The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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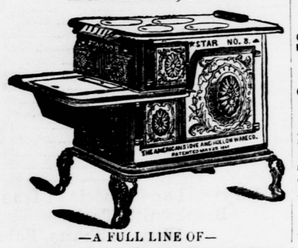

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All Goods of the

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No. 106 S. Charles Street,

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Grinding day, Saturdays.

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WOODWARD

& LOTHROP.

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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 hotels, 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 at $4. Every pair actually worth $5. Handsome borders and velvet finish.

Blankets for $5,00 Per Pair.

50 pairs Choice Fleece 11-4 Blankets, at $5. 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. Never before sold at less than $7 per pair.

Blankets for $7,50 Per Pair.

Two cases Extra Super 12-4 Blankets $7,50. Warranted by the manufacturer 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 Pr Pair.

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

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

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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 Spreads, 1,00 1,25, 1,75, 2,00, etc., etc.

WOODWARD AND LATHROP.

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

Washington, D. C.

A Select Story.

THE DONATION PARTY.

It was the evening of the donation party at Rev. Simeon Slide's.

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even Aunt Betsey had washed and ironed her French cambric dress, which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh frillings into the neck and sleeves; while the 'Squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of a way, on the contents of the box wagon, which stood out under the shade of the old apple tree.

'If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that,' said the 'Squire, 'I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken food, a firkin o' first-class butter, six dressed fowls, a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf o' plum-cake, makes arter Grandmother Field's Revolutionary receipt; and besides all that—'

'Good gracious, pa;' said Jessie, who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gypsy hat, 'how are Aunt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?'

'Well,' said the 'Squire, with an obcoginous little chuckle, 'you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter firkin, and sort o' study it, and there's penty o' room for the other along side o' me on the seat, and hold the plum-cake on your lap. And coming back, I ain't noway disturbed that you'll get plenty o' beaux. Gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there and—'

'Don't talk nonsense, pa,' said Jessie, laughing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as Aunt Betsey, glanced over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face, and sighed softly.

Ah, the sad, sad difference between 18 and 30.

'I was pretty, too, when I was a girl,' said Aunt Betsey to herself; 'I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone, and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin; and there are incipient crows feet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead and when I go [illegible] I am left to sit among [illegible] by the wall.'

[illegible] Nived upon a co[illegible] mountain [illegible] woods—like Nimrod [illegible] as a mighty hunter on the face of the earth—and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party; but old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender chickens.

'I'm past going to church myself,' said Granny Peck, 'But I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and apple sass. Be sure you carry 'em careful, Peter, and—'

'Granny!' suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborous fingers, 'how many years is it since grandfather courted you?'

'Good land o' Goshen!' said Granny Peck, 'what is the boy talkin' about?'

'Because I want to know what he said,' I'm goin' a courtin' myself, granny, and I ain't had no experience, and I don't know how to go to work.'

'Well I never!' said Granny Peck.

'Try to remember, there's a good soul,' urged Peter.

'It's so long ago,' said Granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eye balls. 'Times is changed now—'

'But human natur' is human natur', just the same,' said Peter. 'How was it granny?'

'He took me out a ridin',' said the old lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose colored snuff.

'That's it exactly,' said Peter. 'I've harnessed up Red Robin and washed off the buggy wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donation party.'

'And it was a dreadful moonshiny night—' reflectively added the old lady.

'Moon's at the full,' exultingly muttered Peter. 'I believe there's a fate in it.'

'And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's Farm. And I said I didn't exactly know, but he might ask father. And we were married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!'

'It sounds easy enough,' said Peter, despondently. 'But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods.'

'Don't be afear, Peter,' said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. 'If she's a gal wuth havin', she'll know you're a good lad. And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes.''

'I only wish I could think so granny,' said Peter, with a sigh.

'Is it Kate Lanney?' said Mrs. Peck, 'or Mary Elsley?'

'Tain't neither one,' said Peter, sheepishly. 'It's Jessie Field.'

'Land o' massy!' said Granny Peck, elevating her withered hands. 'What on airth is a pretty pink and white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?'

'She's as smart as a steel trap,' said Peter. 'Don't you worry, granny! Once I get her here, you'll see that she'll be all right.'

