The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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A CARD.
J. W. MONTGOMERY,
—WITH—
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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, 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.
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For all Kinds of Country Produce.
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GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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Agent for Chemical Fertilizer Co of Baltimore city, Germ Patent Family Flour, and Wats's Richmond Plows. May 4-tf

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 work. 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.

THE LAST CUT!
Beginning Monday July 4th.
NO MORE CUTTING WILL OR CAN BE DONE.
Our entire stock is at your mercy. This is the Clearing Sale of all Clearing Sales. Goods next to given away.
We have concluded to close all our fresh, seasonable goods in remnants, as well as off the price, at a bona fide loss of 25 per cent. We wish to close out $20,000 worth of stock previous to our inventory. These prices are for one and all. No more deviations from the great mark-down than any so-called one-price concern in the District. So you can form an idea that we mean business when we undertake such a great sacrifice as this.

FROM OUR REGULAR STOCK.

6-cent Cream Crinkle Seersucker, clearing price	4 Cents
9½ cent Striped Tyrol Cloth, clearing price	6¾ "
20 cent Merrimack, light and dark, Satteens, clearing price	12½ "
8 cent Fancy Cotton and Worsted Dress Goods, clearing price	4½ "
10 cent Striped Worsted Dress Goods, clearing sale	5½ "
89 cent Silk Surah, clearing price	67 "
$1 19 Black Satin Marveilleux, clearing price	89 "
5 cent Figured Lawns, clearing price	3 "
7 and 8 cent Dress Prints, clearing price	5 "
5 cent Dress Prints, clearing price	3½ "
9 cent Androscoggin Cotton, clearing price	7½ "
8 cent Heavy Unbleached yard wide Sheeting, clearing price	5½ "

See what we have Done with our Short-Ends in Woolen Goods!

High colors in Nun's Veiling, soiled, clearing price	2½ Cents
9 cent Figured Clacy Cloth, clearing price	6¼ "
12½ cent Challies, clearing price	9 "
15 cent Nun's Veiling, all shades, clearing price	10 "
19 cent All-Wool Shads, clearing price	9 "
25 cent Figured Debeige, clearing price	12½ "
25 cent Atlantic F. Cashmere, clearing price	12½ "
25 cent Wool Stripe Novelties, clearing price	12½ "
29 cent All-Wool Debeige, clearing price	20 "
7½ cent Bleached Cotton and Cambric	5 "
10 cent Reversible Wash Goods, clearing price	5½ "
6¾ Fine Black and Figured Lawns, clearing price	4½ "
6¾ Plain Organdy Lawns, clearing price	5½ "
12½ Plain and Figured Lawns, clearing price	6½ "
15 Plain and Figure Satteens, clearing price	8½ "
9½ Zanzibar Seersucker, clearing price	7½ "
10½ Crinkle Seersucker, clearing price	7½ "
10½ Fancy Stripe and Plaid Flannel, clearing price	7½ "
60 cent Fancy Renfew Table Linen, clearing price	30 "
39 cent Turkey Table Linen, clearing price	24 "
4½ cent Standard Prints, clearing price	3½ "
5 cent Furniture Calico, clearing price	3 "

SMALL WEAR!

15 cent Fine Satteen Windsor Scarfs, clearing price	5 Cents
Turkey-red and Cotton Handkerchiefs, clearing price	1 "
Infants' Shirred Caps, soiled, clearing price	3 "
500 pairs of Misses Hose, including drop-stitch, Lisle and silk clocked balbriggan, all dark colors and full regular made, including 50, 45, 39, 29, 25, 19 and 15 cent—all go at the clearing price	12½ "
75 cent Slightly soiled Kid Gloves, clearing price	25 "
10 cent Misses plain colors and mixed Ribbed Hose, clearing price	7 "
15 cent Ladies' Fancy Lisle Hose, clearing price	10 "
49 cent Balbriggan Vests, full regular made, clearing price	29 "
25 cent Ladies' Gauze Vests, clearing price	19 "
15 cent Gent's Linen Lawn, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, clearing price	10 "
85 cent Pleated Bosom, Unlaundried Shirts, all patent stays, clearing price	59 "
99 cent 1¼ Randolph Bed Spreads, clearing price	73 "
75 cent Fancy Figured Parasols, clearing price	35 "
$1.89 Gold-tip and Antique Handle Gloria Umbrellas, clearing price	$1 45
10 cent Curtain Scrim, clearing price	6 "
5 cent Tea Toweling clearing price	3½ "
10 cent Stair Oil Cloth, clearing price	4½ "
19 cent Table Oil-Cloth, clearing price	12½ "

MATTING & WINDOW SHADES.

