

# The Port Tobacco Times.



PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ELIJAH WELLS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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## Port Tobacco Times

PORT TOBACCO:  
Friday Morning, September 19, 1873.

### MARYLAND EDITORS' ASSOCIATION.

**Preamble and Resolutions passed by the Maryland Editors' Association, on their trip in June, 1873.**

WHEREAS, The Maryland Editors' Association, in the course of its annual excursion in June, 1873, was the recipient of the most cordial hospitality, and the most generous welcome, the members of said Association, individually and collectively, desire to offer their grateful acknowledgments and their sincere and thorough appreciation of the bounteous kindness extended to them. While expressing in some measure in the subjoined resolutions their sense of this kindness, they are impelled to state that if the names of all were included, to whom they are so largely indebted, more time and space would be required than they can control, but they can give assurance that, notwithstanding such omissions in these formal acknowledgments, the continuous and considerate attentions bestowed upon them will be forever embalmed in the memory of the members of the Association. Be it therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers of the Richmond & York River Line, through their general superintendent, Mr. Reuben Foster, and Capt. W. P. Freeman, for their attentions and courtesies; and for the opportunity of holding the first business meeting and general re-union of the members on board the steamer State of Virginia.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the members of the press of the city of Richmond, for their cordial greeting and entertainment; to Mayor Kelley, and the citizens, for the welcome so heartily extended; and to Governor Walker and General Bradley T. Johnson, for their handsome receptions.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad for the civilities extended over the entire route from Richmond to Huntington, and by boat to Cincinnati; for the personal attentions of Mr. A. H. Perry, the general superintendent, of Colonel H. D. Whitcomb, Chief Engineer, and of various engineer officers, who took especial pains to point out the attractions of the route, and its capacity for its work as one of the great competing lines between the great West and the seaboard; for the use of a gondola, and for stoppages at important points for special observation; and for manifold manifestations of kindness and courtesy which will never be forgotten.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby offered to Messrs. Geo. L. Peyton & Co., proprietors of the White Sulphur Springs, for the hospitality so delicately and so generously extended; for the disposal, at our service, of the charming cottages which adorn the beautiful terraces of that healthful and attractive locality; for the freedom of the sulphur baths; and for a variety of polite attentions which have left a most agreeable and grateful impression upon the minds of all who were the guests of Col. Peyton and his brother, on that delightful Sabbath day.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to Mayor Snyder and the citizens of Charleston, West Virginia, for the welcome extended, and the kindness shown during their brief visit; for the attentions of Governor Jacobs, Dr. Hale and other distinguished gentlemen; and for the opportunities afforded to visit the salt works on the Kanawha river, and the coal mines in the neighborhood, and thus to gain clear ideas of the growing importance and prosperity of this exceedingly interesting locality.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to Mayor Buffington, and the citizens of Huntington, and to the officers of the western division of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad for their exceedingly friendly attentions, particularly to Capt. Parsons and Mr. A. H. Van Cleve; for the handsome entertainment provided; for the opportunities given to inspect the work-shops of the company; and for the information so freely and so politely furnished to enable them to comprehend the true position of Huntington on the map of the great future which lies before it.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby offered to the gentlemen in charge of the splendid steamer Fleetwood, plying between Huntington and Cincinnati; and particularly to the superintendent, Capt. Wm. Honshell, for the free-hearted and unsparring hospitalities of the line; for the princely supper and breakfast with which the members were entertained; for pleasant state-room accommodations; for the opportunity afforded for holding a regular meeting of the Association; and for a variety of pleasing incidents and reminiscences.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the Board