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens and jar of apple sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party, as full of hopes and fears as any young girl.

But when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the village store clerk, enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

'I hain't no chance at all,' he thought.

'Jessie,' whispered Aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining room for the games which followed upon the old fashioned supper, 'do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck! See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him!'

'Peter Peck, indeed!' said Jessie, radiant in the consciousness of being the prettiest girl in the room. 'I couldn't possibly be bothered with him aunt Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for me! You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please!'

But Aunt Betsey, shyer than any child, shrank, blushing, away.

'No,' said she, 'I couldn't do that.—I am so little acquained with him.'

Half an hour afterward Peter Peck unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with old Robin and the buggy, sidled up to the Squire.

'Squire,' said he, jerking the words out with an effort, 'can I take Miss Field home?'

'Much obliged, I'm sure,' said the Squire. 'I had the box wagon here, but I don't mind riding home along, if so be as you'd like company.'

Peter drew a long breath.

'It's as good as settled now,' said he to himself.

His heart beat high when, in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out under Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled against the chill, fresh air of the autumn evening.

'It's a nice, shiny evening,' said he sheepishly, after they were out on the road.

'Very,' answered a soft voice.

'I hope I don't crowd you?' he hazarded.

'Oh, not in the least!' responded his companion

And then followed an appealling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

'It ain't no use my skirmishin' 'round like this!' said he. 'It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's a chokin' of me all the while! I love you, Miss Field! I can't live [illegible] without you! There, it's all out now!'

'Oh, Mr. Peck!' faltered Miss Field.

'Do you s'pose,' said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, 'you could be happy at Hawk's Farm?'

'Oh, Mr. Peck!'

'But say yes or no!' pleaded Peter. 'Will you be my wife, Miss Field?'

And the word which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him, was 'Yes!'

'I never was so happy in all my life!' said Peter, rapturously.

'Nor I,' whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and the Red Robin shied at a tree stump, and then, all too soon, appeared Squire Field's square red house behind the apple trees. And Peter helped his fiancee out as tenderly as if she were a bar of gold and he a miser. Up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and turning around, Peter saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witchcraft? Nothing of the sort; for there, close to him, smiling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside, was Miss Betsey. And it was Miss Betsey to whom he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had accepted him.

Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath; What was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was a mistake—that he had taken her for her niece? or should he—

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jellifer's and it was like a revelation to him.

'Hang it all!' groaned Peter to himself; that other fellow has been ahead of me! And I don't care a copper cent—she's only a feather headed little coquet, after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing when once he'd said it.'

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the Squire's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer; and when at last she came up stairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together, she looked earnestly at her companion

'Aunt Bess,' said she 'what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?'

'Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him,' replied Aunt Bess, softly, 'and I have answered 'Yes.''

'Well, if that isn't strange!' cried Jessie, squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. 'And I have engaged myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, Aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright, happy world this is!'

'It is—it is!' answered Aunt Bess; and then, strange to say, they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire, when at last Peter came home.

'Well, Peter,' said she, what luck?'

'It's all right, granny,' said Peter, 'I've asked her and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months!'

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around.

'Well,' said she, 'I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a little afeared all these homespun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Fiend.'

'Jessie!' echod Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. 'It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field, the Squire's sister, as I've proposed to.'

'Well, I never!' said Granny Peck. 'How could I have been so mistook?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Peter, stolidly.

Wasn't a Liar.

'What is your name?' asked the United States attorney of an old 'squatter,' who had been summoned before the court as a witness.'

'Which name, 'Squire?'

'Your right name of coarse.'

'I ain't got none.'

'What, you don't mean to say that you havn't got a name.'

'Oh, no sir.'

'This summons says that your name is Ananias Peters. Is that so?'

'Reckin it is.'

'Thought you didn't have a right name?'

'I ain't.'

'Look here, sir. Don't trifle with this court. Your prevarication will not be tolerated here. Why did you say that Ananias Peters was not your right name.'

'Case it wan't right to name a boy Ananias, therefore it ain't a right name. The Bible, I believe, sorter called Ananias a liar.'

'Which,' interposed the judge, 'makes it peculiarly applicable to your case.'

