

# The Port Tobacco Times.



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## An Interesting Story.

### THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

How Mr. Verley Went to See His Niece.

"And don't you know when you will pass through the country again, Mr. Verley?"

"No, I don't," said the old bachelor, decidedly.

He was something of a bear to answer so crustily, when Barbara Smith stood in the doorway with the shadowy lashes drooping over the soft brown eyes, and the roses deepening into deep carmine on her rosy cheeks, until her dress was plain in comparison.—Such a pretty, big-eyed loving little Barbara as she was, in all the blonde freshness of her eighteen summers, and the soft sigh that fluttered from her lips as the one-horse carriage drove away, was checked instantly. Barbara had no idea of becoming a victim of unrequited love, though she fancied Mr. Verley during his brief stay at her father's house.

Mr. Verley drove away through the rustling green draperies of the summer lanes, whistling sadly as he drove.

"I shall be in very good time for the 12:30 train," he meditated to himself. "Punctuality is the soul of happiness, and I never was one of the behind tribe, thank Providence. Besides, I think it was becoming dangerous to remain in that place any longer; for I am thirty-nine, to-morrow, and that is just twenty years too old for me to go making a fool of myself."

"Fancy me getting married! No you don't! Joseph Verley, my friend!" As he settled himself comfortably in the crowded car, and opened a letter, the subject again occurred to his mind with urgent persistence.

"The letter of my poor brother's executor came just in time, or I should have fooled away more time than would have been sensible or at least profitable."

"Poor, dear Harold! I don't see what on earth possessed him to fall sick and die on his way home from Venice, and leave his daughter! I never did understand a woman, and what's more I don't want to. I am to meet her at Speedville and take her home with me. Oh! groaned Mr. Verley, despairingly, "what am I to do with her there, I'd like to know. I suppose she's a great creature with ringlets and ribbons, and has, just like as not, an Italian lover, talking sentiment to her—a creature that reads Byron, and keeps an album, and eats slate pencils and chalk. I'll send her to a boarding school—that's what I'll do with my niece. Perhaps when she has graduated there, the schoolmaster can suggest some means of getting rid of her. Of course she'll have a dozen large trunks, and a bonnet box, and a parrot cage, that's the way women travel, I believe! I'm glad I am out of the way of Barbara's fascinations now."

Mr. Verley looked out of the car window in a sort of a calm desperation at the prospect before him.

"I suppose she'll want a piano and a poodle dog, and there's no knowing what else. I do not see why Harold wanted to die and leave his daughter to my care just now. Speedville station, twenty-seven miles farther; I wish it was twenty-seven hundred miles, that's what I wish."

And with a vindictive statement in his mind our hero tied a red handkerchief over his head, and tried to lose himself in a series of brief troublesome dreams, wherein the vision of a tall, nice young lady figured conspicuously.

"Are we here already?" he stammered, starting to his feet, as the conductor growled out "Speedville station," and seizing valise and traveling shawl, with the bustling bewilderment peculiar to people just aroused from sleep, he alighted.

"Speedville was rather a large sized village, situated at the junction of several railroads, with an imposing American Gothic structure for a depot. Into the building Mr. Verley walked, looking right and left for the young lady whose guardianship he was about to assume."

"Of course," he responded mentally, "she'll be on the lookout for me; women are proverbially curious."

But Harold Verley's daughter was not on the lookout for her uncle.—When the crowd incident, to the evening train had subsided, and the people

had gone their different ways, the only remaining occupants of the depot were Mr. Verley, a lame old man who sold pea-nuts and apples, and a decent colored woman with a bright Madras turban on her head, who took care of the building. Verley, after a perplexed hesitation addressed himself to the colored woman, who was busy polishing the windows with a piece of crumpled newspaper.

"Ahem! I was to meet my niece here, and I don't see her."

"Your niece, sir; what is her name?"

"Verley."

"O! yes, sir; she has been here these two hours, bless her dear heart, she is asleep now."

"Asleep!" grasped Mr. Verley, but the stewardess answered him by bursting into the inner apartment and bringing out what appeared to be a compact bundle with a pink face at one end and a mass of trailing embroidery at the other.

