

# The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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

Established in 1844.

PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND, MAY 27, 1887.

Volume XLIII--No. 50.

## Chipchase Bros.,

Commission Merchants,  
FOR THE SALE OF  
Leaf Tobacco, Grain, Wool &  
Country Produce.

224 South Charles Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will give special attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us. All kinds of  
FERTILIZERS, COVER SEED,  
GROCERIES AND IMPLEMENTS  
furnished at LOWEST PRICES.  
Liberal advances made on consignments.

We have engaged the services of MR. AUGUSTUS T. GRAY to solicit for us in this county. (April 4-17)

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. 29-17-86)

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.

FIRAM G. DUBLEY, J. WALKER CARPENTER  
LUTLEY & CARPENTER  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
FOR THE SALE OF  
Tobacco, Grain &c.  
67 Light Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. Consignments solicited and prompt returns made. (Feb. 5-20)

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. 5-20)

A CARD.  
J. W. MONTGOMERY,  
WITH  
BULLIN & McKEEVER  
No. 939 Louisiana Avenue,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE firm of Bullin & Montgomery having been dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bullin & McKeever for the transaction of a General Commission Business for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Hogs 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.

THOMAS PERRY,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
No. 17 King Street,  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Agent for Chemical Fertilizer Co of Baltimore city, Germ Patent Family Flour, and Wats's Richmond Plows.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to me, and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business when you are in more money than you can do with. Write me at home. Either sex; any age. Something new, that just comes money for all workers. We will start you capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not miss. Grand outfit free. Address: TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine.

## CUT THIS OUT

SEND TO US, AND WE WILL FILL OUT PRICES AND RETURN.

THE combination recently entered into by the Wheel Manufacturers furnishes an opportunity for Carriage and Wagon Builders to purchase the material and put up Plain Wood Hub Wheels at a reasonable cost, we therefore submit for your consideration the following:

Lot No. 10.  
1 SET HUBS, up to 5 inches dia.  
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 1 to 1 1/2 in.  
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 in.  
PRICE.....

Lot No. 20.  
1 SET HUBS, up to 6 inches dia.  
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 in.  
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 in.  
PRICE.....

Lot No. 30.  
1 SET HUBS, up to 7 inches dia.  
1 SET HICKORY RIMS, 1 3/4 or 1 7/8 in.  
1 SET HICKORY SPOKES, 1 3/4 or 1 7/8 in.  
PRICE.....

Lot No. 40.  
1 SET HUBS, up to 9 inches dia.  
1 SET OAK SPOKES, 2 to 2 1/2 inches.  
PRICE.....

MANUFACTURER OF  
THE NOVELTY AXLE SETTER  
-AND-  
STRAIGHTENER.  
No Shop complete without one.

"CASTORINE,"  
The only Reliable Axle Oil.  
"CASTROLINE,"  
Champion Axle Grease.  
"MAGNOLIA,"  
Axle Grease in 25 lb Pails.

"Cambria Link Barb Wire,"  
Steel Harrow Teeth.  
Coach Findings, Iron, Steel.

J. B. KENDALL,  
618 Pa. Ave., 619 B St.,  
WASHINGTON CITY.

PARTIES owning Saw Mills and engaged in getting out Prime White Oak Lumber are invited to correspond with us, as we're always in the market for this class of material.

Dry Goods  
Hamilton Easter  
& Sons,  
BALTIMORE STREET,  
BALTIMORE,  
ARE LARGE  
IMPORTERS, JOBBERS & RETAILERS  
OF  
DRY GOODS.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged first-class Dry Goods House.  
We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.  
Our business reputation for the past 36 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.  
In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.  
We send Samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted.

FALL AND WINTER  
MILLINERY!  
TO THE LADIES.  
HAVING just returned from Baltimore with a complete and handsome stock of fall and winter millinery I am now prepared to furnish the ladies of Charles county with the newest and latest styles in  
HATS, BONNETS, CAPS,  
Trimmings, Laces, Ribbons,  
Toilet Articles, &c.

My stock is as complete as can be found this side of Baltimore and much of it, notably dress and hat trimmings, is superior to any heretofore brought to this county. All ask is an examination.  
Call and examine my stock and if you are in need of it and Winter Styles I think I can please you.  
MRS. M. F. WADE,  
Port Tobacco.  
(at Post Office.)  
W. N. DALTON, MOST, STRICKLAND.

