The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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A CARD.
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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.

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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
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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 I ask is an examination.
Call and examine my stock and if you are in need of Fall and Winter Styles I think I can please you.
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Fine Shoes.
No. 939 Penn. Avenue, N. W.,
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Fine Hand-Made Shoes for Ladies and gentlemen, equal in Fit and Finish to custom work, for less money is a specialty of ours.

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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	13 cents.
45 inch Silk and Wool Cashmeres, Henrietta Finish	83 "
24 inch Satin Marveillue, worth $1 25	99 "
21 inch Silk Surah, all shades	69 "
Double width, Fancy Manchester Plaid, Stripes and Plain	19 "
" Striped Creole Cloth, Latest Novelty	23 "
Viola Plaids	11½ "
Novelty Stripe Dress Goods	6¼ "
Basket Plaid " "	5 "
Genuine Merrimac Satines	15 "
36 inch Shirting Percales	6¼ "
Amoskeag Dress Gingham	7½ "
Our Entire Line of Fine Dress Prints	5 "

SHORTENDS! SHORTENDS!

Zanzibar Ginghams, retail 12½ cts., Our Price	8½ cents.
Crinkle Seersuckers, retails at 15 cts., Our Price	9 "
Corded Amoskeag Gingham	9½ "
Striped Seersucker, retails at 10 cts., Our Price	7½ "
1 Yard Lawnsdown, retail at 10 cts., Our Price	6¼ "
24 inch, All Wool, Cable twilled, only in Beige	13 "
Our Entire Line of All Wool Dress Goods, Plain and Fancy Striped	25 "
2 Cases of Pink and Blue Striped Tyrol Cloth	8½ "
An entire New Novelty, handsomer than the Finest Crinkle actual value,	15c

PICKINGS FROM DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS.

Colored Silk Mitts, slightly soiled, regular price, 25 cts	9 cents.
Fine Black Silk Mitts, regular price, 29 cts	13 "
Silk Taffeta Gloves, 8 Button Length, regular price, 39 cts	21 "
Six Button, Embroidered Back, Kid Gloves, regular price, $1 24	83 "
Ladies' Jersey Gauze Vests, regular price, 35 cts	23 "
" Balbriggan Lisle Vests, regular price, 49 cts	33 "
Our 39 cent Men's Unlaundried Shirts	25 "
" 50 " " " "	42 "
" 69 " Reinforced Back and Front	50 "
Gents' Gauze Undershirts	23 "
" Fine Gauze Undershirts	39 "
Men's Genuine English ½ Hose, sizes 8 to 10, different shades (Garnet only, sold for 49c.) closing	25 "
Men's Colored Bordered, Union Linen Handkerchiefs	9 "
" Fancy Striped Flannel Shirts Plaited Bosom	59 "
Boys' White Flannel Shirts	59 "
Ladies' Corsets	21 "
49 cent Misses' Corsets	35 "
Our Celebrated Prize Corset	35 "
The World Renowned Challenge Corset	43 "
11 4 Randolph Red Spreads, Knotted Fringe, Fancy and White	89 "
24 inch Gloria Umbrellas	1 25 "
26 " " "	1 39 "
28 " " "	1 69 "
28 " Twilled Silk Umbrella	1 89 "
Our Celebrated $3 00 "	2 39 "
" $1 89 Cream Lace Curtains, per pair	1 49 "
" $2 09 " " " "	1 59 "
" $1 99 " " " "	2 25 "
" $3 25 " " " "	3 19 "

We Guarantee 7 Yards of Material to Every Pair.

We Continue Our Great Matting Sale.