Joseph Verley recoiled as far as the angle of the door would permit him.

"Why—it's a baby."

"To be sure it is," said the woman, "and as fine a little girl as I ever saw, bless her sweet blue eyes."

"But isn't there a nurse or some such person here, who could take care of her?"

"There was a nurse brought her on, sir—a queer looking thing, with yellow skin and hair black as night and gold hoops in her ears, but she, talked something about the next steamer—I couldn't understand her lingo, sir—and went right back to New York by the 3 o'clock train."

Joseph Verley looked aghast, staring at the rosy baby as it lay in the woman's arms, and wondering which of his lucky stars he could call on to aid him in this unlooked for emergency. A full grown niece would have been bad enough—but a baby!

"So this is my niece," he muttered. "And what am I going to do with her?" He turned suddenly to the woman.

"What time does the next train leave for Wilford?"

"In an hour, sir."

"Would you be kind enough to take care of the child till then? I suppose I must take it home with me, for I can't very well drown it or throw it under the car wheels."

"Sir!" ejaculated the astonished stewardess.

But Mr. Verley turned on his heels and strode out of the depot, scarcely able at first to comprehend the disaster that had befallen him.

The train was at the depot when he returned, and the woman awaited him with the sleeping infant in her arms.

"Asleep, eh?" commenced Mr. Verley.

"Well, that's luck."

"Where's the nurse, sir?" enquired the woman.

"The nurse! What nurse?"

"Why, I supposed you went away to get a nurse!"

"Never once thought of it!" ejaculated Joseph, madly smiting his forehead.

"Here, give the thing to me, quick, the train is moving."

He had hardly time to spring on board, as the locomotive, gave an unearthly shriek, while the baby followed suit vigorously.

He staggered to his seat, holding the umbrella and child in one hand, while in the other his valise swung backward and forward.

"There, there, bless its little heart!" he exclaimed, imitating the colored woman we won't cry, so we won't."

But the baby evidently had an opinion of her own upon the subject, and would cry in spite of various blandishments practiced by the bewildered uncle, such as shaking the umbrella, swinging his watch and dancing it on both knees.

People began to look around reproachfully, young men shrugged their shoulders and young ladies giggled.

"Hush! hush! there's a darling," whispered Mr. Verley.

But still the baby went, and wailed and gnashed its gums, for of teeth it had but two. Mr. Verley began to look around the car in search of some matrimonial dame of whom he could seek counsel, but in vain. There were only three ladies in the car, and they were young, with round hats and dimpled cheeks.

"They don't know anything about it," groaned Mr. Verley, in anguish of spirit.

"O, why didn't I have common sense enough to go and get a nurse? I suppose there is no danger of the baby bursting his lungs, but I think if there was such a contingency this baby is in a fair way of meeting it. Well roar away my young friend, I can stand it as long as you can."

Vain boast! as futile as vain, as Mr. Verley soon discovered. The baby not only cried, but screamed, it kicked, it only doubled itself over more ways than contortionist's wildest dreams could imagine, and became apparently frantic with passion. The perspiration broke in huge drops on Joseph's brow, his face flushed, and still the cars thundered on.

"What's to become of me?" holding on to the struggling infant by the sash that encircled its little waist, and watching its purple face with a species of old defecation. "I don't wonder that Harold died. I shall die in a week if this goes on. And it seemed so easy for Barbara Smith to take care of her little brothers and sisters. If Barbara Smith was only here."

And Verley pulled the baby into a sitting posture with a jerk.

"Ph!" quoth Mr. Verley, "I'll take the back express at four o'clock in the morning and go straight there. Ah, you stop, you little hypocrite, but it won't do any good; I'm not to be caught twice in the same trap."

Barbara Smith was watering her tuberoses in the bright sunshine, when he arrived with his valise and baby.

"Dear me, Mr. Verley," she ejaculated, blushing celestial rosy red.—"Why, what a sweet baby."

"Yes, very sweet," he responded dully. "It's my niece that I was to meet at Speedville."

"Why, I thought she was a young lady."

"So did I, but it seems she is not. Barbara, what do you suppose brought me back?" he added speaking very fast for fear the baby would cry.

