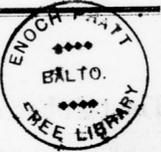


The Port Tobacco Times.



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A Popular Story.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29—very like indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day, and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I. "Was it a lottery or a draft; a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute, I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He was nothing compared with me. 'I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer. She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, 'is there really an angel up there?' When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal."

"Well I loved her, and, thought she liked me, but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some old poet says:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desires are small;
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

"I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party, where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

"Jessie, I love you better than my life—will you marry me?"

"I waited for an answer."

"She gave none."

"'Jessie,' I said, 'won't you speak to me?'"

"Then she did speak:

"'No—oh, dear, no!'"

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York; but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself."

"What had I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated the words."

"Yet, it stung me all the same. I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer. But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place where they dwell and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York, requesting my presence on a matter of business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage. What did an 'unknown suicide' want of another coat and a change of linen?"

"I kissed my mother and sister, and startled my grandmother by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit."

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided. Another, chosen at a hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked, determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity to those who shall find me dead."

"I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I

had torn the latter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral.

"A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them—that was evident."

"It was late in the evening. The place was an air of repose. Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment, told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire. Nothing else was astir."

"I asked for a room. The clerk nodded.

"'Do you care what floor?' he asked."

"I shook my head."

"'Number twenty-nine is empty,' he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once."

"We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At the door the waiter paused.

"'Thought he said twenty-nine,' he muttered. 'The key is twenty-one.'"

"Then open twenty-one with it," I said. "I don't care for the number of the room."

"'No sir—to be sure, sir,' said the waiter, and passed along a few steps further."

"'Twenty-one,' he said, and, unlocking the door, pushed it open."

"'Shall I bring you anything, sir?' he said."

"I answered 'no,' and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau."

"The hour had come. As I shut the door, a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life had become so woful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it."

"In the dim light of my own candle, I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly."

"It was in the days of curtained beds. The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb, and a row of way of ornament. There were four stuffed chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked, for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open, I lay down on the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and, as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and—

"'There! now, Jessie,' said a voice, 'I told you you didn't lock it.'"

"'I did,' said another voice, 'and sent the key to the office by the chamber-maid.'"

"'I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady in a brown front of false curls, the other my cruel lady-love, Jessie Grey. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming."

"'Sure it's the right number?' asked Jessie."

"'Twenty-one—yes,' said the other. 'And here's my hand-box. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy.'"

"'I am not,' said Jessie. 'I wish I was, aunt.'"

"'You didn't sleep a wink last night,' said the aunt. 'Nor you haven't eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow.'"

"'I don't want Dr. Black to be called,' sighed Jessie. 'I'd rather die.'"

"'What's the matter?' cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and cry perpetually. What ails you?'"

"'I'm miserable,' said Jessie."

"'Why?' cried her aunt."

"'Oh, aunt,' said Jessie, 'it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl—And I like him so! And, oh; he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad! But I remembered what you said, and oh, how could I do it!—I said, 'Oh, dear, no!' and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry!—because I loved him, aunt.'"

"'You little goose!' cried the old lady."

"'As for me, you can fancy how I felt,

I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety."

"I met the waiter on the stairs."

"'Find out the mistake, sir,' he said. 'Just coming to rectify it.'"

"'Don't mention it, I said. 'I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble, and I gave him a five dollar bill.'"

"'He said, 'I thank ye sir; but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

"'Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!'"

"'But I never was samer than I was then, and never half so happy.'"

"Of course, I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not 'Oh, dear, no!' and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number."

State Affairs.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The first annual message of Governor Whyte will be found more nearly fulfilling the promise held out in its opening paragraph than usually happens with State papers. It is confined to matters of more or less practical interest, and the views contained are succinctly presented. A larger number of topics than usual, chiefly connected with matters of State legislation, are passed in review, and are treated with brevity and clearness. Recommendations are made in more than a dozen instances for the amendment of existing laws, and one suggestion for an alteration of the State Constitution in an important particular. All these are matters, however, of purely local interest, and of no general importance.