'Look a here, jedge, I don't want to progie with you, 'case you've got the upper hand of me, but I don't want you to hit me with the Bible. A man's in a bad enough fix when yer fling the law at him, but when yer fling the law an' the gospel both, he ain't got no show.'

'Where do you live?' asked the attorney.

'At home.'

'But where's your home?'

'In the neighborhood o' whar I live.'

The judge turned away to conceal a smile, and the attorney, giving the 'squatter' a look of extreme severity, said: 'Do you know where you are, sir?'

'Yes, sir; I'm here.'

'You won't be here much longer, unless you answer my questions.'

'I'm answerin' your questions, 'squire. Go on with your rat killin'.'

'Where were you when Mr. Jasen, the defendant, cut timber from government land?'

'When did he do the cuttin'?'

'That's what I want to find out. I think it was sometime in October.'

'Wal, some times in October I was in one place an' sometimes in another.'

'Did you ever see him cutting government timber?'

'I believe I did.'

'When?'

'Durin' the war when he was in the army?'

'None of your foolishness now.—Didn't you come along the road one day in October and talk to the defendant while he was chopping down a tree?'

'No, sir.'

'Remember that you are under oath. So you didn't see him while he was chopping down a tree?'

'Didn't say that, 'squire, for I did see him choppin' the tree.'

'Did you stop and talk to him?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Thought you said you didn't stop and talk to him?'

'Didn't say it'

'You did.'

'Didn't say it.'

'What did you say?'

'Said I didn't talk to him while he was choppin', fur when I came up an' spoke, he quit choppin' Ef thar's anything else you wanter know, fire a way.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Use of Tobacco.

It is rather singular that American are the only civilized people who habitually chew tobacco, although sailors of every nation are addicted to its mastication. It is singular, too, that we, probably, employ tobacco in other ways less than other countries. Snuffing is rather rare here, common as it is in Europe, especially on the continent. We do not smoke any more than, if as much as, the English; and the French, Italians, notably the Germans, Dutch and Spaniards exceed us in smoking. But as tobacco eaters we occupy the field alone, having, it is to be regretted, a monopoly of one of the most unwholesome and obnoxious of practices. The national mastication is known over the world, and does ample service in all conceptions and caricatures of brother Jonathan. To see a landsman chewing tobacco anywhere abroad is to know him for an American, native or adopted. Perhaps we stick to the worst of the three customs because tobacco is to so large an extent an American plant. Europe knew nothing of it until the discovery by Columbus of the Western World.—The sailors he sent ashore at Cuba found the natives smoking, and seeing them emit smoke from their mouth and nostrils, imagined them to be on fire. All the natives from the northwests coast at Patagonia used tobacco, and to chew it is one of our inalienable and aboriginal rights.

A pert little girl in Troy boasted to one of her young friends that her father kept a carriage. 'Ah, but,' was the triumphant reply, 'my father drives a street car.'

Select Reading.

Shaved by a Machine.

There is a quiet little shop in a side street down town which displays a modest sign bearing the words:

'Machine shaving done by lady operators.'

Lace curtains veil the interior from prying eyes. A reporter opened the door yesterday and walked in with a look of confidence and a three-days' beard on his face. As he entered two young women and a patient-looking man rose from a settee and stood by three barbers' chairs. The patient man looked at the reporter with passing interest. The young women looked into the mirrors in front of the chairs. While the reporter was hanging up his hat and coat he chose the smaller of the two women because she had ceased to stare at herself in the glass, and was much plainer than the other. There was a chance that she would pay more attention to the victim than her prettier companion. The reporter sank into her chair, leaned his head back and elevated his chin. The operator passed a small and smooth hand over his chin, and asked with a liberal smile, as she tucked a towel into his neck:

'Did you want a shave, Sir!'

'Yes—very light, please, go over it once.'

She passed her hand over the reporter's face again. She got the lather cup and gently smeared him while she looked into the glass When her attention was called to the matter she smilled tranquilly and removed the lather from his mouth, nose and ears.

'We make it a point, Sir, never to talk to our customers,' she said as she brushed a stray lock back from the reporter's forehead with one hand and began to rub the lather into his chin with the other. 'It not only interrupts us while working, but also, as I'm sure you've had experience enough to know, becomes at times somewhat tiresome. I mean to the customer, because there are always times when one enjoys a little repose, don't you know, and many gents seek a barber on that account, which was what made me resolve to remain perfectly silent at all times, for, says I to myself, 'If a gent——''

'Pardon my interrupting you, but there is no hair under my ears, where you are now rubbing me.'

