

# The Port Tobacco Times.



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## A Popular Story.

### THE ELOPEMENT.

Five years had elapsed since Lydia's disappearance. But she looked older even than that. The agony of that day, the horrible night afterwards, the constant fear of discovery, and lastly, the struggle for bread combined with the never ending heart ache, had begun to eat wrinkles in her still fair face.

In all this time she had never heard of her husband, nor of her early home. She was so proud to return to her father. "I will starve first," she often said, clenching her hands.

Whether Leonard was alive or dead, whether he had remained in Italy or had gone home, she did not know. Sometimes she said to herself, moaning on her pillow at night, "He is with Mrs. Dorchester;" and the thought went through her heart with actual physical pain, like the stab of a knife.

She and her faithful Dorcas were settled in Paris now, in an obscure corner, as the least likely place to be discovered. She earned a scanty living, and it was of the scantiest, by coloring photographs. Into the more fashionable parts of Paris she never ventured, except when she had to go to the shops to sell her sketches, or to get orders. On one of those occasions, at the head of the Rue de la Paix, she came suddenly face to face with Mrs. Dorchester.

She turned and fled immediately, regardless of her errand, fled down side streets and close alleys; fled across the Seine, and only stopped to breathe when she had reached her humble lodging, in one of the most secluded parts of the Luxembourg quarter. But hardly had she closed the door, hardly had she begun to tell Dorcas that they must fly from Paris, when Mrs. Dorchester, unannounced, forced herself into the room.

"I have followed you," said the latter, unceremoniously, as Lydia rose, angrily. "I will speak, Mrs. Drake."

"Have the goodness to leave my room," answered Lydia, tottering to her feet. "I do not know you nor the name by which you have addressed me."

"You have been mad long enough," sternly exclaimed her visitor, sitting down. "Try to come back to your senses. I shall not go until I have explained. A few words will do it—Your husband and I, instead of being what you thought, were trying to keep a great misfortune from you, or if that could not be done, to break it to you carefully."

There was an air of truth about the speaker, that staggered Lydia. She sank nerveless into the chair.

"I must tell the whole story in order to exculpate ourselves," said Mrs. Dorchester. "Your father got into difficulties, forged my husband's name to a large amount, and was on the point of exposure when Mr. Dorchester died. The affairs then came into my hands to settle."

Lydia sat leaning both elbows on the table before her, her face supported on her hands, listening and looking as if at her doom.

"I could have presented your father, but it would have sent him to die in jail," continued Mrs. Dorchester, "and would have publicly disgraced all his family. You I knew by name as the wife of my cousin, with whom I had been brought up in the country as a child, and whom I loved as a brother—as a brother, nothing more, she added, emphatically. "Besides, I was a woman, and I hope not a cruel one. So I refused to prosecute, suffered the loss of the money, and hushed the matter up."

A groan burst from Lydia.

Mrs. Dorchester went on: "then I came abroad. At Lausanne I met your husband unexpectedly. He had received some hints about your father, and he insisted on knowing the truth. He then said you ought to be told. But I replied that it would only pain you needlessly; if you continued to live abroad you might never hear the story. He answered that it would come to your ears, sooner or later. This is why you saw us talking so much together, and why on several occasions he sought private interviews with me. One evening he nearly won my consent. But hardly had he gone, before I repented

"I shrank from it you see, as a woman—and I wrote to him, telling him he must still keep our secret. The letter, it seems, or a portion of it, you found. He was tearing it up, when you came into the room, and he put what was left of it hastily into a book that lay nigh, as he afterwards remembered. As soon as he could, he hurried to consult me. You were, he said, getting jealous; you evidently misunderstood us; and he must tell the whole story now in justice to himself. I was engaged with a party at Vevay, and the room was full; so he joined me in order to have an opportunity to say all this. Of course in this crisis my scruples gave way. My reward is that you have believed me a vile woman. There that's the whole. I've told my story, perhaps in a hard way, I'm sorry for you all the same. Thank God, I've found you!"

She had risen while speaking, and caught Lydia's gaze, which at first had been fixed on her so angrily, had fallen before her; she had buried her face in her hands, and now, as Mrs. Dorchester ceased, the wretched listener sank senseless to the floor.