All allusions, even the most distant, to questions of general politics or national interest is carefully avoided, while the message is commendably free from rhetorical and "glittering generalities."

The Governor excuses himself from any discussion of the State finances upon the ground that by the Constitution such subjects are committed to the care of the Treasurer and Comptroller, and that "the Executive Department (meaning, we suppose, the Governor) is relieved from their supervision." A condensed statement is given of the receipts and disbursements of the State Treasury, and of the State debt, from which it appears that the entire interest-bearing debt of the State on September 30, 1873, was \$10,741,215.60, that the excess of indebtedness over and above productive assets was \$6,219,172.14, and that to meet this the State owns unproductive assets to the amount of \$3,522,043.51. These last consist almost wholly of the State's investments, with accrued interest thereon (unpaid) in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which, within eight years, judging from present prospects, the Governor thinks will cease to be unproductive, and begin to yield the State some return. It will be high time, from the insurance bureau (tax on foreign insurance companies) the Governor notes an increase of revenue over the year before of \$38,588.67.

The condition of the State school system is referred to as generally satisfactory, the attendance showing some increase, whereas the previous year it showed a decrease. St. John's College, the State Agricultural College, the State Normal School, and the Colored Normal School, are all referred to and commended to the legislative care, with some suggestions as to a modification of existing laws in regard to the two former. Further provision is suggested for the establishment of High Schools in the counties, and further legislation in regard to the mode of appointing School Commissioners in the counties. The appointment of a board to select a suitable site for a building for the State Normal School, and of a committee to investigate the application of the State appropriation for colored schools and of State donations to academies generally, is recommended.

The State Penitentiary is referred to as making a more satisfactory exhibit than at any time since its establishment. Being now self-sustaining, provision is suggested to be made for the transfer of insane convicts to the Maryland Hospital, and for the establishment of a House of Correction for vagrants and petty offenders on Sharp's Island in the Chesapeake. The Legislature is reminded, however, that there is no lunatic asylum belonging to the State, though it has spent over \$700,000 on the Spring Grove Asylum, whose property, including realty, was

transferred to the Maryland Hospital, a private corporation, but as another appropriation is to be asked, he advises that no action be taken until the property is restored. Amendments to the laws for the punishment of public defaulter, and authorizing the Governor to pardon convicted criminals on condition of not returning to the State, so as to include those who refuse to leave, are suggested; also the need of some legislation to prevent "the shocking and indecent scenes which are so often attendant upon public executions." Uniformity in the infliction of punishments throughout the State is also insisted upon, and a necessity for a revision of the criminal laws with that view. A repeal of the act of 1870, ch. 45, increasing the number of magistrates in Baltimore city is advised. The Governor adverts to "the temptation to increase business by unnecessary and vexatious trials." Why not merely move the temptation altogether by the substitution of salaried magistrates for the corrupt and corrupting system of compensation fees paid by suitors.—The defects of the present oyster law, the fruitful source of much trouble and complaint, are exposed, and the whole subject commended to the special consideration of the Legislature, though it is shown that the net revenues from that source amount to over \$40,000.

Upon the subject of the controversy between the State and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, the Governor confines himself to a brief statement of the actual condition of the pending litigation. He reports "the prosperity of the State, so far as dependent upon the construction and operation of railways, as at the height of successful experiment," which so far as the Western Maryland Railroad is concerned, seems pretty strong language; but we hope it will in time be among the successful lines.

The Governor recommends additional legislation in regard to homestead and building associations organized under the general law, to prevent them from exacting exorbitant interest from borrowers, from issuing their own notes to borrowers instead of money, and providing for their being wound up in case of insolvency.

The most salient suggestion of the whole message is that of a re-organization of the State's public debt system, as a step backwards, though doubtless the present law could be greatly improved, and perhaps an entire new registration is needed in this city, so as to get rid of the dead and absent on the lists. To accomplish the repeal an amendment of the State Constitution striking out section 5 of article 1 will have to be submitted to the people and adopted. The Governor also recommends legislation for the protection of State registration and election officers against false and malicious prosecutions under the acts of Congress in United States Courts, a subject which will require careful treatment and handling, but some such provision may be found necessary in order to secure the services of citizens as officers under the State law.

