The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 12, 1875. Volume XXXII.—No. 27.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

WE DO THIS

TO INDUCE IMMEDIATE CASH SALES.

YOU CAN POSITIVELY BUY

$13 Worth of Clothing $13
$8, For only $8,
A FULL SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

$15 Worth of Clothing $15
$10, For only $10,
GOOD OVERCOAT OR FINE SUIT.

$18 Worth of Clothing $18
$13, For only $13,
FINE SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

$25 Worth of Clothing $25
$18, For only $18,
ELEGANT OVERCOAT OR SUIT.

$35 Worth of Clothing $35
$25, For only $25,
SUPERB SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

HABLE BRO'S,
MERCHANT TAILORS AND FINE CLOTHIERS,
Corner 7th & D Streets, Washington, D. C.

nov 5

THE TIMES COOK
IS THE
BEST BAKER.
THE TIMES COOK
IS THE
BEST BAKER.
The Times Cook
IS THE
BEST BAKER.
FOR SALE ONLY BY
WM. J. H. GLUCK,
SOUTHERN STOVE HOUSE.
96 N. Gay Street.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN BALTIMORE.
DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER,
96.
All kinds of Stoves and Tinware.
au 27—1y

The Largest Variety and Finest Patterns of
COOKING STOVES
in the market:
THE EMERALD, VIRGINIA, VIRGIN QUEEN, WELCOME, SEA BIRD, AND ADVANCE;
Also the Manufacturer and Proprietor of the Celebrated
FAME REGULATOR AND CHAMPION
Fire Place Heaters.
The best in the world. Construced upon an entirely new principle. Also make and have constantly on hand
A Large Variety of Heating Stoves.
JAMES ARMSTRONG,
No. 60 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Manufacturer and Dealer in STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES, HOLLOWARE TIN and SHEET IRONWARE generally.
sep 3-1y

A NICE assortment of Dry Goods, just received and for sale by J. I. LACEY.

VALENTIN SCHLIMM. JACOB KLEIN
Schlimm & Klein,
MANUFACTURERS OF
TINWARE,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,
FOR COAL OR WOOD,
246 *West Pratt St., between Hanover and Sharp,*
sep 3-6m BALTIMORE, MD.

D. A. BOONE. WM. AHLSLEGER.
BOONE & AHLSLEGER,
FISH, CHEESE AND BUTTER,
No. 47 Light St., near Lombard, and No. 18 Ellicott St.,
BALTIMORE.
COUNTRY DEALERS WOULD DO WELL TO GIVE US A CALL.
AGENTS FOR
Vanderslice & Co's Excelsior Mince Meat, Apple, Peach and Quince Butters Jesse Oakley & Co's Celebrated Glycerine, Transparent and Laundry Soaps.
sep 10—1y

GEORGE IRELAND. JOHN A. CALDWELL
IRELAND & CALDWELL,
DEALERS IN JOB LOTS OF
Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Jeans,
COTTONADES, LINENS, WHITE GOODS, &c.
AUCTION JOBS OF DRY GOODS GENERALLY,
231 West Baltimore Street,
Second Floor S. W. Corner Charles. BALTIMORE.
☞We will make it your interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
ap 9-1y

JOHN J. HAINES. LEVI H. SMALL.
HAINES & SMALL,
MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WOODENWARE,
CORDAGE, BRUSHES, BROOMS, DEMIJOHNS, PAPER,
SIEVES, TWINES, TINWARE, &c.
No. 27 S. Howard Street,
BALTIMORE.
may 21—1y

HENRY C. HARTMAN,
Successor to Teal & Hartman,
No. 139 West Baltimore St., Baltimore,
LADIES' AND GENTEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
Under Dress, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER AND READY-MADE.
LADIES' MUSLIN UNDER DRESS,
White Trimmings, Working Cotton, All styles of Corsets, Silk, Alpaca and Worsted Braids, Hooks & Eyes, Linen & Cotton Tapes,
Neck Ties, Bows, Scarfs, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, Linen Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Half Hose, Umbrellas
AND ALL KINDS OF NOTIONS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
nov 27-1y;os

Selected Poetry.

EVENING SONG.

BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

Close, little weary eyes,
The day at last is over,
To-night no more surprise
Shall they discover.
Nor bird nor butterfly,
Nor unfamiliar flower;
Nor picture in the sky,
Nor fairy in the bower.

Rest, little weary feet,
The woods are dark and lonely;
The little birds rest sweet,
The owl is watching only.
No buttercup is seen,
Nor daisy in the meadow;
Their gold and white and green
Are turned to purple shadow.

