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ARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JANUARY 7, 1887. Vol. XIII.—No. 50.

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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 is as 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 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 respectable farmer in Southern Maryland, as it is not my 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 try your goods from the G. Ober & Sons Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. I. Burch, at Bryantown, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our Collector and Sale men, 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 Maryland 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.

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SMOOT & CROSS, Props

A Christmas Carol.

I.

God rest ye all good People,
From your sorrows set free,
And hearken to our lay,
And hear the words
That Christ our Lord,
Was born upon this day.

II

We lift our voices gladly,
And gladly we do sing,
Of that same night
That showed to light,
The promise He did bring.

III

When Angels sang to Shepherds,
That kept their flocks that day,
And bade them seek
Where mild and meek,
The infant Jesus lay.

IV

So when our life grows older,
And brings its winter's night,
May Angels sing
And bells bring
Our Lord His truth and light.

—Howard Pyle.

A CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

A modern drawing-room musicale, in the house of some rich parvenu, affords the topic of our illustrations. To give tone, and eclat to the entertainment—to be swell—is the primary object, and to accomplish this end none but foreign artistes are employed. Anything American is not to be thought of for a moment.

Our artist attended one of these concerts last Christmas and has faithfully delineated the appearance of the foreign contingent. Here is his report of the entertainment.

"Prof. Fidelenski opened the proceedings. A rapturous burst of applause greeted the appearance of the great man. A murmur of expectation ran through the audience, as he bowed jerkily, to right and left, his violin, which he carried under his arm, raking the audience fore and aft.

A young lady whose name "did not transpire" (as the reporters say) appeared, unnoticed, from somewhere, to play the accompaniment. The Professor and the accompanist having gone through the usual preliminary twanging to get the instruments into harmony, there was a pause, and the piano took a short start; while the great violinist stood, in a negligent attitude, glaring at us through his spectacles. Then, suddenly realising that he was being left hopelessly behind, he brought his instrument into position, and with a graceful wave of his bow dashed after the piano, and caught it up, amid breathless excitement, after a sharp burst. A break-neck race followed, which seemed likely to end in "Violin first, and the rest nowhere." I do not pretend to know anything about the technicalities of the piece, but there seemed to be a kind of tune lurking somewhere in it; and after stalking this warily through a long andante passage, the Professor saw his opportunity, pounced on the tune with sudden fury, banged it about, turned it inside out and upside down, scraped and scarified it till it seemed as if it could never be quite the same tune again. But presently it reappeared as if nothing had happened, and went ambling smoothly along till

the Professor got out of temper with it again; dashed off with it, tore it in pieces, and flung the bits about, smashed and pulverised them, and then brought up suddenly. When, lo! the same old tune came up smiling and indestructible once more.

The next on the programme was Herr Puffenschlager in a piano recital. He threw himself into a variety of curious and impressive attitudes. He dashed his long hair from his brow, his whole frame expanded, and his face assumed the expression of an inspired archangel—at least, that is how I overheard a young lady sitting near me describe it. The Herr galloped up and down the keyboard till he looked all fingers and hair—now tickling the treble with one hand, while he rumbled a thunderous accompaniment on the bass with the other—now rattling away with both hands on the higher keys, detaching his left at intervals in a flying leap to pound viciously

at a single unoffending note in the bass. At last, with a lightning run up and down, and a tremendous crash, the piece was finished, and the Maestro rose and bowed amid a storm of applause. It seemed as if we had all gone through a terrible struggle; but I am bound to say nobody—not even the instrument—appeared much the worse.

"The next thing on the programme was an aria, "Com'e bello" by Signor Buffaloni, the great basso-profundo. There was no mistake about the Signor's voice—"Quite a bellow." The song caused the Signor to perspire freely, and the audience got so warm, out of sympathy, that fans began to wave in every direction.