Recognizing the value of immigration, the Governor earnestly recommends the creation of a Board of Immigration similar to those of other States.

The Governor discusses briefly the need for further legislation in regard to lunatics and the inspection of lunatic asylums, the Maryland State Hospital, the establishment of a State Board of Health, the giving aid to the Inebriate Asylum in this city, the wants of the militia, the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal, the disputed boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, coal oil and steam-boiler accidents, and recommends that Good Friday be included in the number of legal holidays, citing the growing observance of the day by financial and business institutions consequent upon its strict observance in London and elsewhere abroad. Altogether the message, as we have said, is unusually fertile in suggestions in regard to a vast number of minor subjects, many of which will no doubt be found useful. Weightier subjects of public thought and interest beyond immediate State concern he has not deemed it necessary to discuss.—*Balt. Sun.*

THE COMPTROLLER'S REPORT.

The report of Comptroller Woolford makes a very satisfactory showing of the financial affairs of the State, except with regard to the debts owing it and not collected. The total amount in the Treasury during the fiscal year was \$2,771,849.58, and the disbursements \$2,387,038.35, leaving a balance of \$384,811.23. Of the State debt \$453,296 had been redeemed during the year, and \$152,500, used in payment of the State subscription to the stock of railroad companies in Charles and St. Mary's counties. Although the revenue was less than in 1872, the falling off must be ascribed to the fact that a number of the railroad companies, coal companies and National banks are resisting the payment of taxes imposed by law, and consequently large amounts due from these corporations remain unpaid. The bill imposing a license upon sample traders being inoperative,

the income from this source has also been cut off for the last year, and the deficit is thus increased. The Comptroller states that he has never yet been able to obtain a trial in the suits entered to compel the railroad companies to pay taxes on their gross receipts. At another stage of his report Mr. Woolford mentions the Northern Central, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and the Baltimore and Ohio as the companies against which suits have been brought. He then continues to argue the right of the State to impose such taxes upon these corporations, quoting from precedent, and championing the agricultural interests as those more entitled to be lightly taxed rather than powerful and wealthy railroad corporations. If there is discrimination against the farmer or private landholder and in favor of the corporations, he argues that investments in real estate will indeed be rare if it is known to be the settled policy of the State that this species of property shall find no relief, while the best dividend-paying stocks are to be forever free from taxation. "Hence," continues the Comptroller, "it is incumbent on the General Assembly to correct the defects in existing laws, and so perfect the revenue system that no profitable investment of business shall escape its proper share of taxation."

The above plea for the equalization of taxation, and particularly for placing a portion of the burden upon the moneyed corporations which are pressing upon the Legislature for a repeal of the laws under which they are thus taxed, comprises the chief recommendations of the report. The remainder of the document is little more than a recapitulation of figures. The receipts for the current fiscal year are calculated at \$2,005,489, and the expenses at \$1,916,527, so that we may reasonably expect to have a balance of over half a million in the Treasury on the 30th of September, 1874. The free school fund had an income of \$83,196.81 in 1872, and an outlay of \$68,976.73, leaving a balance of \$14,220.08. The total investments on behalf of the fund amount to \$314,016.16 and the sinking fund stands at \$65,579.28, which is in cash and applicable to the redemption of the public debt. A showing of the manner in which the credit and means of the State have been abused in former years is afforded by the simple statement that out of its twenty millions of dollars of investments, less than five millions are productive of income. Much of the unproductive investment is made up of the State's interest in the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which is gradually paying off the interest on its preferred bonds, and promise at not a very distant period of time to return something to the State for her large outlay. The State debt is \$10,741,215.60. It has been increased by the issue of \$65,000 of the Defence Loan, and decreased \$612,351.76. The net decrease, however, is but \$170,463.15, the balance being accounted for exchanges under the act of 1872.—We confess to an inability to comprehend Mr. Woolford's arithmetic in this item of his report.

