

The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED AT PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY COX & DALEY, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 9, 1883.

Volume XXXIX.—No. 35.



Washington. Washington.

Our Winter Stock COMPLETE!

Complete in styles,
Complete in prices,
Complete in sizes,
Complete in variety,
Complete in every sense.

We Use These Columns to State Simple Facts,
Facts so simple that even a school boy cannot fail to comprehend, but for this none the more favorable.

The Popularity to which our OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING

Has grown is very commendable, yet not without JUST AND SUFFICIENT REASONS.

We can fit your little boy who is just toddling.
We can fit your little boy who is playing in the garden.
We can fit your little boy who is going to school.
We can fit your boy who is too big to go to school.
We can fit your boy who is just raising a mousethatch.
We can fit your big Brother.
We can fit your Father.
We can fit your Grand Father.
We can fit your Sweetheart.
We can fit your Uncle.
We can fit your Nephew.
We can fit a tall lean man.
We can fit a short fat man.

In fact we can fit any Man no matter what his shape may be. Our clothing is all reliable and well made. One Price in plain figures—Money Refunded if Purchase prove Unsatisfactory.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

NO. 310 SEVENTH STREET,
Washington, D. C.

S. KATZENSTEIN,

sep 24-ly MANAGER.

FALL CLOTHING

OUR OWN MANUFACTURE!
STYLISH & WELL MADE!
PRICES THE LOWEST!
SPLENDID OVERCOATS AT \$9

AN INSPECTION IS INVITED.

HAMBURGER'S

615 Pennsylvania Avenue
(Under Metropolitan Hotel)

Steamboat Fare Paid to Purchasers
Branch 164 W. Balto. St., Baltimore
mh 31-ly

629 Pa. Ave. Also Manufacturer and Dealer in

ROCKFORD WATCH CO.

Watches, Chronometers, FINE JEWELRY

All kinds of time Pieces repaired

Time-keeper to Senate & House of Representatives.

D. HARTER'S

PURIFIES BLOOD

IRON TONIC

A combination of Potassium of Iron, Ferrous Sulfate and Phosphoric Acid in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Forces it is indispensable.

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says: "I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces."

REV. A. I. HOBBS writes: "A few drops of the Iron Tonic I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties."

Prepared by DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

TRUE FACTS.

Men's good work Shoes	84c
Men's good Boots	74c
Men's fine Cal Boots	25c
Boys Boots	89c
Boys good Shoes	79c
Men's Dress Congress	25c
84c Ladies Button Boots	84c
\$1 75 Ladies good plow Shoes	74c
2 25 Ladies Slippers	25c
1 08 Ladies heavy Walking Shoes	89c
75c Misses Button Boots	79c
1 25 Infants shoes.	25c

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333 Pennsylvania Avenue, East,
Washington, D. C.

Bet. 3d and 4th Sts., Capitol Hill, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Take 7th St. Cars, transfer without extra charge at 7th and Penn. Ave., ask conductor to leave you off at FRANK'S SHOE STORE, and we will gladly pay your CAR FARE. Oct. 27-3m.

Medicinal Advertisements.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Manfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great nervousness on my part, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, from which I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have now taken one bottle and a half, and am about well again, and all back and all gone—soreness all out of my back, and I have a good appetite, and am getting in strength and flesh. I can testify to the value of your medicine.
JOHN K. ALLENDEE.

Evolution controverted.

