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KINDERHOOK.

BY LOST-TOV.

Just as they had been comfortably seated and exchanged nods and smiles with those of the assembled parties, who were acquainted, a tall, portly, handsome man of middle age approached, saluted the ladies with graceful bow, and shaking the Colonel's hand warmly, said: "I am glad to see Colonel, that you have honored us with your presence to-day, and have brought the ladies with you to enjoy the sport. By the way, dear fellow, you can do us all a great favor. We are in need of a referee, and you are just the gentleman we have been looking for to fill the delicate position," and Captain Humphrey, turning to the ladies requested them to use their influence in persuading the Colonel to forego his usual modesty on the present occasion, and come to the assistance of the managers of the day's races, of which body the handsome Captain was chairman.

After much talking, laughing and joking, the Colonel consented, saying: "Well, Captain, 'tis hard to deny your request, backed as it is, by the urgent entreaties of the ladies. I suppose I must yield; but by jove, Captain, to tell you the truth, I don't hanker after the honor. It is hard to please everybody, and there are always some soreheads, who would grudge your decision, even if it were given by St. Peter himself."

"That's very true, Colonel, and all I ask you to do is to act to-day, as St. Peter does every day. When he gives a decision as loud as the Church bells, members thereof have to abide by it, no matter what the growlers have to say, your decisions shall be final in our case, I assure you."

"So be it, Captain, I resign myself to my fate, as soon as my cavalier presents himself, to whom I can entrust the care of these children," pointing to his wife and daughters, "I shall be ready to enter upon my duties, though if you can get another man for the position, I shall be glad to remain here in obscurity as a silent spectator."

"We can get plenty of men for the position, but none better than you, Colonel, and few, if any, as good; so we will consider the matter settled," replied the Captain, who had solemnly lifted his hat to the ladies, as soon lost in the dense mass of spectators.

At that moment, the throng of people at the Southwest gate began cheering, and the cheers, caught up by the crowd, were soon echoed throughout the whole extent of King's race track, towards the Judges' stand.

"Look Mamma, look sister, there is cousin Charlie on the black horse," cried little Grace excitedly.

"I do declare, it is Charlie, sure enough," said Miss Lou, "and who is that splendid looking young gentleman accompanying her?" "See Ma, Charlie is bowing to us, and the young gentleman has doffed his hat."

"Yes," said Mrs. Spalding, quietly, "it is cousin Charlie, but I do not recognize the young man with him. He must be a stranger."

At this moment the young men having spoken a few words to the judges, sprang lightly from their prancing steeds, threw the bridles to their darkie servants, and hastened toward the Colonel's party.

The Colonel sprang to his feet with a beaming face of welcome, seizing Charlie's hand and cried out: "How are you, Charlie? Where in the world, did you spring from?" and with a cordly bow to Charlie's companion, extended him his hand.

"Uncle, aunt, fair cousins, ladies and gentleman all, permit me to introduce to you my college chum and bosom friend, Mr. Edward Loudoun, of Virginia," exclaimed Charlie, panting under the oratorical effort he had made, then added, "and now, how do you do, each and every one?"

Mr. Loudoun bowed politely to the ladies, and returned the cordial grasp of the Colonel's hand, saying: "My friend Lester here has spoken so often and so feelingly of Col. Spalding and the accomplished members of his family, that I hardly feel as a stranger should on my first introduction."

"Here, Pete, your ancient sinner and venerable African, bring two more chairs just as soon as your old legs will carry you," exclaimed Charlie, fanning himself energetically with his broad-brimmed, palm leaf hat.

"I'm not a sinner, Massa Charlie. I'm a servant of the Lord, and I isn't no African. I'm American, I is, and no lie about it neither, young Massa," and with this rejoinder, old Pete hastened to bring the ordered chairs.

Turning to Loudoun who stood a silent observer of the episode and smiled at the quaint familiarity of old Pete, Mrs. Spalding thus addressed him: "Charlie says you are from Virginia, Mr. Loudoun; might I inquire, without appearing impertinent, what part of that historic State you claim as your residence. I have some warm friends in different parts of the old Dominion, and perhaps some of them might be known to you."

With a slight bow to Mrs. Spalding and a side glance at the lovely Miss Lou, who had been taking many side glances on the sly at the handsome stranger, Loudoun replied that his home was near Warrenton, the county seat of Fauquier county.

"Then you must be acquainted with the Buckners, the Paynes, the Carters and the Dulans, they all reside in that county, I understand, and I spend many pleasant evenings with the members of those families each

year, that I go the Spring."