"I don't know," faltered Barbara, crimsoning still more; "perhaps you forgot something."

"Yes, I did."

"What is it," said Barbara, little disappointed.

"I forgot to ask you if you would marry me."

"Dear me, was that all?" said the young lady demurely.

"Isn't that enough? Say, Barbara, will you?"

"I'll think of it," answered Barbara.

"No, but tell me now. Quick, the baby's waking up."

"Well, then—yes."

Barbara had taken the little thing in her arms and disappeared before she had time to utter her waking yell.

A week afterwards Mr. Verley took the 12:30 train with wife and niece, the happiest of reclaimed old bachelors and it was all the unconscious baby's work.

**Without an Enemy.**

We believe in the man or woman who has "enemies." This does not sound sound, but it is sound. Your milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never do any good.—They are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his heaven-appointed way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will have to travel that way will thank him for clearing it. The man or woman who has no enemies is generally a sleek, creeping, cowardly creature, caring for no one but himself—smirking and creeping his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits. He adds nothing to the common stock—does no good in the world, and is lowered into his six feet of earth without one sincere regret from any one.

**UNFORTUNATE.**—That Danbury dyspepsia curer says in his bunch of items: Another match broken up. It being a clerk in a well known dry goods store and a lady on Essex street. It was so warm on Friday evening, that she had the parlor window up, and he stood on the lawn, and they were cooing to each other, and he was just reaching up for another kiss when the sash came down like a flash, and knocked off the peak of his nose and scalped his chin, and he hopped around so madly, and howled so dreadfully, that the old gentleman thought he was drunk, and had him kicked out of the yard with a great deal of ostentation. Monday morning he went West.

Agassiz says that the evening hours are the best for sleep. They are also the best for sitting up with a nice girl.

## Poetry.

### ON THE BEACH.

The moonlight slanted o'er the beach  
And leapt across the glancing waves;  
It made the night too pure for speech,  
And saddened with a sense of graves.

We had been rambling all the day  
Breathing the sea-air, she and I,  
And as the sunlight left the bay  
We climbed the rocks to see it die.

Then waited for the rising moon  
To cast the glamour of her light  
On cliffs too common-place by noon,  
And the long sea-line left and right.

So all our walk to silence grew,  
Unbroken by a word or sign,  
Till nearer to my side she drew,  
And laid her little hand in mine.

The stars came out and in the west  
The faint glow of glory died,  
And night, in jeweled sables dressed,  
Came on us sitting side by side.

Then when the moon with rounded light  
Stepped gently o'er the horizon,  
Along the coast-line straggling white,  
With arms entwined, we wandered on.

And many a creek and winding cove,  
And charming prospect did we miss,  
Our eyes and thoughts were all for love,  
And lips were surely made to kiss!

## Selected Miscellany.

### Stories Which Appear Common to the Human Race.

The *Nation* says: Curious as it may be, it was entirely to be expected that far away under the equator, on the banks of the Amazonian streams, the investigator of folk-lore should come upon the same tales that are told to children in nursery rooms under the Arctic circle. The adventure of our Jack the Giant Killer, who challenged the Welsh giant to eat with him, Prof. Hartt heard related in Tupi language in a Brazilian forest; the "kurupiras" are anthropomorphic wood-spirits characterized by reverse feet, who lead the traveller astray, perhaps to destruction, but who, though generally maleficent, sometimes do man a good turn; many myths relate how the hunter has been presented by one of them with unerring arrows that can miss the mark.

Man may sometimes outwit them; and it is told of one of them that a hunter played on him Jack the Giant Killer's trick, and induced him to cut himself open and thus commit suicide. So, too, the Tupi Oriara, or water-sprite, like the mermaid and lurly of Northern mythology, entices human beings to her home beneath the water. Again, the Amazonian Indians narrate the story of a match at running between a tortoise and a deer. The former stations her relatives along the course at short distances, and beats her antagonist.—"A fable found also in Africa and Siam," remarks Prof. Hartt; found also in the Sea Islands, we will add, and substantially the fable everywhere found which illustrates the general truth that the race is not always to the swift. The swan maiden the Indians have also; only with them it is a dress of parrot feathers that the spirit lays aside; she is seized by a man before she can resume it, and becomes his wife and the mother of a new tribe. Beasts and bird myths, Prof. Hartt found numerous in the Tupi. One of these is about a second wise tortoise.

