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Poetry.

PROMISE.

Do you know, sweet heart, that under the snow,
A million roses lie?
That over the clouds which hang below
The stars are in the sky?
That a rainbow shone ere the day was gone
Over the darkest place?
That the fair new moon goes rounding on
To the fullness of her face?
That our garden-brook, so small and slow,
Is widening towards the river?
That under the ice its faithful flow
Makes music sweet as ever?
That the naked trees are all a-throb
With the sweet blood in their veins?
That, blindly reaching, they yearn and sob
For the blessed April rains?
That the precious seed of life are pressed
Under the frozen sod,
Till the great earth warms thro' her fruitful
breath,
With the spirit of her God!
—Golden Age.

Selected Miscellany.

TIMMS'S STRATEGY.

A Story of Early California Life.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature—he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring; while he had nothing but contempt for even success won by crooked and indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of incalculable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations. The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none other need aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone—each by virtue of his own personality and position—had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between them had gone on. Each one had called into play all his personal and social resources; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, known as the Mapesites and Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference; if she rode with one to-day, she was careful to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow.

Coquetry is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition would grow cold; hence she had made up her mind that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that his suit, so often pressed, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given out for an apple-bee in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his escort home at the conclusion of the frolic.

The appointed evening, looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather loitered—a deep but narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the centre, when, to his utter confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the light became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He swore until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

In the rural districts down East, in early times, the good people had such habits of industry and rigid economy that they seldom gave or attended parties, unless such as were cooked under the names of raisings, quilting, huskings or apple-bees; thus, the apple-bee, fraught with momentous conse-

quence to Mapes and Timms, was but a social party in disguise, a few apples being peeled, quartered, cored and strung in the early evening for appearance's sake.

As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen satirical wit always assured her that position; and this night she shone with unusual brilliancy, until, as the hours wore away, and Mapes came not, she began to lose herself in pondering why, and at length she asked Timms:

"Is your friend Mapes ailing?"

"I guess not," replied Timms; "saw him to-day. He wasn't complaining."

"He denies himself much pleasure," said Eliza, "in not coming here to-night, for this is the place where we always have a good time. Aunt Judy knows how to give an apple-bee."

"You let Mapes alone," answered Timms; "he knows what he's about."

"What do you mean?" asked Eliza.

"Oh, I mean," replied Timms, "that Mapes is that prince of good fellows, and gets invitations where the rest of us don't."

"Where is Mapes to-night?" asked Eliza, now fully aroused.

"I don't know, for sure," answered Timms. "He told me to-day there were special reasons for his coming here, but that he had an invitation to the rich and aristocratic Squire Hunton's, who is celebrating his daughter's birthday, and that he didn't know which way he would go;" and Timms turned away to talk to the next prettiest girl in the room.

Petted young women are seldom logical or patient. When the party broke up, Eliza accepted Timms's escort to her home, and before they arrived there she had consented to become, with the least possible delay, Mrs. Timms. The next morning the fact was announced, and preparations for the wedding commenced. Timms was exultant. Happy Timms!

For a few days Timms was not much seen in public, perhaps for want of courage to wear his honors openly, perhaps for want of courage to meet other congratulations—who knows? But a man cannot make arrangements for his own wedding from a fixed standpoint, and he was compelled to venture out. In a quiet and secluded way he met Mapes. The meeting to him was a surprise; he smiled feebly, and he extended his hand, but Mapes, intent on business, strode squarely up to Timms and planted a vigorous blow on one of his eyes, which caused that gentleman to measure his length in the dust.—Timms sprang to his feet and showed fight, but another blow on the other eye sent him again to grass, where he continued to lie.

"Get up," said Mapes.

"You'll knock me down again," said Timms.

"Yes," returned Mapes, "I will."

"Then I won't get up," said Timms.

"You're an infernal scoundrel," said Mapes.

"I can't help you saying so," answered Timms.

"You saved the log," said Mapes.

"What log?" asked Timms.

"You saved the log," repeated Mapes, advancing a step.

"Yes—stop," said Timms, "I saved the log."

"Well, you needn't think," said Mapes, "that after your marriage you're going to tell that story, and make me a laughing stock."

"I'll never speak of it," whined Timms.

"Perhaps you won't," said Mapes, "but I'm going to swear you before I get through. There's another thing, you won the woman by your d—trickery, and I know it is in you to abuse her; so I'm going to swear you to treat her kindly."

