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Horses fed by the day, week or month at reasonable rates.
Passengers conveyed to any part of the peninsula at bottom prices.
Will meet any train when requested.
Fare to and from station—25 cents.
'A thing of beauty is a joy forever!'
We are increasing our stock as fast as our trade demands, and now have on hand a fine assortment of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
Beautiful and Elegant are our Gold and Silver Watches for ladies, gentlemen and boys.
A large variety of steel, nickel, white metal, silk (gold-mounted), bamboo, gilt, electro-plate, best roll plate, and solid gold and silver chains. Ladies' lace pins and ear drops of all kinds and prices—Engagement and wedding rings—Ladies' and gents' sleeve buttons—Gents' scarf pins of best plate and solid gold—Lodge pins (Masonic, Odd Fellows, Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, Hep-tasophs, &c.) in solid gold. Collar buttons, studs, etc. A large assortment of spectacles and eye glasses. We sell general merchandise pay for them in Baltimore; in fact, we guarantee our prices to compare favorably with those of Baltimore. We can explain why it is a fact. You are solicited to call and assure yourself.

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PRACTICAL
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Main Street, Onancock, Va.

Improved White Sewing Machine

STANDS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS
In Quality and Simplicity.

It has no Rival. Others blow and try to put it down, but IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

Having sold over 400 in 1881, 1882 and 1883, shows that the People of Accomac Appreciate Its Merits

I can sell you other machines for less price, Singer pattern, drop leaf and two drawers, for \$25 00; Wilson, Domestic, Howe and any other pattern. Will sell the Royal St. John, drop leaf and six (6) drawers, for \$30 00, but I cannot put THE WHITE machines, as to the price. Having sold machines for nearly fourteen years, gives me a chance to know something of the tricks which other practices on those who are not posted in machinery. If

You Want a Good Sewing Machine come and see me, or write to me, and I WILL SELL YOU ANY MACHINE that can be bought for THE WHITE.

Also, a large stock of FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, &c., on hand. Repairing of Furniture, Pictures Framed, or anything else in our line promptly attended to. COFFINS, CASKETS and TRIMMINGS for sale.

Respectfully, &c.,
R. H. PENNEWELL,
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SOLE & PRICE.

Wholesale—
Confectioners, Fruiters
—AND—
FANCY GROCERS.

1 and 3 E. Pratt Street,
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The undersigned, in the interest of the VALLEY MUTUAL LIFE and VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE Insurance Companies, will make frequent visits to Accomac and will be glad to have the patronage of those desiring their risks carried by good companies. All communications promptly attended to.
Respectfully,
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Monuments,
Headstones,
Tablets,
Or New and Beautiful Designs in Marble and Granite

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No. 109 N. Charles St.,
above Fayette Street, and
314 South Charles Street,
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Fruit and Ornamental Trees
Be in time! Don't fail to write a postal to Perdue & Co., for their price list of all kinds of trees and plants for spring 1887.
As soon as you read this write us a postal stating what you want. You will be surprised at our low prices.
Nurserymen and dealers will find our wholesale prices low.
Always state what you want. We have our plants in cellar ready for shipping at any time during the winter.
The Parsons June Peach is one of the earliest peaches known and does not rot. Agents wanted.
PERDUE & CO.,
Parsonsburg, Wicomico county, Md.

FARMS & C.
Browne, Jacob & Co.,
dealers in
REAL ESTATE
ACCOMAC C. H., VA.
Fruit and Trucking lands, improved and unimproved of 64, 100, 225, 349 and 600 acres, eligibly located on the line of the N. Y., P. & N. R., NOW for sale cheap.
Also, four sea-side farms with oysters, fish and wild fowl privileges unsurpassed on easy terms.
And town lots for business men at the new stations on the railroad constantly on hand at reasonable rates. Send for circular.

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Sets of teeth \$3 to \$15. Gold and other filling \$1 up.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
N. B.—Patients from abroad will make engagements by postal cards, if work requires much time. P. O. Box 110.