The Comptroller complains of the Legislature for having, at its last session, failed to frame a license law with regard to sample traders, that shall apply equally to home and foreign traders, and so keep within the limits of the Constitution of the United States. He recommends that the license for selling by sample, when the stock of goods is not owned in this State, to be fixed at \$100 per year. There is yet due from collectors of taxes who have failed to make returns, \$483,668.09. Some of these claims are thirty years old, and all are in the hands of the various State's Attorneys for collection. Defaulting Sheriffs also owe the State \$26,211.14, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is put down as a debtor in the sum of \$729,514. The National banks are in arrears for taxes on their shares \$188,397.94, and it is impossible to collect the debt on account of a defect in the law.

In concluding his report, Mr. Woolford suggests the propriety of a new assessment of property throughout the State, with a view of equalizing the basis of taxation. He urges economy on the part of the Legislature, the purpose of his recommendation being apparently to warn it from making heavy appropriations with the expectation of meeting them out of the amounts due from National banks, railroad companies, coal companies and State officials still in default. It is very problematical as to what portion of the large sums will ever be maintained, and the Comptroller does well in intimating to the Legislature that it should not rely upon them as available resources.—*Balt. American.*

Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you.

A chiropodist announces on his cards that he has "removed corns from several of the crowned heads of Europe."

Poetry.

THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

He met her in the garden,
A bright and beautiful maid,
Who, grown at once a woman,
Was not of love afraid.
She loved, and could not help it,
Her heart went out to his;
And as he stopped to kiss her,
She rose to meet his kiss.

He kissed her in the garden,
And—was it what he said,
Or the shadow of the roses,
That made her cheeks so red?
Her bosom rising, falling,
With new and strange delight—
The string of pearls upon it
Was not so white, so white.

He drew her down the garden,
He would not hear her "No,"
She must go if she loved him
Who loved her, loved her so,
They must go pluck the roses
And listen to the dove.
The dove was wooing, wooing,
As he was her—for love.

He led her down the garden,
And while her arms were round
The neck she, parting, clung to,
She saw upon the ground
The string that held her necklace,
With not a pearl above;
The slender string was broken,
And all the pearls were gone.

Then up and down the garden
She wandered with dismay,
And wondered where her pearls were,
And how they slipped away:
They needed in her bosom
One little hour ago,
Before they plucked the roses,
And her tears began to flow.

So round and round the garden
She went with peering eyes;
Oh, is not that the necklace
That shined yonder lies?
'Tis but a string of dew-drops
The wind has broken there,
Or the tears that she is shedding
That make her look more fair.

Still round and round the garden
She hunted high and low—
In the red hearts of the roses,
The lily's breast of snow;
The thorns they pricked her fingers:
Her fingers bled and bled,
But her heart was bleeding faster:
Oh, why was she not dead?

For she must leave the garden
And meet her mother's eyes,
Who will perceive the sorrow,
And ask the reason why;
And she must meet her father,
Who, as she hangs her head,
Will miss the priceless necklace,
And rise and strike her dead.

Selected Miscellany.

BRIEFS.
Cheap transportation—Free passes.
How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.
A Circuit Court—The longest way home from singing school.
When is a hotel bell-boy like a broken merchant? When he refuses to take up a note!
Parties going over the ocean should be warmly clothed. The steamers are always cooled.
What cord is that which is full of knots which no one can unite, and in which no one can tie another? A cord of wood.
"I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."
Gen. Shanks thinks that good clothes would go far to civilize the Indians.—How sweet it would be to be scalped by a Pawnee wearing alligator boots and a ruffled shirt.
Nice Present.—Our housekeeper is certainly a most generous woman. She has just volunteered to give an eye to a young domestic who has lately joined the establishment.
Some people are easily satisfied. A Kentucky paper speaks of a lady who had her arm amputated by two surgeons "in a manner creditable to the profession and satisfactory to the patient."
Several Irishmen were disputing, one day, upon their own best points, when one said, in an aggressive manner, "Faith, and I'm a brick." "And, indeed," said another, "I'm a brick-layer," and felled the first speaker to the ground.
It is proposed to appeal to Congress to dam the Ohio river. One would imagine that the ejaculations of passengers on board steamers that have been "stuck in the sand," at a low stage of water were sufficient to answer all purposes in that direction.
As the sun in all his splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly-married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising?" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, smirked out, "What would you say, deary, if I had my silk gown on?"
Punch has a hit at the domestic service question in the following squib: "Lady's maid—Please, ma'am, I wish to resign." "Lady—Why, Parker?—You came here only yesterday." "Lady's maid—I've been looking over your drawers, ma'am, and find your things are not up to the mark, and wouldn't do me credit."

