

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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

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## ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING  
FOR MEN AND BOYS.  
STRICTLY ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

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FACTORY—NEWARK, N. Y.

I have an Established Warehouse at La Plata, on the B. & P. R. R., and have all  
ways on hand there a full line of all grades of the above Fertilizers ready for immediate deliv-  
ery. References: J. H. Langley, W. M. Jamison, Capt. Alex. Franklin, Thos. B. Delaney,  
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We have the most excellent article for FERTILIZERS and all kinds of "Vegetables"

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OFFICE, 25 S. GAY STREET, CORNER  
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POTASH, PURE BONE, PURE RAW GENUINE  
DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE, DIS. BONE PHOS-  
PHATE & POTASH, WHITE HALL PHOS-  
PHATE, LOCUST POINT COMPOUND,  
FARMERS STANDARD MURATE POT-  
ASH, SULPHATE POTASH,  
GROUND TANKING, AND  
ALL FERTILIZING  
MATERIALS.**

Before purchasing your Fertilizers for Wheat the coming season, it will be to your interest to  
give us a call. All the above brands are strictly reliable, besides we keep in stock all kinds of  
the best grade material from which we can make you any grade Fertilizer you may need—  
This House is an old established one, and every thing they sell you are represented. As an  
evidence of the superiority of our goods, my sales have increased from 21 tons per annum,  
the first year to one thousand and eighty-five tons, this being my sales in Charles and St.  
Mary's counties the past year. I shall not be satisfied until I sell every responsible farmer in  
Southern Maryland, as it is not only for my own interest I wish to do so. My greatest desire is  
to induce the planters of Southern Maryland to use strictly first class goods and can only do so  
by dealing with a first class house. If you will buy your goods from the G. Ober & Son  
Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. I. Burch, at Bryans town, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our  
Collector and Sales man, will be glad to receive your orders, and I will devote as much time as  
I can in the two counties the coming season in order to induce the farmers of Southern Mary-  
land to buy the best Fertilizers offered to the people of any State in Union. All responsible  
orders sent direct to the Company will receive prompt attention.

Yours very truly,  
**JOHN M. LLOYD.**  
N. B.—What Mr. James F. Mattingly, a large and practical farmer of Choptico District, St.  
Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound: He says that he can grow as large Tobacco  
from our fertilizers as he can from Ober's, but while Ober's is just as good as to quality, it  
weighs from 1/2 to 1 more than any other Fertilizer that he has used. I will here add that Mr.  
Mattingly is not only a very good and prosperous farmer but strictly reliable. Mr. Mattingly  
has used our goods for several years and says he will use no others both for Wheat and Tobacco

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All Kinds at All Prices from \$50 up.

**A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY \$73.**  
Call and be convinced of what we say.  
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**For First-class Clothing  
for Men and Boys, cut and  
made in the finest Styles  
and of the best material,  
both Foreign and Domes-  
tic, call at Acme Hall—  
You are sure of your  
moneys worth every time  
and fuller measure for  
value than you get else-  
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"The Glass of Fashion,"  
No. 209 W. Baltimore Street,  
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Mail Orders receive Prompt Attention.

**A LITTLE TOO EARLY**  
FOR SPRING STUFF, NEVERTHE-  
LESS WE HAVE MADE EARLY  
PURCHASES, BECAUSE WE HAVE  
SECURED STYLES IN  
**SPRING GOODS**

THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN  
BOUGHT LATER. THE FIRST  
SPRING MONTH IS ONLY A FEW  
DAYS OFF, SO WE ADVISE OUR  
CUSTOMERS TO BUY A LITTLE  
IN ADVANCE OF SPRING, AND  
SECURE THE FIRST NEW THINGS  
OF THIS SEASON.

**Yard Wide Shirting**  
Wale Madras and Seersucker Gingham  
New Patterns of Spring Satins  
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New Crinkled White Goods for Dresses  
Silk Blouses in Woods and Flowers, \$1  
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38 Inch De Beige in Woods and Flowers, 25c  
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2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c, 11c

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CELERY,**  
TRADE MARK  
**BEEF & IRON.**  
A Most Effective Combination.

