The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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John M. Lloyd.

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STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

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I deem it entirely superfluous to say anything of the quality of our Fertilizers as they have stood successfully a test of nearly 27 years and no FERTILIZER CAN SHOW BETTER FIELD RESULTS.

Suffice it to say the company uses the most improved labor saving machinery and the best crude material paying cash for same. With these advantages I am prepared to offer to the FARMERS of Southern Maryland, our High Standard Fertilizers at prices that defy competition for the same class of goods. I feel truly grateful to my friends and customers for their very liberal patronage in the past and hope by keeping our goods up to their known high standard I may merit a continuance of the same. I am now making my usual trip through Southern Maryland and should I fail to see all of my customers, please remember that all responsible orders sent direct to the firm will receive prompt attention. Yours very truly,

John M. Lloyd.

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800 Pairs Infants Shoes from	10cts up	455 Pairs Ladies Heavy Shoes solid	49cts. up
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Ready for You.

New Fall Overcoats.
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Boys' Suits to rough it in.
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Our stock contains everything in vogue in the way of Shirts, Underwear, Hose, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Sleeve Buttons and Scarf Pins, while in choice and fast inable Neckwear we offer to the public the finest makes a prices that cannot fail to please. In short our Furnishing Goods Department contains everything needed in a gentleman's wardrobe. Please remember that our prices are the very lowest.

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The exhibit in this Department will beggar description. Hundreds and hundreds of novel staple styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makes in order to secure the most beautiful specimens of Head Gear for Old Men and Young Men, for Youths and for Children. Come and see the styles. You will not be coaxed to buy, but if you should invest a dollar it will go as far as a dollars fifty in any Hat Store in Baltimore.

BOOTS & SHOES.

We have the Largest and Best Selected Stock of Ladies' Shoes, Gentlemen's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Boy's Shoes and Children's Shoes in Baltimore. It is impossible to give an idea of the extent of our stock to those who have never visited our Shoe Department. We are bound up by no one manufacturer. We purchase only where we can get the best goods for our money. You who read this examine our stock and do likewise.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoe Departments separate.

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Particular attention given to the Inspection and sale of TOBACCO; the sale of GRAIN and all Country PRODUCE. FERTILIZERS, IMPLEMENTS and Farm Supplies, &c., furnished at Agents prices.

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Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

feb 26—

FINE WATCH REPAIRS

AT TRADE PRICES—

Cleaning $1,50. *Mainspring* $1,50.

Warranted for one year by the English Watchmaker,

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CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

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WILL practice in the Court of Appeals and in the Courts of Charles, Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties, which he will attend regularly.

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Steam Saw and Grist Mill,

Near La Plata Station,

ON THE BALT. & POTOMAC RAILROAD.

I AM now prepared to furnish all kinds of BUILDING MATERIAL, POST and RAIL, and PALINGS for Fences, HOGSHEAD SIDING, HEALS and HOOPS; also HOGSHEADS already set up. The above can be obtained either at my Mill or from T. R. FARRALL, at La Plata Station, at greatly reduced prices.

Grinding day, Saturdays.

jan 12-1y* JOHN HOFFMAN

A CARD.

Dr. Thos. A. Carrico respectfully announces to the public that he has resumed the practice of medicine, and will give the best attention he can command to all cases entrusted to his care.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Sample work free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

921 Pennsylvania Ave.

Washington, D. C.

Great Blanket Sale

We shall open this morning the largest assortment of Blankets ever shown in Washington, and at the lowest prices ever named for the same grades.

Nearly all of the lots mentioned below have been purchased from the Great Auction Trade Sale of Blankets which was recently held in New York City, and are much below the market price.

Blankets for $1,25 Per Pair.

280 Pairs Extra Quality 10-4 Blankets at $1,25. Selling rapidly for ironing sheets, etc.

Blankets for $1,75 Per Pair.

500 Pairs Extra Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $1,75, Never before sold less than $2,00 per pair.

Blankets for $2,00 Per Pair

480 pairs Heavy 10-4 Blankets at $2,00. Regular price for these goods, $2,50.

