The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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

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

ALBIN PRICE & CO.,
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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,
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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, 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.
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MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins 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 delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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 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	6½	"
Basket Plaid " "	5	"
Genuine Merrimac Satines	15	"
36 inch Shirting Percales	6¾	"
Amoskeag Dress Gingham	7¾	"
Our Entire Line of Fine Dress Prints	5	"

SHORTENDS! SHORTENDS!

Zanzibar Ginghams, retail 12½ cts., Our Price	8¾	cents.
Crinkle Seersuckers, retails at 15 cts., Our Price	9	"
Corded Amoskeag Ginghams	9½	"
Sherwood Seersucker, retails at 10 cts., Our Price	7¾	"
1 Yard Lawnsdown, retails at 10 cts., Our Price	6¾	"
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' Gause Undershirts	23	"
" Fine Gause Undershirts	39	"
Men's Genuine English ½ Hose, sizes 8 to 10, different shades of 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 Bed 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 Matting	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. F. 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, Bals and Congress, seamless vamps and tops, including such makes as E. N. Howell, Jones Bros., Hathaway, Soule & Harrington, and other [illegible] makes—all go at the uniform price of $1 98.

Bear in mind, there is [illegible] in this Great Under-Price Shoe Sale.

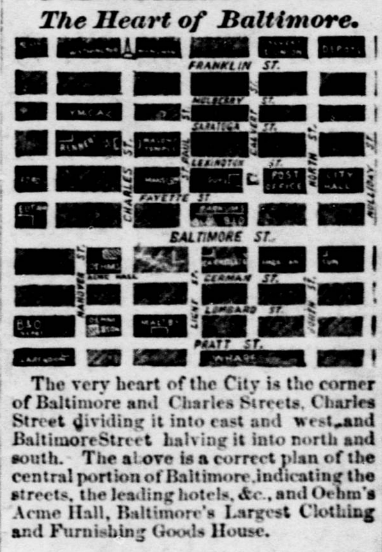
Remember these are all fine goods. Quantity of the stock is a mountain compared with the [illegible] price of $1 98.

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.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Universal Dress Pattern Given to Every Purchaser

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
Baltimore St., near Charles.

The Heart of Baltimore.



The very heart of the City is the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, Charles Street dividing it into east and west, and Baltimore Street halving it into north and south. The above is a correct plan of the central portion of Baltimore, indicating the streets, the leading hotels, &c., and Oehm's Acme Hall, Baltimore's Largest Clothing and Furnishing Goods House.

TERRIFIC REDUCTION!

$300,000 WORTH OF ELEGANT CLOTHING.
Men's Good Strong Suits, $6 & $7, formerly $10.
Stylish Cassimere and Worsted Suits, $10 reduced from $12 & $15.
Fine English Serges, Worsteds, &c., Suits $12, heretofore $18.
Imported Fabrics, all colors and shapes, Suits $15, were $20.
Finest Imported Cloths in the world, $20 and $25, elsewhere $35 and $40.
Boys' Suits, Best in this or any other market, at $1.19 and $2.50.
Boys' Stylish Suits, in Serges and Cassimeres, down to $2.50 and $5.
Boys' and Youths' Finest Dress Suits down to $6, 7.50, 10, 12, and $15.
Best Shirts in the world, 50c. & 75c: laundered, at 75c. & $1.
Neckwear at 50c., equal to other peoples' at 1.00.

Oehm's ACME HALL,
BY FAR THE LARGEST
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Baltimore Street, 1 door from Charles,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Also OEHM & SON, Pratt and Hanover Sts.

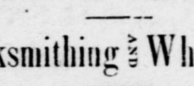
When visiting the city, make this Store your headquarters. Every convenience for strangers, and baggage checked free of charge.

"TO-ORDER" DEPARTMENT.
See the grand stock of Woolens; three times the largest in Baltimore. Prices and perfect fit guaranteed, or money refunded.

Write for Catalogues, Self-measurements and Samples, which will be sent you free of cost. Post yourself in styles and prices by visiting the Great Store of Baltimore, if you wish good Goods at low prices.

NOTICE!

Blacksmithing AND Wheelright-



ing, Carriage AND Wagonmaking

And all kinds of farm work done at the shortest notice and in the best workmanlike manner.
My wife, Mrs E. A. C. Hayden, also keeps a few GROCERIES to sell at my house. My Mill is in readiness, come along when you get ready, day or night, I will wait on you.

