Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cts per square for the first insertion, and 50 cts 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 forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisign. Obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published, unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

GREAT BARGAINS TO BE HAD FOR THE

READY MONEY.

SMITH & MILLS are just in receipt of their Spring supply of Goods embracing a general assortment of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES, &c.

ALSO

a lot of READY MADE CLOTHING, which they offer a little lower for cash than they can be bought elsewhere.

They name in part the following articles, namely:

Bleached Muslins at 12½ to 25 cts. per yard.
Brown do do at 11½ to 23 " " "
Calicoes from 10 to 18 cts. per yard.
Handsome Spring Muslins from 22 to 30 cts.
Brown Drills, Cottonades, &c., cheap.
Cups and Saucers at 25 cts. per sett.
Handsome White Plates at 60 cts.
and all other Queensware proportionately low.
Rio Coffee 25 to 33 cts. per lb.
Fine Brown Sugar 14 cts. and best quality 16 cts.
Shoes & Boots at reduced prices,
and many articles not enumerated here equally low. Call then and for the ready cash you shall have bargains.

May 21, 1868—tf.

WALTER MITCHELL. F. F. MITCHELL. WM. C. HOWARD.

MITCHELL, HOWARD & CO.

GENERAL PRODUCE, FORWARDING AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 11 COMMERCE STREET,

BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES:

Jno. S. Gittings, Prest. Chesapeake Bank.
Hodges Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Benj. C. Howard, " "
J. & E. B. Stowe, Lincolnton, N. C.

April 9, 1868—tf.

A. BRAFFMAN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER IN

Ready Made Clothing.

No. 32 Marsh Market Space,

N W Cor Second st. Opp Md Institute,

Baltimore.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Ready Made Clothing—also clothes made to order in the latest and most fashionable styles. Persons desiring to secure bargains, would do well to call and examine my stock before going elsewhere to purchase.

May 2, 1867—1y.

The Pennsylvania House,

Nos. 357 and 359 C Street,

Between 4½ and 6th Sts.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The undersigned, late of the "Marlboro' House," Prince George's County, respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken the above-named Hotel, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent boarders. For transient board $2 50 per day. Thankful for the flattering patronage extended to him in Prince George's County, he will be most happy to see his old friends at his new location.

☞ The Leonardtown, Port Tobacco, Rockville and Upper Marlborough Stages start from this House every morning.

JAMES A. MEDLEY, Proprietor.

March 28, 1867—tf

JAS. H. S. GIBBONS,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

for the sale of

TOBACCO,

GRAIN,

&c.,

No. 80 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore,

Gives personal attention to the inspection of Tobacco. Will make prompt returns and fill orders with dispatch.

march 19, 1868—1y.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned take this method of informing the public that they are still associated together in the Carpenter's business, and will contract for the building of Houses of every description. All work will be executed with dispatch, and in all contracts for Dwellings special attention will be paid to Bricklaying Plastering and Painting.

All orders addressed to them at Leonardtown, Md., will receive prompt attention.

GEORGE HORNE,
THOMAS C. GREENWELL,

June 6, 1867—1y

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 over a hundred people with lodging, and has capacious and nicely furnished rooms for families. Connected with the House also is a ladies' dining room. The strictest order is maintained and accommodating servants always at call. The House is open at all hours. The advantage of a 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, offers unusual inducements to travellers. A fair trial is asked, and patronage from St. Mary's county solicited.

C P BARNARD, Agent.

sept. 19, 1867—tf.

Attention

TOBACCO PLANTERS.

BY the use of Bibb & Co's Tobacco Furnace, Tobacco can be made to average $30 per hundred. It is to the interest of all Planters to use it and increase the price of their Tobacco, as well as guard against the damaging effects of the weather during the curing season. Order early, as the demand will be great this season, and none are made except to *order*.

Apply to

BIBB & CO., Baltimore

or

Dr GEO W DORSEY,
JOHN T BOND,
Port Republic,
Calvert co., Md.

☞ A representation of the Furnace and a sample of the Tobacco cured by it can now be seen at Mr J F Fenwick's Hotel.

march 12th, 1868—1t 1st aug.

FARM FOR SALE.

WE will sell at Private Sale a very desirable little farm in the Factory District, eligibly located, having a good DWELLING

and fair

OUT HOUSES

upon it, and containing

137 1-2 acres,

This land will be sold for $2'00—one half cash and the balance at 12 month credit.

COMBS & DOWNS,
Attorneys for the Owner.

Dec. 12 1867—tf.

