*, they must like horses. The majority of those who like horses generally manage to own one or more of them, and owning, must be interested in knowing how to keep in good health and vigor this noblest and most serviceable of animals. The following common sense directions from the *London Horse Book* contain the most practical information in the shortest space of anything we have seen upon this subject:

1. All horses must *not* be fed in the same proportions, without due regard to their ages, their constitutions, and their work, because the impropriety of such a practice is self evident, yet it is constantly done, and is the basis of disease of every kind.

2. Never use bad hay on account of its cheapness, because there is not proper nourishment in it.

3. Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

4. Chaff is better for old horses than hay, because they can chew and digest it better.

5. Mix chaff with corn or beans, and do not give the latter alone, because it makes the horse chew his food more and digest it better.

6. Hay or grass alone will not support a horse under hard work, because there is not sufficient nutritive body in either.

7. When a horse is worked hard its food thould chiefly be oats; if not worked hard its food should chiefly be hay; because oats supply more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other kind of food; hay not so much.

8. For a saddle or a coach horse, half a peck of sound oats and eighteen pounds of good hay is sufficient. If the hay is not good add a quarter of a peck more oats. A horse which works harder may have rather more of each; one that works little should have less.

9. Rack feeding is wasteful. The better plan is to feed with chopped hay from a manger, because the food is not then thrown about and is more easily chewed and digested.

10. Sprinkle the hay with water that has salt dissolved in it, because it is pleasing to the animal's taste and more easily digested. [A teaspoonful of salt in a bucket of water is sufficient.]

11. Oats should be bruised for an old horse but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot shew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with the saliva and turned into wholesome nutriment.

12. Vetches and cut grass should always be given in the spring to horses that can not be turned out into the fields, because they are very cool and refreshing and almost medicinal in their effects; but they must be supplied in moderation, as they are liable to ferment in the stomach if given largely.

13. Water your horses from a pond or stream, rather than from a spring or well, because the latter is generally hard and cold while the former is soft and comparatively warm. The horse prefers soft, muddy water to hard water, though ever so clear.

14. A horse should have at least a pail of water morning and evening, or (still better) four half pailfuls at four several times in the day, because this assuages his thirst without bloating him. He should not be made to work directly after he has a full draft of water, for digestion and exertion can never go on together.

15. Do not allow your horse to have warm water to drink, because if he has to drink cold water, after getting accustomed to warm, it will give him colic.

16. When your horse refuses food, after drinking, go no further that day, because the poor creature is thoroughly beaten.

☞ A wag, strolling with a friend through a country churchyard, called attention to a grave, the stone of which had no name or inscription on it. "This," said H——, "is the grave of the notorious gambler, Mr. R——. You observe there is no name recorded on the tombstone, but I think I could suggest an appropriate epitaph."

"What would you suggest?" inquired his friend.

"Waiting for the last trump!" was the reply.

☞ Mr. Fuller, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling books. He called on a lady in a parish where he once labored. As he announced his errand, the lady expressed her horror and surprise.

"What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you labored for souls, and not for money."

Fuller replied:

"A minister cannot live on souls, and if he could he'd soon depopulate such a region as this."

☞ A marriage license, issued by a magistrate in Washington city has been recently returned endorsed, "She wouldn't have me."