He wagers with a big fish that he can pull the fish ashore, and then going to a tapir, he wagers that he can pull the tapir into the water. The tapir and the tortoise then proceed to the water's edge, where the fish awaits the contest, and the tortoise tying both of them together with a sipo, wins the wager, for, after a long struggle, both fish and tapir confess themselves exhausted by the endeavor which as each suppose, he has made against the effort of the perspicacious tortoise. The ibis, in a less ingenious but equally effective manner, cheats the night-hawk.

Once on a time the night-hawk spoke like people. His shirt was very pretty, because it was so red, but the ibis' shirt was black and ugly. The ibis looked at the night-hawk and was pleased with the night-hawk's shirt. The ibis came to the side of the night-hawk. "Lend thy shirt to me," he said to the night-hawk. "Why dost thou wish to borrow my shirt?" The ibis answered: "I wish to amuse myself; and go to dance." "Until when?" the night-hawk asked. To this the ibis answered: "Until three days after." The night-hawk took off his shirt and gave it to the ibis. "Here it is, do not cheat me; I await thee." The ibis went away; never did he return; he went completely away from the night-hawk; never did he appear in his sight again. The night-hawk awaited him, but he appeared not. And the night-hawk wept; he cried and said: "Ibis, bring back my shirt to me!" Always he cried on account of the ibis.

This is why the night-hawk goes clad in sombre attire, while the ibis is of gay plumage, and perhaps it is to answer the question: "Why is the ibis red?" that the fable was invented; if so, it goes into a large class—as, for instance, the class containing the fable which makes the aspen shiver because

it furnished wood for the cross of Christ; the one which marks the had-dock with a thumb-and-finger mark, because Saint Peter held him by the right hand, and took the tribute money from the fish's mouth with the left, and a thousand other similar fancies, known to more ambitious poets than those of the cave and hut and hearthstone, as well as to these. We do not know enough of our Tupi to guess whether the demand of the night-hawk for his shirt resembles his natural cry, and Prof. Hartt does not inform us.

### Mother Nature.

In Dunleith, Ia., live a married pair named Adams, who, while all-harmonious with each other and possessing a home replete with the average comforts of domestic life, have long lamented the exceptional provision of fate by which their union is left without the graces and endearments of childhood. Indeed, the wedded who are thus denuded that without which else-gilded wedlock must yet be poor and needy, can seldom conceal from commonest observation their sense of nature's partiality; and a girl named Francis Giles, who lived as an indulged servant in the childless household of Dunleith for a short time, some two years ago, did not fail to notice what it was that made her kind-hearted master and mistress lonely and dissatisfied despite their many blessings. About a year later than the date just indicated, while husband and wife were living temporarily without menial help, Mrs. Adams was awakened from sleep one night by a cry such as she had relinquished the hope of ever hearing in the house at that hour, and upon arising from her couch, and stealing wonderingly in its direction, found upon the kitchen window-sill a basket containing an infant in the first week of its mortal career. Under cover of darkness some one had softly lifted the window from the outside, deposited the waif within, and then sped away from the ensuing wail, like conscience from its fore-ordained accuser. The good woman in white no sooner discovered the little stranger in the willow than, with a glad cry of her own, she awoke her husband to behold the prize. It was a child in natal innocence, and they were childless. That was enough for them. Not theirs to care or think what good or bad might have gone before. Without question they took the gift of the night to their hearts and home at once, and were instinctively the richer for what others must have been poor indeed to lay down. Some months passed on, and Frances, the former servant of the pair, came to see them from her nominal new home with a married sister in Dubuque. At sight of the child she exhibited a surprise which was well explained, until the foster-mother told her the story of the infant's mysterious coming. Then the poor young creature burst into an agony of tears, and, clasping the babe frantically in her arms, proclaimed that she was the true parent. She had left Dunleith as the wife of a fellow whose worthlessness did not show itself fully until he was a father, when he heartlessly deserted wife and child to the cold charities of the world. The mother could find refuge for herself with her sister, but would not impose upon the humble resources of that relative; a helpless second pensioner; so, remembering the goodness and the need of her former employers, she went back to Dunleith in disguise, and, by grace of the night, left her little one upon the window-sill. This, with many tears, she confessed to Mrs. Adams; nor seemed inclined to reassert her maternal right of property beyond asking the privilege of seeing her baby occasionally. This was willingly granted to her, and she passed back and forth from Dubuque—says the *Herald* of the latter city—several times, without sign of further desire in the matter. Finally, however, a few days ago, she came, as she said, for the last time, prior to taking a servant's place somewhere in Illinois, and begged leave to remain during the night and have her child's company. It was observed that she seemed troubled and nervous and clung to the babe with passionate energy, but the foster parents could not refuse her what only her great misfortune had given them power to possess. And in the morning she and the child were gone. On the first stroke after midnight a watchman on the levee had seen a boat put out swiftly from the shore, rowed by a muffled figure and answering his hail with a strange, feeble cry. From such a home as she could never hope to give it again, from such ministering care and soothing plenty as she could never replace to it, from such guardianship in the present and security in the future as her best love and profoundest sacrifice could never compass for it more, the homeless, penniless-servant woman had borne away what she loved most in the world and through whose suffering her own capacity of misery must torment her the most.—Conscious of what she did, of all the wrong she was doing—to the benefactors of her child for a time certainly, to the child itself for eternity perhaps—she yet did thus because it was her child even by the same blind, mighty, irresistible instinct with the dying mother who, in the works of the great-