Blankets for $2,50 Per Pair.

500 pairs Extra large 11-4 Blankets, $2,50 Also two cases finer grade 11-4 Blankets at $2,75 per pair.

Blankets for $3,50 Per Pair.

300 pairs 11-4 Blankets at $3,50. Extra heavy for the price and really worth $4,50.

Blankets for $4,00 Per Pair.

150 pairs Choice Fleece 10-4 Blankets, $4. Every pair actually worth $5. Handsome borders and velvet finish.

Blankets for $5,00 Per Pair.

150 pairs Choice Fleece 11-4 Blankets, $5. The attention of housekeepers is especially called to this lot, as the best Blanket offered at the price.

Blankets for $6,00 Per Pair.

200 pairs 12-4 Extra Large and Heavy Blankets at $6. Never before sold at less than seven dollars per pair.

Blankets for $7,50 Per Pair.

Two cases Extra Super 12-4 Blankets, $7,50. Warranted by the manufacturers to be every thread and fibre wool. Never sold before less than eight dollars and half a pair.

Signal Service Blankets.

The celebrated Signal Service Blanket may be found in our stock in all sizes.

Gray Blankets $2,25 Pr Pair.

Two cases 10-4 Gray Blankets, $2,25. Extra value for the money. Well worth 3.

Gray Blankets $3 per pair.

Two cases Extra Heavy 11-4 Gray Blankets, $3 per pair.

Gray Wrappers for $4 Each.

One case Extra Super 11-4 Gray Blankets $4. These goods are now very much used for Ladies' Wrappers.

Scarlet Wool Blankets.

Scarlet all Wool 10-4 Blankets, 4,50. Usually retailed at five dollars.

Scarlet all wool 11-4 Blankets, 5. Regular price six.

Finer Grades of Blankets including the famous "Whitney Blankets," from 8 to 14.

Crib Blankets $1,50 per pair

Finer Grades of Crib Blankets, in fancy colors, 3.50.

Bed Comforts for $1.

Bed Comforts, full size, 1,25, 1,50 1,90 each.

Bed Comforts, solid cardinal, oil boiled, only 2,25 each

Bed Comforts, English chintz, one piece, only 3,50.

Colored Bed Spreads.

A complete assortment in Choice Designs, 1,25, 1,75, 2,50, etc. etc.

White Bed Speads, 1,00 1,25, 1,75, 2,00, etc.. etc.

WOODWARD AND LATHROP.

921 Penn. Ave.....912 D Street.

Washington, D. C.

Poetry.

ACROSS THE WHEAT.

The wheat was flowing ankle-deep
Across the field from side to side.
And, dipping in the emerald waves,
The swallows flew in circles wide.

The sun, a moment flaring red,
Shot level rays athwart the world,
Then quenched his fire behind the hills,
With rosy vapors o'er him curled.

A sweet insinuating calm—
A calm just one remove from sleep,
Such as a tranquil watcher feels,
Seeing mild stars at midnight sweep

Through splendid purple deeps, and swing
Their old ripe clusters down the West
To where, on undiscovered hills,
The gods have gathered them to rest.

A calm like that hung over all
The dusky groves, and filtered through
The thorny hedges, touched the wheat
Till every blade was white with dew.

Was it a dream? We call things dreams
When we must needs, so, or own
Belief in exploded myths,
Whose very smoke has long since flown.

Was it a dream? Mine own eyes saw,
And Ceres came across the wheat,
That, like bright water, dimpled round
The golden sandals of her feet?

Select Story.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S COMPANION.

