

# 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.

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## MAMMOTH OPENING

SPRING & SUMMER  
**GOODS**  
COX'S STATION.

WE have just returned from BALTIMORE CITY with a large and complete assortment of  
**SPRING & SUMMER**  
GOODS suited to all classes of trade. Our Cottons, Linens, Prints and Dress Goods are the best the market affords. Boots, Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers for Ladies or Gentlemen, have been made expressly for custom trade. Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, &c., Linen of all kinds; Hats and Caps of the latest style in every variety. Groceries of all kinds; Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Syrup, Molasses.

We are also agents for a New York Whip Factory, and sell the finest whip made, displayed from a handsome neck, not to be excelled in beauty in the country. We are also agent for the sale of the famous  
**Whipple Spring-Tooth Sulk y Harrow; the Whipple Harrow and Corn Cultivator combined; McCormick Single Reaper, Binder and Mower.**

The celebrated HUNTER F. & F. PLOUGHS as well as the superior ploughs manufactured by the St. Joseph Plough Company, Misabawa, Indiana. The Remington Sewing Machine is also sold by us.

Should our work from the use of any of the above machinery prostrate you or make you feel badly, then call and we will sell you some of Shaker's world renowned medicines.

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Must Julip always on hand; and choice meals to feed the hungry man. All at  
**Howard Bros.**

THE LARGEST & BEST  
SELECTED STOCK  
**GOODS**  
Charles County.

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AT  
LA PLATA  
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A SPECIALTY.  
Gents Suits from \$5 to \$25  
Boys' Suits from \$3.50 to \$10  
Children's suits (all ages) 30c to 80c

A FINE STOCK OF  
SHOES AND HATS  
To Suit the Young and Old.

Ladies' Linen Dressing, 10c to \$2.50  
Ladies' Dress Goods, per yard, 10c to 25c  
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Vox Populi, 5c  
Ladies' Lingerie, 10c  
Newport Ties and Slippers, \$1.00 to \$2.50

And all other goods that were ever kept in a Country Store can be found at my establishment, and sold at an advance of only 10c per cent, on the cost, or in Trade for anything the public may have for sale.

Highest Cash Price for Wool.  
Call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere. My Goods are guaranteed.  
**T. R. FARRALL.**

## Baltimore Advertisements.

**EXCELSIOR'S**  
NEW SUITS  
—FOR—  
Fall and Winter  
—ARE—  
Ready for You.

New Fall Overcoats.  
New Winter Overcoats.  
Boys' suits to rough it in.  
Youths' suits you look dressed 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, white in choice and fashionable neckwear we offer to the public the finest makes at 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 styles and colors and shapes. We have ransacked the factories of the most celebrated makers 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 dollar's worth in any Hat Store in Baltimore.

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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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Clothing Campaign,  
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—IN—  
MARYLAND.  
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—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 will attend regularly. Office and Address—ANNAPOLIS, MD., No. 5.

## WOODWARD & LATHROP

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 Piece 10-4 Blankets at \$4.00. Regular price actually worth \$5. Handsome borders and velvet finish.

**Blankets for \$5.00 Per Pair.**  
50 Pairs Choice Piece 11-4 Blankets, at \$5.00. The attention of Housekeepers is especially called to this lot, as it is the best Blanket ever offered at the price.

**Blankets for \$6.00 Per Pair.**  
200 Pairs 12-4 Extra Large and Heavy Blankets at \$6.00. Never before sold at less than \$7 per pair.

**Blankets for \$7.50 Per Pair.**  
Two cases Extra Super 12-4 Blankets at \$7.50. Warranted by the manufacturers to be every thread and fibre wool. Never sold before at less than \$8.50 per pair.

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

**Gray Blankets \$2.25 Per 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.

## Poetry.

WHERE WE PLAYED.  
BY J. W. VALLANDINGHAM.

Of all the words, the dearest spot,  
That memory fond gives thoughts to-day,  
Is one which we can be forgot.  
Where I with others used to play,  
My mind oft wanders to it yet.  
And then, as in the days of yore,  
I meet with those I there have met,  
And play before the cottage door.