15 cent White Matting, clearing price	10 Cents
18 cent Fancy Matting, clearing price	12½ "
20 cent Fancy Matting, clearing price	15 "
25 cent Fancy Matting, clearing price	18 "

WE HAVE A BIG LINE OF THESE GOODS.

59 cent Fine Oswego Shades, clearing price	41 Cents
69 cent Fine Oswego Shades, clearing price	54 "
89 cent Fine Oswego Shades, clearing price	59 "

RUGS!

99 cent 36 by 18 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price	76 Cents
$1.49 40 by 18 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price	$1.09
$1.99 50 by 21 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price	1.69
$2 24 66 by 30 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price	1.79
$3 99 82 by 36 Smyrna Rugs, clearing price	3 29

SHOE DEP'T.

100 pairs Men's and Boys' Low Shoes, clearing price	50 Cents
100 pairs Ladies' Fox Button, clearing price	49 "
500 pairs Children's Spring-Heel Shoes (8 to 11), clearing price	59 "
100 pairs Men's Hook Bals., clearing price	85 "
100 pairs Boys' Bals., English Ties, clearing price	50 "
300 pairs Children's Opera-Toe Slippers, clearing price	30 "
Infants' Fine Kid Cacks, clearing price	24 "

Remember we have a big assortment and a large stock for you to buy from. But you will not find it as it was the first part of the season. We make this candid statement for the benefit of those who expect so much more than others that know how cheap we sell our goods.

DOUBLE COMBINATION, 1241 & 1243 11th-St., S. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOTICE!
Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting, Carriage and Wagon making
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.

Dry Goods
—: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.

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 BaltimoreStreet 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 $30 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 $3.50 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 75c & $1.
Neckwear at 50c., equal to other peoples' at 1.00.

Oehm's
ACME HALL,
BY FAR THE LARGEST
CLOTHING HOUSE,
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.

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,
39 North Gay St., Baltimore.
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 branches 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.

Poetry.

The Depredating Hen.

("More Truth than Poetry.")

Of all things in nature that afflict the sons of men,
There is nothing I know of beats the depredating hen;
I see a wild eyed woman firing brick-bats from a shed,
You can bet a hen has busted up her little flower bed.
She plunders and she scratches, she cackles and she hatches,
And forty thousand cow boys couldn't keep her in a pen;
She was sent on earth to fret us, excoriate the lettuce;
She's a titanic going nuisance, is the depredating hen.

I threw a brick and missed her, as she busted out my beans,
But Julius Cæsar's statue was smashed to smithereens;
I saw her digging rifle-pits were I'd put my pansies in;
I fired a good-sized rock and hit my hired man on the shin.
She busts all bonds and shackles, she giggles and she cackles,
She makes me say some earnest things I haven't time to pen,
I never used bad language, but now I'm filled with anger,
Alas! I've broke the record thro' that depredating hen.

But now thro'out my cabinet there's a pleasant smell,
And the reason for that perfume isn't very hard to tell,
For when I rose this morning, saw my cabbage bed a wreck,
I caught that depredating hen and fiercely wrung her neck;
I hear her fizz and cackle, no more she'll scratch and cackle,
For make my summer garden look like some hyena's den;
The far too long has bossed me, she far too much has cost me,
I'll eat at luncheon time to-day a hundred-dollar hen.

Select Reading.

UNSELFISH TO THE LAST.

"Do you really and truly love me, Molly?"

As Richard Grahame spoke he took the fair oval face between his broad palms and bent it so that he could look into the soft blue eyes.

Molly bore the gaze bravely, although the light in the dark, searching eyes was almost blinding. It may have caused a blush to rise to her pretty cheeks had the girl been conscious of acting falsely. As it was she was sincere as she said softly:

"Of course I love you, Richard.—How could I help it? You, who have always been so kind to me, are surely the one of all others whom I ought to love best."

But the calm sister affection which filled Molly Blaine's heart for Grahame was far from being reflex of the surging tide of passion which overflowed his own so completely that every thought of the future, every hope of his life, was centred about her, as is the solar system about its growing heart—the sun.

He bent and kissed the red pouting lips.

"My little Molly," he murmured, "it will make me happy while I am away from you to know that even as I love you, so do you love me. Good bye now darling. Remember that the days will drag slowly to your Richard until the one comes which will bring him back to you. Nothing but death can keep us apart."