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The undersigned has for sale a large stock of trees and plants, as follows: PEACH TREES embracing all the leading varieties.
APPLE, PEAR, CHERRY, PLUM and QUINCE TREES of every kind that are best adapted to the peninsula.
BLACKBERRY and RASPBERRY plants.
Large assortment of GRAPE VINE, etc., etc.

My nursery is situated on the line of the Great Peninsula Railroad, so that there is no transferring of stock. It is packed one day and in the hands of my Accomac friends the next.

Mr. John G. Figgis of Keller, is my agent for Accomac. To whom all communications should be addressed.
CALEB BOGGS,
Moorton, Delaware.

E. G. Polk. E. H. Benson
Polk & Benson,
POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

E. G. Polk will visit Accomac every County Court day, a full and complete line of stationery, the latest designs and foreign manufacture.
Our motto: "No fit, no sale."
Thanking the public for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same for the new firm.
Respectfully,
POLK & BENSON,
successors to
E. G. Polk & Co.

Tazewell Hotel,
CAPE CHARLES CITY, VA.,
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Board per day - - \$1.50.
Board by month at reasonable rates.
First-class bar on the

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—All kinds of—
Plain and Ornamental
MAPLE WORK,
SLATE and MARBLE TABLETS
IRON RAILING, GALVANIZED PIPE, ETC.
BELOW CITY PRICES.
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M. H. STEVENSON
with
AUSTIN, FIELDS & CO.,
(successors to Hayes, Fields & Co.)
Jobbers and Manufacturers of
Boots and Shoes,
837 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Mail orders promptly attended to.

ACCOMAC STEAM FLOURING MILLS,
Temperanceville, Va.
Flour, Meal, Bran, Shorts, Hominy and Mill Feed, (Corn and Oats,) and Chops for sale at fair prices.
The public will please take notice that the mill property designated above, which formerly belonged to Mr. D. H. Dennis, is now owned by the undersigned, who will continue to do business at the old stand, and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. Thanks for former patronage. Future favors solicited.
Respectfully, &c.,
JOSEPH H. JONES.

WE ARE NOT MISSED.

If you and I
Today should die
The birds would sing the same to-morrow;
The vernal air
Her flowers would bring
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead,
Would then be said,
The corn would rise, the grass would lay,
And outle low,
And summer go,
And few would head us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, how few!
Remember those who turn to mould;
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade
Beneath the sodden churchyard's cold!

Yes, it is so,
We come and go!
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead.
A day or more,
The winter's o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

A Young Man's Dilemma.

It all happened in the merest accident, and I had remained at home instead of going abroad to spend the holidays, there would never have been occasion to relate this little incident in my otherwise uneventful life. But, as our entire existence is made up of accidents—some of which prove very interesting—I will endeavor to assist you in willing away a few idle moments by telling you an unpleasant predicament in which I found myself several years ago.
My name is Thomas Oxford. At the time at which this story opens I was one of a number of book-keepers in a large mercantile establishment, for which I received a modest compensation. By a little economy, I had scraped together a neat sum, which came in very handy in my after life, affording me, as it did, an opportunity of enhancing my fortunes considerably. I was always particular in the selection of my associates, and in this manner, gained the friendship and good-will of the best people in the city which I called home. Now you know who I am—was—rather.

I was keeping company with a reposing young lady. She was not what might have been called handsome, but she was far from being plain; her form was small; her hair was round and wavy; her eyes, had an angel's disposition, and large, frank eyes, whose luster had never been dimmed by cares. Her virtues sparkled like so many rare gems, which dazzled like jewels before my eyes. Could anyone help loving Nellie Wilson? I could not; at least it so seemed to me.

