

The Port Tobacco Times.



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Selected Poetry.

A THOUGHT.

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a Valley without a faded flower,
There never was a Heaven without some little cloud—
The face of day may flash with light in any morning hour,
But evening soon shall come with her shadow-
woven shroud.

There never was a river without its mist of gray,
There never was a forest without its fallen leaf,
And joy may walk beside us down the windings
of our way,
When lo! there sounds a footstep and we meet
the face of Grief.

There never was a sea shore without its drifting
wreck,
There never was an ocean without its moaning
wave,
And the golden beams of glory the summer sky
that flock
Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their
azure-mantled grave.

There never was a streamlet, however crystal
clear,
Without a shadow resting in the ripples of
its tide;
Hope's brightest robes are brodered with the
sable fringe of fear—
And she lures—but at last she turns her path on
either side.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the
lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above
the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,
And the snail has scarcely flitted ere the an-
gushed tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a
weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which have
never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never
been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

The cradle means the coffin—and the coffin
means the grave;
The mother's song scarce hides the De Pro-
fundis of the priest—
You may call the fairest roses any May day ever
gave,
But they'll wither while you wear them 'ere
the ending of your feast.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in dark-
ness, half in light,
And our hearts are often burdened by the mys-
teries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and are never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary
feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek
the meaning and the key;
And a Cross gleams o'er our pathway—on it
hangs the Crucified,
And he answers all our yearning by the whis-
per—"Follow me."

A Temperance Story.

JO DENTON'S VISION.

BY JOHN B. HOLMES.

Jo Denton was considered an eminent-
ly respectable man. He had amassed
wealth, he moved in society, patronized
art and literature, was a pillar in his
church, and dabbled in politics just
enough to smash the party slate when
it did not suit him. We are not going
to inquire too closely into Jo's early
history, nor rake over the ashes of the
past, nor dig up the old stepping stones
by which he had reached his success;
they have for long years been covered
up with the green turf of respectability;
academic groves are planted above
them, the church has a liberal pleas-
ant nook, all seemingly unaware of the
foundation it rests upon; and society
claims the whole as its own. Yet there
will be skeletons in the closet of mem-
ory, if nowhere else; the ghosts of mur-
dered Banquets will appear at times
and places inopportune; moral earth-
quakes will upheave the wicked old
landmarks of sin, and bring to light
all that is hideous in a man's past life,
and show, after all the covering up,
that Satan has a long time held a mor-
tgage on his soul, and has patiently
bided his time for foreclosure. In Jo
Denton's case it happened in this way:
He was accustomed, like many re-
spectable men, to take his champagne
and toddy in company with a few con-
genial spirits, who together constitu-
ed a "Convivial Club"—eminently
high-toned and respectable, of course.
It was not often that anybody called
for them during these orgies, if we may
so term them, but on one occasion,
when the champagne had sparkled
with unusual brilliancy until night
had stolen a kiss from rosy morning,
Jo sprang from his seat and said:
"Somebody calls me," and went out
of the room. Directly there came back
an unearthly shriek, and Jo's voice, in
its wildest accents, cried: "Away,
damnable shape! I cheated you out
of your property? It's a lie, you vil-
lain!" and in quick succession follow-
ed two distinct reports of a pistol.