'No; I know it. I just do that from force of habit. Let—me—see. What was I saying? Oh, yes, I says to myself, Any gent can be talked to until he is that put about that he feels as if he——'

'What sort of a machine do you use when you shave a man?'

'As if he didn't want to come any more,' and so it is'——

'Does it run by steam?'

'It's best, according to my mind, to preserve strict silence. Besides, what did you say about the machine? Oh, here it is—'tisn't new, you know; that is, 'tisn't very new, because-er-because it's simply a razor with a steel comb screwed on. It is impossible to cut any one with it. You lay it on the face, you know, and then just pull it along the cheek like this'——

'Yery! Let go! It's against the grain.

'Oh, is it? Why you don't say? I thought it was with the grain, but that's just like me. I'm always making mistakes. Last Chewsday——'

Ten minutes later a pallid man emerged from the quiet shop and hurried toward the corner. The patient man looked after him with an expression of sympathy on his worn features.—*New York Sun.*

One He Hadn't Met.

One day a pompous little fellow at a dinner-table was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate terms. He had been in constant correspondence with Longfellow, had lunched with Tennyson, was in friendly relations with the Prince of Wales, and in short, knew everything and everybody. At length a quiet individual at the further end of the room broke in on the conversation with the question: 'My dear sir, did you happen to know the Siamese Twins when they were in this country?' Our hero, who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied: 'The Siamese Twins, sir? Yes, sir.—I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other.'

Mother's Turn.

'It is mother's turn to be taken care of now.'

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eye, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wongside out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such recreation.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have prtiently borne.

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for himself: 'When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow creature. It is easily done—a let-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encourging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for 24 hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. If you live only 40 years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for time.'

A Question for Lawyers.

A rather curious case is now before the Lexington (Ky.) courts. Some weeks ago a capias was issued to a sheriff, who was a very small man, commanding him to bring the body of a good old minister who was very large and fleshy and weighed 250 pounds. He was found working out in the woods on a summer day. He did not want to go, and yet he was a punctilious observer of the law. So he went and lay down flat on his back in the shade and solemnly said, 'In compliance with the law, I hereby surrender my body to be taken by you,' and he lay there until the little man got tired and went away. Now the question is, did he resist an officer?

Learn to be Brief.

Long visits, long stories, long essays, long exhortations and long prayers seldom profit those who have anything to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious.—Learn to condense, abridge and intensify. We can bear things that are dull if they are only short. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is over soon, while even pleasures grow insipid and pain intolerable if they are protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main facts in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive and get through.—If you speak, tell your message and hold your peace; boil down two words into one, and three into two.

Lamp Chimneys.

The most noted oculists recommend blue, bluish-gray or smoke-colored glasses as a protection for weak eyes against the unpleasant effects of red, orange and yellow light. On the same principle, remarks a scientific paper, the trying reddish yellow light of candles and gas may be pleasantly modified by the use of chimneys or globes. Shades colored in light marine blue, may also be used for the same purpose. A remarkably near approach to a light agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp with round wick and a light blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a drouth that the petroleum burns with nearly a white flame.

Worry.

Half the burdens of life are caused by worrying. And more than half our worrying is about the future. As we know nothing of the future, not even one hour beyond the present, but we can only surmise and imagine, it follows that by far the greater part of all our worrying is simply about imaginable things. Hence the folly of it. The great difficulty, however, is that we cannot help it by any direct effort of the will. There is only one cure for worry, and that is to work so hard and so earnestly at our present task as to have no time for aught else: and to leave the future to God.

The Value of Manner.

We have heard it said that you can do everything, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely round, selects for herself the warmest place in the room—perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the fire—curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, sure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed because she has done it so prettily and gracefully. Indeed, every one experiences an excess of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different and by a less-self-possessed individual. If it were done hurriedly, or noisly, or clumsily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosoms of all beholders! How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish! No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky, surprised his mother by asking—'Did papa sprain his throat when he was a boy?'

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self examination.