Another kiss, and he tore himself away, and stepped into his boat. It grated for an instant on the glittering sands, and then flew over the blue waters like a thing of life, propelled by Richard's strong arms.

Molly stood and watched him tearfully until he at last reached the side of his staunch waiting vessel, and disappeared from sight.

He was the first mate in a whaler, and another hour saw his ship on its outward voyage, which was to last until sufficient success attended upon the efforts of the crew to warrant their return.

Richard was twenty five years old, and Molly was sixteen.

She was fair and sweet as a rose just unfolding its petals to the balmy air, which gives such a subtle charm to a morning in June.

Shy as a bird who dwells amid the most thickly-embowered retreats of the forest—for she had been reared in a secluded woodland home, seeing no companions of her own age, and knowing nothing whatever of the world, excepting as it had been revealed to her by Richard's discriptions of what he had seen—how could the girl know that in reality she was giving a poor return to him for the wealth of affection he lavished so freely upon her.

They were foster brother and sister, Richard's father had married her widowed mother, and she had grown up under the same roof with him.—No wonder that in her ignorance she mistook her calm sisterly love for him for that crowning passion of which, as yet, she knew absolutely nothing.

The cottage in which Molly lived was situated in a spot of picturesque beauty. A huge pine-covered mountain reared its stately head towards the sky in the back ground; and a sparkling brook, born amid its lonely wilds, came leaping and tumbling down from its parent spring, as though glad of its release. Just before it reached the cottage sward, some huge boulders diverted it from its course, and the waters divided to meet again in a frantic caress upon the other side of the rocks, spreading out eventually into a wide, glassy pool which lay like a mirror, fringed by grass and wild-flowers. Here Molly would bring her sewing or knitting, and sit by the hour—her busy thoughts keeping time to the play of her slender fingers.

But one day interruption came to the sylvan loneliness of the favored spot. A young tourist found it out, and charmed by its beauty, drew forth his sketch book to perpetuate the picture. While thus engaged, his eyes suddenly rested upon an even more engrossing object. Molly, is yet unconscious of a stranger's vicinity, came tripping along, her red lips trilling a song.

Then she saw the comer and paused, one foot poised for flight, her eyes large and round with surprise, and blushes burning upon her cheeks beneath his admiring but respectful gaze.

He rose hastily and came forward.

"Pardon the intrusion," he said deferentially, "but it is rare to find such a gem of nature which has not already been seized upon by one of our sketching fraternity. Will you allow me to finish my work?"

"Yes," was Molly's answer given as frankly and kindly as though she had not been thoroughly amazed and startled at finding him there, "and if you like I will bring you a chair from the house so that you can be more comfortable."

"Thanks. The old stump answers the purpose just a well. But you can do me a favor if you will be so kind. Let me draw you also."

Molly hesitated; but the stranger's face was one of those frank ingenuous ones which at once attracted confidence. So she said at last:

"I am willing to give you permission to put me in your picture; but may I ask my mother first? She might not like it."

"Certainly. If any objections exist I will at once withdraw my request," was the prompt answer.

But Mrs. Blaine was pleased at the idea, and then commenced a series of sittings which were prolonged far beyond the usual time taken up by most artists for that purpose. For Cecil Norwood had drunk in draughts of love from the pure frank eyes of this young sylvan beauty, and was glad of an excuse to linger near her.

And Molly? Ah, all too late for her peace, she at last learned what it was to surrender her whole heart to the keeping of another!

But she was loyal and true. Richard through it all, crushing down the knowledge deep into the heart whose anguished throbs alone betrayed its distress.

This is the way the knowledge of herself came to her:

"The picture was finished and Cecil was going. At the last moment he took her hand and held it for an instant, gazing down into her face with an expression which revealed to her like a lightning flash what was in his mind, even before the words came which were to draw the veil away which had disguised his feelings towards her.

"Molly," he said with a passionate thrill in his voice, "it is like leaving my heart behind me to go away from here. Can you not tell me why? It is because I love you. May I not come back some time?"

Molly had turned as white as a snow-drop at his words; for in that instant she knew that to accept his love won'd be a foretaste of Paradise; and, lo! the angel with the sword stood menacingly at the gates of the realm of bliss so suddenly opening before her. She could not enter.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed widely, "do not come back. I must never set my eyes upon your face again."

Cecil looked at her in surprise.—Could this pale agitated girl be the frank joyous creature he had learned to love so well! What could it mean? But she was soon enlightened.

"Before I knew you," she continued hastily, "I promised to be the wife of a good man. I thought I loved him well enough to make that promise—"

"And you find now that you were mistaken," interrupted Cecil with a glad ring in his young voice. "It is well that you know it. It would be wrong to marry a man unless you gave your whole heart also."