Fold, little busy hands,
Day is the time for doing;
The boats lie on the sands,
The mill-wheels are not going.
Within the darksome mine
Are hushed the spade and hammer;
The cattle rest supine,
The cock witholds his clamor.

Still, little restless heart,
Be still until to-morrow:
Till then thou hast no part
In either joy or sorrow.
To new and joyous day
Shall little birds awake thee;
Again to work and play,
With strength renewed, betake thee.

Selected Miscellany.

From the Ploughman.

WAS IT CHANCE.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

Gus Hill was the only living child of Abijah Hill, a wealthy lumber merchant in the town of Hudson. His mother was dead, and a maiden aunt kept house for his father. His profession was that of a lawyer, but he had inherited his mother's property; so it wasn't necessary for him to practice to obtain his daily bread. Right here all his temptations commenced. "For Satan finds some mischief still for *idle hands* to do;" that was true, a good many years ago, and it hasn't lost its truth yet. I know I always skip descriptions of people's personal appearance, so I will simply say he was tall, and a blonde. Perhaps you think he looked insipid; well, he didn't; and he wouldn't if he'd parted his hair in the middle, and waxed his moustache. The old-established citizens of H—— said he was an "idle, extravagant young dog, with good enough in him somewhere," which good they were afraid would die for the want of proper cultivation. Nor was this all; it was rumored that he had been seen intoxicated the night of Mrs. Kidder's party. Most of the young men knew he "drank a little, you know, but of course not to excess." A man *may* take arsenic and not die from its effects;" but a man who does *not* take it certainly will not die from its effects.

I have told you of his bad habits; so to be just I must tell you some of his good ones. He was truthful, generous to a fault, always even-tempered, and a young man of more than ordinary abilities; but unless some saving Power intervened, it was evident to many that he would go to ruin.

Luella Campbell was the youngest daughter of five children. She was a lovely girl. Strictly speaking she was not beautiful. Her large hazel eyes, and almost perfect form, were her only claim to beauty, and yet she was called "The Beauty of H." It was her pure soul, her loving and merry disposition, which made her so, rather than beauty of form or feature.

Gus and Lu had been walking in the woods. He was saying:

"So it is to-mo row night, you young ladies make y ur attack upon our hearts, and—pocket books?"

"Yes," she replied, laughing. "Be sure you are well supplied with both, you will need all you can muster."

"What are you to do?" he asked.

"O, I'm to be 'post-mistress'—there will be a large mail for you, Gus."

"Well, is there anything I can do to make myself useful besides buying waste paper?"

"Yes, lots of things, I shall call on you for any and everything."

"I shall be at your service all the evening."

They chatted merrily the remainder of the walk home, where Gus left Lu, to write letters for the post-office, grave and gay, merry and merciless. She had written a number when she thought of Gus, and how much he needed an earnest appeal from some one to reform. The idea occurred to her, "Why not I? I might write a letter, and give it to him from the post office to-morrow night."

She took her pen and wrote him a long letter, showing him just where he stood, the danger he was in from intemperance, and also from doing nothing. She advised him to leave H—— for a time, as he could more effectually break off from old associates, and begin life anew. She signed the letter, "A friend who speaks in your sainted mother's name." She sealed it, so she should make no mistake.

The evening of the fair was all that could be desired. The town hall was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. A —— was there, for it was held for a charitable purpose, and ——'s towns-people were not lacking in generosity. Lu had charge of the post office, and dispensed letters to anxious applicants at twenty-five cents apiece. Her courage failed her, and she decided not to give the one she had written to Gus. She was fearful he would be angry with her for some plain truths she had stated. He would feel humbled at the low (apparently) estimate she put upon him; and above all, she thought he would say, "She has no right to set herself as my mentor; I am nothing to her."

This last consideration had decided her; she would not give it to him.—She was to take part in a tableau, and so she asked Clara Cogswell to tend the post office during her absence.—Just as she was turning away, Cad said, "There are no envelopes, Lu; have you got any?" Lu put her hand in her pocket and pushed aside the one, the one she had written to Gus, and handed Cad a package and a number of letters, some sealed, others unsealed. She had been gone but a few minutes, when there came a tap at the window, and then Gus's merry voice—

"How many bushels of letters for me, Lu?"