**HANDY & COX,**  
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**INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL.**

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ANNUITY COMPANY,**  
—OF—  
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adopted the safety fund system, by which plan  
they can now carry insurance at less than half  
the cost of the old time companies.  
The safety fund is already over \$400,000 and is rapidly  
increasing. They have a cash capital of  
\$250,000 and assets amounting to over one and a  
quarter million.

**R. H. MITCHELL,** General Agent for  
**M. THOMPSON,** Agent for  
**JNO. T. DIGGES,** Examining Physician.

### Select Poetry.

AT SEA  
BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

No moon the starlit deep to gaud;  
No shore to mar the perfect round;  
With dark sails curved and prow afloat,  
The ship speeds onward through the night.

The parted waves glide softly back,  
And crowding peals, as endless tide,  
Slip from the furrow's scathing side.

Faint tropic winds, with ghostly feet,  
The shadow deck unchallenged beat,  
Fit through the dusky sails, and break  
With soft, sweet lips against my cheek.

Deep into deep, with listening soul  
I hear a solemn cadence roll,  
Soft, rhythmic pulses, throbbing slow,  
From depths above to depths below.

One fall, mysterious life, whose sound  
Sweeps through creation's utmost bound,  
Fit through the dusky sails, and break  
With soft, sweet lips against my cheek.

Not far off sea of being hidden  
Beyond the circling of its tide;  
No barren shore but sometimes glow  
With drifted bloom of summer rose.

O watchful being! if we go  
To reef or port what heart can know,  
Save the steady course through every deep.

So, lapped in happy dreams I lie,  
The world a bubble, floating by,  
The silent sea, the whispering air,  
Not believed back to shelter me.

### Select Reading.

LET GO YOUR ANCHOR!  
BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The new ship *Tezels*, all ready for  
sea, lay at one of the large wharves on  
the left side of the Kennebec River.  
She expected to sail on the following  
morning for Savannah, at which port  
she was to load with cotton, for Liver-  
pool, England.

"Captain John Sears, part owner of the  
*Tezels*, was her commander, but in  
the eyes of his son, Johnny, aged  
twelve, this fact was not of nearly  
so much importance as that he, John-  
ny Sears, was to accompany his father  
in the ship on the voyage in question.

The Captain was sitting on the  
quarter-deck enjoying his after-supper  
cigar. Johnny was restlessly roaming  
up and down in a fever of excitement,  
his sharp eyes taking in everything of  
interest about the ship. Following  
loosely at his heels was a handsome  
English mastiff, which stood very  
nearly three feet high, with tawny  
hair, a broad chest and handsome  
head. A friend to be desired was  
Jack, the mastiff, but a terrible foe  
to the crew.

Having grown to his present estate on  
shipboard, he might literally be called  
an old sea dog, and it is needless to  
say that the mastiff Jack and the boy  
Johnny were great friends.

"If the crew do come in the morn-  
ing boat, I doubt if we get away to-  
morrow," remarked Captain Sears,  
half aloud, breaking a silence of some  
minutes duration.

Johnny dropped the spoke of the  
big wheel with which in his imagina-  
tion he had been steering the ship be-  
fore a heavy gale of wind.

"Why not, father?" he asked, with  
a distressed face.

"Barometer falling, and the equi-  
noctial close at hand," was the brief  
reply, as, knocking the ashes from his  
cigar, Captain Sears glanced doubt-  
fully at the setting sun, which was  
half hidden by a bank of dun-colored  
clouds.

"Telegram for you, sir," said a small  
boy, who had just scrambled aboard,  
and stood looking about him with  
wide open eyes.

Tearing open the yellow envelope,  
Captain Sears read aloud as follows:

"Trouble about crew. Come on at once in  
5:30 train. 'J. JACKSON.'"

"And it's twenty minutes past five  
now," said the Captain, rather crossly,  
as he jerked out his watch, for he by  
no means liked the idea of leaving the  
ship that night. Both his officers  
were ashore, as also were the cook and  
the steward, while Johnny, with a rather  
unhappy look, had been in the  
vicinity, with whom they were  
spending their last night before sail-  
ing.