"Did I say I did not love Richard?" said Molly with a dazed look. "I did not mean to. Oh, please go away. I cannot listen to you." For Cecil had drawn her to his heart in his impulsive way.

She disengaged herself from his arms with a terrified feeling that she had been false to Richard, who loved her so dearly.

Then without another look at Cecil, she fled from him as though from a dangerous object. She dared not trust her own self. It was that from which she really fled.

Cecil was young and impulsive, and had been accustomed to have his own way; and he did not give up his hope of winning Molly without a struggle. But he found her firm.

"You are mistaken in thinking that I could be false to Richard," she said piteously. "I love him dearly, and I will try to make him happy."

And Cecil was obliged to take this for her final answer.

"At least, Molly, you will not deny me your friendship?" he said in parting.

"I shall be glad to call you friend said Molly. "But it will be the best for us not to see each often. I could not bear it."

The girl was not aware that this was a confession of weakness on her part. She was so intensely anxious to do her duty to Richard that everything else was forgotten for a moment.

But Cecil's face brightened.

"She loves me!" But he made no sign of discovery, lest it might even more effectually separate him from her society.

Time passed on, and Richard's ship was looked for into port.

A storm arose—one of the most fearful that had ever been known upon the coast. Wrecks were scattered far and near, and those who had friends at sea wore white frightened faces as they listened to the Wind King's ragings.

Molly lived several miles inland, but her fancy depicted terrible scenes of ships battling with the angry elements, and of drowning sailors, amid which one face was ever present—that of her sailor lover.

One night a thundering rap came at the door. Quaking the every limb she drew on her garments, and crept down to answer the summons.

It was Cecil. He was very grave, and his clothes were wet through, as though he had been in the water.

"Come with me," he said to Molly. "One you love is near death. I fought for his life with the waves, and after I had succeeded in bringing him to land, learned that it was Richard Grahame, whose native shores had buffeted the returning wanderer. He is conscious, and calling for you."

Without a word Molly left him to put on her wraps. She soon was ready and seated herself in a wagon beside Cecil. The ride seemed annunending one but at last it terminated.

Richard's pallid face lighted up with a transient glow when he saw her. He put out his arms feebly, and with a low cry Molly sank upon her knees by his side and rained kisses upon his lips. In that moment she would have willingly given her life to save the one so fast ebbing away.

After a while he rallied a little, so as to be able to talk to her. Unselfish in his last moments as he had been he thought of his darling's future more than of himself.

"Molly," whispered the faint voice, "I meant to have made you so happy! But it is God's will that I should go. In future years you must not forget me but I do not want you to think of me sadly. I have tried to do my duty, and I have a hope beyond the grave. Think of me as one at rest. And Molly, you are too liittle fitted to battle with the world to remain out a protector. Sometime, if a man tries to win you for a wife, not remain single for my sake.—Would make me happy to see you orly cared for, and I would not have a selfish influence over you from my silent resting place."

Molly's tears fell silently as she listened, but they were not remorseful drops, for she had been true to Richard in her heart even if a bewildering dream had come to her to woo her from her duty to him. So those last few hours were peaceful ones.

Richard died with his head pillowed upon her breast, and with his last look fastened upon her tear-wet face.

It was many long months before Cecil renewed his suit. With instinctive delicacy, he waited for time to soften the shock which had rent his darling's tender heart.

Then he came to her and pleaded his cause so eloquently that Molly could not refuse him. But it was a chastened affection which filled her heart, tempered at first with many thoughts of him who had been stricken down so suddenly in his young manhood.

And Cecil, happy in his possession of his treasure, is not jealous of the dead. He often accompanies Molly to Richard's grave, and listens with tender reverence to her as she tells him how noble and true he was in heart and life.

Once she said to him gravely:

"We owe our happiness to him Cecil for I should have been true to his memory through my whole life, and have remained single for his sake, had he not willed it to be different. He was unselfish to the last."

"May his mantle fall upon me," was Cecil's answer, "and may I be the better man for what you have told me of him. So his influence will live, although his life was cut short."

And after years proved that his wish came true, for his was a name which rang through the world, appended to noble, charitable deeds.

Whenever there was need of aid, his was the hand to administer bounty.

So one noble life ever influences another.

The Long Lived Man.