When Lydia revived, Mrs. Dorchester finished. Leonard Drake had spent three years in searching for his wife, and had subsequently emigrated to America, believing her dead. The last time Mrs. Dorchester heard from him he was settled at Morristown, near New York.

The next morning saw Lydia and Dorcas once more on their way; and when the sun set they watched it from the deck of a Havre steamer bound for New York.

It was late in November when she sailed; but the voyage was a pleasant one notwithstanding the season. Lydia felt, however, that she could have better endured storm and tempest than the monotony of those days, which left her nothing to do but think. She could not throw off the past. If she had only spoken one word, only shown her husband a shadow of the horrible insanity in her mind, everything would have been set straight, and she would have been happy in his pardon. But now five years gone forever, and perhaps worse; perhaps (for he thought her dead) another wife! Who could tell what punishment might be in store for her? Perhaps she would reach land only to find him dead—which would be worse than all—dead, and too late even to hear one last word of forgiveness!

They were in sight of land at last; had left the vessel, were driving away through the busy streets of the great city of the New World. Lydia would not hear of resting or waiting, and old Dorcas knew that it would only be cruel to urge her.

It had been snowing when they landed in New York, and by the time they had left the railway train which they had taken, it had settled into a heavy storm. Lydia wanted to walk; so Dorcas wrapped a waterproof cloak about her, drew the hood over her head, and did the best to shelter her.

"Ask how we go?" was all her mistress said. "Be quick—I want to start; but I must walk—I should go mad."

Dorcas stepped into a hotel near the station, and made her inquiries. The road was straight enough. Mr. Leonard Drake, she was told, lived out beyond the town a little—she would know the place by such and such directions.

They were less than half an hour on the way. They reached the mansion, a handsome dwelling, half town-house, half villa, with a long garden attached. They mounted the steps, and Dorcas rang the bell.

"You ask," she heard her mistress whisper. She caught sight of her face. It was lined and stained with pain; the dark eyes fairly scamed and dilated with suspense.

The door opened. A man servant appeared.

"Is Mr. Leonard Drake in?" Dorcas asked.

"No, he is in New York. Mrs. Drake is at home," answered the man.

Instinctively Dorcas reached out her arm to support Lydia, as she asked, "who is that—his mother?"

"No, his wife. Do you want to see her?" asked the man rather curtly, beginning to think them people in search of charity, and not liking to encounter the cold air.

"No," Dorcas said. "How long has he been married?"

"About six months."

A low choked whisper from her mistress reached Dorcas. It said: "Come away! Quick! Come!"

Dorcas turned, without a word, and supported her mistress down the steps. Lydia did not speak. Dorcas could not. She put her arm about her mistress, and drew her on as fast as she could, hoping to find a carriage near. The house stood in a plot of ground by itself. They turned the corner, where the garden led down a side street.

"Wait," said Lydia, suddenly. "I can't go any farther, let me rest a little. Only don't speak to me—don't say a word."

They sat on the jutting line of stone that supported the iron fence, Dorcas half sustaining her mistress, who crouched forward, hiding her face with one hand. Dorcas bent over to see the face—it was distorted by anguish.

"Mistress, dear!" she sobbed, "only speak—only—"

"Hush!" muttered Lydia. "Come away; I can walk now. Let me alone; don't talk yet. Help me up, I can walk."

Dorcas was assisting her to rise, when a gentleman turned into the street, a little down, and walked rapidly toward them.

Muffled though he was in his great coat, Dorcas knew him, and uttered a cry of terror.

"It's his step," whispered Lydia. "Sit down—he'll not know us! I promised never to trouble him! I must keep my word. Don't look up, Dorcas. Sit down, I say!"

The very act attracted the attention of the gentleman. He halted in front of them, saying:

"Why do you sit here in this storm?"

Neither answered. Dorcas felt Lydia's hand press her arm like a hand of stone.

"Can't either of you speak?" he continued rather impatiently. "This is not weather for two women to be sitting out of doors."

Still no answer! Some mad idea that she could pluck Dorcas away, and run from him, seized Lydia. She attempted it. The hood fell from her face. He knew her and cried:

"Lydia, Lydia!"