"I'll swear," said Timms.

"Hold up your hand," said Mapes. Timms held up his hand.

"Now, repeat after me:—I, Silas Timms, solemnly swear that I will never bring to the knowledge of any human being, that I saw the log where Daniel Mapes fell into the creek and lost a wife; and further, that I will, as a consenting, marry Eliza Reed, and always treat her kindly, so help me God."

Timms repeated the oath, *verbatim*.

"Now get up and go home," said Mapes. "I don't think you'll be married till your eyes get out of morning, and by that time I'll be far enough away. But don't think I'll lose sight of you; and if you don't keep your oath you'll see me."

Timms arose from the ground, shook off the dust, and walked away; but when he had secured a safe distance, he shouted back, exultingly:

"Mapes, she's an angel."

In twenty years Daniel Mapes had learned many things, and among them this: Life is very much as we make it. In other words, the world is like a mirror, and looks at us with the face we present. It returns scowl for scowl, and smile for smile. It echoes our sobs and our laughter. To the cold it is as joy as the northern seas, to the loving

it is as balmy as the isles of the tropics. He had learned a still harder lesson, which was, to forget the griefs, the sorrows, the slights, the wrongs and the hates of the past. The effect of this lesson was to make it appear that the lines, to him, had fallen in pleasant places. His rotund form and firm muscle bespoke a good digestion, while a cheerful countenance told of mental peace. A fair woman named him husband, and children called him father. A beautiful home in the Santa Clara Valley was theirs; besides which, Mapes had many broad acres of land, as well as many head of stock running nearly wild in the counties of Monterey and San Luis Obispo.

Once in each year the cattle that grazed on California's thousand hills are gathered in bands at convenient places to be claimed and branded by their owners—such assemblages being called *rodos*. Mapes had been down across the Salinas Plains, in attendance upon a *rodeo*; and, being on his return, jogging along on his mustang, he saw, far in the distance, but nearing him, an equally lone traveler. Slowly the distance between them decreased; and as they approached Mapes—with California prudence—slipped his revolver upon his belt which sustained it from his back round to his left side, bringing the hilt under the shadow of his bride arm, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected and hopeless—in local phrase his manner was that of a person who had "lost his grip;" and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never highway robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travelers meet, with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes"—"Timms!" After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew near Timms.

"So—we meet at last. I have been wanting to see you this many a year."

The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out, "Don't—don't shoot! I have no weapons. Besides, I have kept my oath—at least as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-bee, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log upon my solemn oath."

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," said Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer," returned Timms. "I have always tried to use that woman well, but she wouldn't be used well. I have done my best to treat her kindly, but she wouldn't be treated kindly."

"It is no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms."

"But," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is, you wouldn't blame me if you only knew. She's a brow beat me till I ain't half a man."

"Oh, I see," said Mapes.

"No you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat and showing a long seam on his scalp—"that was done with the skillet."

"I have suffered," said Mapes.

"Suffered," returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her too. If you only knew how I have thought of you and of my oath to you, and how I have borne blows and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and fool and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomforts, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me, you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge!" answered Mapes. "Let us dismount and have a settlement, for I see my chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge.—It isn't for vengeance that I have wanted to see you. I have heard about you often—know all your life and experience, and I have only wanted to meet you to offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity here in California. I owe you no debt but one of gratitude for the inestimable service you did me by that little job of carpenter work and that I mean to pay. Come with me. I took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they traveled on in silence."

After awhile Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said:

"Mapes, she's the devil!"—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

A Scholar in a country school was asked: "How do you parse Mary milks the cow?" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary. Stands for Mary? How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if she didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock.
Chamber's Journal gives the origin of those national emblems, as follows:

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VI., about the year 1450, a few noblemen and gentlemen were discussing who was the rightful heir to the English crown. After a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would be more free from interruption. Scarcely, however, had they arrived when they perceived Richard Plantagenet approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his presence, a great silence ensued.—He, however, asked them what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who had filled the throne. A false and absurd politeness preventing their making any reply, he added, "Since you are so reluctant to tell your opinion by words, tell me by signs, and let him that is an adherent of the House of York pull a white rose as I do."