According to Hufeland, the man who is destined to long life is of the middle size, and somewhat thickly set. His complexion is not to florid, his head not too big; his shoulders are round rather than flat; his neck is not too long. His hand are large, his feet rather thick and long; his legs firm and round. He has a broad and arched chest, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time. As to his habits, the joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. If he ever gives away to anger, he experiences no more than useful glow of warmth. He is fond of employment and of calm meditation and agreeable speculation. He is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity has no desire for riches or honor, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

The poultry business, like any other, needs to be learned. There are many things that must be known, and known experimentally, before poultry keeping on a large scale can be made a success. These things known, it can be carried on successfully. There is money in it, but the money is for the man who knows his business.

Making Glass Eyes.

Members of the Rubbi family of Venice have been making glassware and glass eyes for three hundred and eighty six years. The knack of making artificial eyes seems to be an inherited gift, as it is also a cultivated art, of the members of this family. Mr. Merriwether, having watched Signor Rubbi make a glass eye, describes the process in his "Tramp Trip Through Europe:"

Two small glass tubes, one held in each hand, are turned and twisted in a very hot flame. When at the proper temperature, the operator blows into one of the tubes, and forms a ball at the end the size of a plum, which ball is ultimately to be the eye.

The other tube, a colored glass, is used in making the colored part of the eye. It is heated to the proper temperature, and incorporated in the ball of white glass at the spot where the pupil is to be.

This done, and the white of the eye having assumed the proper creamy color, the delicate feat of making the veins is performed. In doing this, heated tubes of red streaked glass are drawn very deftly over the white surface, leaving tiny reddish streaks behind—the veins.

Common glass eyes, such as are made for hospitals, require but a short time to manufacture, and cost about two dollars. But a fashionable young lady has half-a-dozen eyes made before she is satisfied, for some such ladies have lost one of their eyes, and are forced to have recourse to the art of the Rubbis.

These fastidious people are more particular with their night than with their day eyes. A different eye is worn at night, as the pupil is much smaller in the daytime than at night, and a fashionable woman would not think of entering a ball room with the pupils of her eyes of different sizes.

Distant customers sometimes have an artist paint a portrait of the eye, that the maker of the glass eye may study it. Rich customers, however, prefer to visit Signor Rubbi at Venice, that he may personally examine their eyes.

Mixed Relationship.

The way people can mix themselves and their relatives in the matter of marriage was, perhaps, never better illustrated than in the case of a backwoods Maine family:

A father, son and grandson married three sisters.

That looks simple enough, doesn't it?

It hasn't dawned on you yet.

Well see here:

1. Amos, the father, married Abagail.
2. Benjamin, son of Amos, married Betsy.
3. Charles, son of Benjamin, married Caroline.

What then?

Amos is a brother to his son.
Amos is a brother to his grandson.
Amos is grandfather to his daughter.
Amos is grandfather to his sister.
Amos is father to his wife.
Amos is father to his grandson.
Amos is his own grandfather, his own son and brother-in-law to himself.
Benjamin is brother to his father.
Benjamin is brother to his son.
Benjamin is brother to his mother.
Benjamin is brother to his daughter.
Benjamin is the husband of his sister.
Charles is brother to his grandfather
Charles is brother to his mother.
Charles is brother to his grandmother.
Charles is grandnephew to his wife.
Charles is a grandchild to his aunt.
Charles is married to another aunt.
Charles is the son of his aunt.
Charles is the husband of his sister.

Maine is responsible for a good many things, but the foregoing will show that she is still engaged in odd productions.

A Pointer for Young Men.

Clara—I declare I don't know what to do with that silly young De Jones. He calls every night.

Dora—Tell him not to call.

Clara—I don't like to offend him. Our families are such warm friends, you know. But I must do something because he keeps so many young men I like away by his foolishness. It's no use being conveniently out at times. He always calls when I am home, and one can't be away from home all the time.

Genevieve (who has had experience)—Eat good, strong onions every evening for a while, dear, and then sit close to him.

Clara and Dora (in unison)—But they are so horrid.

Geneveive—Yes, I know, but in a choice between two evils, one should always choose the least.

A Green Countryman.

A green, gawky countryman was recently seen standing in the museum of the state house at Springfield, gazing at the mastodon. What do you think of that? queried a senator, who observed the countryman's preoccupied air.

Waal, said the greeny, rousing from a semi-stupor, I was jist a thinkin' ef my teeth wuz ez big es them thar ones I'd hate to have 'em pulled. I also thort ez how I hed figgered it out why his teeth war so sound.

You did eh? Well how do you account for the remarkable preservation of the animal's teeth?

Waal, I dunno' but I guess he jist kep' his mouth shet and didn't ax questions.