ADDRESS BY OLIVER N. BRYAN, BEFORE THE BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—It is erroneously supposed and urged by evolutionists, or rather it is hoped by theistic evolutionists and fideists, the world over, that Mr. Charles Darwin has forever settled the question of creation of the world and its billions of sentient life, "from monad to man" yet every scientist knows that the chain of animal life from the earliest Eozoon to the present day, has been broken time and again, and the start of sentient beings in after ages was so synchronous that it would be difficult to tell which of the many forms that made their appearance begin life first; in fact radiates, mollusks and articulated forms from the best authorities to have all started abreast. When the vertebrate animals were introduced in the Devonian ages from their position in the rocks four principal varieties seemed to have lived at the same time. The Eozoon Cambesense, the earliest known form of life does not seem to have any successor. The Laurentian cyclones of fire and earthquakes wiped out all animal life until the Solvian age, then life began again under entirely different forms, as indicated above. So diverse however that it requires a stretch of the imagination to find any likeness between them. As to the failure of animal life in the various ages would be beyond the intended scope of this paper. In the Tertiary I will note, that Great Britain had fifty seven mammals and down to modern period still retains twenty-nine, and the bones of the oldest, are of the very same form as the bones of the most modern.

But the strongest proof that we have upon this subject, is what we daily see before our eyes: "Like begets like."—Some times, of course, with variations of color in domestic animals, but no variation in modern period still retains the same form as the bones of the most modern. The great stumbling block to evolutionists, is the fact that man has language, but brutes have not. Second:—Man is a responsible being, a majority of scientists admit this. If then man is a responsible creature, it becomes our responsibility to it, it is his solemn duty, to tell us when and where in the long line of animal life man became responsible. Was it when he descended from the monkey? When and where did his majesty—the monkey get an immortal soul, or the power to transmit that which the poor brute never pretended to have.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbs and Medicinal products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expel the acid matter that causes the cough, and soothe the lining of all impurities, and soothe the system when excited by disease, and soothe the irritation of the throat, and soothe the system. Slight colds often end in pneumonia, if not treated promptly. Apply the remedy promptly. A full bottle of TUTT'S EXPECTORANT, is a single dose, and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough, and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough, and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Diarrhea, Torpid Liver, and all irregularities of the system. It is a very well known and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough, and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough, and its use promptly cures the most obstinate cough.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 1/2 N. 9th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Dispensary is charged with the preparation of all the medicines and chemicals used in the treatment of all diseases. It is a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Forces it is indispensable.

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Dr. John T. Digges, Port Tobacco, Md. Office in the FERGUSON BUILDING OFFICE HOURS From 10 to 12 a. m. and at other hours found at his residence, unless professionally engaged. m 13-ly

Select Poetry.

He told me that my heart was cold,
But now it's warm and true,
When I had wept, with warm tears untold,
And now I'm glad to see you.

I proudly gave him back his ring,
And told him he was free,
And hoped that memory ne'er might bring
A passing thought of me.

His tender eyes were on my face,
For he should never, never trace
The pain that never, never trace
The pain that never, never trace.

He sadly turned and said: "Good by!"
And then I knew my wifely side
Held not one ray of light.

Play upon the dew-wet grass,
And sobbed in bitter woe,
And called her darling's name, alas!
Too late for him to know.

But not his voice was in my ear,
And on his throbbing breast
He drew me close and dried each tear,
And soothed my heart to rest.

Select Reading.

One Secret of Success.

Don't live a single hour of life without doing exactly what is to be done, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the other thing, without letting any moment slip between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make in a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the drawers lost. And so if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know where to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes in hand and you will find the rest all fall in file, and will follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he 'achieved so much in his life.' 'My father told me,' was the reply, 'when I had anything to do, to go and do it.' There is the secret—the magic word—now.

An Original Decision.

St. Mary's County has an original magistrate. A man was recently brought before him charged with stealing a hog. His Honor had a very peculiar opinion of the prisoner, was seen to shake his head ominously and frown portentously during the proceedings. The prisoner succeeded in establishing an alibi, and his attorney led him to go about his business.

"Hold on Bill Smith!" roared his Honor. "I've got a thing or two to say to you."

Addressing the spectators, his Honor said:

"This here prisoner stands committed to jail. I know the evidence fails to convict him stealing Bill Simmonson's hog, but the darn case, I make no doubt, has hatched on to some other fellow's pork in the past, and if he has gotten away with it, he will steal that body's hog or hog sometimes or other, and I think it is my duty to cage him."