"Well, there's no help for it," finally  
remarked the Captain, with a sigh,  
as, slipping into the cabin, he hastily  
changed his coat and brushed his  
hair, "so, Johnny, you must look out  
for the ship a little while. I'll call at  
Horton's on my way to the depot, and  
have them send down a night-watch-  
man right away. Until the watchman  
comes down, don't let any stranger a-  
board. I shall probably be home in  
the morning boat. Good-night."

And swinging himself on to the wharf,  
Captain Sears rapidly made his way  
up-town, while Johnny, with a rather  
intimidated look, began to pace the  
main deck in true nautical style.

A repulsive looking man who bore  
the marks of a tramp—and a sailor  
tramp at that—rose up from behind a  
lumber pile near the edge of the wharf,  
and shook his clenched fist in the  
direction taken by Captain Sears. His  
left fist, for the reason that his right  
arm was missing just above the elbow,  
"I thought it were you, Cap'n Sears,  
when I heard your voice whilst I was  
layin' round here yistaday," he growl-  
ed, savagely. "Then, turning, he look-  
ed thoughtfully at the ship's side.

"Nobody in sight," he muttered, "the  
watchman not likely to get here for a  
good half-hour at best, and only a  
party of a boy aboard, while like as not  
old Sears has left some money or val-  
uable layin' round his state room to  
be had just for the takin' of 'em. It's  
with runnin' a bit of risk for, any-  
way." And with another glance up  
the deserted wharf, the tramp began  
climbing the side ladder, using the

stump of his left arm with consider-  
able skill to help him in his ascent.

Hearing the steps, Johnny turned  
toward the gangway. A greasy slouch  
hat, whose tattered brim partly shaded  
the wicked-looking face of its owner,  
met his gaze.

"Oh, look here now, I say, we don't  
allow any stranger aboard," said  
Johnny, with a very decided shake of  
the head, as he stopped short in his  
walk.

"You'll 'low the watchman what  
Cap'n Sears had sent down from  
Horton's aboard, though, won't ye,  
sonny?" was the cool reply. And  
without awaiting further remonstrance  
the intruder drew himself over the  
rail and stepped on deck.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered  
Johnny, slowly and rather doubtfully.  
"Do you know my father—Captain  
Sears, I mean?"

"Oh, yes," returned the man, with  
an unpleasant smile. "I was to sea  
with yer pa once in the of ship *Tezels*.  
It was he who cut off this  
arm, owing to an accident that  
y'ize," he continued, touching the  
stump with a very dirty forefinger.

This interested Johnny at once, and  
he was about asking the particulars,  
when, rather to his surprise, the sup-  
posed watchman turned on his heel  
and quietly walked into the cabin.

"Hi—I say there!" cried Johnny,  
rushing after him, "my father don't  
allow—"

But poor Johnny's speech was  
brought to a sudden end. For as he  
entered the cabin he was caught by a  
strong arm and dragged toward the  
open door of the steward's pantry.

"I'm going to put you in solitary  
confinement for a spell, sonny," grimly  
remarked his captor, as Johnny  
vainly kicked and struggled.

All at once there came to the fright-  
ened boy's mind the remembrance of  
his powerful friend, whom he had last  
seen asleep on the quarter. "Jack—  
oh, Jack! he's come here!" he cried at  
the top of his voice. There was a  
scuffling sound on deck—a noise as  
though a calf were tumbling down the  
after-companion way—and through the  
half darkness appeared the glowing  
eyes and indistinct form of the great  
English mastiff.

Well was that for the scoundrel that  
he released his hold on Johnny in  
time for the boy to grasp Jack's steel  
collar with both hands, and hold him  
back by force and voice.

"Get out of this, quick, or he'll tear  
you to pieces," cried Johnny excitedly,  
while Jack, growling ferociously, tugged  
at his young master's restraining  
grasp. And as Johnny forcibly though  
inelegantly represented it afterward to  
his father, the man "g.t." Johnny  
heard him scrambling over the rail,  
and down the side steps at an aston-  
ishing rate of speed.