The holidays had come, and one after another we were allowed one day of recreation. I had been in a rite to spend a few weeks with a distant friend, Mr. Joseph Brown, and when the time for departure arrived I bid good-bye to Nellie, promising all sorts of lovers' non-sense, and also to bring her a memento of my visit. You can easily surmise by this just how far matters between us had progressed. At the end of my destination I was met by Joe, and he had speedily conveyed us to his palatial residence—for he was well-to-do and had dealt kindly with him. I was surprised on our arrival at his home to find that I was not the only guest, but that, unknown to me, he had invited a young lady—his wife's sister—thinking, in his philanthropic way, that he was doing me a favor, knowing how fond I was of the society of young ladies. Her name was Kate Rosemond, and she was heiress to a large amount of money.

From the moment we met I was not myself. She was the embodiment of grace and beauty, and her queenly figure captivated me at once. All thought of my most betrothed at home were dispelled and my soul seemed wrapped up in my new acquaintance. The future had no thought for me. I was living in the present. Some will call me fickle and unprincipled, but I doubt if anybody could have withstood her charms.

After getting thoroughly settled I devoted my entire time to Miss Rosemond, and manifested my regard for her in every possible way. In this I was seconded by my friend Joe, whose ardent desire seemed to be to mate us. One thing distressed me. Did Miss Rosemond esteem me? Did she feel for me that tender passion without which this earth is made a hell to married people? Mine host urged me on, saying that "faint heart never won fair lady." He laid before me the fact of her almost unbounded riches and painted pictures of future comfort and luxury. But it was not her money I sought; this seemed a barrier to me. It was herself. I tried to tell her so, but it was useless. In her easy, graceful manner she would evade me and change the subject.

The time for my departure arrived. What should I do? Tell her boldly that I loved her? No, I could not. It had been sure of her feelings toward me I would not have hesitated, but under such doubtful circumstances I did not deem it advisable, and therefore left without telling her how dearly I worshipped at her shrine. I was invited to repeat my visit, and when Miss Rosemond added that she would be delighted to meet me again, I almost felt like laying bare my thoughts.

When I got home it began to dawn upon me that I had not acted in the most honorable manner toward Nellie, but I assured myself that no one could have resisted the temptation. There was but one course for me to pursue, and that was to go straight to my first love and confess to her my weakness;

to acquaint her of the fact that another had found a place within my heart, and beg her pardon for carrying matters to this extreme. This resolve was much more easily made than carried out. At least so I found it.

I went direct to her home to advise her of my change of base. She had been anxiously watching and waiting for me, and opened the door for me. Bright smiles, pretty dimples and pleasant words shook my determination. I could not withstand them. When I looked at her my old love seemed to return. And then, again, another vision would pass before me. What should I do? I could not tell her that I did not love her. Her frank clear eyes looked me in the face and seemed to pierce my guilty thoughts. I did not know whether I really loved her or not. I was surely in a dire dilemma.

It was not very good company that evening. My brain was teeming with "Shall I tell her or shall I not?" She played and sang several of my favorite selections, and when she had finished asked me how I liked them. I had been so occupied with my thoughts that for a moment the question started me. I finally replied "good" in a mechanical manner. Nellie knew by my actions that something was wrong, but in patience bore with me. She looked pained, and a tiny tear glistened in her lustrous orbs. After a few moments of silence I bid her good night in the simplest kind of manner.

My mind was in a terrible state. When I reached my room I determined to find a solution of the vexed question in a cloud of Havana smoke. I pulled fiercely; bit the end of my cigar in a vehement manner. I went to bed, reasoning that on the morrow I would regain my mental balance, and be able to decide whom I loved. You may make light of this and say that it is unnatural, but I assure you that the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," will hold good in this case. I had a dream that night. Here is the substance of it:

I was once more at the home of my friend Brown, and a grand fête had been arranged in honor of Miss Rosemond. It was to take the form of a reception, and I was to urge my suit and if possible bring it to successful climax—to push myself forward on every available occasion and success was sure to crown my efforts in the end. So I figured and so I did. But to do this was no easy task. In her gentle way she would remind me that I was slighting the rest of the company and paying such attention to her, and then she would glide away in the arm of some one else. She could not help but notice that I was completely taken away with her. A blind person could have seen that. After some difficulty I obtained her consent to stroll in the conservatory—the nook in which all lovers exchange vows; where troths are pledged and futures planned. Here, amidst dainty odors and sweet fragrance, I decided to learn my fate. And I did. I was accepted. Joyous moment! It was too good to be true! After a few loving words and the usual seal to a document of this kind—a kiss—we emerged from our bowers, and it seemed to me everybody must have seen by my smiling face what had transpired. But the evening was not to pass by to my utter satisfaction.