DALTON & STRICKLAND,  
Fine Shoes.  
No. 939 Penn. Avenue, N. W.,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Fine Hand-Made Shoes for Ladies and gentlemen equal in Fit and Finish to custom work, for less money is a specialty of ours.



OEHM & SON, Pratt and Hanover Sts.  
Also, OEHM & SON, Pratt and Hanover Sts.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO MAKE EITHER OF THESE GREAT STORES YOUR HEADQUARTERS WHEN IN BALTIMORE.  
WAITING AND TOILET ROOMS FOR LADIES.  
"MADE TO ORDER" DEPARTMENTS both for CLOTHING and SHIRTS.  
BAGGAGE CHECKED FREE FOR ALL VISITORS.  
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO, AND CATALOGUES, SAMPLES AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

## A FEARFUL CUT

has been inaugurated by us, to take place at once.  
We have sliced our prices from time to time, and the last chip has been severed in this Great Under-Price Sale. Let any Legitimate Establishment beat it if they can, and we will Stop Blowing our Horn; but slum competition and fraudulent Advertisers we ignore.

From Our Regular Dress Goods and Domestic Departments!

All Shades in 45 inch Tricots.....	43 cents
45 inch Silk and Wool Cashmere, Henrietta Finish.....	83 "
24 inch Satin Marvallo, worth \$1 25.....	99 "
21 inch Silk Surah, all shades.....	6 "
Double-width, Fancy Manchester, Plain and Fancy.....	7 "
Stipped Crede.....	7 "
Yvota Tricots.....	54 "
Novelty Stripe Dress Goods.....	54 "
Basket Plaid.....	5 "
Genuine Merrimac Satines.....	15 "
36 inch Shirting Percales.....	61 "
Amoskeag Dress Gingham.....	71 "
Our Entire Line of Fine Dress Prints.....	5 "

SHORTENED! SHORTENED!  
Zanzibar Gingham, retail 12 1/2 cts., Our Price..... 81 cts.  
Corded Amoskeag Gingham, retail 15 cts., Our Price..... 94 "

PICKINGS FROM DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.  
Colored Silk Mitts, slightly soiled, regular price, 25 cts..... 9 cents  
Fine Black Silk Mitts, regular price, 13 "..... 11 "

We Continue Our Great Matting Sale.  
Fancy Matting..... 15 cents  
25 cent Fancy Matting..... 20 "

Our Great \$1.98 Shoe Sale for Ladies and Misses.  
We have 1,000 Pairs of Fine Shoes, such makes as P. Cox & Bro., A. F. Smith, J. A. Cousins, Pentland & Holmes, Bridgman & Co., and other First-Class Makes, in A. B. C. D. and E. Lasts, in Opera and Common-Sense Styles, worth from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a pair, all at the Uniform Price of \$1.98. Men's Fine Shoes at \$1.98.

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## Porty.

SATURDAY NIGHT.  
The little hat all in a row,  
gladly for church on the morrow, you know;  
Washing new faces and little black toes,  
letting them ready and fit to be kissed;  
Wiping them into clean garments and white;  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little one all round her chair,  
hearing them lip forth their soft evening prayer,  
letting them stories of good deeds to tell,  
The mother who waits for the lambs to this fold.

Seeing us softly to take a last peep,  
Since the last token of childhood's first sleep;  
Anytime to know the dear ones are gone,  
Looking over our heads and little black toes,  
Who but a mother knows where to begin!  
Changing a button to make it look right,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Smelling down gently beside the white bed,  
Sweetly and meekly by her head,  
"Tarry as only a mother can drag,  
Keep guide and keep them from going astray!"  
Angels are telling with angels delight,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Select Reading.  
"STOP THE SHIP."  
It was a dark, moonless night in the middle of December, and the rising wind was whistling in the rigging and piping among the taut shrouds of the steamship Sardinian, as she plunged through the Atlantic surges, homeward for Liverpool.

The sleeping decks were silent and deserted, save for the figure of the officer on watch pacing slowly up and down before the wheelhouse, and a little group of saloon passengers clustered under the lee of the starboard life-boat on the quarter-deck. There was some half-dozen of us all. Two fair ladies in elegant evening dress, the solidists in the "old country," a couple of young "subs," coming home on leave from their regiment in Halifax; and one other careless pleasure seeker, like myself, returning from a visit to the far West. We had been waiting away the evening by singing glee and telling stories, until the quartermaster striking five bells, the watch had to be put out.