"I declare," Johnny exclaimed with  
a gasp, as he released Jack, who was  
sprawling on the rail and weeping out  
the flying man through the gathering  
darkness. "Spose Jack hadn't been a-  
board! There's over five hundred  
dollars in father's desk in the main-  
stateroom. Won't I have a story for  
father when he gets back in the morn-  
ing?" he added excitedly, as light  
giggling, noticing with some surprise  
as he did so that the wind was rising,  
and it had begun to rain.

Hour after hour passed, and still no  
watchman. Captain Sears had left  
the message with the Horton's clerk,  
who had forgotten to deliver it; that  
was all. And so, wrapped in his oil-  
skins, Johnny paced the wet deck,  
with Jack by his side, while all the  
while the continually increasing gale  
piped and shrieked through the rig-  
ging.

By midnight it was blowing harder  
than ever, and Johnny began to feel  
very uneasy, though he scarcely knew  
why. Ascending to the quarter, he  
steadied himself by the mizen-rigging,  
and peered shoreward through  
the thick darkness. All at once there  
was a loud twang, and the st-r-n  
screw, which had been as taut as a steel  
bar, snapped suddenly, and fell with a  
plash in the water. Another similar  
noise, and then another, and still an-  
other.

Rushing frantically to the top gal-  
lant forecastle, Johnny saw that the  
great ship's hawsers were helplessly  
being swung rapidly out into the riv-  
er, the gale driving off shore with ter-  
rible force.

It was not fear of personal danger  
which made poor Johnny, as he stood  
half paralyzed for a moment, cry,  
"Oh, what can I—what shall I do?"

It was the remembrance that his  
father's savings of twenty years were  
invested in the *Tezels*, and Johnny  
had heard him say that he knew he  
ought to keep his share insured, but  
he could not well afford it. And  
Johnny well knew that a collision  
with the vessels anchored in the river,  
or, still worse, striking the Hawkbill  
ledges on the other side of the chan-  
nel, would bring a heavy bill of ex-  
pense to the *Tezels* owners.

Now, after the launching, the great  
anchor was hove up and hung by the  
ring stopper at the cat-head, ready to  
let go. Johnny, who had been on  
board when the *Tezels* was launched,  
had watched the whole operation from  
beginning to end.

"It's all I can do," said Johnny, a-  
lone, as a sudden thought flashed  
through his mind. The carpenter's  
iron-headed maul lay on the forecastle.  
Seizing it with fast beating heart,  
Johnny placed one foot on the cat-  
head, and with a strength born of ex-  
citement and despair, struck once,  
twice, thrice at the strong iron trig-  
ger, which, when in position, confines  
the hauling part of the ring stopper.

There was a swift rattle of chains,

and then followed  
the grinding rush and roar of the  
great chain-cable as it flew through  
the hawser-hole from the ranges un-  
der the forecastle. Then came a sud-  
den tautening of the cable, and lo! the  
*Tezels* was safely riding at anchor  
nearly in the middle of the river.

"I guess we'll go below and turn in,  
Jack," said Johnny, with a great  
yawn, as the ship's all right now.  
And they went.

"What did the man mean by saying  
that you amputated his arm, father?"  
asked Johnny, on the following day,  
as a steam-tug was taking the *Tezels*  
swiftly down the river toward the  
ocean.

"He was the ringleader of a mutiny,  
and the worst man I ever had in a  
crew, was Captain Sears's answer, as  
he rested his hand fondly on his boy's  
shoulder. "He fired at me twice, and  
to save my own life I shot him through  
the arm, shattering the bone. This  
ended the mutiny, but the wound  
would not heal, and if I had not cut  
off his arm he would have died. He  
made a great many threats, but I had  
entirely forgotten that such a man  
lived until I heard your story. By  
cutting the hawsers he hoped to do  
me a great injury, and would have ac-  
complished it, only my twelve-year-old  
son was too quick-witted for him."