Farmers' and Drovers' Hotel,

Near the Navy Yard Bridge,

UNION TOWN, D. C.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is now prepared to accommodate travellers generally—having a large STABLE and STOCK YARD attached for the convenience of Travellers, and Drovers, and having heretofore received a liberal patronage from the lower counties, he feels assured that long experience, combined with attentive waiters, reliable ostlers, and moderate charges, will obtain for him a continuance of the same.

ROBERT F MARTIN, Proprietor.

June 27, 1867—1y.

Land Agency.

THE undersigned have formed a limited copartnership, as agents for the sale and purchase of Real Estate. Persons having FARMS for sale, or who wish to purchase, will do well to communicate with either of the undersigned.

JOHN H. MILBURN, Jr.,
Great Mills,
St Mary's co, Md.
F P HOLLISTER,
Montrose,
Susquehanna co., Pa.

may 28, 1868—tf.

For Rent.

THE STORE-HOUSE and FIXTURES at Stone's Wharf, near the Head of St. Clement's Bay, for rent. It is an excellent and well-established place for business and persons wishing to engage in merchandizing would do well to obtain it. Terms made known on application to

Y. P. DAWKINS.

Nov. 28, 1867—tf.

WM. BISCOE,

Permanent and Transient Boarding,

NO. 103 HANOVER ST,

Between Camden and Conway,

Baltimore.

Nov. 7, 1867—tf.

FOR SALE AND RENT.

A SMALL stock of goods for sale at Edward Tubman's old stand. The STORE-HOUSE at this place is for rent. Apply to

R A CLARKE.

April 9, 1868—tf.

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go feel what I have felt;
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn,
Then suffer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go, kneel where I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen;
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth, lip bathed in blood
A cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear, and feel, and see, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think of its flavor you will try
When all proclaims, "Tis drink, and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
When e'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND!

—:o:—

I am not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, sing well, I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then, sometimes, I did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in those same hands and feet consists my chief beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not go into it quietly—weighing my idol's perfections against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes, Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and, lo! I was desperately in love. She was a fairy like figure, with long brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoulders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of saucy light, yet how tender and loving they could look. (This I found out later.)

Of all the provoking, tantalizing little coquettes that ever teased the heart of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men, but the next time I met her, a cool nod and indifferent glance threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Never a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me, and yet her hand would linger in mine, and her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in a moment, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid, most emphatically and in the next sentence would add:

"I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody I should love him like—like a house a fire. Though," she would say carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth setting my thoughts upon."

I tried in a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention and profound interest that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down; it took all the breath out of me. One evening, while there I was seized with a violent headache, I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsey, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with—

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it—if you can get any body to have you."

"Indeed," said I, piqued, "there are too many! I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all these ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly, "tho' I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect symplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped—" Oh that dreadfully attentive face of hers! "That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh! my head! my head!" and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" and she put her cool little hand among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to the toes of my boots. My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but all the way home, the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered on my brow.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a lucrative partnership in the South, in the office of a lawyer friend of mine, made me decide to extend my trip and see how the "land lay." One thing was certain, I could not leave for months, perhaps for years without some answer from Susy. So, dressed in my faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor at the piano, alone.—She nodded gaily as I came in, but continued her song. It was, "I've something sweet to tell you."

At the words, "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance, I was ready to prostrate myself; but sweeping back her curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you lose music when you sleep. May I think so?"

"Oh! yes, if you choose—for Rory O'Moore says dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her.

"Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began—

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—I—"

Now she was listening! A bright thought ttruck me; I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going South to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her if she fainted, or comfort her if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but, throwing back her curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and turning her eyes full upon him she gayly said:

"Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Levy's as you go home and order me some extra hankerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued. "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, wont you? And if you get married, or die, or anything, let us know?"

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office, in Kentucky," I said, determined to try her, "and if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old, saucy look was there; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watch chain, and the other fell upon the keys making, for the first time, a discord.

"Going away forever" she said, with a tone that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes; it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—though—"

Oh, that earnest, grave face! My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horse hair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" I said offering it.

She took it between her own, and toying with the fingers, said—

"May I?"

"Yes, if you will give this one" and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contract with another pair.

PUNGENT.—Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?

"No; how was it?"

Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the *sauce*, supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knitted into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trousers and commenced wiping his eyes!

"What *troubles* yer, Jemmy?" inquired his comrade.

"Sure, and it was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung!" he replied, shrewdly.

"Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had as sudden use for the handkerchief; whereat Jemmy as coolly enquired, and what *troubles yer*, Pat?

"Troth," he replied, "That you wasn't hung with yer father?"

"Did you draw anything at the last fair?" said Biggs to Jiggs.

"Draw anything? eh—gad, didn't I draw my wallet about twenty times?"

THE SMITH FAMILY.