est of novelists, drew her little girl to her heart with the last energy of expiring nature, "and clasping this frail spar to her bosom, drifted out upon the unknown sea that rolls round all the world."

### Time Around the World.

We have received of late sundry queries from correspondents relative to the gain or loss of time in circumnavigating the globe. Those who have not found answers in the columns devoted to such purpose will receive a general response in the following rather amusing discussion recently carried on between two grave and learned French savants on the same rather paradoxical topic. M. Jules Verne, of the French Geographical Society, has written a book entitled a "Tour around the World in Twenty-four Hours."—What the nature of the contents of the volume is, we know not; but at all events it excited M. J. Bertrand, of the Academy of Sciences, to attempt to pose M. Verne with the following conundrum: "A person, supposed to be furnished with the necessary means of transportation, leaves Paris at noon on Thursday; he travels to Brest, thence to New York, San Francisco, Jeddo, etc., returning to his starting point after twenty-four hours, that is, encircling the globe at the rate of 15° of longitude per hour. At every station, as he passes on his journey, he asks: 'What time is it?' and he invariably answered: 'Noon.' He then inquires 'what day of the week is it?' At Brest, 'Thursday' is the reply, at New York the same; but on his return, supposing he passes Paris from the east and stops at Fontaine, a town some 19 miles to the northwest of that city, he will be answered 'Friday.' Where does the transition happen? Or when, if our traveler is a good Catholic, should he consider Friday's abstinence from meat to begin? 'It is evident,' continues the questioner, 'that the transition must be sudden, and may be considered to take place at sea or in a country where the names of weeks days are unknown; but,' he continues, 'suppose the parallel at which it happens should fall on a continent inhabited by civilized people speaking the same language, and that there should be two neighbors separated, say by a fence, on this very parallel. Then would not one say it was Thursday at noon, while at the same moment the other would assert it to be Friday, at the like hour?'

M. Verne answers as follows: 'It is true that, whenever a person makes the tour of the globe to the east, he gains a day, and similarly when traveling to the west he loses a like period, that is to say, the twenty-four hours which the sun in his apparent motion occupies in describing a circle around the earth. This is so real and well recognized that the administration of the French navy gives a supplementary day's ration to vessels which, leaving Europe, double the Cape of Good Hope, while it retains on the contrary a similar provision from ships rounding the Horn. It is also true that, if a parallel existed, such as above described, across an inhabited region, there would be complete disagreement between the people adjacent thereto; but this parallel does not exist, for Nature has placed oceans and deserts in our path where transition is made and a day gained or lost unconsciously. Through an international convention, the point for making the days agree has been fixed at the meridian of Manilla. Captains of vessels, under the same rule, change the dates of their log books when they pass the 18th meridian.