of Trade of Cincinnati for the escort of a committee to that city; for the opportunity extended of visiting its interesting localities and its suburban attractions; for the hospitalities of the gentlemen in charge of the Exposition; for the handsome reception of Mr. Richard Smith, the editor of the *Gazette*; and for various private civilities. That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the officers of the "Short Line" from Cincinnati to Louisville, and of the Louisville and Nashville Line, over which they proceeded as far as Glasgow Station, and more particularly to General Echols and to Maj. Parker for their very marked courtesy and kindness, and for attentions which we can never forget nor cease to be grateful for.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the proprietors of the Mammoth Cave, through their representative, Mr. E. G. Wilcoxson, for the freedom of a visit to the cave, and for the careful attention of two experienced guides.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the Jefferson, Madisonville & Indianapolis Railroad Company, for the compliments of the road from Louisville to Indianapolis, and especially to its official representatives, those genial gentlemen, Col. Horace Scott, and Messrs. Eggleston and Anderson, for pointing out the many objects of attraction upon this exceedingly interesting line of communication, and for the handsome manner in which they contributed to the social entertainment of an occasion which will ever be remembered with unfeigned satisfaction.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. John E. Simpson, general superintendent, for the courtesies of the Vandalia Line from Indianapolis to St. Louis; and to Mr. W. H. Stennett, general agent, for the courtesies of the Illinois Central Road, on the return from St. Louis to the city of Chicago.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the Board of Trade of Indianapolis for the polite attentions shown during a brief sojourn in that city.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the proprietors of the Galt House, Louisville, the Planter's House, St. Louis, and the Matson House, Chicago, for special concessions and courtesies which will ever afford the members of the Association pleasure to recollect.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby offered to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its worthy and most efficient representative, Mr. Samuel T. S. DeFord, southeastern agent, who escorted us from Chicago to Baltimore, for the marks of favor so liberally shown through the entire route; for the elegant sleeping and parlor cars furnished for their comfort; for the bountiful repasts at the successive station hotels on the route; for the advantages and conveniences of a special train, and the rapidity with which they were carried; for the privilege of a careful and extended inspection of the shops of the company at Altoona, under the direction of Messrs. G. C. Gardner, and Frank Thompson, and thus of gaining a clear conception of the enormous capabilities of the company for the construction of its engines and cars, and for the general equipment of a road which now extends from New York to the far West, and sends its branches in every direction, northward and southward, for the promotion of trade and commerce.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the Western Union Telegraph Company, through their general superintendent, Colonel Van Horn, for the privilege of free transmission of messages; and likewise to the Adams' Express Company, through its excellent representative, Mr. J. Q. A. Herring, for the opportunities afforded for the free expressage of goods and parcels homeward.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the general director of the excursion, Major N. H. Hotchkiss, for his attention to the duties imposed upon him by his position; for the untiring cheerfulness and self-sacrificing spirit he displayed throughout the trip; for his considerate regard for the comfort and gratification of the members of the Association; and they will always cherish with satisfaction the remembrance of their intercourse with him.

That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered to the West-

## Poetry.

From the Episcopal Register  
**THE GOLDEN RULE.**  
Though fortune tempt you to depart  
From uprightness and truth,  
There should be graven on your heart  
Through childhood and through youth,  
The memory of that blessed rule,  
Taught by One pure and true—  
"Do unto others as you would  
Have others do to you."

When shadows come, and cloud's o'erhang  
Life's usually bright sky,  
Think of the One who kept this rule,  
And then sincerely try  
To reach the Home above the skies,  
Which then will be your due,  
If you will do to others as  
You'd have them do to you.

If you had injured any friend,  
And then forgiveness sought;  
Should he not grant it, you would think  
He never had been brought  
To that dear Home, the holy Church,  
Which is the Christian's school;  
The Bride of Him who taught us all  
To keep the Golden Rule.

So when a friend has done you harm,  
And then for pardon cries,  
Delay not, but to atonement give,  
And bring joy to his eyes;  
By kind and tender words of love  
Old friendship's ties renew,  
By doing to him as you would  
Have him do to you.

And when at last to Heaven you come,  
And hear your Saviour's voice  
You'll stand with those who see His face  
And round His throne rejoice;  
You'll hear Him say in accents mild,  
"Come unto Me, blessed few,  
Who've done to others as you would  
Have others do to you!"

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tain she saw and mentally commented upon."  
"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same low tone.  
"No, ma'am," I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I know I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.  
"No ma'am, no father."  
"Brothers and sisters?"  
"Neither, ma'am."  
"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."  
"How long has his mother been dead?" and the dear woman looked away from my face, and waited till I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.  
"And ye loved her?" same next.  
"Dear," was all I could say.  
"She was silent for a moment, and then said so sweetly—oh, I shall never forget it—"

"And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek where the tell-tale ointment had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave you," she continued, "but here is my card, and if you come to me most any evening, I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing—with her I could grow to a man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips.

As soon as I could summon courage I called upon that lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down; and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she sat at every point of my life, and before I bade her good-bye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house, and study on these questions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meetings with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to these meetings with my friend. I grew more careful of my conversation, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day.