Before his companions could reach the
door Jo tumbled headlong into the
room, with the blood streaming from
his head, and, to all appearance, dead.
"He's shot!" cried all in chorus.
On searching outside nobody could
be found; but there was a revolver ly-
ing near the door.
"An assassin!" cried one.
"Some old enemy!" cried another.
The police were aroused as quickly
as possible, and started in pursuit of
the murderer. While they are "work-
ing up the case" we will follow poor
Jo. Can there be a doubt in any theo-
logical mind where he went, drunk as
he was and boiling over with the bluest
of the blue? Closely, then, we follow
him as he presents himself at the gates
of the Infernal Regions and asks ad-
mittance. A demon who acted the part
of door-keeper put his ear to the
key-hole and demanded who was there.
"A friend," answered Jo.
"Advance, friend, and give your
name."
"Jo Denton."
"All right," said the demon; "the
Devil has been expecting you for some
time. Come right in!"
As Jo entered, bowing low, the de-
mon gave a whistle of astonishment as
he said:
"Well-a-day, my friend, you are in a
sad plight; what has happened to your
head?"
"Top blown clean off," answered Jo;
"and I'm afraid I'm done for unless
your folks can help me."
"I'll announce you to the Satanic
Majesty at once," said the demon, dart-
ing away.
In a few moments there was a sound
as of a Kansas cyclone, and Satan
bounced into the room, filling it with
a horrible smell of burnt powder.
"Why, old friend Jo!" cried Satan,
"throwing his claws about him, and
breathing sulphurous smoke into his
face, "here at last, old boy, eh?" and
at the same time giving him a friendly
hug with his tail. "Glad to see you!
You have done well—played the reli-
gious dodge to perfection, and for so
many years!—ha! ha!"
"Fact is, your Satanic Majesty," said
Jo, "I didn't mean to come just yet—
left my earthly affairs in an unsettled
condition. My property will all go to
the d—!—beg your pardon, I meant to
say that my family will be left unpro-
vided for, unless I go back to the earth
to settle my business."
"Want to go back to earth," said
Satan, "well, well, you have been a
good and faithful servant, and I'll see
what can be done. But what's this?"
continued Satan, "top of your head
gone? Bless me, how old you look!
—moral works all gone! ha! ha! you
can't go back to earth in that shape."
"That's just it," said Jo; "I want to
get fixed up for a few years—new top-
head."
"Can construct a skull for you," said
Satan, "but won't put the moral works
in again; you might give me the slip."
"Well," said Jo, "fix up my skull re-
spectable-like, and I'll trust to luck to
get it filled up."
"Must make one stipulation," said
Satan.
"What is that?"
"That you will not let certain par-
ties that I shall name occupy any part
of your reconstructed skull."
"What parties are they?"
"You see your head is off just above
Destructiveness, as the phrenologists
call it."
"Well?"
"There is big space to be filled, if I
reconstruct your skull on the old plan."
"Exactly," said Jo, "and there are
parties waiting to occupy it."
"There's the rub," said Satan; "now
I'll name such parties as must not be
permitted to occupy it."
"Go on," said Jo.
"Well, to begin with, there's Cautious-
ness in your head; you might have
ruined a great many more young men
if you had not been so cautious about
the consequences. Next are Sublimity
and Ideality. Though Ideality leads
a few astray in the matter of extrava-
gant dressing, I know she's my enemy.
Poets, artists, the best writers of all
ages, employ Ideality and Sublimity in
the conception and finishing of their
best productions. Sublimity was old
John Milton's right bower in the con-
struction of 'Paradise Lost,' in which
he painted me in such forbidding col-

ors. I'm not a particular friend of
Sublimity."
"Well, what more?"
"There's Conscientiousness. On no
consideration must Conscientiousness
occupy a place in your head. That
faculty has caused me more trouble
than all the rest. It's always inter-
fering with a man who undertakes to
serve me. Says Pope:
"What conscience dictates to be done
Or warns me not to do,
That, more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue."
No, no; Conscientiousness must not
be admitted. It's the still small voice.
If I could have my way, I'd leave that
faculty out of every child that's born."
"You are making a good many vacan-
cies. Any more?"
"Yes, there's Hope. I don't want
you to let Hope have even desk-room
in your head. It's always retarding
the lost sinner's progress to hell. As
the poet says:
"Hope springs eternal in the breast."
Just as I think I've got a sinner sur-
e, Hope breathes into his soul an encour-
aging word, and away goes my sinner
towards the gates of Paradise."
"Surely," said Jo, "that is enough
of the old occupants to exclude from
my reconstructed head."
"No, no," said Satan, "I'm not thro'-
yet. Human Nature must be exclu-
ded. I run people, and especially young
people, by hiding my motives; and
your young man or young woman who
has Human Nature divines these mo-
tives, and I lose my prize."
"Still more exclusions?"
"Yes. Veneration must be shut out.
Respect for parents and veneration for
the Supreme Being are bad for me.—
It costs a world of trouble to counter-
act their influence when they have
taken root in childhood. Benevolence,
too, must be excluded, unless, indeed,
it be so very large that a man will
cheat and lie and steal for the purpose
of having means wherewith to exercise
his Benevolence; but this is so rare
that I think it had better be excluded."
"I hope you are near the end of your
proscriptions," said Jo.
"One more," answered Satan, "and
a very important one. It is Spiritu-
ality. On no account allow Spiritu-
ality to cross the threshold of your brain.
It's a very Jacob's ladder to heaven,
and once firmly ensconced in a man's
brain, I may as well abandon him."
"Is that the end?"
"That will do; I do not think that
what good will be left can possibly
keep you from me. And now, to close
the business, I must have a second
mortgage on your soul that you will
fill these vacant places in your skull
with such tenants as Destructiveness,
that kills his fellow-man; Secretive-
ness, that makes men liars and thieves;
Acquisitiveness, that gets money for
its own sake, and does no good with it;
Combativeness, that is ever foremost
in quarrels—these and their friends
are the tenants that must occupy your
reconstructed skull."
"Your conditions are hard," said Jo,
"and what if I do not fulfill them?"
"Then I shall call for you at the
earliest convenient moment, and you
go back to earth no more."
"But if I fulfill them?"
"Then you can stay upon earth as
long as you choose."
"Thanks, thanks!" cried Jo; "and I
can arrange my affairs."
"Your skull shall be made whole!"
cried Satan, and without more words
his architects fell to work on Jo's skull.
What with pounding, chiseling and
making the partitions, they drove him
to distraction; and to add to his hor-
rible agony and terror, when it was
nearly completed the walls began to
settle and the whole concern to lurch
as if it would fall. Then came the
jackscrews that were put under to raise
it up. The planks upon which to work,
then were thrown remorselessly upon
his soft brain, and the power of a hun-
dred imps applied. Jo yelled in agony
as they turned the screws. At
length his skull was completed, and
Jo found himself with a whole head.
"Now," said Satan, "lie down and
rest yourself before undertaking your
journey to earth; for I assure you it is
much more difficult to get out of hell
than to get into it."
Following the advice of Satan, Jo
laid himself down in the coolest spot
he could find, and so fatigued, had
with the pain of the operation, that he
dreams he was wafled back to earth