After spring cleaning was over and the two weeks' spring vacation in the Deep Cove Grammer School has commenced, Mrs. Partington gathered Ike and other traps together for a brief journey to the seaside. It was rather early in the season, she knew; but, as she expressed herself, 'the room at the beaches at such a time was not so circumcised, and people could act just as they wished, if they desired to, and be happy in the proportion that they enjoyed themselves.' And so she and Ike started over the railroad for a popular destination along the beaches the boy happy in his release from school. He was very happy. So much so, indeed, that by his exuberance in going five miles he had set seven children crying, provoked the anger of seven mothers, put peanuts shells in the conductor's pocket, reached with his feet under the seat in front and kicked the heels of an old gentleman asleep over his paper, ran up and down the aisle half dozen times, jolting right and left, and ended with kicking over a lunch basket that projected and scattering the eatables on every side, here a doughnut and there a pickle—to his great glee. At length he took a vacant window and gazed out on the flying landscape, while Mrs. Partington, oblivious as to his doings, sat half asleep, rolling like a Chinese mandarin as they flew along.

'Is this seat occupied?'

Mrs. Partington had seen dimly a young and bright looking man enter when they stopped at a way station, and was wide awake enough to realize this, and, moreover, that he had a small valise in his hand, a paper package and an umbrella. I forgot how old it is a woman must be when she fails to appreciate the attractions of a nice looking young man, but the voice inquiring if the seat was occupied startled Mrs. P., and she said 'No', quite forgetting Ike, who was still on his knees before the window, and seeing how very agreeable the young man looked, she thought she would not subject him to seek further. Therefore, she repeated the 'No,' adding 'sir' to it, and he took the seat, first putting his umbrella and parcel on the rack over her head and his valise beneath his feet.

'Fine day for traveling mum,' he said in a gentle voice.

'Yes, sir,' she responded; 'the air is very invariegating, and the late rain has made the atmosphere quite moist and tumid.'

'Humid, perhaps you meant to say pardon me,' he replied.

'Oh, yes, thank you,' I frequently make such mistakes,' she replied, 'but as Deacon Hanscom was wanted to remark, 'A mistake aint no haystack, and to err is humane.''

'Cheese it!' said the boyish voice in the young man's ear, who turned around somewhat surprised, to meet the mischievous look of an urchin who leaned over, the back of the seat. He was about to make an angry demonstration when the old lady interposed.

'Isaac,' said she, 'you must be more reprehensible before strangers.'

'I'm behind him,' said Ike, with a grin.

'Did I catch the boy's name aright?' asked the young man, with a smile. 'Is this Ike, and I am in the honored presence of Mrs. Partington?'

She modestly admitted that such might be the case, but immediately diverted the conversation to external subjects.

'Are you an admirer of natural scenery?' she asked.

'I am; try me.' was the young man's reply, and a man on a seat near by laughed aloud.

'I do so love out door landscapes,' she continued. 'The lovely rocks and rivers and ambiguous woods fill me with delight. There, is not that view charming, with the gentle hill and the villian on top?'

She met villa, of course, but a load of bricks on a side track intervened, and the view was cut off forever.

'This is a very interesting country that we are passing through,' said the young man.

'Has it any hysterical interest?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'there's Salmen, that we just passed, where Cotton Mather roasted all the homely old women for witches—hundreds of 'em; and Beverly, celebrated as the birth place of the bean; and Hamilton, where Roger Williams established the first camp meeting, and yonder, where you catch a glimpse of blue water between the trees, is the place where Christopher Columbus landed.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Partington, 'how very interesting! Have you traveled much?'

'Yes, my dear madam,' was the reply. 'I am of a traveling family. I live mostly upon the cars, and am just returning to my home on my semi-annual visit, having stopped in Boston only long enough to buy a few trifles as family presents—at the great sale, you know, of Lady Doldrum's effects, in Beacon street. They're in the bag beneath my feet.'

'What did the lady sell out for?' the old lady inquired.

'Oh,' was the reply, 'for many reasons. In the first place, she was dead, and didn't want 'em any more. Perhaps that was reason enough.

'Most deciduously,' said the dame, with a smile.

'Perhaps you would like to see them,' the young man said, reaching down to take up the bag.

'Bless me, yes, by all meane.'

'I invested chiefly in cosmetics,' continued he 'articles for the toilet, intended not only to beautify, but to restore beauty when so far faded that the original texture cannot be perceived. Lady Doldrum was a hundred and ten, and she was never set above forty five by those who took the census.'