There often, when the sun was low,  
And evening shadows ran out long,  
As westward fast the light would go,  
And pass the evening hours away,  
We'd meet in childish glee to play  
The games so oft played of our age,  
And only once the cottage door.

With children, tops, and other toys,  
That children always love so well,  
Which add far more to youth's bright joys  
Than either tobacco or pen can tell,  
We played those happy days of yore,  
Sweet joys, we never more can see;  
Such pleasures are but for the young,  
And only once we young can be.

'Twas thus we many hours would pass;  
And often, when we weary grew,  
We'd fall asleep upon the grass,  
Amid the drops of sparkling dew;  
We played those happy days of yore,  
In childish dreams to play again  
With joy before the cottage door.

Long years since then have passed away,  
And some of those whom then I met,  
Beneath the sod in silence lie,  
While others linger with me yet.  
The cottage stands the same to-day  
As in those happy days of yore,  
And other children gladly play  
As we did then before its door.

**Select Story.**  
ONLY A DREAM.  
BY JULIA THORNDIKE.

"Milly, who were you driving with yesterday?"  
"I do not reply."  
"What's the matter, dear? You are blushing like anything!"  
"I bite my lips savagely. My husband rises and comes over to my chair."  
"Milly dear," he says, "you are afraid to tell me."  
"I'm not! I cry, indignantly, though I know very well my words are true."  
"Then why don't you tell me at once?"  
"Because I don't choose!"  
"Then I must tell you. I met Depworth yesterday, and giving with me."  
"What business has he to interfere?"  
"He did not interfere," says my husband, quietly; "he merely cautioned me that Mrs. Fleet was not a nice companion for you. She is in one of the fastest sets in the city. She is not a nice woman. You know her Milly?"  
"Yes, I do hear him, and am at this very moment making up my mind not to speak to Mrs. Fleet the next time I meet her."  
"Now, darling, kiss me," my husband says, kindly; but instead, I hurry from the room, and slam the door behind me.

I do not see my husband again that day until about seven o'clock. I have refused to come down to lunch, and have remained all day in my bedroom reading—or rather pretending to read. Seven o'clock strikes, and starts me; and at the same moment the gong sounds. Why on earth has not the maid come to dress me? Then I remember vaguely having given her leave to go out.  
It is too late to dress now; but I am tired of myself—tired of setting up here alone; so I go down as I am, to find that Douglas has brought home a couple of friends to dinner. I dart a look of anger at him as I make some lame apology for my costume.  
His friends are two rather good-looking young baristers.  
At dinner I talk and laugh incessantly—studiously avoiding, however, exchanging a word with my husband. He does not say much, but sits silent and abstracted at the foot of the table.  
He is annoyed more than he cares to show by my behavior; and in this to-night I take a wicked delight; so I talk on and presently manage to get up some joke on Mr. Depworth.  
My husband's brow is darkening, and in another moment I have both his guests in a roar of laughter at something I say about his clerical friend. (Mr. Depworth is a clergyman.)  
"But you ought to have seen him one Sunday morning," I say, keeping up their amusement. "You know he writes his sermons in lead pencil, and as he turns the leaves over, his fingers always get perfectly black after awhile. Well, that Sunday I thought I should have died of laughter. It was one of those dreadfully hot days, you know, and he drew his hand across his forehead, and left five dirty finger-marks on—"

"Milly," thunders my husband, for the first time his anger getting the better of him, "I will not sit and hear you make fun of Depworth! He is a good man, and I won't have it!"  
The two young men exchange glances. I am very angry, but I only laugh; and after a few moments I rise from the table.  
As I leave the room, I catch my husband's eye. It is full of yearning. Already he has repeated his hateful words to me—my well deserved reproof.  
I leave the room laughing; but I ascend the wide, stone staircase, my eyes fill with scalding, remorseful tears. I think that if Douglas were here now, I would acknowledge my fault and implore his forgiveness. I am near repentance now, and the feeling passes. Angry, revengeful

thoughts fill my mind. I remember that my husband has scolded me before his friends, and that I hate him! It is in this frame of mind that I go up to my boudoir, and lying down on a couch, trying to rest, close my eyes, but it is scarcely surprising that I cannot sleep.

