

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. IV.

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1867

NO. 51

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum, to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher. The rate of 50 cents per square.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—15 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until ordered, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Sherwood House

AND
DINING ROOMS,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

Corner of Fayette and Harrison streets,
(opposite the Maryland Institute.)
Baltimore,
Md.

THE above well known House has recently been opened by C. P. Barnard, formerly of the American Hotel, Washington, D. C., and has capacity to accommodate a large number of guests. The House is furnished with the latest and most improved furniture, and has a large and comfortable dining room for families. Connected with the House also is a ladies' dining room. The strictest order is maintained, and accommodations always at call. The House is open at all hours. The advantage of Hotel upon the plan of the Sherwood House is, that the guest can accommodate the price of his living to his own wishes, paying only for what he gets. The Sherwood House has recently been newly furnished and refitted, and being in a central and business part of the city, affords the most desirable location for traveling. A fair trial is asked, and patronage from St. Mary's county solicited.
C. P. BARNARD,
Agent,
sept 19, 1867—14.

Insolvent Notice.

Position for } In the Circuit Court of
Insolvency. } for St. Mary's County
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that John Allev, an Insolvent Person, be and appear before the said court on the third Monday of Nov., next, to answer such interrogatories of allegations as creditors, endorsers, or securities may allege or propose against him, and that said Insolvent cause a copy of this notice to be published in the Saint Mary's Gazette, once a week for three months, previous to said third Monday of Nov., next.

JNO. A. CAMALIER, CLK.
True copy—Test:
JNO. A. CAMALIER, CLK.
Aug. 1, 1867—3m.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having permanently located himself opposite the Race Track, Leonard Town, is prepared to do all kinds of REPAIRING TO CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c., and will also do all kinds of MAKE AND REPAIR CARRIAGES, WAGGONS, &c. at the shortest notice. All kinds of BLACKSMITH WORK will be done with neatness and dispatch. Being also prepared with the best materials for MAKING AND REPAIRING COFFERS, he will give his personal and prompt attention WITH HEARSE TO FUNERALS in any part of the county.

Charges will be moderate and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
BANDING WHEELS, &c.
J. J. JARBOE,
may 16, 1867—1y.

Selling off at Cost!

FOR the purpose of making room for a heavy STOCK OF FALL GOODS, I am now selling my stock of SUMMER GOODS AT COST. My goods are all purchased at the lowest New York prices, and are all new and fashionable styles. Give me an early call!
F. WILE,
Leonardtown, Md.
July 18, 1867—1y.

HOMAS J. DAIL. JOHN L. REEB.
T. J. DAIL & CO.
Wholesale Grocers
AND
Commission Merchants,
ALSO DEALERS IN
Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco,
No 27 Chesapeake,
Baltimore.
Personal attention given to sales of Grain.
Orders promptly attended to.
Feb 14, 1867—1y

To the Public.

N. CONRAD, Esq., is no longer authorized to act as my Agent, or to transact any business for me.
Wm. A. Fenwick, Esq., is hereby authorized and empowered to act as my Agent from this date.
JOHN S. EDWARDS,
Sept, 1867—1y

(Written for the Beacon.) PICTURES FROM LIFE.

The Farmer.

"Content is wealth, the riches of the mind; And happy he who can that treasure find." See the old Farmer. The snows of eighty winters have circled his brows with grey. "This age alone—no premature decay has whitened those venerable locks. See him as he now sits under the ivy covered porch enjoying the calm old age of man. See his children and grand-children around him—loving him. Soon those weary eyes will be closed in their last sleep—the sleep of peace—and in that how nobly will he meet the destroyer? He has been a life well spent, free from all the turmoil and strife of the worldly world. In grateful independence he has passed his days. No vain ambition has lured him from his sweet retreat to jangle in the vanities of life. No one can say he wronged me! He dies without a name, but what reck's that? He has lived happily, beloved by his neighbors, who have looked up to him for a half a century—as a father. When he is being laid in his grave, the few pure tears which nature can drop will fall upon the bier of the old farmer.

Of all the lots which man may choose here, give me that noble old one of the Farmer. Let ambition wing her flight to lofty empires, and trembling, flutter there; but give me the happy fireside in the old-world mansion—the old mansion in which my forefathers have lived and died. There no cares can vex me. There no sword of Damocles can fright me with its thrilling prospect of destruction.