Then said the Earl of Somerset, "Let him who hates flattery, and dares to maintain our rightful king, even in the presence of his enemies, pull a red rose with me." When Henry VII. married Elizabeth of York, the rival houses were blended, and the rose became the emblem of England.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

In the reign of Malcolm I., in the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, intending to take by storm Staines Castle, a fortress of importance. The still hour of midnight was selected as the time for commencing the attack. When all was ready, and there was a reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard.—They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipation of victory. Not a sound is heard from within. They can scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they have but to swim across the moat and place scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs! But in another moment a cry from themselves rouses the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards fly to their posts, and pursue the now trembling Danes, who fly before them. Whence arose this sudden change of affairs? From a very simple cause.—It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence and uttered the cry which had alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle.

SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

One day St. Patrick was preaching at Tara. He was anxious to explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The people failed to understand and refused to believe that there could be three persons and yet but one God. The holy man paused a moment, absorbed in thought, and seeing a shamrock peeping from the green turf exclaimed, "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united into one stalk?" His audience understood without difficulty this simple yet striking illustration, to the inexpressible delight of St. Patrick.—From that day the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland.

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow is a lively bird. Swallows make their appearance late in the spring, and alwus in a twitter about something.

They have as much twitter as a boarding school miss.

They can fly as swift as an arrow, and a great deal crookier.

I have seen them skim a mill pond close enuff to take the cream off from it, and even make the frogs dodge, and not touch the water.

When the swallows come, spring has cum sure, but there is an old proverb (one or Solomon's I presume) which says "one swallow don't make a spring."

This may be so, but I have seen a spring (or water) that would take a grate many swallows.

Swallows never have the dispepsy; they live upon nothing and take a grate deal of exercise in the open air.

They don't set up nites busting, and never cheat a tailor of his bill.

They don't waste enny time in the morning making their toilets, but like the flowers shake off the dew from their heads, and are redly for bizness.

I can't think of ennything God has made more harmless than a swallow.—They are as innocent as a daisy and as pure as the air they swim in. They won't live shut up in a cage much longer than a trout will.

THE COLOR OF THE SEA.

The rich blue color often seen in masses of water is to be accounted for by the action of the suspended particles in the fluid on the light traversing it. To understand how the color may vary it is necessary to recall for a moment the composition of sunlight.—When such light is passed through a triangular column of glass or optical prism it is broken up into the seven prismatic colors, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

When the light falls on water of sufficient depth it is also decomposed or broken up, the red rays of light are absorbed near the surface of the water and disappear, while the other colored rays pass to a greater depth, one after the other being lost in their proper order, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, until at last there is complete extinction of light if the water is free from solid particles.

The presence of minute particles, however, causes a part of the light to be reflected, and according as this reflected light has come from various depths so will its color vary. If, for example, the particles are large and freely reflect from a moderate depth, while they prevent reflection from a greater depth, the color will be green, while if they are minute and the reflection is from a great depth, the color will be blue.

In the experimental examination of this subject Professor Tyndall reports that while making a trip in the steamer *Urgent* he caused his assistant to cast

a white plate attached to a cord into the water from the forward part of the vessel, while he marked its color when it reached his post of observation at the stern. In every instance the plate appeared of a green color although the water was of a deep blue. The plate had thus far reflected the light from a moderate depth and showed the tint of light reflected from this depth; while the indigo tint of the remainder of the water represented the color reflected from minute particles at great depths.—*Scribner's for September.*

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ROBBIN.

The robbin has a red breast. They have a plaintif song, and sing as tho they was sorry for sumthing.

They are natif's of the Northern States, but go south to winter. They git their name from their grate ability for robbing a cherry tree.

They can also rob a current bush first rate, and are smart on a gooseberry.

If a robbin kant find anything else to eat, they aint tew fastidious tew eat a ripe strawberry.

They build their nests out of mud and straw, and lay 4 eggs, that are speckled.

Four young robbins, in a nest, that are just hatched out, and still on the half shell, are alwus az redly for dinner az a noseuby it.

If ennybody goes near their nest, their mouths fly open at once, so that you can see clear down tew their palates.

If it want for the birds, I suppose, of course, we should all be et up by caterpillars and snakes, but I hav thought it wouldn't be enny thing more than common politeness for the robbins tew let us hav, now and then, just one of ov our own cherriz, to see how they did taste.