Domestic Recipes.
BLACK CAKE.—One pound each of flour, sugar and butter; ten eggs, three pounds currants, two pounds of raisins, one tablespoon each of ginger, cloves, mace and nutmegs, one pound of citron, one of blanched almonds, a glass of brandy and one of wine. This quantity requires four hours to bake.
COCOA-NUT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one grated cocoanut, which should be mixed with flour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth. Add flour enough to make it about as stiff as pound cake.
SAUSAGE MEAT.—To ten and a half pounds of sausage meat put six tablespoonfuls of sage, five tablespoonfuls of salt and three of pepper. You may also add four tablespoonfuls of sweet majorum and two of thyme.
RICE CAKE.—Boil half a pound of rice dry, when nearly cold sift into a quart of water, and add a full tablespoonful of shortening. Then stir in one quart of milk; beat up five eggs light, and stir in the batter. Add a little salt and a small cup of yeast.
BEEF PATTIES.—Chop fine rare roast beef, season with pepper, salt and a little onion. Make a plain paste, cut into shape like an apple puff, fill with the mince and bake quickly.
POTATO SOUP.—Take large mealy Potatoes, peel and cut in small slices, with an onion; boil in three pints of water till tender, and pulp through a colander. Add a small piece of butter, a little cayenne pepper and salt, and just before the soup is served two spoonfuls of cream. Do not let it boil after the cream is added.
FLOUR Pudding.—Take five eggs, one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir well together. Bake in a quick oven and eat with cold sauce.
CREAM CAKE.—Take one pound of flour, one of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pint of milk, four eggs, citron, raisins, and spice to taste.
OSTER FRITTERS.—Make a thin batter with eggs and milk. Drain the oysters, put them in this batter, and then fry them brown in lard.
CELERY SAUCE.—Boil celery and cut it up fine, add half a pint of cream, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and a very little water. Boil all up together.
CREAM PIE.—Boil one pint of milk, then beat together one egg, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, add this mixture to the milk, and thicken over the fire. When cold flavor with lemon. Bake two crusts and put the cream between them and you will have a good pie.—*American Farmer.*
BREAD OMELET.—Put about a cupful of bread crumbs into a saucepan with nearly as much cream, salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg. Let it stand until the bread has imbibed all the cream; if there is any left, either pour it off or add more bread. Then break six eggs into it, and beat together. Turn into a pan with a little butter and fry like omelet.
THE BIBLE.—Blessed be God that there is at least one thing thoroughly superhuman, supernatural in this world; something which stands out from above "the laws of nature," something visible and audible to link us with Him, whose face we see not, and whose voice we hear not. What a blank would there be here if only this one fragment of the divine, now venerable both with wisdom and age, were to disappear from the midst of us; or, what is the same thing, the discovery were to be made that this ancient volume is not the unearthly thing which men have deemed, but, at the highest estimate, a mere fragment from the great book of human thought—perhaps, according to another estimate, a mere relic of superstition! There is but one book, and we shall pass away (like the mists from some Lebanon peak), and leave that which is divine to stand out to shine out alone in its unhidden grandeur.

A Common Mistake.
It strikes the most of persons, when they first sit down to a Sewing Machine, that it is so complicated they will never be able to learn its operation. This is true of many machines, but a single day's use of the "New Howe Machine," with the instruction that is easily obtained, will enable any lady to make a good beginning, and a few days' practice will make it a pleasant employment. Of course in this, as in any other work, practice is needful to reach perfection. Sewing with the needle in the fingers is not learned in a day, and years are required to become an expert. But a few weeks' use of the New Howe Sewing Machine will enable any lady to do all her plain sewing, and to do it well, and soon her fine sewing with the needle, and leave her plenty of time for everything else she may have on hand. Call and see these world-renowned Machines, or take one on trial of the Agent.