'Indeed!' said the eager listener.

'Yes,' he went on, 'and those who never had any beauty at all, by applying this 'Balm of the Begum' lotion may become celebrated enough to command a ten thousand dollar prize in a moral circus.'

Ike had drawn near and was overlooking the property.

'There, my little fellow,' said the young man, 'don't handle that soap unless you wish to buy a cake, of which I have several. That soap is made from the oil of spikes, and is a sure antidote against mosquito bites.'

'An anecdote against a mosquito bite must be invulnerable,' said Mrs. Partington, 'and as you say you purchased a number of cakes, I wish you would sell me a cake or two.'

'Certainly; there are three, which you can have at cost—seventy-five cents—delighted to accommodate you. I bought a large lot of the lotion than I need, and it strikes me that it would heighten and restore your beauties of complexion that has somewhat tried. I would not press the matter, of course but one so celebrated should take all the pains possible to preserve features that may be cherished as part of our native scenery. I can spare you a couple of bottles of the preparation, for which there was great competition among respectable old ladies at the sale. Two bottles? very well. I am pleased to accommodate you. Two dollars. Thank you.'

'It is to be put on extraneously,' she said.

'Externally, yes. And that reminds me of a little joke that occurred at the sale. One asked the auctioneer if the wash was to be applied externally, and he said: 'Yes,' adding in a tone that the questioner did not hear, 'and eternally, I should judge, in your case, before it would make you beautiful.' Ha, ha, ha! Impudent, but good, wasn't it.

'But how will it infect me?' the dame inquired.

'Excellently well, he said, 'because it has something to work on, and your face very much resembles that of Lady Doldrum.'

'What is in the other package,' she asked.

'Oh, they are preparation for a similar purpose as the 'Begum,' and excellent thing, too, which I shall be pleased to show you. There is the greatest corn alleviator in the world Lady Doldrum cured herself with it, and was thereby enabled to wear shoes two sizes too small for her. Fact, I assure you. That package contains a disinfecting vinegar, called the 'Cirtric Samson,' so strong that when applied as a purifier the servants have to wear a handkerchief over the head, securely tied under the chin, to prevent the blowing the top of their skulls by its pungencey.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Partington; 'it must be dangerous to have it lying round where there are childen.'

'Well, my dear madam,' urged the young man, 'you will need it. You had better take a box.'

She took one, of course, and the conversation continued uninterruptedly.

At Portsmouth the nice young man got out, with his valise, umbrella and parcel, bidding Mrs. Partington a warm farewell, and begging her to write to him her opinion of the purchases she had made.

'What young man was that,' she asked the conductor.

'He's a drummer,' was the reply; 'Camphor, Cantharides & Co.'

'Well, I declare,' she mused; 'only a drummer, and yet he has enough malady in him to make a whole brass band. What have you got there, Isaac?'

''Tis a brush that fellow dropped,' said he painting the car window next to him vigorously with water held in the car dipper, which he had twisted off for the purpose; 'we'll give it to him when we come back.'

'I hope you didn't abstract it,' said she.

'That,' said the old gent on the front seat, looking back, 'is an abstract proposition.' But we meant she didn't know, nor he, probably, but he laughed, and Ike kept on dabbing the window with the new brush.

Their destination was gained, where they found all the room they wanted, and it was a matter of surprise to the old lady, when she asked about the faith cure, to learn that it was not bottled and for sale, like Congress water.

I intended to weave a moral for this sketch, but to save my life I don't know how to do it, and therefore must beg the readers, if he sees one, to put a pin in it and stick it to the wall like a rare butterfly—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

Select Reading.

The Bad Boy Affected.

'You seem sort of broke up this morning,' said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in and stood against the counter under the kerosene lamp that was leaking on his hat.—'And I knew you would be when I saw you going down the dark alley last night with that ragged girl that peddles apples. Oh! you are a sly one, and I have watched you, and I am satisfied that you are on the wrong road. You better let up, young man, or your people will be ashamed of you. When a boy that belongs to the better class of society goes a dark alley with a low girl—'

'But, gol darn it, she lived in the alley If she hadn't lived in the alley I wouldn't have gone in there,' said the boy, a little nettled at the remarks of the groceryman, and trying to explain.