Fancy Mattings	15 cents.
25 cents Fancy Mattings	18 "
30 " " "	20 "
40 " Seamless "	25 "
50 " Satin Damask Matting	37 "

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. E. Smith, J. & T. Cousins, Pentland & Holmes, Bridgham & Co., and other First-Class Makes, in A, B, C, D and E lasts, in Opera and Common Sense Goods, worth from $2.50 to $5.00 a pair, all go at the Uniform Price of $1 98. Men's Fine Shoes at $1 98.
We also have about 500 pairs of Men's Fine Calf Shoes, in button, ball and Congress, seamless vamps and tops, including such makes as E. N. Howell, Jones Bros., Hathaway, Soule & Harrington, and other first-class makes—all go at the uniform price of $1 98.
Bear in mind, there is money in your pockets if you'll have the slightest faith in this Great Under price Shoe Sale.
Remember these are all fine goods. Quality of the shoe is a mountain compared with the molehill price of $1 98.
OUR MILLINERY, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, JERSEY AND INFANT CAPS, SITUATED ON SECOND FLOOR ARE OF THE LARGEST NOVELTIES, FINE SELECTION, AND PRICES EQUAL TO ANY.

DOUBLE COMBINATION, 1241 & 2143 11th St., S. E.,
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Universal Dress Pattern Given to Every Purchaser

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.

"Charles Egbert Craddock."

Possibly not since George Eliot's time has there been so great a literary sensation as that created by the discovery of a feminine personality behind the *nom de plume* of Charles Egbert Craddock. While well known that Craddock was an assumed name, the style, subject-matter, even the handwriting, contained no feminine suggestions. Yet Miss Mary Noailles Murfree is distinctly a woman in the truest sense, possessing feminine accomplishments and attractions that have made her always a social leader and favorite. Speaking of her as a woman, a friend has said, "It is refreshing to find an intellectual woman free from George Eliot's haunting spectre of despair, and the morbid wretchedness of Charlotte Bronte's nervous little body; to see the cheerfulness and vivacity of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth once more united to genius and womanly tastes and feelings—to Christian faith, purity, and goodness."

On the paternal side, Miss Murfree is descended from a distinguished family of North Carolina, her great-grandfather, Major Hardy Murfree, for whom the towns of Murfreesborough, in North Carolina and Tennessee are named, having done good service in the Revolutionary war, and received in return a large grant of land in Tennessee, upon which Charles Egbert Craddock—she prefers to be known by this name—was born. Her grandfather, for many years a member of Congress from North Carolina, removed to Tennessee, where her father, a man of some literary attainments, was, prior to the war, a prominent lawyer possessed of extensive landed estates. Her mother—whose mother was a Murfree—comes of one of the leading and most influential families in the State. Becoming lame from a stroke of paralysis in her childhood, which in no wise dimmed an unusually bright disposition, she was debarred from the ordinary amusements of youth, and developed a reading habit, was always a hard student in school and out, encouraged by an intellectual and cultivated family circle. But doubtless she would never have achieved her brilliant literary success had not the fortunes of war proved disastrous. Mr. Murfree found it necessary to give up his house in Nashville, and Grantlands, Craddock's birthplace, was the battle-field of Murfreesborough. This old homestead and its surroundings she has accurately described in her first novel, "Where the Battle was Fought"—a book of strong parts, but deficient in construction, yet containing one of her most perfectly drawn and finished characters, General Vayne, a portrait from the life. In this emergency the family retired to Murfree's Rock, a small cottage perched upon a crag near Beersheba, a watering-place in the Tennessee mountains, where they were wont to spend the summer months. Here in this elevated region, overlooking miles of valleys, mountains, and undulating hills, peopled with the picturesque and primitive race of her romances, she unconsciously absorbed the material for her future work. Standing on the porch of the little cottage, gazing out over the magnificent landscape at sunset, she formulated in her mind a story which ultimately grew into the exquisite "The Star in the Valley." But it was not written then. About nine years ago, after the family had gone down to live at the sadly-altered old homestead, near Murfreesborough, before the final move to St. Louis, their present place of residence, the first story of "In the Tennessee Mountains" came into existence. This was "The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove," which first saw the light in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other stories followed, each exhibiting rare descriptive powers—a gift which she has since somewhat abused—a strong grasp of a novel subject and dialect, and a style at once bold and delicate. It is little wonder that when collected in a volume their publication was an event, that a sensation resulted from the discovery that a woman of society had written "A-Playin' of Old Sledge at the Settlemint," and "The 'Harnt' that Walks Chilhowee," depicting with masculine force the fierce passions, the minute daily life, of a scant civilization—a seemingly difficult task for a man's accomplishment. But it is characteristic of Miss Murfree's energy and earnestness that no obstacle raised merely by her sex is permitted to block the work in hand: thus she made a careful study of the game of poker for the sake of a scene in "Where the Battle was Fought," and has acquired a knowledge of many abstruse points of law. Her second novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," in which is unfolded the story of an illiterate mountain preacher and his wrestlings with unbelief, is a series of splendid scenes, somewhat disconnected, abounding in beautiful and graphic descriptions, and dealing entirely with the mountaineers, thus lacking the variety which enhanced the charm of many of the shorter stories. "In the Clouds," her latest work, shows a mastery of construction, in which its predecessors were deficient, possesses their salient features with some new ones, and goes far to establish an already assured reputation.—*Charles W. Coleman, Jr., in Harper's.*