"Yes, Madam," said Mr. Loudoun, taking a chair that was handed him by the officious Pete, and placing it rather close to the one occupied by Miss Lou, who blushed at the apparently unintentional act: "It gives me real pleasure to say, that I have the honor to be acquainted with all those families you have mentioned." And as Mrs. Spalding and Mr. Loudoun entered into a conversation about their Virginia friends, Charlie availed himself of the opportunity of indulging in a *l'afout* with Miss Lou, who would much rather have listened to the musical tones of the stranger's voice.

"Well, my fair cousin, it seems an age since I saw you last," said Lester, "though only eight months have passed since I left you at Roseleaf. How do you spend the winter here? I don't ask you how large you been; your appearance this morning is a sufficient assertion of the fact, that your health has been excellent."

"Do please, cousin Charlie, put me one question at a time. With so much excitement around me, I can hardly succeed in answering a half dozen at once, the intelligible manner," said the called Lester cousin, although no one could exactly tell the degree of relationship, that existed between them. The peculiar custom exists to this day in Maryland and Virginia. If the heads of two families happen to be cousins, their descendants to the twentieth generation call each other cousins, in imitation of their progenitors.

"Ham, as positive and epigrammatic as ever I perceive," exclaimed Charlie, "it seems to me that I asked you only one question. I presumed, that you had enjoyed good health during my absence, and I ventured an inquiry as to how you had spent the winter."

"Noticing the tone of veneration, in which Charlie uttered these words, and the evident look of chagrin, that swept across his handsome face, Miss Louisa, coloring slightly, replied in her sweetest tones: "Quick as usual in taking offence, where none was intended. Pardon me, if I seemed disagreeable. I spent the winter in the usual way. I went to Baltimore, and Christmas; frequented the theatres and operas, attended balls and parties, dissipated generally till Ash Wednesday, then returned home and was a good girl until Easter; and here I am to-day, making my first appearance in public, since I doffed the sack-cloth and adopted the Lenten season. And now, cousin Charlie, after this full general confession, I presume I have the right to catechise your lordship as to your doings in the meanwhile."

"You certainly missed your vocation, my fair cousin. Were you not so pretty and bewitching, I should say you ought to be a milk-maid, or a nun of Charity, instructing the rising generation in the paths they should tread in search of virtue and happiness. I haven't killed anybody and I certainly haven't killed myself by hard labor. I have the name of studying law with Mr. Brent in Baltimore, but I'm afraid I don't do much in the studying line. My friend Loudoun here, who is my room-mate, my old chum, and my fellow student, does enough studying for both of us. In fact he does all the work and I do all the play. You don't know Loudoun yet. Under that quiet, gentle manner of his he conceals the energy of a Hercules and the courage of a lion."

As Miss Lou looked towards Loudoun, her eyes met his. She blushed, and he smiled one of his rare smiles, and turned to Captain Humphrey, who, at that moment, came hurrying toward the group, exclaiming: "Come on, Colonel, be quick. Everything is ready. The grand race will begin in fifteen minutes. And you, young gentlemen, if you are going to your own houses, you had better make haste with your preparations, for we shall start the horses precisely at 11:30."

"Why gentlemen, you surely are not going to ride to-day," exclaimed all the ladies in a breath.

"To be sure we are," replied Charlie, laughing. "Loudoun rides that handsome gray horse you perceive hand on the track, while your humble servant intends to win if he can, on that fine black filly, you see being led by my boy Sam."

"And now, ladies, before we go, permit us to beg your good wishes for our success, quietly observed Mr. Loudoun.

"Certainly, certainly, you shall have them," said Mrs. Spalding.

and in a short time they emerged from their tents, clad each in blue knickerbockers, while Lester wore a blue jacket and cap, and Loudoun a red cap and jacket.

Four horses were to start, each ridden by their respective owners, who were all young gentlemen of Charles county, except Loudoun, and he was admitted to the contest, at the particular request of Lester, who was an universal favorite. The track was a half-mile one, and as the race was a mile and a half dash, the contestants were obliged to pass three times over the course, thus affording all the spectators an opportunity of witnessing the speed of the horses and admiring the skill of the riders.

Just before mounting, Lester introduced Loudoun to Messrs. Carrington and Major, who were to contend with them for the honors of the occasion. Carrington rode a sorrel horse called Major a bay filly. The horses were all in a fine condition and drew rounds of applause from admiring horsemen, as they took their places, preparatory to starting. Carrington, dressed in white, drew the inside, the next place was assigned to Lester, Major, in blue uniform, drew the third place, and Loudoun, of course, took the outside position.