Not feeling inclined to turn in, I made my merry companions good-night, watched them laughingly down the stairs, and then I went to my cabin. "You seem to have had a pleasant time under the boat there," he said, after a few remarks upon the look of the weather and the speed we were running at.

"Yes, and we ended up with a ghost story, which Mr. Burton told about his old grandmother away from a figure of her kind, standing beckoning her earnestly away from the terrace-walk which ran under a brick fire wall in the hall grounds. She followed him, and scarcely had she got out of danger before it fell with a crash just where she had been walking but half a moment before. His friend, Wynn, made fun of it all, and then we went into a hot discussion upon the way and sound sight and the treat of it."

"And do you believe in such things?" "Not a bit," I answered, promptly. "Such things, as you call them, never appear to cool-headed people in every day life, but only to timid, scared, and nervous persons."

"I don't know that. I am not particularly nervous, I fancy; and yet a queer thing happened to me aboard this ship not very long ago," and he turned to glance at the swinging compass at the mizzen cross-tree. "If you care to hear about it, I'll spin you the yarn—unless you want to turn in."

So he began his story, whilst the creaking of the spicere looking spars aloft sounded like the moan of iron heli spars under the swishing of the water under the counter kept up a mournful rhythm as she spoke as follows:

"We left the Mersey the first week in May, bound for New York, with a full ship—saloon and steerage both crowded—and made a quick run, for she is a fast boat, and the captain never gives her a chance of getting far off her straight course."

"We were five days out, and that evening some of the gentlemen had got up a concert, which was a great success, and everybody seemed in high spirits at the prospect of the quickest passage on record. Of course this was before the Arizona, Alaska and Etarra had astonished the world by the wonderful smart runs which they have made. I relieved Mr. Jones at four bells and took the bridge, remarking to him, as he turned to go down the ladder, that it felt uncommonly cold for the time of year. It is leaving a warm cabin makes you feel it, he said, wishing me a pleasant watch, and the next moment it was up there alone."

"It was a pitch-dark night, and a thick veil of blackness seemed to wrap the ship from stem to stern. There was no wind and the sea was quiet, the stillness only broken by the dull, regular throbbing of the great engines as the steadily drove her along. I glanced about as I could barely distinguish the watch forward and then I turned aft and saw the dim form of the officer in charge of the deck leaning against the port door of the wheel house."

"All was right, and I began to pace slowly across the bridge from side to side, watching the white gleam of the phosphorescent water as it raced past and trailed away into the dark expanse behind us. I remember thinking that a nutshell this powerful ship was there in the midst of the boundless ocean, and how but this plate of iron was between the hundreds of souls now sleeping helpless below decks and the graves thousands of

fathoms down among all the hideous creatures that live in the sunless depths. I was roused out of my musing by the voice of the Captain, who had come up to see if all was right, as he generally did several times during the night, for he was always alive to the fact that he had a valuable ship and precious lives under his care, and nothing ever made him forget it. I have heard him say to some gentlemen who pressed him to join them in a bottle of champagne to celebrate the speedy arrival of his vessel off the Irish coast:

"I am much obliged to you for the kindness which prompts the request, but we are nearing land, and this night, of all others, I must keep a cool head and a clear eye for your sake and my own."

"Well, as I was saying, the captain came alongside and said: "How's her head, Mr. Brown?" "W. N. W., a quarter W. sir, I answered, with a glance at the binnacle. "Right it is—keep it so; he made good night, and I watched him go along the deck forward to speak to the watch on the fo'k'sel."

"Then I began my walk again, and my thoughts slipped away home, and I wondered how my wife and young ones were. I lived over again in fancy the days I had spent ashore during my last leave, and then, somehow, memories of my boyish days crept in. "Suddenly a curious sensation came over me and utterly banished all dreaming. I cannot tell you what caused it, but a powerful feeling of terror overcame me, and I trembled like a palsied old man. A great sense of a dread of something terrible about to happen seized me—something I knew not what, and I strove against it in vain. I clung to the bridge rail in front, and I grew calmer as the low voices of some of the men forward fell upon my ear."