"It was quite a relief when Madame Trilliini, with her bird like soprano came forward as the next singer. Her charming voice and vivacious manner fairly brought down the house in Vat'en de ce." Soprani and contralti have quite a different way of holding their music. The former hold it out at arm's length, as if they were carrying a tea-tray, while the latter don't affect to look at their music at all, but hold it half rolled up in front of them. [Compare sketch of Madame Trilliini with that of Miss Bella Voce.]

"Mr. Schmidt is a baritone of unknown nationality, but, as he generally sings in English, it may be assumed, notwithstanding his foreign name, that he is a Briton per stage. Barytones are partial to nautical lyrics, and Mr. Schmidt rendered the stirring ballad "Yo, ho! splice the main brace!" with a suitable energy and expression. Miss Bella Voce, who is one of our most rising contralti, then gave "Never again with thee, Robin," and pleased the audience so well that she had to reappear, and sang Pinchton's "Ask Mamma" as an encore, with delightful expression.

"Signor Tubaloni next sang a new ballad, "The Barge's Daughter" in his usual excellent cantabile manner. Signor Robinsoni is usually spoken of as "our elegant young tenor"; and though his voice is not much in opera, it is very effective in a drawing-room. Signor R. is greatly admired by the fair sex, and is a little inclined to put on airs in consequence; but then a man with a tenor voice and an elegant figure has really something to be conceited about, which is not the case with all of us.

"Mr. Tubal Quain was in great force—here, there, and everywhere. Though himself an excellent pianist, he took no part in the performance, leaving the executive honors to the galaxy of friendly talent which had gathered to support him.

"The tall, portly gentleman who has just given him two fingers to shake is Mr. Bompas, the well-known musical critic of the "Posthorn." It was edifying to see how even the great Mr. Quain cringed before his Olympian presence.

"On the whole, I enjoyed myself very well."

Father and Mother.

Up to the time a child can talk and say funny things she—it is generally particularly so with female children—she is her mother's pet. Then she is taken possession of by the male parent. A little while after she is born the new-made parent likes the novelty of dandling her, but that does not last long. Then for a while she is a nuisance to the father, but when she begins to get "cute" and cunning, when her mother has with infinite care and affection developed her infantile brain, the father steps in and begins to monopolize the credit. It isn't fair. But the mother always lets him, and contents herself with lavishing affection on her and attending to the details—the uninteresting details—of keeping her clean. Since this column admitted clever children fond parents come to me and tell me of their precocious progeny. It's an excellent thing, especially in mothers; but I notice that when a lady tells me a story of her baby, she says "our baby," but when a father talks he always begins about "my little girl," and generally says "I have a little daughter." I never met a child yet whose best ideas were not derived from the mother. I have heard of children who had been petted by their fathers, but they generally talked slang, which their fathers thought awfully bright.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"What are you doing, Ethel?" asked the mother of a 4-year-old girl who had stuck a pin through a piece of paper and was poking it through the crevices of the register under the parlor mantelpiece. "I'm goin' to put this in here so when Santa Claus comes down the chimney he'll step on the pin and holler, and then I'll wake up and see him," gleefully replied the cute youngster.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Women on the School Board.

There is an increasing sentiment in favor of putting women in our school boards. They certainly have as great, if not a greater, interest in the education of children than the stronger sex, and with experience, they probably would serve the public interests involved with efficiency.

A report reaches us from a country neighborhood "down East," that has recently elected a female school board, and our correspondent sends us the following list of questions which they have drawn up to propound to any young man applying for the position of teacher in the district school.

I. Have you any prejudice against boarding around?

II. Would you object to splitting kindling wood if you could do it evenings?

III. Would you be willing to excuse the big girls half a day Mondays to help wash?

IV. Do you approve of Union undergarments for children?

V. How many eggs would you use in a batch of pumpkin pies?

VI. What is the best month to bile soap?

VII. Would you lay skirts in pleats, or cut them goring?

VIII. Do you favor oleomargarine or lard for shortening?

IX. Would you set out cabbage plants before or after a rain?

X. When would you set hens?

Before the Board.