The word "go" was not given, until the horses had three times rushed to the line, so conscientious was Captain Humphrey, who had been unanimously appointed starter for the occasion. As finally the talismanic word "go" resounded over the field, the crowd caught up the sound and cheer after cheer rent the air, as the friends of each rider, saw their horse in advance, or saw their favorite lagging behind. They were all excellent riders for amateurs, but the sagacious old turfmen shook their heads knowingly, and remarked that the man, who rode the gray horse and sported the red jacket, was the red nose on his breast, had ridden before to-day. And although the gray horse was the last at the start, they quickly took up all side bets, freely betting their money on the gray.

(To be continued.)

Serif Miscellany.

The Reporter.

This is a reporter. You will notice how finely he is dressed. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have an easy life. They seldom go to work before 10 o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their labors by 12 at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited whether they are there or not, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for utterance before reaching there, and was locked up. The society reporter said he was at the party, all the same, but the police reporter said he was fined \$3 for being drunk. So this man got his name in the paper twice, but he cut out one of the items for fear his wife might see them both, and think the press was making too much of him. Men are often so modest. The sporting reporter goes to horse races, base-ball games and cock-fights. It is wicked to go to horse-races, if you bet on the wrong horse. Once there was a croquet tournament in a large city, and the editor of a paper knew that some of the men would be there, so he went to the sporting reporter. "What have I got to do with those dizzy croquet players?" said the sporting reporter. "That's society event." "I guess you are right," replied the editor: "so you can go up in the country about two miles north of here it looks as if we would have an early Spring and then this evening there are four Land League meetings for you to look after." So the sporting reporter had a little something to do after all, and clanked himself quite hearty. A man need not have a classical education in order to be a good reporter, but he must be able to hustle around some, and hump himself when there is a big fire or a murder. Reporters can get nearer to fire than anybody except the firemen, and the new ones do it. But the old heads at the business know better. They stand on the corner until the fire is out, and then they get a hack and go to the house of the man who owns the building, and ask him how much the old shell was worth, and he thinks the insurance companies will have him arrested for setting it on fire. This is when the man acts mean and doesn't open the door for them because he has just got out of bed, and declines to answer questions. But if he acts square, you bet the boys treat him right, and in the morning people read of him, as "our estimable citizen, Mr. —" Reporters seldom die early. They are too tough. Perhaps some other time I may tell you more about reporters. Many of them are married and live happily with their wives, because they never see them except when they come home to go to bed. A drowsy man cannot quarrel much.

Don't Borrow Trouble.

Of the many wise precepts with which the Bible is filled, there are none of greater significance, or more practically adapted to the weakness of average human nature, than that one so frequently quoted, and also so constantly ignored in its application, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Or, in the more homely but better known vernacular, "Don't borrow trouble." For one is inclined

to anticipate evils and meet them more than half way. It has been often stated, and truthfully too, that life is imaginary, or, if not so, of a nature to be set aside if met firmly and promptly. Mankind is prone to look upon the dark side of things, and even the most hopeful of us all, will pass over a ray of sunshine only to take note of the shadows lying beyond. Difficulties are only insurmountable to those who do not attempt to conquer them, and even the brightest days are shadowed if we close our eyes. Troubles, real and unavoidable, are plentiful enough in this life, without the exercise of ingenuity to conjure up fictitious ones, or to augment those already upon us. The best rule of life is to look upon the bright side of things, and when trouble come meet them firmly.

"Half a trouble are half our inventions," and the shadows that have clouded many lives have arisen from forebodings and dread.

"Of evils that never occurred."

Some one has said, and excellently well too, "that war through a difficulty is straight through it." So when real troubles present themselves, it is worse than weakness to attempt to dodge or evade them. Go straight through them, and the battle, even though it may be a long one, will prove a blessing in all respects, with the exception of a school for trials in the future. And that future! What has it for us? Will it bring joy or sorrow? Pleasure or pain? Good or ill? Oh, who knows? God's wisdom and mercy have shut out from us all that is to come, and so we can never know that lies before us. But whatever the enter, we should endeavor the enter, we should endeavor with heart and mind perhaps to do and bear all that has been marked out for us. But no anticipation of possible evil should be allowed to intrude itself to darken whatever of brightness may lie around us. Wisely are we shut out from the events and trials of the unknown future.

The Victim of a Leadville Revival.

He was on his way home from Leadville, says an exchange. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes, I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery fine, and some of the people are honest as needs be. The trouble is in knowing how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy." "Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you wouldn't think it to see these old clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?" "Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay; staked off a claim and went off to the assayer's. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?" "Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spot and built up a pole shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law out there is no man can sink a shaft within 230 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there, were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth over a million of dollars. You see, I didn't know how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take them?" "You bet there was! I ought to have opened on that revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner fifty dollars for a verdict that they came to their death from too much religion."