STEAM SAW & GRIST MILL
—AT—
COX'S STATION.
I am now prepared to do all the SAWING and GRINDING that may be needed by the farmers of that section. My facilities are ample for good and rapid work.
GRINDING DAYS:
Wednesday and Saturday.
Sawing done on Shares or for Cash.
Lumber, Shingles, Lathes, &c.
Always on hand or sawed at the shortest notice. Hoping to receive a share of the public patronage I promise good work in return.
jy. 24 tf. C. F. HAYDEN.

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—:o:—
Hamilton Easter & Sons,
BALTIMORE STREET,
East of Charles St., White Marble Building.
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 56 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.

JACOB MEYERS.
WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!
WINDOW SHADES.
Floor and Table Oil Cloth.
39 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

THE Old Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store of Baltimore city, is now prepared to show Spring Styles of Wall Paper and send samples to any part of the country when application is made. Will send the best workmen to put up the same when required. Will sell Wall Paper and Window Shades at factory prices. Call on or send to him for beautiful lines.

JACOB MEYERS,
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Has no branch House or any connection with any other house in the city.

UNDERTAKING
—AT—
COX'S STATION.

MR P. W. ROBY having recently purchased the undertaking outfit of C. F. Hayden is at all times prepared to attend to funerals, in any part of the county, at short notice. COFFINS and CASKETS of any description furnished at reasonable prices, and undertaking in all its brances performed after the most approved methods.
Thanking the public for past favors I would most respectfully ask for a continuance of the same.
P. W. ROBY,
Cox's Station.

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.

The Assault on Missionary Ridge.

One of the splendid battles of the war was that of Chattanooga. In the current number of the *Century* General Fullerton tells the story of the firing of the signal guns to take the rifle pits at the base of the ridge occupied by Bragg, and the rush of 20,000 men. The General says: "The enemy were thrown into confusion, and took precipitate flight up the ridge." He adds: "Many prisoners and a large number of small arms were captured." And now follows a clear statement of what the soldiers did for themselves—a most instructive and brilliant passage:

"The order of the commanding General had now been fully and most successfully carried out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes, to take breath and to form lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the ridge. Not a commanding officer had given the order to advance. The men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands, had moved of their own accord. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen stretching beyond on either side; there was no thought of support or reserves.

"As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say: 'Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?' Thomas replied in his usual slow, quiet manner: 'I don't know; I did not.' Then, addressing General Gordon Granger, he said: 'Did you order them up, Granger?' 'No,' said Granger; 'they started up without orders. When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them.' General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning round, stoically watched the ridge. He gave no further orders.

"As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: 'Ride at once to Wood and then to Sheridan and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead.' As I was mounting Granger added: 'It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you.' As fast as my horse could carry me I rode first to General Wood and delivered the message. 'I didn't order them up,' said Wood; 'they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too. Tell Granger, if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge!' As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to General Sheridan and delivered his message. 'I didn't order them up,' said Sheridan; 'but we are going to take the ridge.' He then asked Avery for his flask and waved it at a group of Confederate officers standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters with the salutation, 'Here's at you!' At once two guns—the Lady Breckinridge and the Lady Buckner—in front of Bragg's headquarters were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near as to throw dirt over Sheridan and Avery. 'Ah!' said the General, 'that is ungenerous; I shall take those guns for that,'" and he did, and a good many more.

The Cheap Crayon Artist.

"What becomes of the many artists who fail eh?" repeated a rising young artist to the query of a New York *Mail and Express* reporter. "Well, many of them hang on and do hack work all their lives. They degenerate into the cheap crayon artist, and many often clear as much as $50 a week. But the genuine art instinct is dead, and can never be revived by any process known to science. Do they make good crayon portraits? Yes, some of their portraits are excellent, but there is no characteristic art—nothing above mediocre mechanical excellence.

"New York has an army of crayon and pastel artists. The artist on the daily paper, who can sketch and originate positions, has far more talent and art instinct than the most successful crayon portrait maker.

"But the most successful-artist-fakir—if I may be allowed such a term—is he who does life-size portraits from photographs by means of solar printing. This solar printing enlarges the photograph, and the mechanical artist dashes on the crayon, thus saving him the labor of drawing the features. It is a quick method, and enables the busy artist to do more work. Many photographers have pictures made life-size by crayon artists for $8 apiece. I suppose, though, that the photographer gets more than $8 from his customers.

"Some of these artists do a large amount of work, and do it more rapidly than the scenic artist. I dropped into the studio of a successful crayon artist, not long ago, and found him rushing off portraits at a great race. He said he was in a big hurry to do several portraits, and asked me to help him. 'Oh, I don't want you to do the face; just jab in a lot of clouds in the background, old boy, and give me a starter.'