"Now, father," exclaimed Johnny,  
"Jack deserves ever so much more  
praise than I do," but I don't won-  
der that Captain Sears is proud of his  
boy. Do you?—*Harper's Young Peo-  
ple.*

### A Rhyming Romance.

He was young he was fair, and he  
parted his hair, like the average beau,  
in the middle; he was proud, he was  
bold,—but the truth must be told—  
he played like a fiend on the fiddle. Bar-  
ring his voice he was everything nice,  
and his heart was so loving and tender  
that he always turned pale, when he  
saw the nose of the cat lying down  
by the fender. He clerked in a store  
and the way that he tore off calico,  
jeans and brown sheeting, would have  
tickled a calf, and made the brute  
laugh in the face of a quarterly meet-  
ing. He cut quite a dash with a danc-  
ing mon-sieur, which he learned to  
adore and cherish; for one girl had  
said, while she dropped her proud  
head, that "I would kill her to see the  
thing ripen. On Sunday he'd search  
the straight road to the church, un-  
heeding the voice of the scolder; and  
demurely he sat, like a young tabby  
cat, with the saints, in the amen cor-  
ner. He sang like a bird, and his  
sweet voice was heard fairly tugging  
at the long hair; and we speak out  
the truth, when we say that this youth  
could out-sing a hungry mosquito.

She was young she was fair, and she  
scrambled her hair, like the average  
belle of the city; she was proud, but  
not bold—yet the truth must be told—  
the way she chawed wax was a pity.  
Barring this vice she was everything  
nice, and the world admired her bustle;  
and the Fayetteville boys, being calmed  
by the noise, walked miles to hear it  
trickle. She cut quite a swell did  
this wax chewing belle, and men  
flocked in crowds to meet her; but she  
gave them the shirk, for she loved the  
young clerk, who sang like a hungry  
mosquito. So she hemmed and she  
hawed, and she sighed and she chawed,  
till her heart and jaws were broken;  
then she walked by the store where  
he stayed as long as she could, and  
loved him. She raised up her eyes  
with a mock surprise, and tried to en-  
act the scornful, but to tell the truth,  
she grinned at the youth who loved  
the amen corner.

\*\*\* They met—alas! what came  
to pass, was soft and sweet and pre-  
cious; they wooed, they cooed, he talked,  
she chawed—oh! how he loved! Good  
gracious! They had to part, he 'rosed  
to start, her grief cannot be painted,  
these are the facts: she swallowed her  
tears, then screamed, then choked,  
then fainted. Her pa appeared; her  
beau, quite scared, rushed out to get  
some water; the watch dog spied his  
tender hide, and bit him where he  
"oughter." The tale is sad, the sequel  
stern—so think the youth thus bit-  
ten. He sings no more, as oft of yore—  
he gave the girl the mitten.

She pined apace, her pretty face  
looked slender and dejected, her father  
kind, but somewhat blind, behind her  
and reflected. His income tax he  
spent for wax—she smiled, and called  
him clever. She went to work, forgot  
the clerk, and chawed in bliss forever.

Weights that are dark—The coal  
dealer's.

So far we know, Jonah was made  
the first Secretary of the Interior.

Could a bicycle trip be described as  
a "circular saw?"

With the painters and tailors on a  
strike new coats will be scarce this  
spring.

Wife: "You're a mule!" Husband:  
"That may be, my dear; but you're a  
mule!"

An unconscionable punster says  
that the wife of the Japanese Minister  
took the cake when she got married.  
That is, she took a Kuki.

"You want to aim very low when  
you are hunting bison," said the old  
hunter. "How low?" asked the tend-  
erfoot. "Buffalo," replied the old  
hunter, without a struggle.

Mamma: "Why don't you move out  
of the sun, Kitty, if it troubles you?"  
Kitty (crying): "Cause I got here  
first."

**Hindu Legerdemain.**  
WHAT MR. S. E. ROBINSON SAW IN  
INDIA.

When he entered the room he spread  
a white cloth upon the floor and sat  
down upon it with his back to the  
wall, the door of the room being on  
the right hand. His spectators were  
disposed in the following fashion:  
Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in  
the middle of the room. I was sitting  
on a sofa near the door; the Parsee  
merchant stood in the doorway about  
arms length from me. The servants  
stood about in groups, the largest  
group being between the door and the  
conjurer. As soon as he had settled  
himself he turned to the Parsee and  
asked for the loan of a rupee. The  
peddler at first demurred a little, but  
on being guaranteed against loss he  
produced the coin. He was going to  
put it into the conjurer's hand, but  
the latter refused, and told the Parsee  
to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer.  
The bearer took it, and at the request  
of the conjurer, looked at it and de-  
clared it to be really a rupee. The  
conjurer then told him to hand it to  
his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and  
then followed this dialogue:  
Conjurer—Are you sure that is a  
rupee?  
Smyth—Yes.  
Conjurer—Close your hand and hold  
it tight. Now think of some country  
in Europe, but do not tell me your  
thought.