She felt that she was fainting—that he had caught her in his arms; then an awful blackness closed over her.

When consciousness came back, she thought at first she must be dead.—Then she knew she was in a bright warm room. She saw Dorcas, a young, pretty lady, near the bed, then Leonard, and shrieked aloud.

She was held fast in his arms again. His voice sounded close to her ear.

"Lie still, darling; it's all clear!—My cousin's house—my cousin's wife. Don't you remember that I told you I had a cousin with the same christian name as myself, who emigrated to America?"

So Lydia knew that God had forgiven her great sin, and mercifully allowed her another trial of the happiness she had recklessly thrown away.

**An Adherence to Orders.**

The traditional union of fidelity, obedience to orders, strict discipline and stupidity in the old-fashioned military servant is wittily illustrated in a story told by the "Gazette de Paris," at the expense of a captain of Melun garrison. This officer, who had been invited to dine at a neighboring castle, sent his valet with a note of "regrets," adding, as the boy started, "Be sure and bring me my dinner, Auguste, when you have left the letter." The soldier took the letter to the castle and was told, of course, "It's all right."

"Yes, but I want the dinner," said the lad: "the captain ordered me to bring it back, and I always obey orders." The baroness, being informed of the good fellow's blunder, carried out the joke by dispatching a splendid repast. The officer, too amused to make any explanation to his servant, merely sent him back at once to buy a bouquet to carry with his compliments to the baroness. Successfully accomplishing this feat, the brilliant Auguste was handed a five-franc piece from the lady.

"That won't do," says the honest fellow: "I paid thirty francs for the flowers." The difference was made up to him, and he returned to the fort, quite proud of having so ably discharged his duty. We think this incident will fairly match some of the experiences which our own officers are fond of narrating regarding the way in which their servants have interpreted and executed their orders.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## Poetry.

### THE OLD MAN IN A PALACE CAR.

Well, Betsy, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen!  
We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen.

We didn't go so fast as this, nor on such cushions rest!

When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West.

We rode through this same country, but not as now we ride.

You sat within a stage coach, while I trudged on by your side;

Instead of ridin' on a rail, I carried one you know,

To pry the old coach from the mire thro' which we had to go.

Let's see; that's fifty years ago—just after we were wed:

Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.

Now, Betsy, people call us old, and push us off one side,

Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend

To take a weddin' tour like ours with log-house at the end!

Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow

Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; tho' food and clothes were coarse,

None ever saw us in the courts a huntin' a divorce;

Love leveled down the mountains and made low places high;

Love sang a song to cheer us when clouds and storms were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world move on, to hear the engine's roar,

And all about the cable stretchin' now from shore to shore.

Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;

The Lord just lets us live awhile to see how young folk's do.

Whew, Betsy, how we're flyin'! See the farms and towns go by!

It makes my gray hairs stand on end; it dimes my fallin' eye.

Soon we'll be through our journey, and in the house so good,

That stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How slow—like old time coaches—our youthful years went by!

The years when we were livin' 'neath a bright New England sky;

Swifter than palace cars now fly, our later years have flown,

Till now we journey hand in hand down to the grave alone.

I can hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast flyin' train;

Only a few more stations in the valley now remain,

Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold.

And stop at the best station in the city built of gold.

## Selected Miscellany.

### THE IMPERIAL WILL.

In the memoirs historical reminiscences, lately published, of Baron Segur, the veteran diplomatist of many courts, occurs a lively sketch of a characteristic episode in the reign of Catherine II. of Russia.

A rich banker, named Saderland, enjoyed for a long time the favor of the Empress, but one day he suddenly saw his house surrounded by an armed force, led by a commissary of the special police who demanded to speak with him.

"My dear sir," said he to the frightened banker, "I grieve me deeply to have received orders from our gracious sovereign to execute towards you a severity beyond anything I have ever yet seen. I know not what extraordinary offence you have committed to excite such extremity of anger in her Majesty as to induce her to command a punishment so horrible.

"I do not understand a word of what you are saying," said the astonished banker. "I am as much amazed as if you had fallen from the clouds. What are the orders you have received?"