"Thompson!" I called, and the burly boatswain's mate came toward me with the easy roll of a seaman, and touching his cap, said: "Did you want me, Mr. Brown?" "Everything right—the watch a wake?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; but it's pitch dark, and we can't see five yards ahead. Jim Dixon's for'ard."

"Take a look round yourself," I replied. "The mate was gone, the tarpaulin was blown down to leeward, and I was left staring after him as he disappeared."

"You seem to have had a pleasant impression gained upon me that I must do something; but what I could not make out. You have no idea of the awful agony I was in, and how I strove to find out what it was that I now felt impelled to do. My brain seemed on fire, my temples throbed as though they would burst, and a strange buzzing sounded in my ears. I felt as if I was going mad and the thought of the great ship in charge of a man whom I had never seen before. A wild feeling, that it would be better to throw myself overboard except I had a rope, and I knew I did make a step over to the side, when a ray of light broke in upon me. The turmoil in my brain grew still, and a voice distinctly said in my ear—

"Stop the ship!" "I looked round sharply left and right, but there was not a creature on the bridge except myself. I leaned over the side and looked down on to the deck, but it was deserted, silent and dark. I even glanced aloft, but of a use saw nothing there except gant rigging and the slender braces and lifts.

"All right fore and aft, sir," came Thompson's voice, and his dusky form loomed out of the shadow.

"What order did the Captain give just before you came up?" I asked. "Not that I for a moment thought that it was his voice which I had heard, but I wanted to see if the boatswain's mate had noticed anything."

"Order, sir? Why the cap'n be turned in."

"But did not you hear some one say 'Stop the ship,' just as you go to the ladder foot?" "No, sir, but I'll take my divy on."

"Very well, you may go, but mind you keep a sharp lookout."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the man moved away.

I felt inclined to laugh at myself for an old woman, when a chilly feeling crept once more upon me, and something within me this time earnestly said:

"Stop the ship!" "I shook the feeling off, however, and determined to give way no longer to morbid fancies. I lighted a pipe, and began to pace briskly to and fro, from port to starboard and starboard to port. But, though all traces of fear and terror vanished, yet ever those words came ringing in my ear, and the faster I walked the more plainly I heard—

"Stop the ship! Stop the ship!" "Again I halted the watch: All right forward? Can you see anything ahead? and I peered out into the dark night round.

"All clear for'ard, but we can't see more than ten yards, sang out Thompson, suddenly.

"So once more I began my measured tramp, but louder and louder came the command in tones of frantic entreaty—

"Stop the ship! Stop the ship!" "It was no use striving longer; I felt some potent influence force me to the engine room telegraph. I seized the handle, and for a moment paused as I thought of the confusion and alarm which I was about to cause, and how angry the sleeping captain would be at my daring to do such a thing without his orders. The next instant I rang: "Easy ahead." I felt the engine's throbbing more slowly. Yet again I heard, almost madly—

"Stop the ship!"

And without a moment's further hesitation I rang "Stop," and soon the throbbing ceased entirely. I heard exclamations of surprise from the folks. There was a rare commotion on the deck as the captain rushed up the ladder in anxious haste, but before he could reach my side, the resistless power had overcome me again, and I rang down "Full speed astern."

"In heaven's name, what's the matter, Brown?" I heard the astonished captain say as the mighty screw began to race astern, and forcibly pull up, as it were, the great ship, which still groined gently ahead.

"Before I could answer, or even glance around, a loud shout from the lookout on the bows: "An iceberg right on us!" was followed by a slight shock and a quiver and rattle as we ran stem on to the towering monster. What our fate would have been had we been steaming at full speed, you may guess; instead of carrying you home to-night the old Sardinian would have added one more to the mysteries of the sea."

There was a dead silence as the speaker ended, and we puffed our pipes thoughtfully for a few moments, until he added—

"That is a queer yarn, I know, and if you can explain it so much the better. I have often tried to do so to myself, but cannot. I believe some unseen spirit was sent to save those helpless souls that night, in spite of all the clever reasons which scientific things, and I know that but for that powerful impulse which I could not resist, we should have rushed upon our doom. My yarn is a true one."

Then glancing up aloft, he said: "The wind is hauling round, and we must have some of that canvas off her at once."