XI. Do you favor the basque or polonaise?

XII. Would you speak a piece at the meeting of our Dorcas Sewing Society?

XIII. Could you help in the choir?

XIV. Would you set the sponge over night for yeast bread, or do you advocate salt rising?

XV. Do you favor women voting, and what would be a fair remuneration for each vote?

XVI. Is biled dinner indigestible?

XVII. Is coffee or egg-shell best for settling coffee?

XVIII. Do you believe in the future punishment of disobedient scholars?

XIX. Or would you give it to 'em as they go along?

XX. Do you favor double heels and toes in knitting?

XXI. How much for a drawing of tea to each person?

XXII. Are you willing to subscribe to the missionary cause?

XXIII. Are you temperate, and if so, how much?

One can well imagine the state of mind into which such an array of questions would plunge a young man who wanted to teach.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Demonstrative Waiter.

It is a pretty hard world, anyway, for people of refinement. It is no use trying to be elegant and high-toned and dignified. Something is always striking against you and convincing you that life is tough. They were talking of restaurants, and menus, and dishes with extraordinary names that don't mean much, and reveling in gourmet jargon. There was a well known gentleman of wealth, position, and taste present, and several lesser lights, gas lights caudating by the aid of reflectors the brilliancy of the electric, so to speak. There was a fellow there who was not a gourmet, couldn't afford it, and vague idea of revenge entered into his head.

"I you want a good dinner—not an elegant dinner, perhaps, because they don't go much on French dishes there—if you want a good steak, fit for a king, and a waiter who will make you perfectly comfortabe, go to——'s."

"——'s?" said the gentleman of wealth and fashion. "Where is——'s?"

"You'll easily find it. It's a little out of the way, but if you want cooking and proper attendance go there."

I skip a few days. The gentleman of wealth and position recalled this bit of advice and betook himself to ——'s. It was dingy, but clean, and he sat down and ordered from a somewhat rough-looking but lively waiter a porterhouse steak. It came. It was about as thick as a pancake and beautifully streaked with the Assyrian stripes of a dirty gridiron.

"Look here, waiter. What do you call this?"

"I call's it a porterhouse steak—and' porterhouse steak it is—an' you jist eat it, or blow me if I don't wear it out on you."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Long Way for Nothing.

The crowd was talking on the subject of traveling on passes, cheap rates, etc.

"Well," remarked Maj. Stofah, when there came a lull, "I went from Washington clear to San Francisco once for nothing."

"The walking must have been good that year," suggested Roberts.

"I rode all the way in a Pullman," said the major, with a smile.

"Did you have a pass?" asked Chambers.

"No pass."

"You knew all the conductors perhaps," said Leachman.

"Didn't know a soul," replied the major, lighting an O. P. cigar.

"Then how in thunder did you make it?" asked Knott, who was anxious to get a low rate west.

"Easiest thing in the world," responded the major, coolly. "I had a sweetheart in Frisco, and I went out to marry her. When I got there, I found she had already married another fellow, and if you don't call that going to San Francisco for nothing, you may have this $15 suit I've got on, for 10 cents, half cash and the balance at ninety days."—*Washington Critic.*

"Yes, sir," said Jones, "women are awfully curious." "When did you make the discovery?" inquired Brown. "O, I've always held that opinion" was the reply, "but I have now demonstrated the fact." "How so?" "Why, you see, Thompson knows all about that Smith scandal, and I wanted him to tell me about it. He wouldn't though I offered him a $5 bill. When I told my wife about it she almost cried, and wanted to know why I didn't offer $10."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Little Ones Who Are Just Lifting Life's Curtain.

PUNISHMENT SUSPENDED.

A four-year-old miss of Main street, with a serious air, said to her mother the other day: "Ma, I think I ought to get a spanking." Mamma made an effort to look her sharply in the eye, when the little one added: "I guess you needn't mind this time. I won't be naughty again!"—*Buffalo Courier.*

ROBBY APPLIES A TEST.

Robby, aged three, complained that his tea, the regulation milk-and-water article, was not to his taste. His mother, beside whom he was seated, said: "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose we change teas," suggested Robby.—*Babyhood.*

A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

In school. The teacher takes out his watch.

"As we have a few minutes before we close, you can ask any question you wish."

One little kid comes forward.

"Teacher, what time is it, please?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A HITCH IN THE PROGRAMME.

There is a little boy down in Lynn who is given to the telling of very large stories and who often has to be chastened for untruthfulness. Not long since his father, to try the effect of a new treatment, gave over the usual method of punishment and told the boy the story of Ananias and Sapphira with all the impressiveness that he could master. The boy seemed to be much edified by the narrative.

"The very next evening, when the father came home, he found his wife leaning over the boy with tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" the father asked.

"Oh, Willie has been telling another great big lie," said she.

"Yes, papa," said the boy, "and God didn't dead me, either."—*Boston Record.*

WANTED FULL CREDIT.

A benevolent young lady, who had for a long time sought to convey some lasting moral lessons to young boys at the North End who had been gathered into her class, while conversing with one of the youngsters recently, referred to the death of his brother, when he spoke up in a tone expressive of pride and gratification: "Oh, that ain't all the dead I got; I had 'nother brother die awhile ago."—*Boston Journal.*

BIRDIE AT THE FAIR.

Groups of picnicking youngsters dotted the grass in every direction. The tents were possessed by them. Their eager, flushed faces and bright dresses encountered one everywhere as the joyous multitude surged from one attraction to another. Tiny girl-tots of five and six had invested their little all in baby dolls about six inches long, of waxen countenance and wooden legs, and that paucity of attire which usually characterizes the small wax dolls.

"Birdie," said I conciliatorily to a wee damsel who was surveying hers with the most unalloyed satisfaction, "where did you get that?"

"In the main Buildin' f'om a gemplum," said Birdie, turning her dimpled face up at me trustfully.

"And how much did you pay for it?" I inquired.

"Nossin. De gemplum said 'Here's de dolls for little dirls,' so I dess took it."

I did not explain the nature of petty larceny to her. She will know soon enough. Let her believe in the beneficence of all mankind towards "little dirls," thought I, as long as she can.—*Toronto Globe.*

HOW MUCH OUT OF THE WAY.

It was at a dinner-table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is." "What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It is something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Why It was Too Late.

"You see, the way of it was this," he was explaining to a patrolman on Baker street yesterday; "I was in the grocery alone, and two men came in. They warmed their hands at the stove, and one of them suddenly began snuffing and sniffing and then called out:

"'Say' mister, your kerosene is leaking all over the cellar?'

"That rattled me, and I grabbed a couple of matches and ran down stairs. I was down there a couple of minutes before I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"That my kerosene was up-stairs at the back end of the store! I hurried up as quick as I could but it was too late."

"They had robbed the till and gone, of course?"

"Oh, no. They had gone around the counter, and my big dog corralled one in the potato-bin and the other between two molasses barrels, and was biting them at the rate of forty bites a minute."

"Then how was it too late?"

"Why, when I called the dog off and looked the fellows over I hadn't the heart to kick 'em across the street. I just led 'em to the door and gave 'em one lift apiece and asked 'em to call again. I wish I wasn't so chicken-hearted about such things—I really do."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Unfortunate Arnheim.

A young man with an expression of confidence on his face entered a Michigan avenue clothing store yesterday and asked:

"I am straight business. I want a suit of clothes. There are seven of us who will buy our clothes at the same place. I have been sent on ahead to get prices."

"Humph!"

"If I bring the other six here to buy what will you make this $20 suit for?"

The clothier went over and sat down by the stove with a disgusted look on his face.

"You didn't answer my question."

"My frendt, please go oudt. You make me werry tired!"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you want me to bring the party here?"

"No, my frendt, I don't. All my sales to-day goes to an orphan asylum, and I like to keep 'em down to a summer coat and a pair of second-hand pants! Better try der man two door below."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is estimated that the whole number of umbrellas made in the United States annually is 8,000,000. The whole number borrowed is supposed to be a little less than 8,000,000.