"I have not the courage to tell you, and yet I shall be compelled to execute them."

"Am I indeed so unfortunate as to have lost her majesty's confidence?"

"Ah! if that were all, sir, you would not see me so disconsolate. You might regain her confidence and even her Majesty's favor, but—but—"

"But am I then to be banished from Russia?"

"That would indeed be a sad misfortune; yet, with your riches, you could find a hospitable reception in any other country. But—"

"Oh heavens! is it possible that I am to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Even from there you might sooner or later be called to Russia."

"Perhaps, then, you are going to put me in prison?"

"I wish it were so, for then you might be liberated."

"Am I then condemned to undergo the knout?"

"The knout is a dreadful punishment, but it is not always fatal."

"Then, oh! then, you lead me to death! Tell me plainly; this suspense is worse than death itself."

"Know, then, that your most gracious Empress has given absolute orders to take off your entire skin."

"To take off my entire skin?" exclaimed Saderland, seized with horror—"to flay me alive!"

But regaining his self command, he added, "No, no, it cannot be; either you have lost your senses, Mr. Commissary, or your most benign mistress has lost hers. Is it possible you made no answer when you received such a cruel order?"

"I did more than others would have dared to do. I did not conceal my grief and surprise. I lingered in the Imperial presence, and had actually begun a feeble remonstrance to her Majesty, when our gracious sovereign, turning to look on me, with a look and voice of anger, bade me begone and perform her will. I still seem to hear her threatening and appalling words:

"Go, and never forget that it is your indispensable duty to execute without questioning the commands I think you worthy to receive from me."

"Is it possible to describe the agitation, the anguish, or the despair of poor Saderland?"

After he had for a time given vent to the violence of his distress, the Commissary told him that he was allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his affairs. In vain the banker prayed for a longer interval, at least for an opportunity to write to the Empress and implore her clemency.

At length, although trembling for the consequences to his own life, he consented, and he immediately followed the letter himself; but not having courage to present himself at Court, he went to seek his friend and protector, Col. Bruce.

The Count thought that the Commissary must have made a mistake, and took him directly to the Imperial Palace. There, leaving him in an ante-chamber, he obtained admission to the presence of the Empress, to whom he related the whole affair.

What was his astonishment to hear the Empress exclaim:

"Just heavens! what atrocity! There can be no doubt that Nickoff (the Commissary) is mad! Quick! Count, take horse before it is too late, and deliver my poor banker from his alarm, and assure him of my favor and good wishes."

The Count hastened to communicate this order to the Commissary; and was yet more astonished when, returning to the presence of the Empress, he heard her exclaim, mid bursts of loud laughter:

"Now I understand the cause of this strange and incomprehensible scene. I have for several years had a fine dog, which I valued high, and I had given him the name of Saderland, both for the sake of a joke on my good banker, and also in compliment to the English gentleman of that name from whom I obtained the dog. Early this morning I gave orders to Nickoff to take off his skin entire, in order to have it stuffed as the poor thing was dead. He seemed to hesitate whether to obey, and I was very angry, because I thought it was silly pride on his part."

**THE POWER OF A LOCOMOTIVE.**

When the first locomotive was patented, driving only one car, if lightly loaded, it did very well; but when the load it drew was heavier than its own weight, its wheels would not bite, that is, they would not turn around without advancing. Hence a cowcatcher was needed behind to guard against cattle running into it in the rear. It seemed at first impossible to make a less weight move a greater on an up grade; and for some years no one invented an engine able to draw three times its own weight.

At the present day, however, locomotives sweep along with trains more ponderous by fifteen or twenty times than they are themselves. One means of gaining this vast increase of power for the locomotive was by dividing the load.

It was found that an engine powerless to stir five times its weight of freight when concentrated in one car, could readily draw it when distributed in a dozen cars loosely slacked together.—It was heavier than each single car, and it had to overcome the inertia of each one a moment before it encountered the inertia of another. It was thus more than a match for each car taken singly; and pulling them successively it drew after it a train as long as a comet, and the farther it ran the more strength it had to run further.