With a cheery good night he left me, and I went below and turned into my berth, the shrill notes of boan's whistle, mixed up with the creaking of blocks and the "haul ho!" of the watch in my ears, as I thought over the curious story which was told me by the second officer.

The Meanness of Gambling.  
One of the saddest vices of these days is the vice of gambling. It is profitable to so many young men as to give rise to a bad habit. We often hear of the young man who has gambled really means. We have heard more than once this kind of argument: "That is a man in a perfect right to risk his money if he chooses, and if he wins or loses, it is his business, and his alone. This looks right perhaps on the face of it, and we have no disposition just now to controvert the argument, although it would be very easy to show the weak point in this logic. We pass to another point. There is a class of about gambling that ought to disgust every man who makes the slightest pretension to being a gentleman. Gambling at the very heart of it is mean, ignoble, dishonest. It means getting something for nothing. Every time a man gambles he wants to take something out of somebody else's pocket without rendering anything in return; and of all dishonesties this is the meanest. There is no getting away from this plain statement of the case. No man ever bets, but he bets with the intention of taking from the man with whom he is betting the wager, if luck be on his side; and if it be a dollar or a thousand dollars he wants to get money for nothing. Apart from everything else that kind of thing demoralizes a man, and yet there are many young men who have a notion that it is high-toned to do a little gambling. There is no greater mistake in the world. Young men, taking something for nothing is mean and unmanly, and what is unmanly can never be gentlemanly."

A Lawyer With a Heart.  
"Have you ever been in prison?" asked a badgering lawyer of a modest witness whom he was trying to bully. The witness did not answer.

"Come now, speak up, no concealment. Have you ever been in prison, sir?" "Yes, sir, once," answered the witness, looking modestly down to the floor.

"When were you in prison, sir?" "In 1863."

"Where, sir?" "The witness hesitated.

"Come, own up now; no dodging screamed the lawyer. Now where were you in prison, sir?" "In—"

"In Andersonville, sir."

"There was a moment's painful pause. Then the lawyer, who was an old soldier, put his hand to his forehead as if a pistol shot had struck him, whilst there came a gasp from the witness. The jumping forward, he clasped his arms around the witness neck:

"My God! I was there myself."

Teacher: "With whom did Achilles fight at Troy?" Boy: "With Pluto." "Wrong." "With Nero." "Wrong." "Then it was Hector." What made you think of Pluto and Nero? "Oh, I knew it was one of our dogs. Their names are Pluto, Nero and Hector."

Lady, the library: "I'm getting so tired of modern fiction; can you recommend any good exciting standard work?" Librarian: "Have you read 'The Last Days of Pompeii'?" Lady: "No, I believe not. Can you tell me what he died of?" Librarian: "Eruption, I believe."

Advice to Young Men.

The world is older than you are by several years; for thousands of years it has been full of smarter and better young men than yourself; when they died the globe went whirling on, and not one man in a hundred million went to the funeral or even heard of his death.

Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can; shed the weight of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't try to dazzle or astonish anybody with it.

And don't imagine a thing is, simply because you think it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do.

He used to think he was as much smarter than his father as you think you are smarter than yours. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than young men have of the world.

Your clothes fit better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish. He used to be as straight and nimble as you are.

He, too, perhaps, thought his father old fashioned. Your mistake is nearer, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, far prettier than "pa."

But, young man, the old gentleman's homely, scrambling signature on a check will draw more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper plate signature in six months.

Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we would not get up a picnic successfully without them.

But they are no novelty, they have been here before. Every generation has had a full supply of them, and will have to the end of time; each crop will think themselves quite ahead of the last, and will live to be called old fogies by their sons.

Go ahead. Have your day. Your sons will, by and by, pity you for your old-fashioned ways. Don't be afraid your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are looking for you, and if you are worth finding they will be sure to find you.

A diamond is not so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for diamonds because they are so rare.

Sam to Hustle.  
"Sar, Sam, I've been figuring," remarked one traveling man to another on the cars. "I've got the boss mathematical calculation."

"Well, there's at least thirty Uncle Tom's Cabin combinations in the country, ain't there?" "I guess so."

"And suppose each company plays seven nights and two matinees; that's nine performances a week. Forty weeks theatrical season, makes it 360 performances, and thirty companies make a grand total of 10,800 performances."

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