Douglas is coming up stairs. He enters the room; and, treading on tip-toe, for fear of waking me, crosses the room, leans over me, and kisses me. A yearning comes over me, and I put my arms round his neck, and ask his forgiveness; but while I am wavering he departs, leaving me, as he thinks, to sleep. When he is gone I go to bed, but do not know how long after it is, but at all events I am not awake when he comes up.

When I open my eyes in the morning with that unpleasant feeling that something has happened, which in variously comes to the drowsy brain after anything disagreeable has occurred the day before, I miss him; and, on inquiry, learn from my maid that he went out early.  
Breakfast is ready, and the tea getting cold. Shall I wait for him? No; I decide not; so I sit down to my solitary breakfast, feeling very much inclined to cry. I have almost finished when the door opened and Douglas enters.

"I want," he says, apologetically, "to get these flowers for your hair to-night."  
"I am not going to the ball to-night, I return, ungraciously."  
"Not going?"  
"That is all we say to each other; but as I leave the room, he calls me back."  
"Well? I ask."  
"Won't you stop while I eat my breakfast?"  
He speaks half wistfully, half disappointedly.  
"I linger at the door. My better nature urges me to bumble my pride. I know that by few short words I might be as happy as I was before this quarrel arose."  
I hesitate, approach him by a few inches; but my mood changes, and I say, coldly:  
"I am very busy. I am afraid I cannot stay."  
"Very well," he says, sighing heavily; "before you go take this paper" (handing me a copy of a society journal). "There is a paragraph in it which will interest you."  
"There is something very curious in the present state of my feelings, irritates me. So I say, coldly:  
"Thank you; I don't; I don't care to see it."  
I leave the room; but, directly I hear him go out, I return stealthily and fetch it.

I opened it, and begin to read; and have glanced through two or three paragraphs, when I come to this (the context is about some fancy ball):  
"Mrs. Fleet was there, of course. She appeared a Venus. Her dress excited a fair amount of remark; being something in the style of the 'Madame Favart' Venus—a white satin body cut square—very square—and laced down the front; white satin petticoat, very short. Mr. Fleet did not attend. He—"  
"So this was the sort of woman I must make my friend!" My husband is right; but again my false-wicked pride makes me think if Mrs. Fleet were to come to call on me now I should ask her to lunch. I won't say the first word. If he chooses to ask me to make friends again, perhaps I might; but humble myself I will not!

With these bad, rebellious thoughts in my mind, I go about my household-keeping; but nothing goes right. I am cross; cook is cross. I scold; cook is pert. I give her notice.  
After the achievement I betake myself to the drawing-room, and begin to work some crevels.  
I am working a flower, but thinking of something very different. I am thinking how disagreeable everybody is—everybody but me—and how infinitely—  
"Surely something looks wrong! What on earth—"  
And then follows a naughty little word I have often heard the boys use at home. I have done a sore ball!  
I take up my work, and, dashing it to the floor, trample it under foot; and then suddenly, and quite unexpectedly even to myself, I burst into tears, and realize, for the first time, that since yesterday morning I have been perfectly miserable.  
I begin to wish my husband would come in and see me; perhaps he would pity me. I am finding out that I cannot live without his love.  
The hours passed on. No Douglas. He does not come home to dinner. Is it any wonder? Have I made him more pleasant to him to-day and yesterday? This is the first time he has ever failed to come to dinner. Perhaps he will begin to spend his evenings out—at music halls or theatres! But this thought is to dreadful; I do not think he would do that. Oh, if only he would come home! How cross I must be to him at breakfast, and he so kind!  
All the evening I sit alone in the drawing-room, doing nothing—only thinking—thinking in miserable thoughts.  
Nine o'clock!  
If it had not been for my odious pride, I should be dressed now for the ball. How happy I might have been! Presently I hear the hall door open and slam.  
It is my husband coming in to dress. My heart throbs loudly as I hear him coming up the stairs.  
I am crying again.  
As he passes the door I give a great sob. I hear him pause for a moment, but only for a moment; he passes on, I rush to the door.

"Douglas!" I cry, piteously. "Douglas!"  
If he hears me, he does not answer; and with a great, hoarse cry, I sink upon the floor, in an agony of grief.