"I went to work and 'jabbed' in clouds while my friend was making a face on another canvas. He is a superior crayon artist, and receives the magnificent sum of $25 for each portrait. By hiring men to do backgrounds and all but the faces he turns them out by wholesale. I know a German crayon artist who does a wonderfully clever portrait, life-size, for $15. He doesn't use the solar printing plan. Of course there are some artists on the Bowery who turn out life-size bust portraits at $4 and $5; but these are bad, even from a crayon artist's point of view. The best artists rarely go under $15, unless they are doing work wholesale for photographers. The Art league frequently graduates first-class crayon artists by simply letting them know that they have no art instinct above the mechanical. This information saves the student years of useless study. The crayon artist deserves credit for his true mechanical methods and his cheap prices do not interfere with other artists who are not mechanical. Solar printing has brought life-size crayon and pastel portraits within the purview of very limited purses."

Photographing a Papoose.

I had often longed for a good picture of a Navajo baby in its native plains, and here was an opportunity not to be lost, says a writer in *Nature*. So, stepping a few feet out of the way, in an instant I had my instrument in position, focused on the path, and, with instantaneous snap ready, I stood quietly for my subject to pass. On he toddled, until he came within about thirty feet of me, when he suddenly stopped, and, to my surprise, seemed to fully take in the situation. At this stage I felt quite sure that one of our babies, especially of this tender age, would have began to cry, and more than likely retraced its steps to the hut from whence it had issued. Not so, however, this infant Navajo; and mark the difference. He steadily watched my every movement, and was evidently determined to reach the lower hut. Very cautiously leaving the path on the side farthest from me, he was in the next instant, behind one of the sage bushes, which was something over a foot taller than the baby. From this position he peered through the leafless twigs at me to see what I would do about it. A little annoyed at this turn of affairs, I threw the focusing cloth over my head and turned the instrument on him. Taking advantage of this temporary concealment of my head, he ran thoroughly baby-fashion, to the next lower brush, a distance of ten feet, where, hiding as before, he crouched down and stared at me like a young lynx through the twigs. He now looked for all the world the young Indian cub at bay, with all the native instincts of his ancestors on the alert, and making use of all the strategy his baby mind could muster.

It was a wonderful interesting picture to study; but fearing that I would lose a permanent memento of it, I turned to lift my instrument, with a view of taking a much nearer position, when again facing the brush where I had last seen the baby it was, to my great surprise, not there, but had scampered to the next lower one, in the direction of the hut to which it was bound. A full-grown buck of the tribe could not possibly have managed this last movement any better. As it ran to the still next lower brush I was astonished beyond measure (for I take it that I am a good stalker myself) how it took advantage of everything that lay in the short intervening distance, and how, after it arrived at the brush, it immediately took a position on the opposite side of it from where it could make another quick start and yet not lose sight of my movements. And, mind you, all this from a baby only ten months old, at the most. As it was rapidly gaining its point and approaching the lower hut, in sheer desperation I ran upon its last place of concealment, holding my camera in such a way that I could immediately place the tripod in position, which I succeeded in doing, with the lens directed at its head, and not three feet from it. It now stood up to the full extent of its baby height, and, giving vent to a genuine infantile bawl, it made a break for the final point of its destination, for there was nothing else left for it to do. It is almost needless to add that, before I could focus and insert a plate, my Navajo baby was out of range. And, fearing that its angered mother might appear at any point at the cry of alarm of her child, I immediately left.

Here's an Able Story.

A hunter who has hunted and mined from Arizona to the Yellowstone, and who is highly esteemed for truth and veracity, was telling me that he had the other day made a most wonderful discovery, and that he had seen gold that would put the Treasury of the United States at a discount. The discovery was made in the mountains not more than ten miles from the Government bridge over Yampa River, in Routt county, Colorado.

He said that when he was on top of one of the mountains seen from the bridge that he saw at the bottom of a cliff that he was peering over that the ground was smooth and clean, as if deer or bear had been in the habit of resting and sunning themselves through the heat of the early spring days.

Being anxious to get a deer or have a fight with a bear, he descended by a circuitous route to the foot of the cliff. Peering cautiously around for game, he was somewhat startled at hearing the rattle of a snake. Looking about, he saw large numbers of them lying around, while there was a constant stream of them going into a round hole in the rock near the bottom of the cliff.

Being anxious to destroy as many of the reptiles as he possibly could, he procured a forked stick and placing the fork over the neck of one of the largest, he pinioned him to the ground; then tying a half dozen sticks of giant powder to his tail, set a slow match to it and then let the snake go. After seeing his snakeship go into the hole, the hunter retreated to a safe distance to await developments. He did not have long to wait. First there was a slight trembling of the ground, then a burst that shook the mountain like an earthquake, and with that burst the whole side of the cliff toppled off and fell to the ground, and up went more snakes than was ever thought of by either Gulliver or Baron Munchausen.