Nobody but God knows what I owe this woman. During the last three months of those two years, I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply,

"Oh, no! I am only a little—that is all."  
One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough it seemed to me for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.  
"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come for the next week, and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?"

"I think you can, ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.  
"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

"Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."—*American Citizen.*

### Improved Medium of Artificial Light for the Eyes.

The painful effect of some of the most usual kinds of artificial light upon the eye is well known even to many whose natural vision is unimpaired. This is attributed by recent investigators to the great proportion of really non-illuminous rays, or rays of mere caloric bearing no illumination, which it contains. It is claimed to be demonstrated, by accurate analysis, that in sunlight there are fifty per cent. of such rays, in gaslight nearly ninety, in electric light eighty, and in kerosene light as many as ninety-four. Without vouching for the entire correctness of these figures, the announcement lately made is worth repeating, namely, that a German chemist named Lonsberg professes to have discovered that by passing any kind of artificial light through a thin layer of alum or mica these caloric rays are absorbed, while the illuminating power of the true light rays is undiminished, and becomes exceedingly mild and pleasant to the eye.

### THE CALIFORNIAN AT VIENNA.

I am in bonds and fetters through not understanding the German tongue. It is a weary torture to be a stupid, uncomprehending foreigner. I am lost in a linguistic swamp. It is necessary to employ one man to talk to another. The *commissionnaire* does not understand more than half I say. What might he not be interpreting to the other fellow? The most trivial want costs me a world of anxiety and trouble. I desired some blotting-paper—I went to a little stationery shop. I said, "Paper! paper! fur die blot, you know. Ich bin Engländer—er; ink no dry; what you call um? Vas? vas? Hang it!" They took down all sorts of paper—letter-paper, wrapping-paper, foolscap, foreign post. I tried to make myself known by signs. I made myself miserably ridiculous. The shopkeeper stared at me in perplexity, disgust and despair. Then he discussed the matter with his wife. I fretted, perspiring vigorously. I went away. I went to a commissionnaire at my hotel. It required five minutes to explain the matter to him. He discussed the matter with the *portier*. The *portier* is quite buried under gold lace and brass buttons. The commissionnaire returns to me. He thinks he knows what I require, but is not quite certain. All this trouble for a bit of blotting-paper! It is so with everything. Every little matter of everyday life, which at home to think of and do are almost identical, here costs so much time, labor and anxiety! My strength is all gone when I have purchased a paper of pins and a bottle of ink. Breakfast and dinner task me to the utmost. The slightest deviation from established custom seems to act on the people at the restaurant like a wrong figure in a table of logarithms. It required three days to convince a stunted boy in a long-tailed coat that I did not wish beer for dinner. He would bring beer. I would say, "I don't want beer! I want my dinner." He would depart and take counsel with the head-waiter, and I would feel as if I had been doing something for which I ought to be corrected. The latter functionary approaches and exclaims with domineering voice, "Vat you wants?" I reply with meekness, "Dinner, sir, if you please." He brings me an elegantly bound book containing the bill of fare. But it is in German! I look at it knowingly. Sanscrit would be quite as intelligible. I put my finger on a word which I suppose means soup. I look up meekly at the functionary.

The flowers contemptuously upon me. He recommends me to an underling, and bustles off to guests more important. There are in the dining-hall French, German, Italian, English and Japanese. Tongues, plates, knives and forks clatter inside—wheels roll, rattle and clatter over the stone pavement outside. I wait for my soup. Hours seem to lag by. I appeal in vain to other waiters. Life is too busy and important a matter with them to pay any attention to me.

The aristocratic German waiter is cool and indifferent. It is beneath his dignity to approach you within half an hour after you sit down. He knows you are hungry, and enjoys your pangs. He is sensible of every signal, every expression of the eye with which you regard him. To appear not to know is the chief business of his life. He will with the minutest care arrange a napkin while a half-dozen hungry men at different tables are trying to arrest his attention. Before I met this man my temper was mild and amiable: I believe in doing by my fellows as I would be done by. Now I am changed. I never visit the Vienna restaurant but I dwell in thought on battle, murder, pistols, bowieknives, blood, bullets and sudden death. After eating a meal it requires another hour to pay for it.