A pointed and lung threatening o'er his head, Sustained but by a slender time of thread."

True happiness, or such as mortals can wish to attain to, can only be found in the peace and quiet of the old homestead. Give your gilded palaces to the ambitious. Let pride vaunt her joy in crowded cities. Let statesmen wrangle over the affairs of State. Give wealth to the miser, let his "summed-up heaps," may fill his heart with joy. Give wealth to the spendthrift, that he may be happy in squandering; but give to me that moss-covered home in the greenwood—the home of my childhood—my pleasure through life. There let me die in peace and quiet, uncorrupted by the vanities of the ambitious world.

"How blessed is he who leads a country life, Unweird with anxious care, and void of strife! Who, studying peace, and shunning city rage, Enjoys his youth, and now enjoys his age; All who deserve his love, he makes his own; And, to be loved, needs only to be known."

WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

The religious press generally animadvert upon the prevailing fashions in female dress. We find in *Brotherly Words*, a religious journal, the following caustic words under the above heading: "Whence come the fashions? Who is it that decrees, month by month, the style of woman's apparel, ruling the whole sex, in this regard, with sovereign sway? Not the imperial Eugenie, or other noble and high-bred dames; as you, gentle reader, may fondly suppose; but unhappy, dishonored woman, the very mention of whom for your model in any way you would resent as an insult. "The leadership of fashion," says a contemporary writer, "is entirely in the hands of a class of women who would not be admitted into good society in any country; who can never have the name of wife, and know none of the ties of family; these are the dictators whose dress, equipage and appointments give the law to France, and thence to the civilized world. Such was the confession of M. Dupin, made in a late speech before the French Senate, and acknowledged, with murmurs of assent on all sides, to be the truth." This fact goes far to account for the caprice and extravagance of the female fashions of the day. The women who inaugurate them are what are called *bonnettes* in Paris—a class who are baser than ordinary kept mistresses, and yet who regard themselves as superior to ordinary women of evil life. On them the millionaires who only care for the passing pleasures of a few weeks, lavish fortunes. For many years there was a severe fought battle between the *bonnettes* and the ladies of Paris as to who should set the fashions—but as wealth and extravagance increased, the harlots triumphed, and now every change in the fashions is set by them. This accounts for the extravagance, the coarseness, and vulgarity of the chignons, the short dresses, and the naked breasts which are now "all the rage." These strumpets are strangers to any suggestions of prudence or delicacy. All they care for is to keep alive, by ever-changing, striking effects in their personal appearance, the unhallowed influence which is their life. Hence comes the lavishness, the eccentricity, the daring of our monthly modes. Hence, fair reader, that newest fashion which so delights you, which you have been so such pains to procure. Do you blush to learn its parentage? or do you rather reason with yourself that it matters less who makes the fashions than who follow them because any mode whatsoever, when adopted by women of the superior class, becomes both respectable and charming? You probably take the latter view, for just such is the blameworthy which fashion throws over our social faults. "Every one does so," is an insidious foe, both to conscience and common sense, hoodwinking the one and beguiling the other into compliances, which looked at a part

A SINGULAR COMMUNITY.

Four miles from Onedia, New York, a class calling themselves Christian Perfectionists, twenty years ago organized a community. It numbers about 250; twenty-five are under 14 years of age. No property and persons are held in common. They commenced poor, now they are rich. The local "a" is the most beautiful in the land. It embraces 600 acres in the choice Onedia Valley. The grounds are finely laid out. The principal buildings are the central mansion, there are five large buildings. One is used for a general dining hall, and others for canning fruit and other industries. They have invented much valuable machinery. All eat in one large hall, at many tables. They provide neither tea nor coffee, and seldom meat. Vegetables, fruits, milk, butter, cheese, cakes, puddings and pies are abundant. They have a fine library and take the newspapers.