Half an hour passes, and then he descends, and leaves the house.  
He is gone.  
"Oh, I did think he would come in before he went!" I wail, with a great terrible sob. "Oh, Douglas! Douglas! I cannot cry now. I can only sit still, with a fierce grief gnawing at my heart."  
"So I stay on, watching and waiting. Twelve o'clock! One! Two! I hear about all struck!"  
"I am the only one up in the house. The servants have gone to bed hours ago."  
I rise and pace the room; and as I do so, I catch sight of my face in the mirror over the mantelpiece.  
"I almost start—it is so white and haggard. It frightens me. My eyes look wild and strange, and gleam in their fearless brightness with a curious light."  
I am frightened—the house is so silent.  
The clock, as though taking advantage of the stillness, ticks, its loudest. I find myself counting the moments as they pass, marked by its loud tongue.

The fire is dying out. The embers, one by one, assume a dead, dull red and ever and anon fall lower in the grate, with a noise which seems to make every nerve in my body start out in affright.  
I am tired, worn out now with sheer inability to weep, and begin to nod my head lower and lower, when, suddenly, three o'clock strikes, and brings the dears of terror once more upon my forehead.  
Douglas will be home soon.  
Oh, the thought is joyful!  
I have never longed for him as I long now. I fancy I can see him dancing.  
At this moment I might be happy, and with him, but for—  
"Hush! What is that?"  
One of the windows is being steadily, stealthily shaken!  
I start up, wild with alarm.  
Yes; some one is trying to get in. I do not scream; something prevents me. I am sick with terror; yet I glide quietly from the room into the passage; and there, in the clear, white moonlight, I distinctly see the dark shadow of the window from the outside.

At a moment my fear gets the better of me. I cannot see, feel, or think. I am perfectly dazed.  
Suddenly a thought comes to me. The words seem whispered in my ear. He is in my power!  
I rush forward, and, with all my strength, give him a push.  
I see him reel, elude convulsively at the wood work of the window, and fall, propelled by my murderous hand. As he falls, I catch a glimpse of his face. Oh, heaven, it is my husband!  
I stand still as I am, unable to realize anything.  
There is a mist before my eyes—a dull throbbing in my ears; but my mind is a blank.  
The cold night air blows in, and makes the hair on my forehead flutter wildly in the draught; but I scarcely feel it; I am dazed. I try to think, but cannot. Days—weeks—years seem to pass as I stand—feeling, thinking, knowing nothing.

All the time I mutter aimlessly to myself, "I have killed him—I have killed him!" but the words to me mean nothing.  
And so the long minutes come and go. I have not stirred a muscle; my hand—the hand which gave that murderous push—is still extended. I am leaning forward, as I did then. My eyes are fixed on space, vacancy, with a deathlike stare.  
"I have killed him!"  
I speak the words, but not hear them.  
"I have killed him!"  
And then suddenly I realize what I say. My voice becomes a wild, despairing shriek.  
Then follows explaining thought—thought not expressed even to myself; but it has dawned upon me that my husband has forgotten his latch-key, and has climbed up—by the pear-tree, and I have killed him—I have killed him!

"Oh, am I, too, dying?" My arms relax, and fall to my side; I reel, and seem to fall into an abyss of bottomless blackness.  
"Milly! Milly, darling! speak to me! Oh, can she be dead? Milly, speak to me, Milly!"  
My husband's voice!  
I open my eyes slowly, and gaze bewildering into his great, tender, frightened eyes—eyes now full of inexpressible thankfulness.  
"Douglas!—oh, Douglas!"  
"Yes, darling; I am here!"  
"But—aren't you dead?"  
"I shudder convulsively."  
"No; and a half smile broke upon his handsome face. 'What put that into your head? I only came in just now, and found you lying here. Oh, darling,' he adds, 'when I believed for a moment that you were dead, I thought I should go mad!'"  
"And didn't you forget your latch-key, and climb in through the window?"  
"No; and didn't I push you down?"  
"Oh, Douglas, has it only been a few minutes? Are you really here?"  
"Yes, darling; only a dream."  
"Only a dream!"  
I put my arms round his neck, and kiss him as I have never kissed him before. It seems too good to be true—to have him here, in my arms, when I thought to see a shattered— But

that is too awful, and I burst into tears.  
"Forgive me, Douglas! I have been so miserable! I am so sorry!"  
"So have I, Milly! Kiss me!"  
And so we make it up. We kiss again with tears. Then I tell him of these two wretched days—how unhappy I have been—then of my dream.