Edgar A. Poe, if we are not mistaken, avails himself of this apparent puzzle, in one of his desultory sketches, to point the story of an individual whose would-be father-in-law refuses him the hand of his adored, with her concomitant of an agreeably large dowry, until that time shall happen when "two Sundays fall in a week."—The luckless lover in despair goes to sea, sails round the world, and returns to renew his suit exactly one year from his departure. In the course of events a discussion takes place between himself and the stern parent relative to the present day of the week, in which he insists that it is Monday, and the old gentleman is equally positive that it is Sunday. The one produces his diary, kept since his departure; the other falls back upon the calendar.—Finally it transpires that the traveler in sailing round the globe to the east has gained a day in his reckoning; hence both disputants are right, two Sundays have come together, and the happy denouement follows.—*Scientific American.*

A ten-year old boy boasting to a schoolmate of his father's accomplishments said: "My father can do most anything. He is a notary public, and he's a poet, and he can pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend wagons, and he can play the fiddle, and he's a jackass at all trades."

"Punch" thinks that some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

**Salvation Near.**  
"And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. xiii: 11.

"Knowing the time," how short, how uncertain it is, the Christian is here urged to watchfulness, and to the faithful performance of duty; but while urging the common topic of the shortness of time, the apostle does not urge it in a common manner; on the contrary, instead of pointing to the approach of death, he holds out the prospect of eternal life; instead of reminding the believer that the end is at hand, that the night is close upon us, he tells him that the darkness is passing away, and "the day is at hand;" instead of saying that the close of all is near, he proclaims that salvation is near—nearer every day to us—"nearer than when we believed."

Thus the weary traveler counts the stages of his journey home. Thus the exile counts the years that remain to fulfil his time of banishment. Thus the watcher reckons the hours that must pass till the sun shall rise.

And thus the child, at a distance from his home, longs for the day that will restore him to his father's house, to his father's arms.

But where there is not the spirit of a traveler going home, of an exile looking for his fatherland, of a watcher looking out for the morning, or of a loving child desiring the father's house—the flight of time is dreaded as bringing to a close the present state of things, which is all that is thought of as an object of interest to the mind.

"Things seen and temporal" are a lone cared for: "things unseen" awaken no longings and stir up no efforts, even though they are much greater than things seen, as eternity is greater than time.

Lord, do Thou awaken us in time to the true value of time, and to the just consideration of that which is, and of that which shall be!

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Come to me 'er and o'er;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have before."

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Where the weary are at rest,  
Where we gain our crown.

Jesus! I trust  
Strengthen the hand of my faith;  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death.

Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
For if my life I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think!"

### A Cholera Remedy.

The *New York Journal of Commerce* publishes the following receipt for a cholera mixture, of which it says:

"We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. It is not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore will not be used as an alcoholic beverage; its ingredients are well-known among all the common people, and it will have no prejudice to combat.—Each of the materials is in equal proportion to the others, and it may therefore be compounded without professional skill; and, as the dose is so very small, it may be carried in a tiny phial in the waistcoat pocket, and be always on hand. It is:

Tinct. opii,  
Capsici,  
Rhei co.,  
Menth. pip.,  
Campho.

"Mix the above in equal parts; dose, ten to thirty drops. In plain terms, take equal parts tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, and mix them for use. In case of diarrhoea, take a dose of ten or twenty drops in three or four teaspoonfuls of water. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera. Even when cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaint."

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" Stranger goes in and gets his drink; comes out and finds his horse missing. "Where is my horse, boy?" "He runned away, sir." "Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No, sir; you told me to keep an eye on him, and I did, till he got clear out of sight."

The latest method of spending the honeymoon is reported from Italy. An American recently met an old school-fellow whom he had not seen for years. "You here?" "Yes, my dear fellow, I have just been married, and am come to pass the honeymoon in Italy." "And your wife?" "My wife? Oh! I left her in New York!"

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

An unpopular "ism" with everybody—the rheumatism.