A nobleman, dressed *de rigueur*, condescends to take my money after he has made me wait long enough. There are two of these officials at the hotel. One in general manner resembles a heavy dealer in bonds and government securities—the other a modest, charming young clergyman of the Church of England. One morning, when the atmosphere was very sultry, I ventured to open a window. The dealer in government securities shut it immediately, and gave me a look which humiliated me for the day. I said I wanted, if possible, air enough to support life while eating my breakfast. He said that was against the rules of the house: the windows must not be opened. There was too much dust blowing in the street. What were a few common lives compared to the advent of dust in that dining-room?

You must live here by rule. Novelty is treason. It is the unalterable rule of life that because things have been done in a certain manner, so must they ever be done. It requires almost a revolution to have an egg boiled hard in Vienna. I said at my first meal, "Kin coffee and eggs mit hard." It may be seen that I speak German with the English accent. The eggs came soft-boiled. I suppose that the nobleman who attended on my table went to the prince in disguise who governed the culinary department, and informed him of this new demand in the matter of eggs. It is presumed that the prince pronounced against me, for next morn-

ing my eggs were still soft-boiled.—Then I braced myself up and said, "See here! I want mine zwei eggs, you know, hard, hard! You understand?" The nobleman looked at me with contempt. The eggs came about one-tenth of a degree harder than the previous morning. I resolved to gain my point. I saw how necessary it was to put more force, vigor, spirit and savagery into my culinary instructions to the nobleman. This despotism should not prevail against me. When the free, easy and enlightened American among the effete and crumbling monarchies of Europe shrieks for hard-boiled eggs, they must be produced, though the House of Hapsburg should reel, stumble and totter.

I said on the third morning, "Haben Sie ein hot Feuer in your kitchen?"—Jai! "And hot Wasser?" Jai. "And will you put this hot Feuer under the said hot Wasser, and in that hot Wasser put the eggs and keep them there zehn Minuten, zwanzig Minuten, or a day or a week—any length of time, so that they are only boiled hard, just like stones, brickbats, rocks, boulders or the gray granite crest of Yosemite?—I want mine eggs hard." Then I ground my teeth and looked wicked and savage, and squirmed viciously in my chair. There was some improvement in the eggs that morning, but they were not hard-boiled.

The Viennese spend most of their time in the open air, drinking beer and coffee, reading light newspapers, eating and smoking. In the English and American sense they have neither politics nor religion. The government and the church provide these articles, leaving the people little to do save enjoy themselves, float lazily down life's stream, and die when their souls become too spiritualized to remain longer in their bodies.

I am fast becoming German. I have my coffee at nine; it requires two hours to drink it. Then I dream a little, smoke a cigar and drink a glass of beer. At twelve comes dinner. This I eat at a cafe table on the sidewalk, with more beer. At two I take a nap. At five I awake, drink another glass of beer, and dream. From that time until nine is occupied in getting hungry for supper. This occupies two hours. Then more beer and tobacco. Some time in the night I retire. Sometimes I am aware of the operation of disrobing, sometimes not. This is Viennese life. One day merges into another in a vague, misty sort of way. Time is not checked off into short, sharp divisions as in busy, bustling America. From the windows opposite mine, on the other side of the street, protrude Germans with long pipes. They sit there hour after hour, those pipes hanging down a foot below the window-sill. Occasionally they emit a puff of smoke.—This is the only sign of life about them.

The window-sills are furnished with cushions to lean on when you gaze forth. The one in mine is continually dropping down into the street below, and a man in a brass-mounted cap, who calls himself a "Dienstmann," does a good business in picking it up and bringing it upstairs at ten kreutzers a trip. The kreutzer is a copper coin equivalent to an English farthing. Every day here seems a sort of a holiday, and in this respect Sunday stands pre-eminently.

The ladies, as a rule, are fine-looking, shapely, well-dressed and particular as to the fit of their gaiters and hose—a most refreshing sight to one for a year accustomed to the general dowdiness which in this respect prevails in England. Most of the English girls seem to have no idea that their feet should be dressed. The Viennese lady is very tasteful. She is neither slipshod nor gaudy. I never beheld more dainty toilettes. Everything about them, as a sailor would say, is out "by the lifts and braces."