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CARBOLIC ACID AND ITS APPLICATION.

For many years after the introduction of coal-gas as a means of illumination, the tar was thrown away as a refuse product which the manufacturers were only too glad to get rid of.—Now, however, some of the most valuable and beautiful substances employed in the arts are manufactured from this apparently filthy material. The beautiful aniline colors which rival or excel the famed Tyrian purple in brilliancy and beauty; many favorite essences and perfumes; and, last but not least, the best disinfectant of modern times—carbolic acid—are all prepared from coal-tar. The names by which carbolic acid is known are quite numerous. Phenol, phenyl, alcohol, phenic acid, carbolic acid and coal-tar creosote, have all been applied to it, and chemists do not yet seem to be decided in regard to the best name for it. Carbolic acid is the name by which it is so readily confounded with carbonic acid—the name of an entirely different substance. Until quite recently, it was almost impossible to get the word *carbolic* through a proof-reader's hands without having the l changed to an n, thus making the worst kind of nonsense of many a valuable paragraph. But the name has now become common, and is that by which the compound under consideration will, in all probability, continue to be known.

Pure carbolic acid is a white crystalline substance having a powerful odor resembling that of creosote or smoke. When the solid acid is exposed to the air, it absorbs water and becomes converted into a liquid. It is soluble in water, alcohol, ether, and glycerine; its combination with the latter liquid being one of the most val-

uable preparations of its class. A strong solution of carbolic acid attacks the skin of the lips, and even produces a disagreeable feeling where the skin is much thicker, so that great caution should be used in employing it as a wash. It is as a disinfectant, however, that carbolic acid has proved to be most valuable; its power in this direction being undoubtedly due to its property of coagulating albumen. We may or may not adopt what is known as the germ theory of disease: one thing is certain, however, and that is that disease is propagated by the transportation of organic matter in a highly active condition. By combining with the essential element of all organic matter in a state of change, and rendering this element inert, carbolic acid destroys the virulent properties of miasm and infection. That it has the power to prevent contagion was proved very clearly by Mr. Crookes, who found it a most perfect destroyer of the infection of the cattle plague. More recently a special commission was appointed by the French Academy of Sciences, to study the various methods of disinfecting those localities which, during the late siege of Paris, had been inhabited by persons afflicted with contagious diseases. Although the commissioners, in their report, pronounce hyponitrous acid to be the most efficacious of all the substances used in their experiments, yet they state that carbolic acid is nearly as good, while it is far more easily applied, and far less dangerous and expensive. Its value as a deodorizer is evidenced by the fact that, in a case which came under the observation of the commissioners, and in which chlorine and the hypochlorites entirely failed to deodorize the gases given off by the bodies at the Paris Morgue during the heat of summer, carbolic acid proved perfectly efficacious. When the bodies were sprinkled with the acid, putrefaction was at once arrested and the foul odors removed. According to the M. Deyergie water containing only the 1-4000th part by weight of carbolic acid completely disinfects the deadhouse in the hottest weather, even when it contained six or seven dead bodies.

There are various methods of applying carbolic acid, all founded upon its property of vaporizing in combination with water at ordinary temperatures. Thus, it may be mixed with water and sprinkled over the floor and walls of dwellings or stables and cow-sheds.—As, however, the solution produces disagreeable stains, and as it is difficult to remove the odor when the necessity for the use of the disinfectant has passed away, it is found to be more convenient to sprinkle the liquid over sawdust or sand, contained in shallow pans; which are placed in the apartments to be disinfected, or the liquid may be hung up in the apartment. For washing animals, or even the human body, carbolic acid soap is an excellent form in which to use this disinfectant, and it has even been applied to the preservation of meat in the following manner: Five parts of stearine are melted at a gentle heat; two parts of carbolic acid are then stirred in thoroughly, and five parts of melted paraffin added. The whole is to be well stirred together till it cools, after which it is melted and applied with a brush to paper, in the same way that the well known waxed paper, so much used for wrapping various articles, is prepared. Meat wrapped in this paper is said to retain its freshness for several days, even in warm weather.