'Yes, that is all right,' said the cheese fiend, winking at the carpenter who was nailing a weather strip on the door, and who looked as though he needed a weather strip on the bottom of his pants to bank up his low shoes. 'Of course she lived there, and she inveigled you, a respectable boy, into her den, and you didn't have your coat collar pulled off to get you to go. I am ashamed of you, to go off down a dark alley with a disreputable girl—'

'There, hold on, condemn you,' said the boy, as he grated his teeth and picked up a stick of stove wood and drew it on the grocery man, his face as pale as a ghost, while the carpenter stopped work to look on. 'You say a word against that girl, and down comes your grocery.' She is a Christian, that girl is, though she don't put on any aire and go to church with silk dresses and rich duds. But she prays, by jingo, better than any of 'em. There ain't none of these prayer sharps that get up and talk big words that can make you cry, but that little girl made me cry last night as though I had broke a pair of skates. You see her father is a drunkard, and he takes half she makes peddling apples to buy gin, and her grandmother has got the consumption, and that takes the other half to support her. I knew that girl when I went to school, and yesterday she come to me crying, and said she was going to ask a favor of me 'cause I had a heart in me. I don't know how she found it out, but anyway she said she had knowed it for years. It seems her drunken father had taken all her money, and had gone on an awful bum, and she didn't have any to buy some of those cough syrup lozenges for her grandma, and the old lady was chokin' up pretty rough, and she wanted me to lend her a dollar till she could realize on the apples she was going to get trusted for. Probably you noticed I haven't got any watch this morning. I have got my chain, with a bunch of keys on it in my pocket, but nobody will know I haven't got any watch unless they ask me what time it is, and then I will tell them it has run down, and I guess it has, 'cause pawnbrokers never wind up watches. Well, sir, I got four dollars on my watch and I went and bought apples for her and medicine for her grandma, and then I went down home with her. You are right about the alley being pretty rough, but when I went in a little room, where the old lady was on a bed, and heard her let off one of those regular hark-from-the-tomb coughs, that sounded away down cellar, where it is damp and mouldy, I tell you it made me feel serious. And when that ragged little girl got down on her knees and prayed, there in the dirt, and asked God to bless the friend that had risen up and lifted such a load off the sufferer, do you know, I felt as though I had swallowed a piece of turnip or something hard, and couldn't get it up or down, and the tears came to my eyes just like when you peel onions. She didn't use any of this highfalutin language, such as the high salaried preachers use, where you want a dictionary in you pew to find what the words mean. It was no full dress, formal prayer, like some of the ministers give us, when it seems as though they had just been given a letter of introduction to God, and wanted to show Him that He was in luck to get acquainted with so distinguished and educated a preacher. She didn't go on and advise God how to run things, like some of the preachers I have heard, and act as though if God didn't take their advice He would lose his attention and be mighty lucky if he got a job carrying around a collection plate. It wasn't that kind of a prayer. The little girl got right down on her knees, and said, 'O, Father in Heaven,' just as though God was sitting right there in front of her on a three-legged stool, and she seemed so confident that the Heavenly Father heard her that I could almost see His hand on her head, petting the poor child. She didn't tell God anything about my pawning my watch and buying the apples, and she didn't mention my name at all, but I could imagine that He who watches even the sparrow's fall was onto the bunch of keys in my vest pocket, hitched to the watch chain, bigger than a house. Say, do you know, of these long prayers by the dress-parade preachers, who get a salary big enough to own a yacht, make me tired, and I want to go out in the woods and hear even a flock of blackbirds sing praises, in preference to listening to a long recital of what a lot of miserable sinners all the people are being prayed for; but I could have listened to that dirty, ragged girl pray for an hour, she was so natural, and pitiful, and talked so God could understand it whether He had ever graduated at college or not. But she wasn't talking against time for wages, and she just seemed to have a little conversation with the good Lord just as a child would with its father, and then she got up and fired some medicine down her grandma, and made her cup of tea on an oil stove, and toasted a piece of bread and poached an egg while I sat there thinking. Do you know she broke me all up. If it wasn't for that old calico dress, and the shoes run over at the heel, and the moth-eaten stockings, I should have thought she was an angel, and, by gum, I will pawn everything I have got for her to get things for her grandma, but somebody else has got to chip in to buy gin for the old man. I can't run a hospital and a distilery both, on one cheap watch, but I am going to work for the humane society next week, and that girl can have all the money I make, so long as the old lady's cough hangs on. Say, do you think there is any bath-room in heaven where they can take such a dirty girl as that and make an angel of her that will pass in a crowd? Take the dirt from under her fingernails and soak her hands in hot water, and put cold cream on them, and let her sleep a few nights with rubber gloves on, and I suppose they could make her pass as an angel.—Well, I have got to go down to the Humane Society office. I was in a street-car the other night and the car was full and got off the track, and the mules couldn't pull it. All the men sat there and wouldn't get out. They read papers and acted mad, while the driver pounded the mules. I was on the back step, and I yelled, 'The members of the humane society are requested to get out of the car and help push. You ought to have seen em.—They looked at each other, and then they all got out, and some of them looked ashamed, but helped the mules. The boss of the humane society heard of it, and he said he would give me a job watching for butchers who maul cattle. I guess I can work my way up so I will finally hold the proud position of looking after lame horses that draw swill wagons. Well, I must and send our doctor down the alley to the old lady's cough, and have him charge it to pa.'