Then the conjurer ran over the  
names of several countries, such as  
France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and  
America, for the matter of Indian  
is under the impression that America is  
in Europe. After a moment's pause  
Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a  
country.

"Then open your hand," said the  
juggler, "see what you have got, and  
tell me if it is a coin of the country  
you thought of."

It was a five-franc piece, and Mr.  
Smyth had thought of France. He  
was going to hand the coin to the con-  
jurer, but the latter said:  
"No; pay it to the other sahib."

Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-  
franc piece into my hand. I looked  
closely at it, then shut my hand and  
thought of Russia. When I opened it  
I found, not a Russian, but a Turkish  
silver piece, about the size of the five-  
franc piece, or of our own crown piece.  
This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and  
suggested that he should name Amer-  
ica, which he did, and found a Mexi-  
can dollar in his hand. The coin,  
whatever it was, had never been in the  
conjurer's hand from the time the  
rupee was borrowed from the Parsee  
merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer  
had both their hands full of the  
rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I travel-  
ed over several times the five franc  
piece, the Turkish coin, and the dol-  
lar; so the trick did not depend on a  
reversible coin. Indeed, it could not,  
for the coin underwent three changes,  
as has been seen. I need only add,  
for the information of readers who  
know not India, that a rupee is only  
about the size of a florin, and there-  
fore about half the weight of a five-  
franc piece.

He did another trick almost equally  
as wonderful. As before he was seated  
on a white cloth, which this time, I  
think, was a tablecloth borrowed from  
the mess sergeant. He asked some  
one present to produce a rupee and to  
lay it down at a remote edge of the  
cloth. The cloth being twelve or four  
yards in length, the conjurer could  
not have touched the coin, and, in  
fact, did not touch it. He then asked  
for a signet ring. Several were offered  
him, and he chose out one which had  
a very large oval seal, projecting well  
beyond the gold hoop on both sides.

This ring he tossed and tumbled  
several times in his hands, now throw-  
ing it into the air and catching it,  
then shaking it between his clasped  
hands, all the time mumbling half in-  
articulate words in some Hindostanee  
patois. Then, setting the ring down  
on the cloth at about half-arm's length  
in front of him, he sat slowly and  
distinctly in good Hindostanee:  
"Ring, rise up and go to the rupee."

The ring rose, with the seal up-  
most, and resting on the hoop, slowly,  
with a kind of dancing or jerking  
motion, it passed over the cloth until  
it came where the rupee was on the  
remote edge, then it lay down on the  
cloth. The conjurer then said: "Ring,  
lay hold of the rupee and bring it to  
me." The projecting edge of the seal  
seemed to grapple with the edge of  
the coin; the ring and the rupee rose  
into a kind of wrestling attitude, and  
with the same dancing or jerking  
motion the two returned to within reach  
of the juggler's hand.

I have no theory to explain either  
of these tricks. I should mention,  
however, that the juggler entirely dis-  
claimed all supernatural power, and  
alleged that he performed his tricks  
by mere slight of hand. It will be  
observed that he had no preparation  
of his surroundings, no machinery,  
and no confederate.

Any one who is quick at repartee  
must necessarily have a great response  
ability.

"Plenty of milk in your cans this  
morning" the customer asked a milk-  
man the other day. And the milk-  
man nodded gravely, as, without a  
wink in his eye, he made reply:  
"Chalk full."

He was looking for a rich wife and  
thought he was on the trail. "I love  
you," he said to her, in rich, warm  
tones, "more than I can tell you in  
words." "You'd better try figures,"  
she replied, coldly; for she was not so  
green as she looked.