After our engagement she seemed to avoid me more than ever, and every time I asked to dance with her she would show me her card with some gentleman's name opposite my name, and would explain by saying that Mr. So-and-so was such an excellent dancer, and she could not resist the temptation. I did not like it a bit, but of course it would not do to quarrel at the beginning of our engagement. The result was that I did not have an opportunity to dance with her the rest of the evening. This hurt me and wounded my pride. At last I could refrain myself no longer, and I sought her out and in a mild manner asked for an explanation. Without going into details, I will say that when brought to bay I found her high spirited, and that our interview ended in a quarrel. And then I awoke. But it was still dark, and so I tossed about in a semi-conscious state with a terrible headache—then all was blank.

When I opened my eyes the sun was streaming in at the window; bright plumaged birds caroled joyously without and all nature seemed gay and lovely. But what was the matter with me? I was weak—so weak that I had not even strength to turn. What was the meaning of that stand near the bedside and all those ugly bottles? and there in the center stood a large bouquet of flowers. Surely I must have been sick, but I could remember distinctly of going to bed the night before in my usual good health.

"The worst is past," I heard whispered. Dr. Ward, who has always been a friend of mine, came round the bed and told me not to excite myself, and that I would soon be well.

"Well? why, doctor have I been ill?" I inquired.

"Yes, Tom, you have had a slight fever. But do not talk too much now. There, that's a good fellow. I will be back in the course of an hour or two, and then you will be stronger. Try and sleep. Good-bye, and with this be it!"

long time, and I dropped off to sleep once more.

Another dream; another fête; another conservatory; another lady; another proposal; another acceptance; another kiss, and every dance with my name opposite on the card. When I awoke a smile of satisfaction was on my face. The doctor was by my side and seemed pleased with the change. Then he told me of a week of ravings about balls; two young ladies; quarrels and all that sort of thing. My eyes averted on the bouquet.

"Doctor," said I, "to whom am I indebted for this beautiful bouquet?"

He turned and said something in an undertone and left the room. I heard the rattle of feminine apparel and turned my head in that direction.

The other lady.
"Nellie!"
"Tom!"
I need not say any more. You can guess the rest.

Seven Years of Marriage.
There are seven separate and distinct ways in which the nuptial knot may be tied, the attending expense of the different modes varying from one dollar to one thousand dollars. The least expensive, and the one seldom adopted, except in cases of emolument, is that afforded by the justice's office. There a couple can be firmly united in the space of a minute for a small sum. It is customary for a groom to dress as he may please when the marriage is to be performed by a justice, and a dress suit would be sadly out of place in the musty law office. The one great advantage of the justice shop marriage is its cheapness.

As some people object to being married by a justice of the peace, preferring the sanction of the church in addition to that of the law, the young people may visit a parsonage instead of a justice's office with the same preparation. The ceremony may be fully as informal when performed at the minister's home, the only difference being that not less than three dollars, and better still, five or ten dollars, should be paid for service, although there is no fixed sum charged. The most popular ceremony among people who do not class themselves as "society," and also among many who do, is a quiet home wedding, where the bride is attired in a suit of plain black or brown business suit, where only a few friends and relatives are present. The affair is informal, perhaps a modest supper or lunch being served after the ceremony is performed, and the entire expense to the groom being covered by twenty dollars, or even less. This is the most popular wedding ceremony, and this is the way in which fully twenty-five per cent. of young people are married.