again. His old companions welcomed
him, but his heart was heavy with
thoughts of his terrible contract with
Satan.
"How is it possible?" thought he,
"to fill the empty chasms in my head—
once the homes of my best and truest
friends—with such demons as Satan
would have? Ah, me! would that I
had never been born!"
To add to his misery, Conscientious-
ness came and rapped at the door of its
accustomed home.
"I see, friend Jo, thou art here again.
I've been searching for thee far and
wide, that I might occupy my old place
again, although you shut me close, and
stilled my voice when I tried to save
thee from harm."
"Begone! thou art quite ready to oc-
cupy another's property!"
"I tried to find thee," returned Con-
scientiousness, "but in vain."
"Avaunt! I'll tell thee, or I'll smite
thee to the earth!"
Next came Sublimity and Ideality—
the one majestic in mien, the other the
personification of all that is lovely in
the graces.
"Here is our dear home at last!" and
so saying Ideality threw her arms about
Jo's neck and kissed him. "Now let
us go to our abiding place."
"Curse upon you!" cried Jo. "You
here too? Away! Being some deity to
occupy your place, unless ye can deor-
ate hell with more horrors than it now
possesses!"
Ideality gathered up her beautiful
robes and fled in dismay.
"Satan in this world!" cried Sublimity,
as he dashed his ponderous weight
against the door of his old home, and
in an instant was inside.
"Well done!" cried Jo. "You're
there, are you?"
"Yes, and I'm here to stay."
"I'm lost! I'm lost!" cried Jo.
"No, you're saved," cried Sublimity,
"if you but call in your old friends,
there's Conscientiousness, the just;
Hope, that never fails; Human
Nature, that never deceives."
"Oh, that's your game is it?" yelled
Satan, hurling a brimstone ladle at
Jo's head.
"Come, friends!" shrieked Jo, "quick!
help against Satan! Come, Conscience,
Hope, Spirituality! Oh, Jesu!—Come!"
"Oh, dear Jo! Don't you know me,
your own wife? How are all your
friends?"
Jo looks for a moment wildly at his
wife, and then falls back upon the bed.
The wildness is gone.
"Where am I?" he at length asked.
"In your own house, dear Jo."
"Thank God!" he says. "Now, isn't
my head shot off?"
"No, no; only a wound."
"Was I in a fight?"
"Never mind now, Jo, you must lie
down and rest yourself."
"Just what Satan said to me."
"He's out of his head," says one.
"No, not now," says Jo, "I'm as sane
as ever I was in my life—that is, if my
head is all right, and Jo carefully put
his hand on the top of his head as if
expecting to find it gone.
"Thank heaven! then it was a dream."
He insisted on being told what had
happened.
"Three days ago," said his wife, "you
went to your Convivial Club, and—
drank until you had the—"
"Blue devils," suggested Jo.
"Yes, and in your raving you drew
your revolver and—"
"Shot the top of my head off?" inter-
rupted Jo.
"No, but made an ugly pistol-shot
wound on your head, and the surgeon
had to raise a portion of your skull
from the brain. A hair's breadth more,
and you would have been past help."
Then there was more rejoicing and
more thankfulness.
Jo mended rapidly under the loving
care of his wife, and was soon able to
be about. He went once more to the
Convivial Club, and told his dream,
and bade them a final farewell. Some
who had taken a glass or two laughed
at it, but the majority took it more
seriously, and said it must, indeed, have
been a terrible experience that could
make of Jo Denton a temperate and
really worthy man.