Only a dream! Is it possible that the lifetime of agony I passed through, as I stood in the calm, cold moonlight, gazing out into vacancy—awful, culpable vacancy—should, after all, have been but a dream?—Agents' Herald.

**Select Reading.**  
Spoopeydyke on Scripture.  
A TEXT FROM EXODUS FOUND IN CORINTHIANS.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopeydyke, glancing up from the letter she was writing, and pressing the nib of the pen on her thumb nail to see why it didn't work any better. "Say, my dear, do you know where to find that text, 'For the unbelieving husband is sanctified in the wife?'"  
"In Exodus, isn't it?" replied Mr. Spoopeydyke. "It sounds like Exodus. Where's the Bible?"  
"I was looking for it to-day," returned Mrs. Spoopeydyke, getting up and preparing for another search. "I don't think it is in Exodus, because it sounds more like Paul. I think some one must have stolen the Bible, for I haven't seen it since we came from the country."  
"That's kind of curious," soliloquized Mr. Spoopeydyke, arousing himself to assist in the investigation. "I don't know who would want to steal a Bible. Don't you remember where you put it? Think it's in here? and Mr. Spoopeydyke upset the bureau containing his wife's new hat, and she made a lunge for the fancy coal-scuttle behind the stove. 'You had it last, what did you do with it?'"  
"It wouldn't be apt to get in there, would it?" suggested Mrs. Spoopeydyke, trying to divert her husband's attention by rattling the vases on the bureau.

"If it's the orthodox Bible, it's liable to penetrate anywhere and everywhere," retorted Mr. Spoopeydyke, abandoning the scuttle and making a dive for the button bag. "Strikes me that Bible is keeping pretty quiet, tipped the buttons—set on the floor—and darted across the room to try the bureau drawers. 'Be in a fine fix if a minister should happen to drop in now and ask for family worship. Have to tell him to go on his recollection or start a new theory of his own, and Mr. Spoopeydyke pulled the shams off the bed and then got down on his hands and knees to look under it. 'It'll be a hat it's where I saw it was.'"  
"Where that, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopeydyke, supposing he had found it.

"In Exodus, snorted Mr. Spoopeydyke, wiping the ornaments off the mantel piece and looking behind the clock. "Can't you remember what I say from one moment to another? If you had any memory, with your husband's of classification, you only need the coat of arms of all nations and a little more incoherence to be a first-rate dictionary! I don't know though," continued Mr. Spoopeydyke, ruminating on this proposition while he tore the things out of the wardrobe. "I don't know but what you would have to get a new binding and have your sides marbled. You don't suppose that Bible got lonely and went off into the country on its own hook, do you?"  
"I'm sure I don't know," murmured Mrs. Spoopeydyke. "I can't imagine how it would do a thing like that. I think it is only misled. We'll find it."  
"Well, I should remark!" replied Mr. Spoopeydyke, without meaning the slightest irreverence. "There may be one small fish or one crust of the bread left, but we'll find what there is before we go to bed! Unless that Bible's gone to get itself revised there'll be no sleep in the Spoopeydyke apartments until we lay our hands lovingly on that dear family Bible! Maybe it's hid under the half bushel! And he captured the waste paper basket and scattered the contents over the room."  
"I don't know but what it is in Exodus," said Mrs. Spoopeydyke, with her finger in her mouth. "Now I come to think it over I'm sure it's in Exodus, so you needn't look for it any more."  
"I know it's in Exodus," said Mr. Spoopeydyke, kicking his wife's work basket across the floor and turning the contents over with the toe of his boot. "But I'm going to find out which end of Exodus it is in before I go to business again! How do you suppose any one's to know when we were married or when the baby was born or when we died if we don't find that Bible! Think I'm going through life without a Bible to refer to when I'm lonely and depressed? Got some kind of notion because I'm good and pious that religion comes natural to me haven't ye? Well, it don't. I've got to keep posted just as well as any one else! Where's that Bible?" demanded Mr. Spoopeydyke, rising in wrath as the book seemed to evade his search. "What's become of the pious injunction of my youth? How'm I going to be able to tell Solomon's wives from the rest of the family unless I have the book before me?—Where's my Macabees and my Zeechies? Where are the friends of my boyhood? and Mr. Spoopeydyke straightened up in the middle of the room and glared at his wife as though