"Well, I never quarrel with any one," remarked a quiet but cross-grained and sarcastic individual in a down-town office the other day. "No, perhaps not," remarked a gentleman seated near, "but, you give others plenty of opportunity of quarreling with you." Did you ever have such an acquaintance?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Going into mourning. Manager of theatre—"Well the proprietor of the house is dead. We must do something to show our respect to his memory." Treasurer—"Yes, of course, I suppose you'll close the house for a night or two." Manager—"No-o. Business is too good. I'll put the chorus in black tights for a week, though."—*Tid-Bits.*

While digging a ditch through a boggy piece of ground near Tiro, O., recently, J. D. Mitchner found close to the surface several very large bones; evidently the skeleton of some huge beast. They were decayed so that they were mere shells, except some teeth, which were well preserved. One of these was about seven inches long, four inches wide, twenty inches in circumference, and weighed two pounds and ten ounces.

Marriage in Turkey.

Marriage receives scarcely more attention among the Turks than birth and death, and there is little embarrassment from the administrative formalities that precede and accompany this solemn act in the West. There are no bans, no anouncements, no registrations. A man obtains a wife just as he would buy a bouquet, but neither the buyer nor the seller nor the intermediary asks for a receipt. As it is forbidden a man to enter the harem of another (even if he were a near relative of the latter) to see a young woman and talk with her, there are no marriages for love and no engagements. One father meets another father, and says to him: "You have a son and I have a daughter. If the mother of your son knows my daughter, let us strike a bargain; if she does not know her, let them see each other, and let us close up the business." The conditions are discussed, the dowry haggled over, then all the arrangements between the parents are made and the young people introduced to each other.

Let us add in passing that among us the marriages that are contracted in the great capitals of Europe, especially in Paris, do not depart far from this program. In France however a man is still allowed to behold the object for the acquisition of which negotiations are in progress. In Turkey this is forbidden; there marriage is a lottery indeed.

Turkish girls are promised usually when they are very young, even at a tender age, when they are only 3 or 4 years old. If the young bride should happen to die before her marriage, or be required for the Sultan's harem—for it may be premised that this is a case that breaks all engagements, and is esteemed as a great honor by parents—the intended husband is not expected to weep over what he loses, for he has never seen it. When the young girl reaches her 12th or 13th year, or somewhat later, her 14th year, she receives the nuptial blessing, and the husband cannot see the face of his wife until after that ceremony.

No woman, not even the wife, takes part in the solemnity of marriage, which is effected by proxy, delegated to an uncle or to an elder brother, often with a full beard, who plays the role of the bride. The parents of the couple sign the contract before the imam of their quarter, in the presence of a few friends, who act as witnesses. The nuptials are then celebrated by the families with a calmness and gravity that would be as suitable for a funeral as for a wedding.

The sexes never mingle at these festivals. The men take their pleasure in silence in their selamlik; the women a little more noisily—it is but natural—in the haremlik.

If the wife is too young or has delicate health, she is not intrusted to her husband. She is quickly shut up at her mother's, or at her mother-in-law's, sometimes for more than a year, until it shall please the latter to unite her with her husband. It even happens that the husband has had time to take his second wife before receiving his first.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

A Rich Plush Maker.