The face of the rock was honeycombed with round holes, out of which snakes were pouring like water through a knot hole as long as the hunter stayed, and he stayed long enough to see many thousands seething and hissing in their rage and agony, when he became weary of the sight and left, but not until he had seen that the whole face of the cliff was covered with solid gold.—*Denver Tribune.*

The Czar of Russia is about to join the ranks of royal and imperial authors. He has revised his diaries for the last ten or fifteen years, and has intrusted M. Zichy, the Hungarian painter, with the task of illustrating them. The work will be published at St. Petersburg in the autumn. Before the critics get through with him he will probably regret the failure of the Nihilistic plots against his life.

John I. Blair, after whom Blairstown, N. J., was named, is eighty-five years of age, but does not look over sixty. He is hale and hearty and happy.

Perils of Literary Success.

Authors who have the fortune to merit the popular taste with an unusually successfully story seem doomed to encounter at once two enemies, either one of which is pretty sure to encompass their literary ruin. The first and greatest enemy is the cupidity of the author himself, which prompts him to trade recklessly on the reputation he has acquired and cast upon the market earlier works far inferior to the book which has made his name. In nine cases out of ten an author who has bounded into popularity on a single book, instead of trying to excele that effort and add to his fame, hunts up his old manuscripts, some of which may have been rejected in the past, and hurls them at the head of an unoffending public. He relies on his name to sell the books, and not on the books to add luster to his name. Mr. Haggard is an author who will illustrate this failing. "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" are no great works of fiction, but they are of a character which attract armies of readers, and their popularity has been phenomenal. To issue on the strength of their success such a work as "The Witch's Head" was simply to catch the shillings of the unwary. The shillings were caught, but they will scarcely repay Mr. Haggard for the loss of his prestige as an author which the publication of this and some other worthless tales under his name has occasioned.

The other enemy which assails the successful author of fiction is the penny-a-liner, who hangs on the skirts of literature and makes his living by imitating the style and characteristics of the popular writer. Mr. Haggard's "She" is probably responsible for more worthless books at the hands of this class of writers than any recent work. "He," "He and She," and "Me," are to be found on every bookstand bidding for patronage on the strength of the popularity of "She." In the case of the last-named the bid is of such a nature that it ought to subject the bidder to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretense. The title of this nondescript book is printed: "Me: a Companion to She. A story of Adventure. By H. Rider Haggard." This is shrewdly worded to give the careless reader the impression that Mr. Haggard wrote "Me," and good type is not spared to bring Mr. Haggard's name into prominence. Of course, persons who keep abreast of the literature of the day will not be deceived by this ambiguous title page, but it is calculated to deceive the careless reader, and do the English author great injury.—*New York Times.*

Boycotted.

The worst thing about the Chinese is that they imitate us so readily, as witness this little incident in a California city last year, when excited meetings were held to devise means for getting rid of the Celestials:

Among the most violent of the agitators was Mr. B——, a tolerably well-to-do native of the Emerald Isle. One Saturday evening he was unusually loud and eloquent in his denunciations, declaring vehemently that the "Chinese must go," and depicting in glowing colors the evils he was bringing upon us poor Americans by doing all our work, and taking the bread out of the mouths of the poor. Monday morning Mrs. B——, the wife, prepared her clothes for wash, but John did not come. Tuesday he did not come. Wednesday she told her husband to stop on his way to his business, at the wash-house, and send John after the clothes. He did so. "All yight," said John, dropped his iron and went to her house. Mrs. B—— greeted him with, "Why you no come for my clothes?" John stepped back, folded his arms over his chest, and said, "Me no washee for you; me boycott you," turned on his heel and left.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine.*

Danger From House Plants.

Dr. Saulsbury found malarial fever to be propagated among persons sleeping in a room in the windows of which had been placed a box of earth from malarious soil. House plants cultivated in pots filled with malarious earth are a constant danger. The germs grow luxuriantly in the moisture and warm air of closed rooms. Dr. Eichwald, professor of clinical medicine in the University of St. Petersburg, has given to the public facts concerning a patient of his, a lady, with malarial fever, who was easily cured by treatment when confined to her chamber, but who quickly relapsed on remaining during the day in her parlor. The easy cure and constant relapse went on for a long time. At last the doctor, having become suspicious of the flower-pots, removed them from the house, and there was no further recurrence of the disease.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Children in Hotels.