Their religious faith is peculiar. They claim to be the successors of the Apostles, to whom was promised the speedy second advent of Christ. They say that Christ did reappear after the destruction of Jerusalem, when there was a judgment in the spiritual world, and the final kingdom in the Heavens began. They believe they are in direct communication with Christ and the Resurrected Church in the angelic world. These things they say in a literal, not in a figurative sense. The marriage relation in this community is wholly unknown. Instead, there is a complete marriage. Each man is the husband of every woman—each woman the wife of every man. Husband and wife have no meaning. There are no wedding ceremonies, for there are no weddings. Nor are young persons mated. A young man must mate with a woman older and more experienced than he; a young woman with a man older and more experienced than she. Love attachments for individuals are contrary to their principles. Only twenty-four children have been born in ten years. The women wear Bloomers and short hair, and enjoy equal privileges with the man.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

The New York *Sun* has an editorial giving some good advice to parents—to give their boys a good trade. That is the best "friend in need" the editor knows of a life wears on, and he adds: "Every day (we are told) there are instances of men slipping from high rounds to the lowest one in the ladder of wealth. Business men find themselves engulfed in the sea of financial embarrassment, from which they emerge with nothing but their personal resources, to depend upon for a living. Clerks, salesmen and others find themselves thrown out of employment, with no prospect of speedily obtaining places which they are competent to fill, and with no other means of gaining a livelihood. How many men there are in this city to-day, some of whom have families dependent upon them for support, who bewail the mistake they made in not learning useful trades in their younger days? There are hundreds of them. There are men here who have seen better days, men of education and business ability, who envy a mechanic who has a sure support for himself and family in his handicraft. Parents make a great mistake when they impose upon the brain of their boy the task of supporting him without preparing his hands for emergencies. No matter how favorable a boy's circumstances may be, he should enter the battle of life as every prudent general enters the battle of armies—with a reliable reserve to fall back upon in case of disaster. Every man is liable to be reduced to the lowest pecuniary point, at some stage of life, and it is hardly necessary to refer to the large proportion of men who reach that point. No man is poor who is the master of a trade. It is a kind of capital that defies the storm of financial reverse, and that clings to a man when all else has been swept away. It consoles him in the hour of adversity with the assurance that, let whatever may befall him, he need have no fear for the support of himself and his family. Unfortunately, a silly notion, the offspring of a sham aristocracy, has of late years led many parents to regard a trade as something disgraceful, with which their children should not be tainted. Labor is despised. What would the world be without it? It is the very power that moves the world. A power higher than the throne of aristocracy has ennobled labor, and he who would disparage it, must set himself above the Divine principle. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." A trade is a "friend in need," it is independence and wealth—a rich legacy which the poorest father may give his son, and which the richest should regard as more valuable than gold.

INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his fields, his goods—and expected for this his children would support him; but after he had been some time with the son the latter grew tired of him, and said: "Father I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your armpit stands the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said: "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Will you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son he also found him troublesome, and said to him: "Father the people run in and out here all day as if they were a pigeon house, and you cannot have your noontide sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself, "Yes I will do so. I will go and try it with my daughter." She grew weary of him, and she was also fearful that when her father went to church anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no such stairs to descend, as she lives on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to the other daughter; but after some time she too became tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout and her sister, the gravedigger's wife, at John's had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went to his youngest daughter Helen; but after he had been there some days with her, her little son said to his grandfather: "Mother said yesterday to Aunt Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father dig." These words broke the old man's heart so that he sunk back in his chair and died.

INGRATITUDE TO PARENTS.

There is a proverb that "a father can more easily maintain six children, than six children one father." There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his fields, his goods—and expected for this his children would support him; but after he had been some time with the son the latter grew tired of him, and said: "Father I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your armpit stands the cradle must come; will you not, perhaps go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said: "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Will you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son he also found him troublesome, and said to him: "Father the people run in and out here all day as if they were a pigeon house, and you cannot have your noontide sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself, "Yes I will do so. I will go and try it with my daughter." She grew weary of him, and she was also fearful that when her father went to church anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no such stairs to descend, as she lives on the ground floor. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to the other daughter; but after some time she too became tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout and her sister, the gravedigger's wife, at John's had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went to his youngest daughter Helen; but after he had been there some days with her, her little son said to his grandfather: "Mother said yesterday to Aunt Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father dig." These words broke the old man's heart so that he sunk back in his chair and died.

MEDICAL QUALITIES OF PUMPKINS.—A

recent discussion in the New York Farmers' Club, a correspondent writes of the pumpkin. I will give you a simple, yet very valuable cure for inflammatory rheumatism. A woman's arm was swollen to an enormous size, and painfully inflamed. A poultice was made of stewed pumpkin, which was renewed every fifteen minutes, and in a short time produced a perfect cure. The fever drawn out by the poultice made them extremely offensive, as they were taken off. I know a man cured of severe inflammation of the bowels by the same application. I think such subjects as this proper for discussion in a Farmers' Club.