Mr. S. C. Lester, the well-known silk, plush, and velvet manufacturer of Manningham Mills, Bradford, has purchased the Jervaulx Abbey estate, which adjoins the Swinton Park property he purchased four years ago. He thus becomes the possessor of a splendid property extending six miles in one line, and embracing 32,000 acres of land.

The man who, in spite of bad times, has been making money at such a rate that he could expend £800,000 in four years in land out of surplus savings, and think little of it, is a remarkable illustration of what business enterprise and inventive genius can do, even in days when some people think the time for making fabulous fortunes has passed.

In a recent interview Mr. Lester, speaking of the way in which some men made money while others did not, and trade generally was depressed, said:

"A man with brains can make money at any time. It's no use picking out single cases to back up a view. Look how the silk trade of the country generally has gone to pot! I think I can say, without any charge of egotism, that I stand alone. Where is the man in England, or in the world, who can say, as I can say, that he has spent £600,000 in working out new ideas?

"My business life now is almost completed, and in all likelihood I shall never take out another patent, but some time ago I sent to my agent for my patent-list, which I had not seen for many years. How many patents do you think were on it? A hundred and seven! All for inventions in the silk and wool manufacture! I don't suppose that is a record that can be beaten by anyone. I have never gone in for anything less than £50,000 a year."—*London Court Journal.*

The water supply of the various European capitals affords some interesting facts, not the least notable of which is that Rome heads the list with her 204,000,000 liters of pure water—a liter being a little more than one and three-fourth pints—every twenty-four hours, and, as her population is 345,036, every inhabitant can thus dispose of nearly 600 liters a day. London comes next, for every one of whose population of rising 4,000,000 there are 300 liters daily. Paris takes the third place, her population amounting to 2,240,124, and each inhabitant having for alimentary purposes 58 liters per day, and for secondary use 169, or a total of 227. Berlin has 1,302,283 inhabitants, for each of whom there are 140 liters daily; Vienna, 770,172 inhabitants, with 100 liters each per day; Naples, 463,172, with 200 liters, and Turin, 278,598, with 90 liters a head every twenty-four hours.

A curious geological phenomenon exists in the vicinity of Behring's strait. At Elephant point, Kotzbue sound, a ridge two miles wide and 250 feet high seems to be a vast mass of ice, thinly covered with clay and vegetable mold. In this soil birches, alder, and berry-bearing plants grow luxuriantly, with the stratum of perpetual ice as the underlying rock within less than a foot from their roots.

A Hermit's Death.

Through mud and rain, over rocky thoroughfares, seven miles into the rural districts of Monson there lived a hermit, whose quiet country home and its surroundings is a novel sight, writes a Palmer, Mass., correspondent of the Boston *Globe*.

The rural home is now forsaken because Guy Goodwell, its recent sole occupant, whom everybody in the section knew, has passed into eternity.

The man in question was nearly eighty years of age, of dark complexion, and of fair physique for one of his years. He has always been a hale and hearty man from his boyhood days until he was found on the floor of his quaint, old-fashioned home with his eyelids closed in death.

It is evident that he died a natural death, as no marks of violence or foul play were perceptible upon any portion of the dead man's body. It is the general verdict that he had been dead for several days when found; and the physician who was summoned to view the dead man's remains deemed it inexpedient to hold an inquest and thought perhaps his death might have resulted from an apoplectic shock.

He was accustomed to ask for the assistance of a neighbor, James Chaffee, whenever he desired to send upon an errand to the village. This kindness had been granted to the old man for so many years that it had grown to be a duty which neighbor Chaffee rarely ever allowed to slip his mind, but it happened that he had neglected to call upon old Guy for several days, and when he did call it was to his surprise that all the doors were locked, curtains of a temporary kind placed upon the windows, and his old friend lying upon the floor dead.

The housework, cooking, etc., and the duties that frequently fall upon a woman were discharged by old Guy. The house in which he lived was literally a hovel, being of an antique design and badly dilapidated from garret to cellar. Its dimensions are twenty-five feet wide by thirty-five feet long, and constructed of wood. The structure contains three rooms but only one of these was occupied by the hermit and his sheep, which were his only companions.