"But your Honor," said the prisoner's lawyer, "my client has proved an alibi."

"I don't keer for your alibi or any other rignamole, this man'll be caged."

"I'll sue out a writ of quo warrantu and mandamus and shame you with a writ of habeas corpus!" yelled the attorney.

"You may quo warrantu until you're blind and mandamus, or any other damus, until you're dumb and dig up all the corpses in county, but you can't move this court!" thundered the Judge.

"Mr. Constable the prisoner stands committed!"

A Perpetual Weather Table.

The following table was constructed by the celebrated Dr. Hirschfeld, upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon. It is confirmed by the experience of many years' observation, and will suggest to the observer, what kind of weather will probably follow the moon's entrance into any of her quarters. As a general rule it will be found wonderfully correct.

If the moon changes at 12 o'clock noon, the weather immediately after will be very rainy if in summer, and there will be snow or rain in winter.

If between 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., fair in summer, fair and mild in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock p. m., fair in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 10 o'clock p. m., summer, fair, if the wind is north or west; rainy, if south or southwest. In winter, fair and frosty, if the wind is north or northwest; rainy, if south or southwest.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock p. m., rainy in summer and fair and frosty in winter.

Between 12 at night and 2 o'clock a. m., fair in summer and frosty in winter—unless the wind is from the south or southwest.

Between 2 and 4 o'clock a. m., cold and very showery in summer, and snow and storms in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock a. m., rainy both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock a. m., wind and rain in summer and stormy in winter.

Between 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., showery and in summer and cold and wintery in winter.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Sum men's humor is like dried apples. Answer in our next.

Give me honesty first, and after that anything you please.

Hon at poverty has this advantage. All it owes it owes to heaven.

All the vices are relations, none more remote than first cousins.

The unthrifty are not only born so, but are fated to die so.

The man who acts from impulse generally acts right.

I believe there is such a thing as a dishonest diffidence, also such a thing as an honest impudence.

God has made but few things impossible, certainly none that ought to be possible.

Industry, without economy, is like a bag with a hole at the bottom of it.

Fausticks seldom undertake to prove their belief; they are satisfied to assert it.

I observe that those who know the most believe the most; it don't take but few brains to doubt and differ.

There is much the same difference between honor and honesty that there is between notoriety and reputation.

To be a great man is not necessary that a man should unlike others, but that he should always be like himself.

Kindness is never wholly wasted, but when you are dealing with mules, always keep your eye on their heels.

Men of genius don't depend upon their memory; it is easier for them to create a new idea than to recall an old one.

Mort of the literary criticisms of the day are those who have failed in writing themselves, therefore they lack, and stab, and murder without mercy.

Corner in Excuses.

A middle aged, fresh looking, fleshy man, a little short of hair and breath, carrying a can, came into our office one morning this week, and after being seated and making some remark about the go-go-go surroundings, he said: "I see Edison has got patents on over three hundred inventions. Now, why don't he originate a new excuse, and confer a boon on suffering humanity?"

We admitted that Edison was a great inventor, but could not understand what the caller meant by a new excuse, and asked him what he had reference to.

"Why," said the man, as he took a cigar out of the mantle, "what we want is a new excuse for staying out at nights, an excuse that will have the semblance of truth and sincerity. Now, I stay down town every night till about eleven o'clock, and I tell you it is a good deal of work to figure out excuses for my absences, in different excuses, you know, so my wife will be good-natured."

"Have you ever tried the lodge racket, and meeting a customer from the country?" we asked with a smile of reassurance.

"Oh, lodge be dashed," said he, "he scratched a match on his sleeve, as he had played all the lodges in town on the subject, but he does not believe a word of it, and it is humiliating to a sensitive man to be believed. I have played the country customer dodge for twelve years, but last year I went out of business and since then I have been meeting old creditors among my former customers, to settle with them, until my old partner told me that I didn't have to go to the lodge to sell the accounts of the firm, and for the last six months I have been attending committee meetings of several stock companies, in which I don't owe a dollar of stock. I just keep watch of the papers, and when I see there is to be a meeting of anything from the humane society to the little sisters of the poor, I use that as an excuse. I have tried everything to make things pleasant, but it seems to me all the excuses are exhausted, and the women have got onto the racket, and I do wish an editor or some smart man would think up an excuse and charge us a royalty on it. I would be willing to pay."