Cad's pretty face peered out from behind the curtain, as she replied, "One Mr. Impudence." He handed her a dollar and took his letter, laughing. Poor Lu, she would hardly have looked so serene in the tableau, if she had known her letter was in Gus Hill's pocket, instead of her own. She had handed it to Cad with the rest, and Cad had given it immediately to Gus. "Was it chance or something more?" Gus intended to read his letter, but some one claiming his attention, he thought no more about it until he reached home. As he read, emotions expressive of astonishment, anger, and sorrow, passed in turn over his face. He knew the handwriting at once. Walking excitedly up and down the room, he exclaimed, "Can I indeed be in the danger she represents? She advised me to leave Hudson, and tells me to make a man of myself!" He spent the night in thinking and planing.—Just as the first faint streak of gray appeared in the east, he threw himself upon the bed and slept until noon.

After dinner he called upon Lu.—He spoke of the letter, and said, "I am going to take your advice, and 'make a man of myself. I have come to you for your promise to be my wife, when I shall have abstained from liquor one year, and earned a living at my profession meantime. Can you promise and trust me, darling?"

The little hand was placed in his, and she said, "I trust One higher than you; He will keep and help you, dear!"

He went out from her presence, feeling somehow lifted out of himself and the narrow, aimless life he had led, into a broader and nobler resolve. He seemed to have courage to do and dare anything for her dear sake.

Five years have gone by, and the town hall in H—— is again illuminated. To-night there is to be a temperance lecture by an eminent lawyer. The hall is crowded, for he is a native of H——, and she is proud of him. A gentleman passes up the aisle, followed by a lady leading a two-year-old boy by the hand. He seats them and passes on to the platform, where he is introduced as the Hon. Augustus Hill. Yes, it is Gus, a noble man and a Christain, making his mark in his day and generation; and taking his stand for the Right. Luella is his proud and happy wife; and little Georgie is the light of their home. Again I say, "Was it chance, or something more?"

What Shall we Do With our Daughters?

Teach them self-reliance.
Teach them to make bread.
Teach them to make shirts.
Teach them to foot up store bills.
Teach them not to wear false hair.
Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.
Bring them up in the way they should go.
Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.
Teach them how to make their own dresses.
Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.
Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.
Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.
Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.
Teach them to say No, and mean it; or Yes, and stick to it.
Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.
Give them a good, substantial common-school education.
Teach them that a good rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.
Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.
Teach them the mysteries of the kitchen, the dinning-room, and the parlor.
Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.
Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperanc and dissolute young men.
Teach them the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor-house.
Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.
Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have the time and money to do it with.
Teach them that God made them in His own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.
Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

Florida papers report an almost total failure of the sponge crop, while Northern free-lunch saloon clerks say that there are more sponges around this Fall than they ever saw before.

A MODEL BOY.

The first time I saw Pipo he was lying on the wall of the public garden in Venice, fishing with a pin-hook. He apparently consisted of two brown bare legs and a thing of shreds and patches called trousers. The rest of him was hanging over the lagoon.

"Halloo, young man," said I; "stay where you are a minute. I want to make a sketch of you."

He lifted his head and showed me one of those delicious child-faces that belong only to Da Vinci's angels. Two great innocent brown eyes looked frankly and steadily into mine. The mouth wore that sweet shadowy smile which Leonardo cast over the lips of all his women and children.

I extended my hand. The young fisherman dropped his pin-hook and laid his dingy little paw therein.

"This is more than mere circumstance," I said; "this is an affinity. I will take this child unto my heart and adopt him while I stay in Venice. I am a poor and loonely Bohemian; this delightful boy is also a Bohemian, judging from his clothes. Let us be beggars and happy together."

I ended by proposing that he should share my humble home and fortunes, provided his mother would let him, clean brushes, go of errands, amuse the dogs, make himself generally useful, and *pose* for me by the hour.

"I will," he cried, tumbling off the wall, "Come along, Illustrissimo."

So we went home to the dull abode of poverty. I introduced Pipo to the World, Sin, and the Flesh, Don't tremble in your virtuous shoes. They were only my dogs—poor outcast curs that drifted with the tide in the lagoon to my door. They were lean, hungry-eyed creatures, always on the alert for blows and kicks. What better friends could an unrecognized artist have than three drowning, starving, miserable dogs? They were four-footed epigrams against fortune.

It was too late to begin work that day; I could only form high hopes of Pipo on canvas. We partook of a frugal repast. Pipo was initiated into the use of the fork. Then I offered for his consideration the first of a series of lectures on the manly art of washing plates. Hitherto the dogs neatly polished them and I had merely touched them up with the towel. This is the poetry of the artist's life.