Selected Miscellany.

Joining the Grangers.

On being brought into the ante-room
of the lodge (Green-grocer Temple No.
10), I was told that I had been ballot-
ed out and accepted. My informant,
who was masked by what I afterwards
learned was a large bar-dock-leaf, per-
forated with holes for the eyes, told me
that if I valued my life it would be
necessary for me to strip. As I con-
sidered that of considerable worth to
me, and as he intimated his wishes by
carelessly playing with a seven-shooter,
I withdrew from my garments with
eagerness. My masked friend then fur-
nished me with a regalia of first degree
—called "The Festive Plowboy"—
which consisted merely of one large
cabbage leaf attached to a waistband
of potato vines. In this airy costume
I was conducted to the door, where my
companion gave three distinct raps,—
(I was severely blindedfolded by binding
a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A
sepulchral voice from within asked,
"Who comes?"
"My guide answered, "A youthful
agriculturist who desires to become a
granger."
"Sepulchral Voice—"Have you look-
ed him carefully over?"
Guide—"I have, noble gate-keeper."
S. V.—"Do you find any agricultural
marks about his person?"
Guide—"I do."
S. V.—"What are they?"
Guide—"The candidate has carry-
hair, reddish whiskers and a turnip
nose."
S. V.—"Tis well. Why do you de-
sire to become a granger?"
Guide (answering for the candidate)—
"That I may be thereby the better
enabled to harrow the feelings of the
rascally politicians."
S. V.—"You will bring in the candi-
date. My worthy stripping, as you can-
not see, I will cause you to feel that
you are received at the door on the
three points of a pitchfork, piercing
the regions of the stomach, which is to
teach you the great virtues—faith, hope
and charity. Faith in yourself, hope
for cheaper farm machinery, and char-
ity for the lightning-rod peddler. You
will now be harnessed, and in repre-
sentation of the horse Pegasus, will be
tested as to endurance and wind."
The candidate is here attached to a
small imitation plow, by means of a
cane-handle. A great pumpkin
vine is put in his mouth for a bit and
brillie. He is made to get down upon
all fours, the guide seizes the bridle,
and urged on by a granger armed with
a Canada thistle, which he vigorously
applies at the terminus of the spine,
the candidate is galloped three times
around the room. While making the
circuit the members arise and sing:
Get up and dust, you bulby boys—
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle's prick don't tease your joy,
To feeling you must be estranged, alo!

After this violent exercise he is rub-
bed dry with corn-cobs, beeswax and
where thistled, and brought standing
up before the great chief—the most
worshipful pumpkin-head.
M. W. P. H.—"Why do you desire
to become a granger?"
Candidate—"I am coming to extinguish
sowing machine agents."
M. W. P. H.—"Have your hands
been hardened with toil?"
Candidate—"Not extensively, but
then I am running for office."
M. W. P. H.—"Is well for our
lodge to contain several who are sup-
posed to be ready to sacrifice themselves
for the good of their constituents. Do
you feel pretty smart this evening?"
Candidate—"Yes, where the bustle
goes on."
M. W. P. H.—(savagely)—"Give me
a clasp of tobacco."
Candidate searches himself thorough-
ly, but as there is no place about him
to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but
the most worshipful pumpkin-head in-
terrupts him with:
"Never mind, my dear young friend
—I am well aware that in your pres-
ent condition you can no more furnish
your friends with the weed than Adam
could be comfortable in a plug hat and
tight boots. It is merely to teach you
the great lesson of economy—doing to
others as you'd like to have them do to
you. You will now be conducted to the
most eminent squash producer,
who will teach you the grand halting
sign of distress. The sign, my worthy
brother, will insure you against many
of the ills of the agriculturists, amongst
others, against droughts and being bit
by the ferocious grasshopper."
The candidate is now conducted to
the most eminent squash producer,
who thus says: "My worthy brother,
I will now invest you with the order
of the Festive Plowboy, which you have
well won by your heroic achievement
while harnessed—may you ever wear it
with pleasure to yourself, and may it
be a means of terror to your enemies."
M. E. S. P. then proceeds to invest
the candidate with the regalia of the
Festive Plowboy, which consists of
a long tomato vine necktie. "The
grand halting sign of distress is made
by gently closing the left eye, laying
the right forefinger alongside the nose,
and violently wagging the ears. It re-
quires practice, but the advantages are