"Did you ever try telling the truth about where you were at nights, and what you were doing? Why not tell your wife right out that you have been out with the boys playing draw poker, and throw yourself on her mercy?"

"By George, it is a good idea. I never thought of that I'll try it," and he went out jabbing his cane on the golden stairs. The next day we heard some b-rap at the door softly, and at the word "come in," the door opened and the man who wanted an excuse, limped in. He had a cloth tied around his head, over one eye, and a piece of black oint plaster from his nose down under his eye. We asked him if he had tried telling the truth. Lifting the cloth from over his eye, and showing the worst looking eye that ever was he said:

"Yes, I tried it, and if my life is spared, I shall not tell the truth any more. I believe you knew she would hit me with the cover to a wash bowl. When I said I had been playing poker, she flew right off the handle, and said she had mistreated for years that she was wedded to a gambler, and that I was not a gambler, but only played for exercise. I owe you for this black eye," and taking a handful of cigars he limped out. Still, we maintain that the truth is the safest generally.—*Mt. View Star.*

His Pa was Mortified.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collected garbage in the alley.

"Oh, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I come away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in some cases out of town they would hit it right; but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see, I was over to the dairy fair at the exhibition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum headed to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. Oh, it was the offest smell I ever heard of. It was just like an old back number of a general. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another piece in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went to church, too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the fifth hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn-book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when I embraced himself and sang 'Just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tintured with limberger cheese, and she then got up and, hunched him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross to ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said 'when?' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled the cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they were at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church to stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided; but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. Everybody looked every body else, and pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her under clothes, and a piece in the bath room, in the soap dish, and slice in the album on the parlor table, and a slice in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for fear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had looked at ma sort of queer, and when he came home, and when he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbonic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there were dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went to a neighbors to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. Well, guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Folly of the Day.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being 'gentle.' We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be 'respectable,' though only in the meanest sense—in more vulgar show. We have not the courage to go positively onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats, in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying service is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste what misery, what bankruptcy come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank rancor committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in the ruin.—*The Home Journal.*

Good Acquaintance.

A jolly crowd of commercial travelers sat in the reading-room of a Chicago hotel, cracking jokes and telling 'joke' stories, when in came a shabby sided gawky Hoosier, who thinking himself unobserved, quietly sat down and took in all the fun. One of the boys, without calling anybody's attention to the countryman, casually remarked, as he pointed to a chum who was reading a paper:

"I should think Jim Bennett would sit there and pore over that old sheet. Why, if I was rich as he is I'd raise the roof of this house."

The countryman's eyes fairly bulged out with wonder when he heard this allusion to the editor of such a big paper, and he slowly gathered himself up and shuffled toward the chair occupied by the alleged Bennett. Glazing at him, curiously for a moment, he said, in a faltering voice, "are you Mr. Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald?"

"The drummer looked up in amazement; but, catching the wink from the rest of the boys, he quietly replied: "That's what people say."

"Well, my lad," benignantly said the pseudo editor, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, sir," murmured the almost paralyzed youth, "my sir, my—my brother takes the Herald. Do you know him?"

"The supposed Bennett fainted, and the rest of the crowd went into hysterics, while the Hoosier went walking until he struck the State line.

A Fault of Character.