Next in point of favor and inexpensiveness is the informal church wedding, being similar in all things except that the service is performed within the portals of the church. If the affair is strictly private, the bride and groom may be unsupported, or have bridesmaids and groomsmen, as they please. In the latter case full-dress suits should be worn, increasing the expense. The full dress wedding, as it may be called when the ceremony is performed at home, is next in favor. Elaborate trousseau, full dress suits, bridesmaids and groomsmen, flowers in abundance, and a host of invited guests are the requisites, followed by a reception, feast or lunch, as the contracting parties may desire.

The seventh and last, and most popular, is the full dress affair performed in church. Among people who desire to create a stir in society this is the favorite. It is expensive, and in many cases unsatisfactory.

More or Less Funny.

In old times parents brought children up, but now, says the Boston Courier, children bring parents down.

The New Orleans Pionaire says the young man who has his evenings to himself generally goes and gives them to some one else.

The Danville Breeze thinks that what this country wants is a dentist who can draw your tooth without drawing your attention to the fact.

The steamboatman seeks a rise, the maiden loves a rose and the groceryman will sell you a raisin.

The man who tries to make a two thousand dollar salary fit a four thousand dollar outlay generally winds up the experiment in a foreign clime.

Scottish girls knit while they are listening to the tender declarations of their lovers. The more enterprising American daughters have the mitten ready made.

The name "Plymouth Rock" is very appropriately given to a breed of hens, inasmuch as it was very foul weather when the pilgrim fathers struck that historic bowl of beer.

A check for one cent is spoken of in the papers as something unusual in financial operations, but a bank cashier says he has often seen a check for one cent both by mail and by messenger.

No dictionary maker has or ever will have a moral or legal right to spell one "sacque" and the other "back." It makes a man's bague ache to see how the English language is handled.

It is said that the young woman who splashes herself while working at the washtub is fated to have a drunken husband. Very few young women now a days put themselves in the way of such danger.

"Why are poets called bards?" asked McSwilligen. "Really, I do not know why?" replied Squidrig; "do you?" "I think it is because their productions are so often barred out of the papers."

"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station." "I did try, sir, but I could not get you to say was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute!'"

"Isn't it pretty lonesome out in the country?" he said to the boy whose parents moved out on a farm last fall. "I guess not," was the reply. "Pa and ma have just as many discussions as they did in the city."

"What is filling our insane asylums?" asks a patent medicine advertisement. Well, there are 350,000 brass bands in this country at the present time, and the number is rapidly increasing. If this is not the right answer, we have another.

A Word for Corn Meal as a Diet
Sometime ago a young man in New York went to a noted physician to consult him in reference to his health. He complained of nervousness, loss of vision, night sweats and a poor appetite. After listening to a recital of the complaints of the young man, the physician replied as follows:

"Throw away your cigarettes and cigars and eat a good bowl of mush and milk for your breakfast every morning and you will not need any medicine." Indian corn is essentially an American institution. As the staple food of 'our daddies' it can really be said to lay the foundation of this great republic. With its product, the hog, it was in the very remote past almost the sole food supply of the rural districts, and the dishes that can be prepared from its various forms are of much greater variety than can be prepared from wheat. Like Sambo's rabbit, it is to roast, to bake or boil, but its stimulating qualities are best procured by making it into a mush. It contains a large amount of nitrogen, has qualities anti-constipating and is easily assimilated. Though originally the poor man's food, it has come to be the rich man's luxury. It is cheap and has great nutritive properties. A course of Indian meal in the shape of Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread and mush, relieved by copious draughts of pure cow's milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make life, now a burden, well worth the living, and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.