Here was the story of little David over again. Singly, the strapping weight, as he told Goliath, was one hundred and twenty, but whenever he got mad he weighed a ton. Moreover, the engine forced the momentum acquired by every car it had started to swell its own potency in overcoming the resistance of all that remain still motionless.

A very prudent man in Danbury provides himself with an extra hat for the month of November. He carries it in his coat-tail pocket, and when the wind lifts the one from his head, he straightway jams on the other, and then puts after the first, and thus not only saves much chaffing from the unregenerated, but actually gets credit as a philanthropist—the general impression being that he is in pursuit of somebody else's hat.

### The Baby Hippopotamus' Birthday.

The interesting fact of the first annual celebration of the birthday of Miss Guy Fawkes is announced by *Land and Water*. The individual bearing this much execrated name is an infantile hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens in London, who, just one year ago on the fifth of November, was ushered into existence—a circumstance duly noted in these columns at the time. Mr. Frank Buckland, the well known naturalist, called upon the young lady with the usual felicitations and wishes of "many happy returns of the day."

He arrived at about breakfast time, and found the object of his visit deeply absorbed in partaking of a breakfast from nature's fount, under water. He describes the condition and behavior of the babe, as follows:

"The water in the bath was as clear as crystal, and I was able to observe everything that went on. The mother lay herself down on her side, turning over like a huge bacon pig asleep. The young one stood on all fours at the bottom of the tank, and took her food very much after the fashion of a calf. She stayed under water from half a minute to a minute and three-quarters; she then came to the surface, took a deep inspiration, and sank again, as quietly as a frog. It was very interesting to see with what little splash or noise these gigantic creatures can lift their heads to the surface of the water.—After she had finished her breakfast, Prescott, the keeper, enticed Guy Fawkes and her mother out of the water; the little one is as tame, playful, and docile as a kitten. We made her out to be about six feet four long, and two feet ten at the shoulders. Her back is a slaty black color, but her cheeks, chest, and legs are of a lovely pink salmon color. We calculated her weight to be nearly one ton, and her mother would make and weigh about three little hippos. She eats and sleeps well; and besides her natural nourishment, her meals consist of chaff, bran, mangold wurzel, scalded oats, biscuit, and sugar. She is very fond of anything sweet. She has already learnt to beg for food; she put her head out between the bars, opens her mouth, and pricks up her little ears when she wants to beg. The gape of her mouth is about eighteen inches, and her teeth and tusks begin to project out of her pink gums. Her mother is very watchful over her, and, if she thinks any one is about to disturb her child, hisses loudly like a big snake. Every morning when it is moist and wet, she and her mother are let out into the bath outside; when it is dry and frosty, they are kept in the house, as the frost would crack and parch their delicate skins. When in her morning bath, she is very playful and plunges about like a porpoise. The pair of hippos sleep on the straw all night, but they spend a great portion of the day in their bath in the house in a sort of semi-sleep. They float up to breathe apparently without an effort, like corks rising to the surface. When under water, they keep their eyes wide open after the manner of crocodiles.

When the mouth of the young one is wide open, it will be seen that the tongue is arched directly upwards so as to form a compact valve, which prevents the water going down the gullet. The old father in the next den talks to his wife and child by means of sonorous grunts, and they answer him. The father's face is much longer and sharper than that of his wife, and his eyes and nose are much more prominent. I understand from Mr. Bartlett, who kindly allowed me a private interview with the hippos, that another baby is expected about April, and that Barnum is most anxious to obtain it. I doubt if he will; let him go and catch a wild baby hippo for himself!"

Now the winter games for the home circle are setting in, and the family gathered beneath the rays of a bright light have an appearance of subdued enjoyment that is pleasing to see. Naught is heard but the grating of the checker, the click of the domino and the muffled rasp of the card, with an occasional observation such as "Whose turn is it?" "Why don't you play, mother?" "You darned old cheat!" "O, what a lie!" and the like.

A young gentleman in Augusta, Maine, lately made an evening call on a young lady. It was getting along toward 9 o'clock, when the young lady inquired the time of the evening.

"Five minutes to 9," was the reply.

"How long will it take you to go home?"

"Five minutes, I should judge."