When he retired at night he always "penned his sheep off" in one corner of the room, utilizing the wood-box and other material in fencing them in, while at the dawn of day they were allowed to ramble about the room, and were trained to perfection.

He was also the happy possessor of an old horse which he kept in a building adjacent, this animal being accompanied by two hens and a rooster; the latter he depended upon to awake him from slumber each morning.

His mode of securing a living was not due to assiduous and hard labor, as the little tract of land that he owned was never cultivated, but allowed to "grow up to brush." He occasionally manufactured baskets and sold them to the villagers thus obtaining some money, which he exercised due judgment in expending for other than necessary articles and most invariably doing without even those, as the appearance of his hovel would seem to indicate. His furniture consisted of a stove, bed, a few dishes, and one or two chairs.

It is believed by some that he had property and money concealed, but where it is hidden is a conundrum. Investigations will probably be made soon.

Cigarettes in Spain.

When you enter the enormous rooms crowded with girls dressed in bright colors the coup d'œil is striking in the extreme. In one immense low-vaulted room there are 1,500 girls. They sit in endless rows, about twenty girls to the row, on either side of the room, all at little tables, all rolling cigarettes. There is a blaze and a blur of color, a babel of tongues. Every girl has a gray handkerchief about her neck—every girl has a bright flower stuck in her hair. All along the walls hang the gay outdoor dresses of the little cigarettemakers. As I walk, blushing and nervous, down an endless avenue of flashing eyes, I grow almost giddy. It is a sea of women's faces, an undulating ocean of flower-decked heads. One has to pick one's way carefully down the central avenue, for it is blocked all along the line with cradles. The married cigarettemakers are allowed to bring their babies with them to the factory. They rock the cradle with one foot while their busy fingers roll the cigarette.

"Silence!" is called by the forewoman as the visitor passes down the line, but there is a "chut-chut" every second from some dark-eyed wench who points to a cradle and holds out her hand. It is the habit of visitors to bestow occasional coppers on the babies, and so all the young mothers are on the alert for the visitor's charity.

The girls earn good wages. At many of the tables whole families are working together. But the hours are long, and the atmosphere awful. The damp, warm odor of the tobacco in the long, low-roofed rooms is in itself almost stupefying. But there is no ventilation, and the atmosphere is absolutely indescribable. Many of the girls smoke cigarettes at their work. I was very glad to light one myself long before I had done the round of the factory.—*London Referee.*

The Rev. Robert Collyer of New York, at a meeting of the Baptist Social Union, used the following language, which by many clergymen will be considered rank heresy: "The newspapers of the day are more widely and faithfully read than the Bible, and they are doing a noble work in grappling with corruption. If you will promise me not to tell any one, I will tell you that I read my newspaper Sunday. After I eat my breakfast Sunday morning I read my newspaper, and then look over my sermon to see if I can improve it."

Roscoe Conkling is famous for his sarcasm. On one occasion somebody showed him a savage criticism in *Harper's Weekly*, written by George William Curtis. Mr. Conkling read it with much care. Then gently putting the paper down he said: "Did Miss Arimintha write that? Well, that is very good for Miss Arimintha. She writes quite well."

Brooklyn has a "Rheumatic Club." It is supposed to be in the form of a crutch.

Some Remarkable Men.

In the lower part of Coffee county, Georgia, lives Mr. Stafford Davis, a relative of the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, who is now 106 years old. He served through the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, but has never received a pension for his services and has never asked for one. When 29 years of age he married a Miss Bot, and now has children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to the number of 275. In 1872 his wife died after sixty years of married life, and recently he led to the altar a blushing bride of 50 summers. Mr. Davis has been strong and hearty until this year, but is now quite feeble.

Washington county, Pennsylvania, has a veteran of three wars in Isham White, who says that he was born in southern Georgia in 1776. He was one of those who fought behind the cotton bales under General Jackson at New Orleans, and thinks it was a bullet from his musket that killed General Packenham, the commander of the British forces on that occasion. He served against the Indians in Florida in 1836, and was a volunteer under General Winfield Scott in Mexico. His love for "Old Hickory" amounts almost to reverence, and he says that he votes for him at every Presidential election.