And yet, now that I have made me a name, now that friends and honor and fame are mine, I long with a wistful sadness for those dear old days in far-off Venice. Something I have lost which then made life glorious. If I could only step out into my loggia at sunset, after a hard day's work, and hear in the rustle of the trees in the garden, in the roar of the surf at the Lido, in the vesper bell sweeping over the lagoon, "The world is an infinite possibility. Go forth in the might of thy genius and youth and conquer the realm."

I painted Pipo just as he was, in his rags and his dirt and his angelic impishness. I wanted to paint him seminude, for the sake of that ripe golden skin of his. But I felt that my picture was destined for American eyes and I merely enlarged the holes in his garments.

Pipo began to manifest an alarming fondness for brushes and colors. "Is it possible that I may prove the Cimabue to this Giotto?" I queried.

"Giotto tended sheep and Pipo fished with a pin-hook. Better that he should dredge mud from Venetian canals all his life. He shall never wield the brush with my consent."

This model boy of mine had one vice which all my efforts could not uproot from his youthful breast. He had the face of an angel, but he used language that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of a shipload of pirates.

Pipo soon settled to his own satisfaction that when I went to America he was to go likewise. I encouraged the idea from educational motives.

"Pipo, how long is it since you washed your face?"

Pipo counted his fingers.

"A week."

"Well, when you go to America, Pipo, my boy, you'll have to wash your face every day, and your hands too, for there, my Venetian aristocrat, the people have a plebeian prejudice in favor of cleanliness."

Pipo went off and, returning, said, with a confidential smile, "Me clean now; me go to America.

Pipo came to me shortly after and with a graceful bow offered me a cigarette from a package in which he had just invested. It was Saturday; our week's work was done; we had squared accounts, and Pipo felt like a millionaire.

I accepted and lighted it. "Look here, young man, when you go to America you'll have to give up the use of the weed. In the land of the free, and so forth, my friend, little boys of eight are not expected to be quite as far advanced in dissipation as old fellows of twenty."

Thus did I administer moral instruction in small doses to my untutored savage.

Things began to look black in the little old house on the lagoon. Pipo and I had been subsisting for some time on shipwreck rations. Never a foot crossed my humble threshold with intent to order pictures. Robinson Crusoe and Friday were not more entirely alone on the island than were Pipo and I there in that water-bound cottage with only our own bright dreams and the prophetic glory of sea and sky to keep us from utter wretchedness. I was up to the ears in debt with Pipo at this time. But he understood my position and did not dun me. He was a dear good fellow, this Pipo of mine, and would rather have gone cigaretteless to the end of his days than have brought me face to face with insolvency by asking for centimes.

"I am poor, Pipo," I said, at last, openly and calmly; "poor as a church mouse or an artist."

"I'll tell you something, padrone mio, that will bring you good luck," answered Pipo, looking at me with his great earnest eyes.

"What is it?"

"You see, me want two cents—me buy."

I collected the required amount with some difficulty and cautioned Pipo to be careful how he laid it out.

He came back with a small cage in his hand, containing three great black crickets.

"They bring you good luck, padrone. Everybody in Venice keeps them in the spring."

"Well, I haven't much faith in them myself, not being a child of the South, sunken in superstition and slavery, but we will hang them over the fireplace and see what turns up."

The crickets sang on bravely for a week and did their best to bring me good fortune, I have no doubt, poor beasts. One morning I took down the cage, and behold there were only two legless torsos of crickets. Their amputated limbs lay about the floor of the cage in expressive confusion. The third had emigrated. Later I found him half cremated behind the fireplace. "Pipo," I said mournfully, "your crickets are a delusion and a snare."

One morning, not long after, I was painting as usual, and Pipo was posing patiently before me. Suddenly there came a loud ring at the door. What could it be? Creditors I had none and visitors never. The dogs began to howl. I looked at myself. I wore a coat with fifty-two patches; I told Pipo to keep his attitude. I put on a bold face, and, by way of encouragement, composed as I went to the door a new paragraph for my future biography in the "Lives of Distinguished American Artists:" "It is related of him that even at this early stage of his career he had such confidence in the might and power of his genius that he did not hesitate to answer his own door-bell in a ragged coat."

A white-haired gentleman stepped into the hall. The dogs swarmed over him at once.

"I have been told there was an artist llving here," he said, looking about him. "Down, my dears, down, I beg of you."

"I am the artist, or at least I try to be one." I thought his face looked familiar. I remembered then who he was. The winter I was in Rome I heard a good deal about him—a benevolent old fellow who hunted out poor artists and helped them on. He had had a son mad after art, and refused to let him study. The boy ran away from home, came to Europe, painted awhile, gave hope of a brilliant career, and then falling ill died of sheer poverty and nothing else. And so the father did what little he could to atone for his fault. Oh, I remembered him well. I ushered him into the studio.