About Dynamite.
Few people know what dynamite is, though the word is in common use. It is a giant gunpowder, that is, an explosive material varying in strength and safety of handling according to the percentage of nitro-glycerine it contains. Nitro-glycerine, whence it derives its strength, is composed of ordinary glycerine and nitric acid, compounded together in certain proportions and at a certain temperature. Nitro-glycerine, though not the strongest explosive known, being exceeded in power by nitrogen and other products of chemistry, is thus far the most terrible explosive manufactured to any extent. Nitro-glycerine itself is not safe to handle, hence dynamite is preferred. It is extensively made and consumed in the United States under the various names of Giant, Hercules,

Jupiter and Atlas powders, all of which contain anywhere from twenty to eighty per cent. of nitro-glycerine, the residue of the compound being made up of rotten stone, non-explosive earth, saw dust, charcoal, plaster of paris, black powder or some other substance that takes up the glycerine and makes a porous, spongy mass. Nitro-glycerine was discovered by Silveiro, an Italian chemist, in 1845.
Dynamite is prepared by simply kneading with the naked hands twenty five per cent. of nitro-glycerine until the mixture assumes a putty condition not unlike moist brown sugar. Before mixing, the infusorial earth is calcined in a furnace, in order to burn out all organic matter, and it is also sifted to free it of large grains. While still moist it is squeezed into cartridges, which are prepared of parchment paper, and the firing is done by fuming of silver in copper capsules provided with platinum exploders. Nitro-glycerine is made of nitric acid, one part and sulphuric acid two parts, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is well washed with pure water.
The infusion is composed of small microscopic silicious shells which have lost their living creatures. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and out.
The earth is very light. Water is expelled from it by means of a furnace and then, in the form of a powder, it is mixed with nitro-glycerine. Nitro-glycerine has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and the peculiar property of causing a violent headache when used in a small quantity on the tongue or wrist. It freezes at forty degrees Fahrenheit, becoming a white, half-crystallized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.—American Analyst.

A Few Wise Sayings Given us by Carl Dunder.
Dot some peoples who slip out their finger for luck when dey see a white horse vill look around it sooner dan work for twelf shillings a day.

I vvas as rich as Vanderbilts; when I vvas all proke oop der riches of Shay Goud would not make me happy.

Der friendship of a good man vvas like der interest of ten thousand dollars at seven per cent.

Peoples who build der biggest castles in der minds shenerally lif in der poorest houses in reality. I doan't give a bushel of turraips for dot ship which vvas to come in for somebody.

I tell my boy dot Truth vvas might and must prevail, but he hadt pater look a leedle outd; if he sees a man drunk and goes and tells his wife. Sometimes a lie vvas slust what makes people happy.

Der reason why we look pack on our shilldhood mit sooch fondness is because we can't remember der tears and heart aches.

Dot same man who doan't pelief in Heafen because he can't see him will accept of whiskey simply by der smell.

One time when I goes mit der boleee to see a deadt dog in my neighbor's yard, he comes oop und finds two deadt cats under my own woodshed.

I vvas a golden principle to be honest, but if all men lived oop to him der peevishness of der country would fall off one-half in a week.
I vvas always my pelief in dot guide boards were put up at high-way corners to make more miles for travellers. If we doan't know how long der road vvas we come to some place all der sooner.
Some day when I shall come to pelieve all der worlds vvas badt, I shall slip out to der barn and hang myself for fear dot I vvas der only good one left und would be honest.
Nature vvas mighty good to some folks, but you vill must always see der dot she run short of brain material after making a handsome face.
I know what ails der times, und I can speak der needs of der country, but I left him alone. I vvas per der dot someone who doan't pay taxes und goes oop der work-house for a loafer tells der peoples.
Maybe it vvas true dot sharity peenas at home. Some husbands act dot vvas when dey vvas asked for money by der wives.
Nopody should be older dan he vvas, but it should be remembered dot some oldt folks can make fools of themselves on very short notice.
Detroit Free Press.

A Great Secret Out.
Pretty Girl.—"An old woman told me to day that I ought to get some love powder, and said she guessed you kept it."
Duggist.—"You can make it yourself by mixing half a teaspoonful of sugar with a—minute quantity of powdered starch."
"Yes, and how will I give it to him?"
"You must invite him to supper which you prepare, and slip it into his coffee."
"And will that make him want to marry me?"
"It will if the coffee is good and everything else well cooked."

Cheap Job Printing.