One of the largest men of modern times was Samuel Murfit, who died in England a few weeks ago. He was six feet one inch high, and weighed 560 pounds. The girth of his waist was nearly ten feet, and it took a tape-line twenty inches long to encompass the calf of his leg. No hearse could be found large enough to carry his body, and it took twenty men to lift the coffin through the window to an open wagon. He was a native of Wimblington, Cambridgeshire, and was 55 years old.

John Tipton, a sexagenarian resident of Illinois, has just begun the study of Greek. His life has been one of incessant toil on a farm, with scant opportunities for study, but every year he put aside a small sum out of his earnings, and thinks he has now enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days. He never went to school in his boyhood, and did not learn to read and write until well on in life.

Uncle Elijah Belflower, of Dawson, Ga., failed to attend a recent meeting of the masonic lodge and the members were so surprised at his absence that a committee was sent out to see if he was ill. This was the second time in forty-eight years that Mr. Belflower had missed a meeting.

The biggest man in Congress is Representative George T. Barnes of Augusta, Ga. He tips the beam at a trifle over three hundred pounds, and is one of the most popular men in the State. His constituency is proud of him, and he will probably remain in Congress as long as he wants to.

Perhaps the smallest man of his age now living is James Hogg of Cedar Springs, Mich. He was born in 1815, and was one of the smallest babies known, weighing only nine ounces. He now weighs but seventy-six pounds, and is only forty-five inches in height.

For Better for Worse.

Every woman who takes upon herself the "holy estate"—and it is indeed holy—"of matrimony" has to learn soon or late—happy if she learn it soon—that no two human beings can be tied together for life without finding endless difficulties, not only in the world outside, but in each other. These have to be solved, and generally by the wife, says a writer in the *Contemporary Review* for May. She must have a strong heart, a sweet temper, an unlimited patience, and, above all, a power to see the right, and do it, not merely for the love of man—"as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord" (a state of things belonging to a polygamous and not a Christian community)—but for the love of God, which alone can tide an ill-assorted couple over the rocks and quicksands of early married life into a calm sea and a prosperous voyage.

I state this, that if what I am about to say be somewhat iconoclastic it should be clearly seen that I wage war against false idols and not against true gods. And I write, not for those whose matrimonial lot is the average one, neither very happy nor very miserable, who, having made their bed, must lie upon it and make the best of it, but for those whose lot has turned out—as the man said of his bad wife—"all worse and no better," who are tied and bound, not always by their own fault, with a ghastly chain the iron of which enters their very soul, and from which they have no hope of escape but death.

The question I wish to raise is, how long a woman should endure the chain; how far she may righteously put up with the husband whom, under whatever circumstances, she has taken "for better for worse," and found hopelessly "worse." The opposite question, as to how a good man should deal with a bad wife, I do not enter into. Men are the law-makers, and can be trusted to take care of themselves.

He Resented It.

"Chappie, I was gwossly insulted to-day, doncher know,' remarked Fitzpercy. "Ah, how did it occuh, me dear boy?" inquired De Sappy. "I went to buy a hat, you see, and I absked the cweachah at the stoh, 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?' and the wretch rephied as bwazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.'" "Did you wesent the insult?" "Yaas, pwomptly." "How did you wesent it?" "I said, 'Wats!' weal loud and slammed the door as I went out."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A curious phenomenon is often witnessed in the mountainous districts of Nevada. Mountaineers call it "pogonip," and describe it as being a sort of frozen fog that appears sometimes in winter, even on the clearest and brightest of days. In an instant the air is filled with floating needles of ice. To breathe the pogonip is death to the lungs. When it comes, people rush to cover. The Indians dread it as much as do the whites. It appears to be caused by the sudden freezing in the air of the moisture which collects about the summits of the high peaks.

A hotel building containing eight hundred rooms is being erected at Santa Barbara, Cal.