DE. SHOEGRASS.—I have no doubt pump-

kins make a good poultice. Whatever holds water best is the most suitable. Dr. Smith—in my travels in Syria I found pumpkin seeds almost universally eaten by the people as a means of supporting a medical quality. Not because they are diuretic, but as an antidote against animalcules which infest the bowels. They are sold in the streets as apples and nuts are here. It is a medical fact that persons have been cured of tape worm by the use of pumpkin seeds. The outer skin being removed, the meats are bruised in a mortar, into an oily, pasty mass. It is swallowed by the patient after fasting some hours, and it takes the place of chyle in the stomach, and the tape worm lets go its hold on the membrane and becomes gorged with this substance, and in some measure probably torpid. Then a large dose of castor oil is administered, and the worms are ejected before they are able to renew their hold.

ORSCENTY IN THE REISS OF POMPEII.

There is one matter in relation to Pompeii that is seldom touched on by writers, and which I dare not touch too closely, with—The horrible depravity of the Pompeians, as illustrated by the frescoes, mosaics, sculptures and bronze statues that are found. Hundreds of these vile objects have been carried away to the museum of Naples and put in a room which no women is allowed to visit; but there are still houses in Pompeii that are kept locked, and others that have such sculptures over the doors on the outside that the guides hurry past them when there are women in the party. Even in private houses there are scores of frescoes, magnificently executed too, which one would only dare to visit in company with his nearest and dearest friends if ladies, and in other houses pictures and statues than which none can imagine any thing worse.

I cannot imagine why the writers on these matters have been so anxious to conceal the faults of the ancients. It is a fact that deserves to be generally known. Great God! what a picture of corruption in imperial Rome is revealed to one who looks into Pompeii with anything like thoroughness. The very stone of the door posts tells a tale more damnable than ever was invented by modern thought. Sodom was clean and Gomorrah was pure compared with Pompeii. Where was ever a people on earth, before or since Pompeii, that advertised the ways that lead down to hell by sculptures placed in the open light of the street? "Out-damned spot!" cried the still infant genius of modern civilization and christianity, as it looked in upon Pompeii, and Vesuvius responded to the command, and sent his consuming fires to do the work.

—Chicago Times.

CORRY'S ULTIMO OPINION OF WOMAN.

Women want something to do. She don't seek a husband for selfish motives. Not at all. She knows that a man is a helpless animal, and she wants to take care of him. And bless her, she does take better care of us than we often do of ourselves. She is our first, last and best solace. Mrs. O'Leary is now making me half a dozen shirts, which suggested the reflection that without woman, what shiftless creatures we should be. What should we do without her? Woman wants employment. Taking care of us is her natural vocation.

When she hasn't a family to look after

she wants to look after the affairs of the nation, to vote and run for Congress. She must have excitement, and if she hasn't house cleaning she wants to set the country to rights. I believe in giving our white sister a chance as well as our black brother. We might as well take all our relations into political partnership while we are about it, and make it a family affair. Mr. Stanton and I agreed on this. Woman notwithstanding her weakness for waterfalls, is to be trusted. But I notice that storekeepers who trust her generally send their bills to her husband. This ought to be an insult to the sex, and when women vote I hope they will have spirit enough to resent and make it a misdemeanor punishable with the confiscation of the debt.

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms and etiquettes of life, and self-possessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond all this; that which lies at the root of all his case, and refinement and tact, is power of pleasing—how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society, he scrupulously maintains his position and relations with every one with whom he comes in contact, that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies how he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may mortally hurt their feelings, how he may abstain from any allusion which calls up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, infirmity, or any other little fallow comes up, and passing his way through the crowd, he helps the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and places them in a bundle. Then as he was running away a voice above him said, "A little boy with a straw hat look up." A lady leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow, God will bless you for that." As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful looks; and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat.

NETTLES FROM DEAN SWIFT.—If a man

will observe as he walks the street, I believe he will find the merriest faces in mourning coaches. The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making eyes. We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another. The power of fortune is possessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit. Ambition often puts men upon doing meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping. Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw. Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery in most men, proceed from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary. Apollo was held the God of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade and still continue. If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time. Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

CONCIT.—Hardly anything is more

contemptible than that conceit which rests merely upon social position, the conceit of those who imagine that thus they are divorced from the clay of common men of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work, as something which degrades by its very contact, and yet who, very likely, owe their present position to some far distant ancestor, who recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work from which they draw their income and which glorified their ancestors more with their soiled aprons and black gowns than themselves with their fine ribbons and flashing jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like the lilies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing if we were only lilies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call to work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore that it is equally honorable.—Rev. Dr. Chapin.