Florence Marryatt, an English writer who visited this country last summer, states that she saw a little girl of 6 take her place alone at a hotel table. On being asked by the waiter if she ought to be there without her parents, she coolly answered, "I guess I pay my way."

A writer in the Art Age supplements this story by one of a 5-year-old girl whom he once saw seated alone at a crowded table of a hotel. She called first for soup, then ice-cream, then more soup.

"Isn't your mamma coming to dinder?" asked the amazed waiter, as he served her.

"No" replied the young lady, "She don't want none. She's dead."

George Augustus Sala, when in this country, said: "I object to two things in America—the pie and the hotel children. Not until the child is made into the pie will I tolerate either."—*Youth's Companion.*

M. Ligner, an Austrian meteorologist, claims to have ascertained after careful investigation that the moon has an influence on the magnetized needle varying with its phases and its declination. The phenomenon is said to be more prominently noticeable when the moon is near the earth, and to be very marked when she is passing from the full to her first or second quarter. The disturbances are found to be at their maximum when the moon is in the plane of the equator, and greater during the southern than it is during the northern declination.

An Indian Fakir.

Talking of "sleeping men," I was one day on my way to Dholpurn, near Agra, and when halting to rest our horses heard casually of a "Jogi" of some local celebrity who was in a neighboring tope of mango trees. I walked over to the sacred shade, and there, standing upright against a pillar of rough masonry, was a fakir. Like all these saintly personages, he was extremely dirty. His hair, worked up into rope-ends with grease and dust, hung nearly to his waist; his body stark naked, was painted with a gray pigment; but, to exaggerate the skeleton idea, the ribs, chest bones and ankles were "picked out" in yellow ochre. One eye was wide open; over the other drooped a paralyzed eyelid. The mouth was wide open, and out of a corner were sprouting several blades of corn. His hands were clinched and his nails, I was told, were growing through the palms of his hands. He had been, moreover—I am still only quoting what was said—in the "trance" in which I saw him for two months. In spite of all that I have read and heard about these ecstatic Jogis I ventured to be sceptical. But I offered an oblation of copper coins at the holy man's shrine, round which, in pious assemblage, stood a quantity of other offerings in kind—"little dues of wheat and oil." He may have been an impostor, but it struck me as a very dreary form of imposition indeed. All alone there, under the dusty trees, with the shrilling of the kites in one's ears all day long and at night the dismal company of ribald jackals.—*London Society.*

Ten Things a Baby Can Do.

It can beat any alarm clock ever invented, waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that ever was executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town and cry persistently all night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parent's breast than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

The Old Man Has Nothing to Say.

I hear of a husband and father who sought amusement in a public beer garden. He sat sipping his beverage steadily enough, until a pretty girl came within close range, and then, forgetting his dignity, he invited her to drink with him. She consented. Roguery in her eyes flashed into the foaming cup as she lifted it and said: "Well, here's to the health of Bessie and Charlie!"

Those were the names of his children. He gave one hard look at the girl, and recognized in her the nursemaid of his household. The beer didn't choke him quite to death, but almost. And he doesn't dare to say boo at home about the manner in which his wife's favorite servant spends her evenings out.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Not Gay Enough for Her.

A lady who was living in Dresden a few years ago tells this anecdote: She was sitting alone in the gallery one day, gazing at the Sistine Madonna, when two or three English women entered the room. "Well!" exclaimed one of them who had never seen the famous painting before, "I must say I'm disappointed. After all I'd heard about it I expected to see something a great deal showier than that." Her friend was cast down for a moment, but presently plucked up heart enough to say, apologetically: "But you forget how old it is. Considering how long ago it was painted I think it's pretty well done."

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says college work is by no means injurious to female students. Young women in college are in far better health than young women in society, are healthier as seniors than they were as freshmen, and average fewer cases of illness than are shown in men's colleges, while statistics show that they enjoy a sum total of 20 per cent. better health than the average woman.

An English gardener states that the roots of trees may be prevented from entering between the joints of drain tiles by using coal tar. In using it, mix it with sawdust to the consistency of ordinary building mortar. A layer of this should be spread on the bottom of the drain; on this set the drain-pipes and then cover all with the tar mortar. If the work be carefully performed, and the mortar applied in sufficient quantity,—say 1½ inches thick all round, success may be guaranteed.

Miss Nellie Whitesides, a very pretty girl of 18, joined the Salvation Army recently at Raleigh, North Carolina, and discovered that under her contract absolute obedience to any orders of her superiors was required. Miss Whitesides refused to marry one of the Salvationists, and was then told that she would be arrested for violation of the contract. She called on the police for protection.

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