As the boy went out the grocery man told the carpenter that the boy had a heart in him as big as a barrel, but you had to watch the raisin box all the same when he was around.

How Webster Aided Choate.

Daniel Webster's financiering is the subject of many anecdotes at Washington, and one of them thus describes how he one day assisted his friend Rufus Choate. Choate needed $500 and he applied to Mr. webster. 'Five hundred dollars!' said Webster. 'No, I haven't that amount, but I will get it for you, Choate.' The latter was glad to hear it, and would wait. 'Draw your note,' said Webster, 'I'll sign it and bring you the money. While you are about it make the note for a thousand; a thousand is as easy to get as five hundred.' Mr. Choate said that five hundred was all he needed. 'I will take the other five hundred,' said Webster. The note was drawn and Mr. Webster, taking his cane, went into the avenue. 'Good morning, Mr. Corcoran, good morning,' said he as he entered the great banking house which was the fiscal agent of the Government. 'Good morning, Mr. Secretary,' said the great banker in the blandest manner. 'What is it I can do for you this morning, Mr. Secretary?' Mr. Webster was Secretary of State at that time. 'A little favor for my friend Choate. He wants a little money, and I told him I thought I could get it for him. A thousand, I believe, he made his note for,' passing the paper to the banker.

There was no such thing as hesitating, much less declining, and so the banker was only happy to accommodate the head of Mr. Fillmore's Administration. The gold was laid out in two equal piles at Mr. Webster's request. Putting one in each pocket, and with one of the bows which Mr. Webster could only give, he departed. 'Here, Choate, here is the five hundred,' said the great expounder, entering where Choate was waiting. Handing him the gold, Mr. Webster resumed his reading where he had been interrupted by Choate's entrance. It is further stated that Corcoran has in his collection of autographs a note for $1,000 signed by Rufus Choate and indorsed by Daniel Webster.

A Texas man was left $2,000 by the death of an uncle in New York. He drank deeply and went through the property in two months. While engaged in the completion of one of the Texas railroads he received notice that he had again fallen heir, this time to $5,000. "Allow me to congratulate you,' said one of his fellow-workmen. 'Congratulate nothing,' said the man, dismally; 'it looks very much as though there was some kind of a plot on foot te kill me off."

A New Hampshire graveyard contains a tombstone erected to the memory of 'three twins.'

There are two sides to a liquor drinking question, and it's best to keep the liquor on the outside.