she had inflicted on him a mortal injury.  
"They've been dead some time," replied Mrs. Spoopeydyke, who always took everything literally. "Anyway, you don't care about them to-night."  
"And my Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah and his brethren. Where are they? Suppose some fellow asks me to-morrow who Judah's brethren begat, what am I to say? What're ye standing there for, looking like a hole in the fence for? Think that helps you any?"

"Say, dear," commenced Mrs. Spoopeydyke. "Don't you remember the night you and Mr. Spoopeydyke got into a dispute as to whether the prodigal son was thrown into the pit, or was the one whose ear Peter cut off for hiding his talents in a napkin? I haven't seen the Bible since then—You had it out, and when you got through you put it in your 'silk hat, and here it is now!" and Mrs. Spoopeydyke held up the missing volume, her face wreathed in smiles of delight that things had not been any worse.

"Found it, didn't you?" growled Mr. Spoopeydyke, snatching the book out of her hands. "Another time, when I get through with it, you remember what I do with it. Now lets find that measly text you were so anxious about."  
And Mr. Spoopeydyke pored through Exodus and then laid down the book in disgust. "There's no such thing in the Bible," he said. "I knew there wasn't all the time, but I wanted to prove it to you."  
"Let me look," suggested Mrs. Spoopeydyke, and, turning to 1 Corinthians vii: 14, she found and read it to him. It had an idea that was in some of Paul's writings," she remarked as she shut the book and put it away.

"That's what you always have!" roared Mr. Spoopeydyke, enraged by his defeat. "If you should ever run short of ideas you'd be a comparatively smart woman! Some day I'm going to put a spigot in your dod gassing mouth and start a public school with you, unless I change my mind, and conclude to open a branch college for the preparation of married women for the lunatic asylum!" and immensely pleased with this business outlook Mr. Spoopeydyke dropped his clothes in the middle of the floor for his wife to pick up and tumbled into bed.  
"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopeydyke, as she took down her back hair and screwed herself around to see if it reached to her waist. "I don't care, and he can upset everything in the house, but I know that Mrs. Spoopeydyke wears a switch, and she can deny it all she wants to, she can't deny me!" and with this consolatory reflection, Mrs. Spoopeydyke popped into bed, and after thinking for awhile got up and puttered around in the dark, putting the room in order in case anything should happen to herself or husband in the night.

**Natural Appetites.**  
Dr. Felix L. Oswald says in *Popular Science Monthly*, that in order to distinguish a poison-stimulant from a harmless and nutritive substance, nature has thus furnished us three infallible tests:  
1. The first taste of every poison is either insipid or repulsive.  
2. The persistent obtuseness of the noxious substance changes that aversion into a specific craving.  
3. The more or less pleasurable excitement produced by a gratification of this craving is always followed by a depressing reaction.  
The first drop of a wholesome beverage (milk, cold water, cider fresh from the press, etc.) is quite as pleasant as the last; the indulgence in such pleasures is not followed by repentance and never begets a specific craving. Pancakes and honey we may eat with great relish whenever we can get them, but if we can't, we won't miss them as long as we can satisfy our hunger with bread and butter. In midwinter, when apples advance to six dollars a barrel, it needs no lectures and midnight prayers to substitute rice-pudding for apple-pie. A Turk may breakfast for thirty years on figs and roasted chestnuts, and yet be quite as comfortable in Switzerland, where they treat him to milk and bread. Not so the drunk-driver; his "thirst" can not be assuaged with water or milk, his enslaved appetite craves the wanted tipple—or else a stronger stimulant. Natural food has no effect on the poisonous hunger; nature has nothing to do with such appetites.

**Mankind's Mistakes.**  
It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so. To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To eat as if you had only a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste. To believe that children can do as much as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn. To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system without regard to after effects. To take off proper clothing out of season because you have become heated. To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all diseases flesh is heir to.