Insufferable though the giggling, gushing girl may be, she is angelic when compared with her sarcastic sister. The sarcastic girl is, in some instances, the product of a hasty or ill-advised compliment paid her. Some thoughtless admirer on her making some spiteful criticism or some rude remark concerning an acquaintance or companion. She has not the ability to distinguish between impudence and satire, and it is an easy task to convince her that ill-bred rudeness of speech is the perfection of irony and that to say spiteful and unpleasant things to everybody she meets is sure to win her the reputation of being sarcastic. She eagerly cultivates her fancied talent, never allowing an opportunity to exercise it pass by unimproved, and she generally succeeds in making herself heartily disliked by those who are unfortunate enough to be numbered among her acquaintances. Young men, who are generally sensitive to ridicule, avoid her systematically. She attributes this to the wholesome fear in which she is held, the family think her brilliant when every one else pronounces her insulting. Her sarcasm generally degenerates into insolence, and she is regarded as a pest. Without friends, she becomes lonely and dissatisfied, but is still far from guessing the true reason of her fortune, for her petty vice has become second nature, and she cannot estimate its disagreeable effect upon others.

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"By George, it is a good idea. I never thought of that I'll try it," and he went out jabbing his cane on the golden stairs. The next day we heard some b-rap at the door softly, and at the word "come in," the door opened and the man who wanted an excuse, limped in. He had a cloth tied around his head, over one eye, and a piece of black oint plaster from his nose down under his eye. We asked him if he had tried telling the truth. Lifting the cloth from over his eye, and showing the worst looking eye that ever was he said:

"Yes, I tried it, and if my life is spared, I shall not tell the truth any more. I believe you knew she would hit me with the cover to a wash bowl. When I said I had been playing poker, she flew right off the handle, and said she had mistreated for years that she was wedded to a gambler, and that I was not a gambler, but only played for exercise. I owe you for this black eye," and taking a handful of cigars he limped out. Still, we maintain that the truth is the safest generally.—*Mt. View Star.*

His Pa was Mortified.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collected garbage in the alley.

"Oh, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumbers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I come away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in some cases out of town they would hit it right; but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"S-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see, I was over to the dairy fair at the exhibition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum headed to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. Oh, it was the offest smell I ever heard of. It was just like an old back number of a general. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another piece in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went to church, too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the fifth hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn-book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when I embraced himself and sang 'Just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tintured with limberger cheese, and she then got up and, hunched him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross to ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said 'when?' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled the cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they were at pa and ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church to stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided; but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. Everybody looked every body else, and pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her under clothes, and a piece in the bath room, in the soap dish, and slice in the album on the parlor table, and a slice in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for fear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had looked at ma sort of queer, and when he came home, and when he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbonic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there were dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went to a neighbors to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says she is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. Well, guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Folly of the Day.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being 'gentle.' We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be 'respectable,' though only in the meanest sense—in more vulgar show. We have not the courage to go positively onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats, in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying service is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste what misery, what bankruptcy come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank rancor committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in the ruin.—*The Home Journal.*

Good Acquaintance.

A jolly crowd of commercial travelers sat in the reading-room of a Chicago hotel, cracking jokes and telling 'joke' stories, when in came a shabby sided gawky Hoosier, who thinking himself unobserved, quietly sat down and took in all the fun. One of the boys, without calling anybody's attention to the countryman, casually remarked, as he pointed to a chum who was reading a paper:

"I should think Jim Bennett would sit there and pore over that old sheet. Why, if I was rich as he is I'd raise the roof of this house."

The countryman's eyes fairly bulged out with wonder when he heard this allusion to the editor of such a big paper, and he slowly gathered himself up and shuffled toward the chair occupied by the alleged Bennett. Glazing at him, curiously for a moment, he said, in a faltering voice, "are you Mr. Bennett, the editor of the New York Herald?"

"The drummer looked up in amazement; but, catching the wink from the rest of the boys, he quietly replied: "That's what people say."

"Well, my lad," benignantly said the pseudo editor, "what can I do for you?"

"Why, sir," murmured the almost paralyzed youth, "my sir, my—my brother takes the Herald. Do you know him?"

"The supposed Bennett fainted, and the rest of the crowd went into hysterics, while the Hoosier went walking until he struck the State line.