INFLUENCE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

A London reviewer observes, "Every body who surveys social life with any power of vision, perceives that marriage is too frequently the means of checking or extinguishing the manifold capacities of a tender and elevated nature by mating it with means or base conditions. Practically, we assume of most men and women that their lives are in their own hands, that what they actually accomplish is the satisfactory measure of all that lay in them to accomplish; and that upon the whole if misery and incompleteness of existence overtake them, the fault is mainly their own. Practically, indeed, this may be a fair working conviction, but many who dream of an ideal justice which may be something more than practical, know that our lives are often given into our hands soiled and broken by the recklessness of those whom we love most. Marriage offers the most effective opportunity for spoiling the life of another. Nobody can abuse, harass, and ruin a woman so fatally as her own husband, and nobody can do a title so much to chill a man's aspirations, as to marry to his own wife, to draw sap from his character as his wife.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.—One day

when the seven wise men of Greece were at the Courts of Pericles of Corinth, the question was proposed, "Which is the most perfect popular Government?" "That," said Bias, "where the laws have no superior." "That," said Thales, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor." "That," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base." "That," said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than orators." But Solon's opinion seems to have the greatest weight, who said, "Where an insult upon the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole Constitution."

THE COMMON PEOPLE.—No statesman

can afford to omit the common people from his calculation. They are the very root and core of society. Kings are only the blossoms of the national tree. The root is more dependent upon the foundation than the foundation upon the root. Nearly all, if not quite all, the movements which have changed the thinking, and determined the new course of the world, have been upward, not downward. The great revolutions have generally been cradled in manure, and gone through rough discipline in early life. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles; and unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world. This is God's plan of uniting all classes of the family of man.

Germany has given birth to a new

religion set, the members of which worship in silence and in darkened rooms.

A KICKING GUN.

Mark Twain tells the following story by a fellow passenger, who being lazzered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he had loaded an old Queen Anne's musket for his father, once, whereupon he related the following: "You see the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a little single-barrel shot-gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne's musket that weighed a ton, and made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the old musket some time, but I was afraid. One day though, I got her down, and so I took her to the hired man and asked him how to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said: "Do you see them marks on the stock an X and a V on the open crown? Well, that means ten balls and five slugs; that's her load."

"But how much powder?" "Oh," he says, "it don't matter; put in three or four handfuls." So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out. I levelled her on a good many blackbirds, but every time I went to pull the trigger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her kick. Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting, have ye?"

"Yes sir," says I. "What did you kill?" "Didn't kill anything, sir; didn't shoot her off; I was afraid she'd kick. (I knew I'd be well she would.) "Gimmus that gun!" The old man says, mad as sin. And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. And the next minute I heard an earthquake, and the Queen Anne went whirling end over end in the air, and the old man spun around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and the bark flew from the old man's shoulder, and his jaw, turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else can scare me the way I was scared that time.

DIVING.—There is dignity about

that going away alone, we call diving—that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives; for we are not dead—there is nothing dead to speak of, and we only go off seeing foreign countries, not laid down on the map we know about. "There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

The subject of impression at first

sight, was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside over the tea cups and tea," said she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct. "Mama," said the youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present. "I wish my dear, what is it?" replied the fond mother. "I want to know what was your opinion of me when you first saw me?" This question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

The head of a turtle, for some time

after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensations. An Irishman decapitated one, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady, who saw the proceeding, exclaimed: "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?" "So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

A little boy some six years old, was

using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, chided and said: "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day." "I'm drawin' meetin' houses, father," was the prompt reply.

A dandy of twenty-six having been

formed an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called "old" or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman. "It's owing to how you take it. Now, far a man it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

Teacher—"Tommy, what does

h-a-i-r spell?" Apt pupil—"Dunno, sir." Teacher—"Why, you numskull, what have you got on your head?" Apt pupil—"I dunno, sir, but I think it beca a flea." "Where was John Rogers burned to death?" exclaimed the teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," said Joshua, looking very gray and wise.