"That's a very nice little boy," he said, patting Pipo's shaven pate. "Does he go to school?"

"He does not. He revels in ignorance and smokes."

"Ah, I see you are painting his portrait—a young fisherman. Beautiful thing! Is it ordered?"

I forced a pallid smile. "Orders are not plentiful in this establishment. I am painting entirely for glory at present."

"Then would you allow me to secure it for a friend at home who is making a collection of native art? Could you finish it by the end of the month? And I know that artists must have brushes and colors. I should like to leave an instalment, if you will permit me." He laid a purse on the table.

"Never mind thanks; I had a son once myself. Come up and see me at the hotel."

With his dear old face all aglow with kindness he started for the door. He waved me good-by with his umbrella. "Come up and see me and and we'll talk it all over."

"Come to my arms, O most blessed of Pipos. It's all through you and your crickets!"

Who says that ravens no longer minister to the needs of hungry prophets? Who says that angels walk not abroad in human guise?

The dogs barked for delight, and Pipo and I danced a jig for joy.

From that day onward life prospered amain. Friends gathered about, my orders assaulted me on every side, and I exchanged the picturesque poverty of the house on the lagoon for the sumptuous hall of a palace on the Grand Canal. Pipo stayed with me until I left Venice. He pleaded hard to be taken to America, but I felt that there he would be misunderstood. His innocent fondness for the weed would be labelled "Juvenile depravity;" his portic raggedness would be accounted squalor.

So I left him in that beautiful city, where the marble domes rise from the water like great white lilies, and the boats dance over the sea like scarlet-winged birds. There where life is all one golden afternoon. I left my Pipo. We had borne joy and sorrow together and the parting was hard. And wherever I go I carry about with me the memory of two innocent child-eyes which finds its way continually on to my canvas. And when I hear the critics say, "How much this face reminds me of Da Vinci," I laugh half wistfully, and think of the tender child-mouth that smiled up at me from the garden wall that lonely summer evening in far-off Venice.—*Hearth and Home.*

What to do with Illustrated Papers.

The very best thing to do with illustrated papers after your own family have finished reading them, is, of course, to send them to some family who cannot afford the luxury of buying them, or to the prison libraries; but it often happens that odd numbers lie around the house and are torn up or burned up simply because one does not know what to do with them.

A very pretty use for odd pictures and prints of all sizes and descriptions is to make them into Christmas books for children. It is pretty work for you own children to do, and they make tasteful and valuable presents for children of friends. The following directions may perhaps assist the young people in preparing a pleasant surprise for some one they love:

Take one yard of blue glazed muslin, of a pretty shade, one of pink and one of white; fold each into six squares, unless your pictures are very large, when four squares will probably answer. Lay them one upon the other, and stitch one side firmly together; then, taking a sharp pair of scissors, cut the three remaining margins in even and regular points.

Now trim your pictures neatly, and arrange the third page, leaving the outside leaf for a cover. The pictures should be put on with starch, laying them face down upon the table and brushing the backs evenly and quickly with the starch, then lifting and placing where you wish to have them, leaving a margin of about an inch of the colored cambric around the edge of the pictures. When the page is arranged and partly dry, it should be pressed with a warm iron. If the pictures are small, several can be nicely grouped together, or one large one and two smaller will often do nicely upon the same page. The cover can be decorated in rather different fashion, by leaving the edge plain, and loop-stitching a border in colored worsted, and pasting a name and inscription in letters, also cut from headings of papers.

With a little exercise of ingenuity a very pretty thing can be made of waste pictures, which are really too good to throw away.—*American Grocer.*

A Gramatical Duelist.

Two English gentleman once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the utmost stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke:

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked:

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction.—If you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied:

"I come, thou comest, he comes; we come, you come, they come."

And thereupon he arose, with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore his sword like a man, open and free, and not like cowardly, skulking fellows of this age, who have assassin knives and hidden revolvers within their shirt bosoms and vest pockets, duels were speedily dispatched. They went to a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist:

"Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, "we fight"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight"—and here he disarmed his adversary.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, sheating his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman; "but pray leave off this quizzing, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so."

The grave gentleman now, for the first ttme, became intelligible.

"I am a Hollander," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs and my tutor has advised, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do; I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you so before."

The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Hollander to dine with them.

"I will dine with," said he, "thou will dine, he will dine; you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together."

This they did, and it was difficult to determine whether the Hollander ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

Stanly says that African mosquitoes are as big as a Kentucky chew of tobacco.