intense. It also has an important sig-
nification, which you will do well to
heed. The closing of the eye signifies
that in all our dealings with mankind
we are bound to have an eye to busi-
ness. Laying the finger alongside the
nose is emblematical of wisdom, and
places you at once among the "know-
ing ones." This is extremely handy in
prognosticating new weather, and saves
the wear and tear of almanacs. Wag-
ging the ears signifies sublimity of pur-
pose, and is thought to be emblematic
of childhood's happy hours. It is
also supposed by some scholars to have
a distinct reference to apple dumplings,
by the dust of ages. In token that you
are one of us, you will now be branded.
This ceremony is very impressive, and
consists of two brands. They are both
applied while the iron's hot, and con-
sists of one letter of the alphabet each.
The first is a large letter S, on which
you will please sit while the other let-
ter is applied to the stomach. The
letter S, my worthy chicken, signifies
scooped, and refers to railroad mono-
polies. It is supposed to indicate the
seat of learning—the spot where the
old-time teacher hunted for brains
with the forule. The second letter is
C, and is applied, as I said before, to
the stomach. It has a double mean-
ing. First, the application is an agri-
cultural one, "corn crib," and has refer-
ence to the stomach as being the great
receptacle for Bourbon whiskey.
But, brother, do not be diligent in
finding a home market for your corn.
The second application of the letter C,
my distracted infant, is got hold of as
follows: When one granger desires to
ascertain "for sure" if there is another
of the order in the room, he raises him-
self gently by the seat of his—innum-
erable—scratching his off thigh
with his near hoof; and remarks in a
voice of thunder, "Are there any gran-
gers about? The answer is 'Jecs wax.'"
The inquirer then says, "let us see,"
(letter C), and the other party must
immediately pull out his stomach and
disclose the brand.
"These brands are applied in such a
manner that I am enabled to assure
you that they will wash."
I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor,
by a volley fired into the window, evi-
dently intended for me. Fortunately
I escaped without a scratch, and what
is of more consequence, succeeded in
fetching off my precious manuscript.
This is about all there is in the cere-
mony of any importance—I must leave
the country at once—armed men are
at my heels—they knowing that I am
writing to expose them. You may
hear from me again by mail, if I should
deem it best to expose the other degrees;
until then, adieu.
Your sacred friend,
B. POLE.

Remarkable Memory.

There is a negro girl in Brucetown,
Ky., about nine years of age, whose
memory is marvellous. Her wonder-
ful powers were first brought to the
notice of a white man, who keeps a
grocery in that part of the city, about
two weeks ago. He had been reading
aloud in her presence the day before,
and accidentally heard her repeat
word for word, what he had read from
the paper, though twenty-four hours
had intervened. After this he tested
her memory frequently, and has found
her capable of repeating thirty or forty
lines from a book after hearing it read
once over. Her intellect in other re-
spects does not seem at all above, if
equal to, the average. Such instances
of memory are not very unusual. Mary
Summerville tells of an idiot in Edin-
burgh who never failed to repeat the
sermon, word for word, after attending
the kirk each Sunday, saying, "Here
the minister coughed." "Here he stop-
ped to blow his nose." She also told
of another whom she met in the High-
lands, who knew the Bible so per-
fectly that if he was asked where such
a verse was to be found he could tell
without hesitation, and repeat the
chapter.

A NEW MULCH FOR THE STRAW-
BERRY BED.—D. W. Herstine, of Phil-
adelphia, the originator of the Her-
stine Raspberry, and also an earnest
and successful strawberry grower, in-
forms us of his success in seedling down
pats as a mulch for his strawberries.
It seems to answer exactly, and is per-
haps less trouble and expense than any
other at command. He sowed the oats
broadcast all over his strawberry patch
about the 15th of September. Their
growth is, of course, small at first, and
does not interfere with the strawber-
ries. When it has made a larger
growth it is, of course, checked by
severe frosts and afterwards killed by
the winter, when it falls down over the
plants, making a complete and suffi-
cient covering till spring, when the
young plants readily push through it.
He states the idea was not original
with him, and it is new to us, but looks
plausible and is worthy of trial.