Very Accommodating.

Several days ago a stranger made his appearance at the Union Depot and asked Officer Button how long before the Grand River Valley train would go out.

"In about twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Then I'll have time to get a drink, won't I?" "You will."

"That's good. I always prefer to travel on a stiff horn of whisky." He returned in five minutes, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand and asked: "Has my train gone yet?" "No sir; you still have fourteen minutes to spare."

"That's good, and I guess I'll go back for a little brandy." When he returned he felt in good spirits, and ascertaining that he still had six minutes to spare, he said: "Now, that's what I call liberal, and I'll lay in one more drink." The last one proved more than he could bear up under, and he was not seen again for three hours. Then he came around with a wabble in his gait and an uncertain look in his eyes and asked: "Shay, what time does the Grand River Valley train go out?"

"In about four hours." "Fo' hours? Why, that'll give me time to get drunk again; mos' commo-datin' railroad I ever saw, eh?" "Yes."

"I doan't want to be mean. Go'n'teller Superintendent he needn't wait for me any longer, 'cause 't may delay others. He's a zentleman, he is, an' I'm a zentleman, I am, but when a zentleman holds a train for him any longer? Shay, do you ever cry when you get zhrunk? I do, an' if you have no jockabuns I'll cry now." No objections being made he cried.

Manners and Morals.

What is the difference between good manners and good morals? Will good manners make a man, or must he be possessed of good morals also? If good manners be genuine they are good morals, for they are founded on the laws of justice and kindness. But there is so much base coin in circulation in the sphere of manners, and there are so many pretensions to goodness therein which cannot be admitted.

There is not a thing so offensive as a false heart refining. In a polite manner, to do a simple and easy action of kindness. It reminds us of one lady abusing another in the most ceremonious style, courtesying with great dignity, but at the same time with a contemptuous sneer upon the lips, and a most reverential "madame" upon the tongue. Most ladies would prefer a corporal onset. But they know one another's feelings, and that this most mock civility is the most galling and effectual vengeance they can take. The good manners of many people are somewhat of this sort; heartlessness, clothing itself in the garb of kindness, and pretending to feel deep for you when it wishes you to Coventry or Jericho. Now, this we call bad-manners, and get men who play this well, and "bow you out," as they say at court, are supposed to be very accomplished, finished gentlemen. After all, it comes to this, that good morals are good manners. You will find no better standard for manners than this.

But still there are degrees of goodness; there is a more or less graceful manner of showing it, and the more graceful is better than the less graceful. The best manners, therefore, are the more graceful good morals. These invariably defile them, however pure they may seem; invariably deform them, how beautiful soever, how graceful soever the air which they employ, or the dress they put on.

VARIETIES.

The man who can't be angry is a fool; the man who will not allow himself to be wise.

When a man regards himself as all sufficient the world is apt to think of him as insufficient.

It is a vulgar habit to carry your hands in your pockets, but not so disagreeable as to have them in some one else's pocket.

No one can know the sorrows of another's heart, and no one can tell where the shoe pinches except the man who wears it.

If it is your purpose in life to make your face your fortune, you must look well to it or it will turn out to be your misfortune.

We are all of us in the position of the French marquis who declared "God will think twice before He condemns a man of my quality."

Our forefathers could not harbor the idea of paying taxes on their tea, so they compromised the matter by harboring the tea.

This is a very grave question—If Satan should be chosen President of the United States, how many of us would he find entirely worthy of his confidence?

Take the world just as it is and we must need believe in future retribution. Allow us to pick the men, and so far as they are concerned we can believe in universal salvation.

A great deal of the mean criticism of the world reminds us of the child who said, "Johnny apple in the pile; I wanted that for myself." In the matrimonial market some chose the man without the riches and others the riches without the man. In after life the former live in a flower garden and the later in a hothouse. It is impossible for a man to keep up with the literature of the age. Barnum's monstrosity with two head and four eyes might do it, but the ordinary scholar must imitate the humble flea and—skip a good deal. It is easy to repent after your fortune has been made by questionable means, but to prove your repentance by making restitution, that's a very different thing. A man is always generous and humble enough to be willing to be forgiven, and the religion which makes no drafts on our bank accounts is very popular. Disraeli was able to illustrate his ideas in a very telling way. Sometimes a good story or an effective metaphor is more potent than the most solid of arguments. When speaking of the tactics of Peel towards his opponents he said:—"The right honorable gentleman caught the whigs bathing and walked away with their clothing."

[Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., Wis.] We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain,—for instance, in relation to this matter Mr. George Guyett, Prop. Guyett House, thus informed our representative: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected."