W. D. Dawkins

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.

Established in 1844. PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, JANUARY 28, 1887. Volume XLIII.---No. 33.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

ROBINSON, PARKER & CO.

FINE & MEDIUM CLOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE--NO DEVIATION.

319 S. E. Corner 7th & D. Sts., WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. BOYKIN LEE & CO.

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

LEAF TOBACCO, GRAIN & WOOL

17 CAMDEN ST. One door west of Charles. BALTIMORE.

Chipchase Bros.,

—GENERAL—

Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF

Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool & Country Produce.

106 South Charles street, BALTIMORE, MD.

We will give especial attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of

FERTILIZERS, CLOVER SEED, GROCERIES AND IMPLEMENTS.

Furnished at LOWEST PRICES.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

We have engaged the services of MR. AUGUSTUS Y. GRAY to solicit for us in this county. (April 4-1y)

W. H. Moore. J. F. Mudd.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

GROCERS AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 105 S. Charles St.,

BALTIMORE.

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

E. D. R. Bean. Marcellus Burch

E. D. R. BEAN & CO.

114 S. Charles St., Second Floor,

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides,

Furs, Live Stock

and Produce Generally.

Consignments Solicited and prompt returns made. (jan. 29 1y.-86)

Hiram G. Dudley, J. Walter Carpenter, William J. Edelen.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain &c.

57 Light Street,

BLTIMORE, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Inspection and sale of TOBACCO, and sale of all Country Produce. Consignments solicited. nov 30-1y

ALBIN PRICE & CO.,

909 La. Ave., & 910 C St., S. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Gen'l Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Lambs,

Veal, Grain, Hay, Cord-

WOOD, OYSTERS, POULTRY, EGGS WOOL, FUR, HIDES, ETC.

Return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received and hope to continue to merit the same. (feb. 5 2-m)

A CARD.

J. W. MONTGOMERY,

—WITH—

BULLEN & McKEEVER,

No. 939 Louisana Avenue,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE firm of Burch & Montgomery having been dissolved by mutual consent I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bullen & McKeever for the transaction of a General Commission Business for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, dogs and other country produce. Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past I respectfully solicit the continuance of same in the future.

Respectfully,

J. W. MONTGOMERY.

RARE CHANCE OFFERED

To Secure high Prices.

T. M. POSEY,

Commission Agent

For all Kinds of Country Produce.

941 B Street, S. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. Benj. Mattingly,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

SOUTHERN MARYLAND

Passaic Agricultural Chemical Works

LISTER BROTHERS, Proprietors.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fresh Bone Super-Phosphate of Lime.

AMMONIATED DISSOLVED BONE.

U. S. PHOSPHATE and CELEBRATED GROUND BONE.

THE BEST FERTILIZERS NOW IN USE

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES

Nos. 54 and 58 Bachanan's Wharf Baltimore, Md.

FACTORY—NEWARK, N. Y.

I have an Established Warehouse at La Plata, on the B. & P. R. R., and have always on hand there a full line of all grades of the above Fertilizers ready for immediate delivery. References: J. H. Langley, W. M. Jameson, Capt. Alex. Franklin, Thos. B. Delozier, Alex Haislip, John B. Carpenter, B. H. Owen and all who have used these goods.

We have a most excellent article for POTATOES and all kinds of Garden Vegetables.

John M. Lloyd.

GEN'L AGENT FOR

G. OBER & SON COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STANDARD FERTILIZERS,

AND DEALERS IN

FERTILIZING MATERIALS.

OFFICE, 25 S. Gay street, Corner

MARINE BANK BUILDING.

Factory, Locust Point. BALTIMORE.

Regular Brands:—*SPECIAL NO. 1 PERUVIAN RAW BONE & POTASH. AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME. PURE DIS. RAW BONES. PURE DIS. RAW BONES & POTASH. PURE DIS. BONE. PURE RAW GENUINE DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE. DIS. BONE PHOSPHATE & POTASH. WHITE HALL PHOSPHATE. LOCUST POINT COMPOUND. FARMERS STANDAD MURATE POTASH. 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 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 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 & Sons Company you will not regret it. Mr. W. L. Burch, at Bryantown, or Mr. C. B. Lloyd, our Collector and Salesman, 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.

Yours very truly,

JOHN M. LLOYD.

N B—What Mr. James F. Mattingly, a large and practical farmer of Cheptico District, St. Mary's county, says of our Tobacco Compound: He says that he can grow as large Tobacco from other fertilizers as he can from Ober's, but while Ober's is just as good as to quality, it weighs from ¼ to ½ more than any other Fertilizers 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 other sort for Wheat and Tobacco.

JOHN M. LLOYD.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES, BUGGIES!

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!! CARRIAGES!!!

All Kinds at All Prices from $50 up.

A FULL LEATHER TOP BUGGY $73.

Call and be convinced of what we say.

H. D. SCHMIDT,

21 N. Liberty Street, BALTIMORE.

OUR MATCHLESS

Mark Down Sale

Is now is full operation, such an opportunity to get strictly first class Clothing for Men, Boys and Children at such incredibly low figures has not occurred in 15 years. Everything must be sold, cost what it may. Don't delay as goods are being eargerly purchased by crowds of shrewd buyers. For the greatest bargains of our times, visit or write to

ACME HALL,

17 East Baltimore Street,

(NEW NUMBER.) *near Charles.*

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Sleigh Goods!

Assortment Large, Prices Low

IRONED SWELL CUTTERS,

With Shafts, no Paint, Substantial, Stylish, Superior. Write for Prices.

SWELL CUTTERS, NOT IRONED

SLEIGH BASKETS,

TWO AND FOUR PASSENGERS.

Sleigh Runners.

ONE TO TWO INCHES SQUARE

Sleigh Bells, Plumes, Plushes,

CLOTHS, CARPETS COUPLINGS, SHOES, IRONS, BOLTS, ETC.

Quotations Cheerfully Given.

"CAMBRIA"

Link Barb Wire,

makes the Best Fence, easiest to put up.

"CASTORINE"

THE RELIABLE AXLE OIL.

"CASTROLINE"

THE BEST AXLE GREASE.

COACH FINDINGS,

Bar Iron, Steel,

VARNISHES,

MURRY'S FINE COACH COLORS.

Important Items.

Delivery F. O. B. Cars and Boats. No charge for Boxes.

J. B. KENDALL,

618 Penna. Ave., 619 B St.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

INFORMATION

VOLINA CORDIAL

MANY PERSONS *at this season suffer from either Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles.*

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM, Bad Blood and Kidney Troubles, by cleansing the blood of all its impurities, strengthening all parts of the body.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES SICK-HEADACHE, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by toning the nerves and strengthening the muscles.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the assimilating of the Food through the proper action of the stomach; it creates a healthy appetite.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NERVOUSNESS, Depression of spirits and Weakness, by enlivening and toning the system.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES OVERWORKED and Delicate Women, Puny and Sickly Children. It is delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic.

Volina Almanac and Diary for 1887. A handsome, complete and useful Book, telling how to CURE DISEASES at HOME in a pleasant, natural way. Mailed on receipt of a 2c. postage stamp. Address

VOLINA DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

DR. JOHN W. MITCHELL,

DENTIST,

Old No. 160 N. Howard Street,

New No. 527 N. Howard Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Opposite Academy of Music.

I would respectfully ask my Charles county friends to call on me when requiring dental work of any description. I have every facility for doing first class dental work and guarantee satisfaction in all cases.

DR J. W. MITCHELL, D. D. S.

CHAPEL POINT MILLS.

THE undersigned having rented, thoroughly repaired and refurnished the above Mills are now prepared to receive grist of all kinds Wednesdays of each week for grinding Wheat. We keep constantly on hand a large supply of Meal to exchange for Corn. We will serve the public at any time of day from 5 o'clock A. M. to 8 o'clock P. M.

SMOOT & CROSS, Props

Poetry.

LITTLE FOLKS' WORLD.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land we all have been,
Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem
Like the echo of a tune set or the shadow of a dream;
And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is to-day.
—'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand,
Things that wiser folks and older cannot know nor understand;
In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland, and the mermen in the waves,
Know not what the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers,
—For the Land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for, when nursery time is o'er,
Thro' the Land of Little People we may wander never more
But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play,
And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they,
Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers,
—For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours.

Select Reading.

A PICTURE TO ORDER.

The time is back in "the fifties;" the scene, a dingy, old, tumble down building in a better days quarter of New York.

Across the front of this smoke begrimed pile is emblazoned a legend which, if of recent origin, must have been put there in sport. It runs: "Enterprise Building."

The pawn broker, the tallow candler, and the old clothes man are in possession of the ground floor, while the signs adorning the stairway jambs tell to what a motley crew the upper regions have been abandoned.

Within this portal, almost blockading it with his broad shoulders, stands a man of a type more numerous in the fifties than now. A genuine "Forty-niner"—red shirt, corduroys, top boots, leather belt, broad hat, sunburnt face.

His great, rough hand is fumbling irresolutely through his big, tangled beard, as he regards intently a sign upon the stairs which reads: "Portraits and Landscapes Painted. Room 39."

He has plainly been successful in his gold seeking. Even his back shows that It is a broad, well-to-do, one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar back. Perhaps he has had enough of "roughing it," and longs for a taste of the refined delights denied him in his exile.

Whatever his intention, he seems half ashamed of it, he takes a hurried glance up and down the street, and hesitates again before his resolve is taken, and his heavy boots go lumbering up the stairs.

In a little room on the top floor sits a shabby man, the physical opposite of the first.

The well worn books upon the shelves and the bulging portfolios of "studies" all about show that he too has been a digger after treasure, but of another kind, and his face gives evidence that he has found it.

His wide shadowy eyes see more than they rest upon, and his high brow teems with fancies, far above the groveling horde about him.

Upon the canvas before him his hand combines the fruits of research, observation and reflection in results too good to win the general applause—too perfect to be widely understood.

His labors have not brought him the robust health, nor yet the material rewards of the other.

He is thin and weak and miserably poor. Strive as he may with his unbusiness like, unpractical nature, he can but keep himself half fed.

The day is bitter cold, and he pauses often in his work to beat together his blue fingers, almost as numb and lifeless as the little, rusty unused stove in the corner.

How unequally the goods of this world are divided!

What a pity such as this cannot exchange of their possessions to the point of equalization with that other class represented by the wearer of the heavy boots now lumbering up toward him.

What a pity—ah, yes, but Fate does not often lend an ear to Pity.

Perhaps he was ruminating some what to this effect when the clump clumping of the top boots, followed by a vigorous bombardment of his door, interrupted him.

He rises and opens the door, starting half in fear, half with pleasure at the stalwart figure before him.

With such a model he could paint men.

"G'd mornin', stranger," says the "Forty-niner."

"Good morning, come in," the other replies, holding the door hospitably open.

"C'n I look at the pictures?"

"Certainly."

"The visitor steps over the threshold, and by the time the artist has closed the door and seated himself at his work, he has gone around the room, has "looked at them" and plainly failed to find something he has plainly hoped to see.

He stands now and watches the artist laying the colors on the canvass.

"Ah," he says, "I don't care much for pictures. They don't look like out doors. They don't look like the place I want to see. Say, stranger! could y' paint a picture' j'st as I'd describe it t'ye, so it'd look like th' very place?"

"I am afraid not. Words are not readily translated into form and color. The usual terms of description are too indefinite, capable of too many and too varied interpretations; too liable to distortion through the transforming influences of the painter's own imagination to render success probable."

"No, no; I d'n't mean anything like that. Jus' make it the way I'll tell ye. Kinder pan around, an' I'll help y't' strike it. Try it stranger! I'll stand the damages. 'N' if ye make 't look like the place, I'll pay ye well f'r it."

The inducements are irresistible to the hungry Bohemian, he puts a fresh canvass on the easel and seats himself, palette in hand, to make the attempt.

The other shuts his eyes a moment in retrospection, and then says: "Well, there's a river runnin' through the middle of this pictur' that I want t' see. Not a big river, just a kind of an overgrown creek. Big enough f'r trout an' sunfish that'd do a boy's eyes good to look at. But that ain't much of a description, is it! And he scratched his head in a public sort of way, and tries again: "Well, this river is about forty feet wide to the average. J'st paint it about that wide right across the middle there, will ye? Kinder windin' around, like this."

But the other doesn't paint it. Instead, he says: "There is nothing tangible in that. The water itself is no more visible than the air we breathe. We only seem to see it as it reflects other things, as the objects upon its banks, of the sky overhead, or shows us color from the salts or soils held in suspension, as, if it be muddy, or stained with——"

"No, 'taint muddy, it's clear as crystal an' deep an' blue. Y'c'n paint it blue, can't y', stranger?

"Tell me what its surroundings are, and I will try."

"Well, across, on the one side, is a row o' hills that stand right up against the sky. J'st make a row o hills there, will ye?"

The artist can do that. He was born among the hills, and now he recalls a certain group of them in every detail First, laying in a summer sky for background, he sketches in their forms in flat colors.

"No," says the other, "not like that, real hills, genuine new England hills, with hemlock'n' scrub oak 'n' hazel up 'n' down their sides," rock cropping out next, the river——"

"Wait," says the artist, and he dashes and dabs, and slaps and spatters the mingling tints and shades of color all about with a speed and abandon that is bewildering.

The gold digger, in his anxiety, bends over him closer, as though he would look through the canvass for the scene he longs for.

"No," he says, "no, taint it. Try the turn o' the river an' some land on this side.

Even as he speaks, the form and colors of the sky and hills are shimmering and rippling there, and at a sweep the painter describes the line of the nearer shore, and then the foreground seems to unroll across the canvas.

"That is like the turn o' the river! Try a stone wall down here t'wards the left. Is that a stone wall?"

"It will be.

"It looks to me like a streak o' brown paint.

"It is like a stone wall I have in mind," the artist says. But just here it was tumbling down, and the loose stones were scattered about, half hidden in the grass, like this, and here the cattle and the sheep came through and had worn a little, crooked path down to the water

"Yes, that's it, that's j'st what I want but I don't git it yet. I don't seem to see it for the paint."

"You look too closely. Stand back a little."

"Well, by George! It is like it stranger! It's like it to a dot. How could y'e hit it so close?" he asks in amazement. "But y' left out a house over here on this side," he continues. "A little log house with a cla'board roof 'n' a tall—a big oak tree bending over it."

The painter starts at this. It is his turn for amazement now. What a wild hope thrills him for the moment? What if this—pshaw! What a foolish fancy! A thousand homes would answer that description; and he goes on with his work.

He paints the little house, as he has painted the river and the hills and the old wall, not from imaginary, not description, but from memory.

He paints the little house where he and his brother Tom were born—where they spent their childhood together—the little house from which Tom, his brave, big brother, his hero, grown desperate over the hard lot of their widowed mother, had gone away with a bold front to seek his fortune—their fortune.

He paints the little house from which their little mother, broken hearted for want of tidings of her absent boy, had been borne to her grave—the little house, no longer home, from which he had wandered, a weak, forlorn, helpless little lad, out into the big world alone—all alone, vainly wishing that he might find Tom.

"Now you strike it, stranger! That's it! It's the very place! How much do you want for it? Name your price."

"I can't part with it!"

"But y' must, I tell ye, y' must! Don't trifle with me, stranger! I ordered that pictur' an' its mine. Y' won't go back on that. But go on! There's a winder on this side an' a door here—that's it! I c'n fairly see two mischievous youngsters a'hidin' behind that wall, an' mother stan'in' in th' door a callin'. Say, stranger! could y' j's put a woman in the door there shadin' her eyes with her hand, like this—a little tired, anxious-lookin' woman with the kindest face, the dearest face! Could y', stranger!"

"No. The space is too small. I couldn't do it, so that you could see the face."

"Paint me her face! will ye, stranger—will ye? See here." And he goes down into his capacious pockets and heaps a great pile of yellow coin and little heaps of "dust" upon the table. "Don't tell me y' can't do it, stranger. Y' thought y' couldn't do this, but y' hev. I'll try 'n' tell y' how she looked. I c'n see her face yet, but it's kind o' misty. If I c'd see one suthin' like it, I c'd tell y' how it was different." And he takes an eager, impatient turn about the room.

"No. 'taint like these, none of 'em," he says. "These gay ones is all well enough, but hain't y' got no plain-lookin' little women with home faces—with mother faces—hain't y', stranger?"

The painter dare not speak. He dare not look into the questioner's face, lest he lose the dear hope still growing in his heart.

Instead, for answer, he arises, and going to a corner of the room, lifts a faded curtain—draped as it might be over a shrine—reveals upon a low easel the worn face of his saint—his mother.

The gold seeker with a quick, spasmodic catching of his breath is on his knees before it, clutching the frame in both his big, sunburnt hands, as if he feared this might be an illusory fading vision.

His eyes are fixed upon the face, and for a time he does not move nor speak. Whipcords gather and knot themselves under the brown skin of his temples, and scalding tears well up in his eyes, and overflowing the rugged uplands of his cheeks in briny rivulets lose themselves in the wilderness of his shaggy beard that quales and quivers like a stretch of alfalfa in a storm. Then he presses his face against the cold canvas, kissing it over and over, and fetching great convulsive sobs. "Oh, mother" he moans, "after all, I was too late!"

The shabby little figure is down beside him, hanging about his neck, and crying: "Tom, Tom. Brother, don't you know me?"

The brawny giant, never turning his eyes from his mother's face, gathers the other in his strong arms with an embrace like a grizzly, and murmurs between his sobs: "Oh, Willie, Willie!"

Circumstantial Evidence.

HOW IT ALMOST LYNCHED AN INNOCENT MAN ACCUSED OF MURDER.

In the early days when the greater part of the money in circulation consisted of notes issued by State banks, the Pennsylvanian seldom accepted notes issued by banks in another State, and a good deal of business was done by men exchanging the notes, charging a small commission for so doing, just as a man wanting to travel in Europe has his money exchanged to that of the country in which he is going to travel. John Burnsides left Pittsburg for Wheeling, intending to cross the river and buy some land he heard was for sale in Ohio. When he got to Wheeling he had his Pennsylvania money exchanged for that of Ohio at one of the banks and he then crossed the river and went to the house of his brother in-law, a considerable distance away. Having investigated the land he thought of buying he returned to his brother in-law's place and said he would like to have gone back to Pennsylvania by another route, but would have to go to Wheeling to get his money changed.

The brother-in law said he had a good deal of Pennsylvania money that had gradually accumulated by his having frequently exchanged small quantities for travellers. He made the exchange, receiving the identical packages of Ohio given by the bank at Wheeling. Burnsides bought a horse and intending riding home across the country.

"Have you got any weapons?" said his brother in-law.

"No," replied Burnsides, "I never carry arms."

"Well, your road is a lonely one, so take this pistol. It may come handy. You can send it back with some traveler after you get into a more thickly settled country."

The revolver had the owner's name cut in the handle. Burnsides started, and the next day travelers reported the finding of his dead body. Examination showed that there had been a struggle, and in searching the bushes near the spot the pistol was found. The owner's name being out on it, Burnsides' brother-in law was arrested. The packages of money were found and these were positively identified by the bank officers at Wheeling. There was not the slighest doubt entertained as to the prisoner's guilt, and he was locked up in jail to await his trial, although the case seemed so plain that there was some talk of lynching him. The court did not meet till some months after that, but before the trial came off the authorities received from some obscure town in Indiana, the confession of a man who had just died of consumption, that he had killed Burnsides. In this case there were only a few links in the chain of circumstance, but they were very strong, and undoubtedly would have convicted the poor man but for the confession.

While the fashion of high hats is in vogue is the time to elevate the stage.

PEBBLES.

An electric experiment—Repeating at the polls.

She—"Come, hubby, take me to the theatre to-night." He—"Can't do it. I've only one ticket, and it's necessary for us to economize now that we are married. Good-bye, love."

Employer: James, here is a letter for you, from the dead letter office. James, in agony: Then it's from my son. He's bin sick for weeks, and I've bin expectin' this every day.

'I never take anything in my whisk,' he said, as he shaded the glass with his hand, and lifted it slowly to his mouth. "No," responded the bartender, with emotion, "you don't leave any room for it."

"Have you ever sat upon an inquest?" asked the coroner of a cowboy. "Betcher life I hev, stranger," was the ready answer. "And what kind of a verdict did you bring in?" "A charge of murder against the doctor."

Bertie—"Say, Miss Pratt, isn't it uncomfortable to have something buzzing in your hat all the time?" Miss Pratt—"Why, there isn't anything buzzing in my hat, Bertie." Bertie—"Yes, there is. Pa says you've got a bee in your bonnet, and its a good big one, too."

Business is said to be better than at this period last year; but all the same, more people are "going down-hill" this winter than ever before. This is principally due to the large number of toboggan slides recently erected in this country.

Two students ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaims the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."

A very sad story of domestic infidelity is told by the Washington *Critic*. The woman was complaining of her Christmas presents. "Don't look a gift mule in the mouth," said her husband, whereupon she said: "Keep your mouth shut then!" Of course there will be a divorce. Nobody but an angel would submit to such a retort as that.

An old farmer in Wisconsin rode thirteen miles on a frosty morning to say to a friend in whom he had confidence: "John, I bought $2,000 worth of silver-mining stock a couple of months ago, and here's a notice about it." "Ah, I see; it is an assessment of $7 per share." "Is an assessment a dividend?" "Why, no; one is money coming in, and the other is money going out." "Well, that's what I wanted to know. If it was coming in, I was going to buy a horse. Being it's going out, I've got to sell a yoke of steers."

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle-nails will fasten them.

One fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet to the service to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them down.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stones, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand, will lay one hundred feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney. Nine brick in a course will make a flue eight inches wide, and twenty inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide, and sixteen long.

A box twenty-eight inches by sixteen inches square, and twenty inches deep will contain a barrel.

A box eight inches square and four and one eight inches deep will contain a gallon.

A box four inches by four inches square and four and one-eighth inches deep will contain a quart.

A Temple of Serpents

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upward of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives. These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads hanging downward in all sorts of contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the biggest ones, some of which are big enough to enfold a bullock in their coils. It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished by death; and if a European was to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through a course of purification, which takes place once a year.—*St. James Gazette*