"Then," said the young lady, "if you start now you will get home just at 9 o'clock." He performed the feat on time.

A reader in New Britain very truthfully and indignantly asserts that no woman, however nervous she may be, has a right to wake her husband from a sound sleep only to tell him on his enquiring what is the matter, "Nothing, only I wanted to know if you were awake."

A spinster says that she has faith that "God disposes," but is not so sure that "man proposes."

### THE DATE.

Dates, to us merely an occasional luxury, are to the Arab the very "staff of life," just as the camel is his "ship of the desert." The date tree, one of the large family of palms, is a native of both Asia and Africa, and will grow readily in any sandy soil where the climate is not too cold. It was long ago introduced into Spain by the Moors; and a few are still found even in the South of France. But the most extensive date forests are those in the Barbary States, where they are sometimes miles in length.

Growing thus, the trees are very beautiful. Their towering crests touching each other, they seem like an immense natural temple. The walls are formed of far-reaching vines and creepers that twine gracefully about the tall, straight trunks, and the ground beneath is dotted with tiny wild-flowers that, with their rainbow tints and bright green foliage, are more beautiful than any floor of costly mosaics.

For worshippers there are thousands of gay plumaged birds fitting from bough to bough, as they carol forth their morning and evening songs, their little bosoms quivering with gladness.

The Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, who consider it beneath their dignity to sow or plant, or cultivate the soil in any way, depend upon gathering the date where they can find it growing wild; but the Arabs of the plains cultivate it with great care and skill, thus improving the size and flavor of the fruit, and largely increasing the yield. In some varieties they have succeeded in doing away with the hard seed, and the so-called seedless dates, being very large and fine, are highly prized. When ripe, the date is of a bright golden color, fragrant and luscious; and in the dry, hot countries where palms grow, no better food for morning, noon, or night can be found, while one never wearies of the sweet pulpy fruit, gathered fresh from the tree. But the trees do not bear all the year round, of course, and so the Arabs make what they call date honey, using for this the juice of the ripe fruit, and those who can afford it preserve dates fresh through the year, by keeping them in close vessels covered over with this honey.

Wine and spirits are also made from dates by distillation; but they are sold, for the most part, in the form of dates. For the Arabs are temperate in their habits, and poor and ignorant as many of them are, a drunk man is never found among them.—There is still another product of the date—one that is of vast importance to the poor Arabs in their long journeys across the deserts. This is date-flour, made by drying the ripe fruit in the sun, and afterward grinding it to powder. It is then packed in tight sacks, and if stored away from the damp will keep for years. This is food in its most compact form, easily carried about, and needing no cooking; it has only to be moistened with a little water, and the meal is ready for eating. How wisely has the all-loving Father provided for these sons of a barren soil, suiting his mercies to their needs—giving them for their toilsome journeys the patient, hardy camel, the only beast of burden that could bear the heat and drought of their deserts; and for their own sustenance, the wholesome, nutritious date.—*Fannie R. Fouldge, in St. Nicholas for December.*

### Woman's Rights.

There are certain women in this country who are making a prodigious clatter in speeches, newspaper articles, and by other means, about what they call their "rights." A moment's thought, however, will go far to convince any candid person that the sewing machine has been a more effectual aid in giving to women generally their "rights" than all the clamor made by them from the days of Nanthippe, the scolding wife of Socrates, to the present time. The back-ache, the round shoulders, the diminished eye-sight, the weakened nerves, which were inevitable attendants of sewing by the old process, have disappeared, and in this new domestic dispensation a woman can do the sewing of her family without injury to her bodily health, and have time left for other things. Send for a circular descriptive of the celebrated Howe Machine, or call on Mr. J. S. BALLIS, Port Tobacco. No pains or expense are spared to give thorough satisfaction to every customer. This machine is not sold at fifteen dollars advance over N. Y. prices, like some of its competitors, and the small monthly payment system puts it within the means of almost everybody.

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure to find it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass," was her brother's reply.

A fashionable young lady dropped one of her false eyebrows in a church pew, and badly frightened a young man next to her, who thought it was his moustache.

A nice little boy said he liked a good rainy day, too rainy to go to school, and just rain enough to go fighting."