A naughty little boy, blubber-
ing because his mother wouldn't let
him down to the river on the Sabbath,
upon being admonished said:
"I didn't want to go a swimmin' with
em, ma, I only want to go down to see
the bad little boys drown for going a
swimmin' on a Sunday."

Several recipes for getting rid of
ants have been sent to us in reply to
an inquirer. One suggests the free use
of powdered borax; another, strewing
fresh sage leaves on the shelves that
are infested; another, washing shelves
with strong brine; another, kerosene
oil; another, carbolic acid; another,
and this seems most practical, and ef-
fectual, the use of some insect powder.
Care should be taken not to sprinkle
it where catables will be affected by it.

To Tan Skins and Leave the Fur On.
Remove the legs and other useless parts;
soak the skin soft; remove the flesh and
soak the skin in warm water for an hour;
take for each skin, of borax, salt-peter
and gaulther salts, each one-half ounce;
dissolve with soft water sufficient to
allow it to be spread on the flesh side
of the skin; apply with a brush, don't
boil the skin together and put in a cool
place for twenty-four hours.

Glue for Card Board.—For uniting
cardboard, paper, and small articles of
fancy work, the best glue, dissolved
with about one-third its weight of
coarse brown sugar in the smallest
quantity of boiling water, is very good.
When this is in a liquid state it may
be dropped in a thin cake upon a plate
and allowed to dry. When required
for use, one end of the cake may be
moistened by the mouth and rubbed
on the substance to be joined.

Paste that will keep.—Dissolve an
ounce of alum in a quart of warm wa-
ter; when cold add as much flour as
will make it the consistency of cream,
then stew into it as much powdered
rosin as will stand on a shilling and
two or three cloves, boil it to a consist-
ency, stirring all the time. It will
keep for twelve months, and when dry
may be softened with water.

Diamond Cement.—Take 1 lb. white
glue, 1 quart rain water, 3 gills alcohol,
4 ozs. white lead. Dissolve the
glue in the rain-water; add the alcohol
and dissolve again; then add the
lead; boil 15 minutes; stir all the time,
and bottle while hot. The above is
sold as a recipe for mending wood,
leather, &c., to make as strong as be-
fore broken.

To Remove paint and putty from win-
dow.—Put sufficient saleratus into hot
water to make a strong solution, and
with this saturate the paint which ad-
heres to the glass. Let it remain un-
til nearly dry, then rub it off with a
woolen cloth.

Danbury News.

A Danbury man has brought out a
new vermifuge with the significant
name of "The Early Bird."
Mark Twain believes in the Woman
Movement if it is confined to the wash-
tub.
If there is one time more than an-
other when a woman should be entire-
ly alone it is when a line full of clothes
comes down in the mud.
If a stick of wood is too long for the
stove kick it a few times with your heel.
Then take it out and saw it off.
Mr. Cobleigh left off his flannels
Thursday, and on Friday morning he
quickly said to his wife, "Mid. Cobleigh,
god by undergods dab-gwick."
It was a grand pleasure coming down
through the main avenues, Saturday
morning, while on each side and over-
head the snow-laden branches and
twigs interlaced with each other, form-
ed walls and arches of most delicate
tracery, and finding fresh shad in mar-
ket.
The husband of Mrs. Whipple, the
prominent temperance woman, had a
narrow escape from a most ludicrous
accident, Tuesday morning. He had
been to one of the neighbors to borrow
some bread, and was going up the stoop
of his house on his return, when a ten-
penny nail, used to fasten his pants
and suspenders together, gave away,
and he had just time to spring through
the door as the pants came down.

"How on earth do you manage?"
asked a gentleman of two inseparable
longers. "You are always together,
you never do anything, and yet you al-
ways have plenty of money." "Simp-
lest thing in the world, my dear fellow,"
was the candid reply. "We borrow of
one another."

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.
She went up stairs,
And her parents, unaware,
Were looking out of the window.
She stood on her head
In her little trundle bed,
And nobody by to hinder.
Her mother heard a noise,
And she thought it was the boys
A-playing in the empty attic;
But she ran up stairs
And caught her unaware,
And spanked her most emphatic.

"Time cuts down all, both great
and small." How about the provision
and grocery bills?

"Why is a kiss like some sermons?"
Because there are two heads and an
application.