Viennabaths in great bath-houses. I have tested one. I wandered about the establishment asking every one I met for a warm bath. Some pointed in one direction, some in another, and after blundering back and forth for a while, I found myself before a woman. For fifty kreutzers she gave me a ticket. Then she called for Marie, a black-eyed, bright German girl, came. She went to a shelf and burdened herself with a quantity of linen. Then she signed for me to follow. I did so in an expectant, wondering and rather anxious frame of mind. Marie showed me into a neatly-furnished bathroom. She spread a linen sheet in the tub, and turned on the water. I waited for the tub to fill and Marie to depart. Marie seemed in no hurry. I pondered over the possibilities involved in a German "Warm-bad." Perhaps Marie will attempt to scrub me. Never! At last she goes. I remove my collar. Suddenly Marie returns, it is to bring another towel. There is no lock on the door—nothing with which to defend one's self. I bathe in peace, however. On emerging I examine the pile of linen Marie has left. There is a small towel, and two large aprons without strings, long enough to reach from the shoulders to the knees. I stride over their possible use. I conclude they are to dry the anatomy with. On subsequent inquiry I ascertained that they were to be worn while I rang the bell and Marie came in to substitute hot water for cold.

The American commission to the exhibition occupies a bare, disconsolate, shabby suite of rooms. They resemble much the editorial offices of those ephemeral daily papers which commencing with very small capital, after a spasmodic career of a few months fall despondingly into the arms of the sheriff. I had once occasion to visit the commission on a little matter of business. What that was I have forgotten: I recollect only the multiplicity of doors in those apartments. When I turned to depart, I opened every door but the proper one. I went into closets, private apartments and intricate passages, and after making the entire round without discovering egress, I made another tour of them, but still could not find where I had entered. A solitary American was seated in the reading-room looking weary and homesick, and I asked him if he could tell me the right road out of the American commission. He said he hardly knew: this was his first visit, but he'd try.—So both of us went prospecting around and opening all the doors we met, while a deaconish old gentleman behind a desk looked on apparently interested, yet offering nothing in the way of information or suggestion. I presume, however, this is the only amusement the man has in this forlorn place. I was beginning to think of descending by way of the windows when the strange American at last found a door which led into the main entry, and we both left at the same time, glad to escape.

I will do one side of the American department in the exhibition stern justice. It commences with a long picture placed there by the Pork Packers' Association of Cincinnati, descriptive of the processes which millions of American hogs are subjected to while being converted into pork. There are hogs going in long procession to be killed, and going, too, in a determined sort of a way, as if they knew it was their business to be killed. Then came hogs killed, hogs scalded, hogs scraped, hogs cut up into shoulders, hams, sides, jowls; hogs salted, hogs smoked. Underneath this sketch are a number of unpainted buggy and carriage wheels; next, a pile of pick-handles; next, a little mound of grindstones, a platform of clothes-wringers; next, a solitary iron wheelbarrow communicating with a patent fire-extinguisher; following this a crowd of green iron pumps, with sewing-machines in full force. Such is a bit of the American department.

It is the fashion here that ever one should have a growl at the general slowness and slovenliness of our department. Every one gives our drooping eagle a kick. This is all wrong. We can't send our greatest wonders and triumphs to Europe. There is neither room nor opportunity in the building for showing off one of our political torchlight processions, or a vigilance-committee hanging, or a Chicago or Boston fire, or a steamboat blow-up, or a railway smash-up. Were the present chief of the commission a man of originality and talent, he might even now save the national reputation by bundling all the pumps, churns, patent clothes-washers, wheel-barrows and pick-handles out of doors, and converting one of the United States rooms into a reservation for the Modocs, and the other into a corral for buffaloes and grizzly bears. These, with a mustang post or two from Oregon, a live American daily paper, with a corps of reporters trained to squeeze themselves through door-cracks and key-holes, might retrieve the national honor, if shown up realistically and artistically.

—*Prentice Mulford, in Lippincott's for September.*

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry, when one of them fell into a deep quarry-hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out: "Arrah, Pat, are ye kilt entirely? If you're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying, in answer: "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spacheless."

A farmer recklessly publishes the following challenge: "I will bet \$42.25 that my hired man can take longer to go to the harvest-field, get back to dinner quicker, eat more, do less, and bear down on a panel of fence harder than any other hired man within fifteen miles of the flagstaff in our town."

When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he refer to doctors' patients? "No." "How do you know he didn't?" "Because you always find them under a monument."

A farmer in Washington county, Ky., has found a practical use for a snake. For two years he has had one shut up in his corn-crib, and during all that time not a live mouse has been seen there.

We hear a great deal about labor reform; but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those fellows who don't labor.

Did the man who wrote the song, "There's music in the midnight breeze," refer to cats?