The odor of carbolic acid is very powerful, and, to some persons, exceedingly disagreeable. It may even be questioned whether it is altogether healthy, since we know that in a concentrated condition it proves rapidly destructive to life. Some years ago an attempt was made to substitute carbolic acid for carbonic oxide in the famous Gamgee process. No difficulty was found in slaughtering the animals by exposing them to air slightly impregnated with carbolic acid. A bird, a dog, and a sheep, were successively killed, and then an ox was tried. He became a little obstreperous, but finally succumbed. The question now arises, to what extent may air be impregnated with carbolic acid vapor without being rendered unhealthy?

In regard to this point, we know of no reliable experimental investigations. That in certain common cases it is powerfully destructive of animal life, is well known, and consequently we find it extensively used for the removal of certain annoying parasites which invest man and other animals. For the removal of fleas and other pests from dogs, cats, sheep, etc., a strong wash of carbolic acid soap is the best agent yet discovered.—*Science of Health.*

A Southern editor promises, with his wife's assistance, to name a baby each year after the person who shall furnish the largest club list of subscribers to his paper.

Good Water Filters.

Take an oak cask or barrel that is sound, sweet and clean; bore an inch hole near the bottom of one side, in which insert the end of a piece of three-quarter inch lead pipe, ten or twelve inches long, the other end projecting inwards and bent upwards towards the middle of the cask, and in the other end place a common beer faucet or stop-cock, from which to draw water as desired. Have ready say one bushel of hardwood charcoal, and the same quantity of clean, fine gravel—not limestone—from the fineness of coarse sand, up to the size of peas, and, if not clean, wash it till no dirt will appear in the water. Break the charcoal to the size of walnuts and smaller, then mix it evenly with the gravel; next cover the bottom of the cask three or four inches thick with this mixture, pounding it firmly.

Next take a clean garden flower pot, of a large size (say two gallons), and place it bottom upwards in the center of the barrel, on top of a thin layer of gravel and coal, and over the end of the lead pipe. Then take a piece of small sized one-quarter of three-eighth inch lead pipe, and place one end firmly into the hole in the bottom of the pot (now inverted), and bring the other end through a hole near the top of the barrel, for the purpose of admitting air into the space under the flower pot. Now fill the space around and above the flower pot with the mixture of coal and gravel, pounding it firmly down as you proceed, till the cask is about three-fourths full; then place some thin flat stones (not limestone) on top, and the filter is complete.

The water being poured in on top, passes through the gravel and charcoal, by which it is purified, and enters the chamber, from which it is drawn by the faucet, as required, the small pipe admitting air into the chamber to supply the place of the water while it is being drawn out.

This filter is only designed for rain or soft water, and will serve for constant use a year or more without renewal; but if used for hard water, the charcoal soon loses its virtue. When first put up, the water drawn from the filter will have an alkaline taste, which disappears in a day or two.

Little Brothers.

The moral of the following told by the sufferer, is too apparent to mention. Young ladies will hereafter run their brothers out when gentlemen call. It's certain that I wish somebody would spank the young rascal.

We talked of mountains, hills, valleys and cataracts—I believe I said waterfalls—when the boy spoke up and said: "Why, sister's got a whole trunk full of them up stairs; papa says they are made of horse hair."

This revelation struck terror into me and blushed into the cheek of my fair companion. It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest the boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places; in fact I turned my conversation to him, and told him he ought to go home with me and see what nice chickens I have in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a joke of calves, which ruined all. The little one looked up and said:

"Sister's got a dozen pair of them, but she don't wear them only when she goes up town on windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmanly little wretch!" exclaimed Emily.—"Leave immediately."

"I know what you want me to leave the room for," exclaimed he. "You can't fool me—you want to sit on that man's lap and kiss him just like you did Bill Simmons the other day; you can't fool me, I just tell you. Give me some candy like he did, and I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart. Guess I know a thing or two. I'm mad at you, anyhow, because papa would have bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for getting them curls, dog on yer. You needn't turn so red in the face, cause I can see the point. There ain't no use of a winking with that glass eye of yours, for I ain't going out of here; now that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss of mine."

POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE.—It is said by eminent scientific men that "the decomposition of a single potato or wilted turnip will breed disease if the vapors of the decaying substance are confined to the walls of a house." The same is said of decaying substances in alleys, streets and yards. The vapors arising from manure and rubbish piles will so impregnate the atmosphere as to make it unhealthy, and thereby spread disease and death. This is the cause of so many diseases breaking out that baffle the skill of physicians. Thinness causes destruction wherever it exists.

Self-made men are apt to wrenship their maker.