Henry Smith, the Razor Strop man, will be remembered by many of our citizens, as a loquacious and amusing street vender of razor strops; and anything relative to him now will doubtless interest them.

It appears that after amassing a moderate fortune, he went into various speculations, which detracted from rather than augmented his accumulations, and the result was that he soon found himself reduced to the necessity of returning to his 'first love,' the 'strop' business. He is already on the tramp, and having turned up in New York city, is thus welcomed by the inconsiderate 'trifle-gatherer' of the Evening Mail;

Yesterday passing through Nassau street in the vicinity of Wall, we observe a crowd of open mouths and smiling faces surrounding a tall, time worn, but gentlemanly looking man, who was, with a superlative use of the English language, demonstrating that what he was offering for sale was the best, cheapest, and most enduring article ever offered to an intelligent and discriminating people in any age, clime or community, and with forcible and amuzing eloquence supplementing the above with the fact that notwithstanding he had supplied the whole continent and a part of Europe for a quarter of a century, he had still a few more left of the same sort, for only a quarter.'

We joined with the crowd, and were impelled to relieve the salesman of a really excellent razor-strop at so cheap a price, for we recognised in his ancient and venerable physiognomy one of New York's old and esteemed representative originals—Henry Smith, the eccentric and well known 'Razor Strop man.'—He glories in the name of Smith, as we see by our *verbatim* note of a part of his address: 'Gentleman my name is Smith, and I am proud to say that I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd, owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Smith, gentleman, is an illustrious name,
And stands very high in the annals of fame;
Let White, Brown, or Jones, increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentleman, I am proud of being an original Smith—not a Smithe nor a Smythe, but a regular, natural, original S-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting a *y* into the middle or an *e* at the end, won't do, gentleman.—Who ever heard of a great man by the name of S-m-y-t-h or S-m-i-t-h-e, Smithe, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who are the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this century? Albert and John Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith. To go further back, who was the boldest and bravest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? Smith. Who palavered with Powhattan, Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families of Virginia? Smith again.

And who, I ask, and I ask the question seriously and soberly—who, I say' is that man and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most woman, kissed the most girls, run away with the most wives, and married the most widows? History says, you say, I say, and everybody says, John Smith. [Laughter and applause.] To go back still further, the Scripture speaks of one Alexander, the Copper Smith. Further back still, we read of Tubal Cain, who was an artificer in brass and iron. He must undoubtedly have been a Black Smith. And I have no doubt, gentleman, that the great progenitor of our race would have been called Smith, if his name hadn't been Adam.—[Laughter.] And now, gentleman, let me ask who is that benevolent and self-sacrificing individual who, regardful of the wants of humanity, strives to cheer the hearts of men, to dry up the tears of women, and hush the cries of children, by declaring eternal and exterminating war against all, each, and every dull razor, knife, shears, and scissors, in this great and glorious country?

Modesty, respected fellow citizens, that natural and retiring modesty which is so peculiar to that honored family of which I have spoken, forbids me to mention his name. Let it suffice to say that if any gentleman in this most respectable and intelligent crowd desires to procure an article that is warranted to sharpen his wife's scissors, his boy's knife, his own razor, his wits, or his appetite, I stand ready as the sole representative of all the Smiths, whether blacksmiths, whitesmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths, coppersmiths, or John Smiths, to sell him a keen, close, cute, cunning, capable, curious and capital razor strop, of which, I am proud to say, 'I have still a few more left of the same sort, and the *price* is twenty-five cents.

An Englishman had heard of the Yankee habit of bragging, and thought he would cut the comb of that propensity.—He saw some huge watermelons on a market-woman's stand, and walking up to her, and pointing to them with a look of disappointment, said—

"What! don't you raise bigger apples than these in America?"

The woman looked at him one mement, and retorted—

Apples! Anybody might know you was an Englishman. 'Them's huckleberries!"

COURTESY.

—:o:—

Among the many striking romances in which the heroes of King Arthur's "Round Table" figure, few are so beautiful as the adventure of Sir Gawain, the Knight of Courtesy, as he was styled, and the enchanted lady whom he was compelled to wed. King Arthur made a solemn vow to a hideous old woman, whom he met in the forest, to give her, in exchange for an important secret she confided to him, one of the knights of his court in marriage; but on proposing to the gallant cavaliers that one of them should wed the fearful creature, all of them refused. The King would have thereupon forfeited not only his word, but his whole kingdom to the hag, when his nephew, the brave Sir Gawain, who was notable among all the knights for gentleness and courtesy, volunteered to save the monarch's credit and estates by taking the dreadful creature to wife. Sir Gawain bore the scoffs and jeers of his comrades manfully, and the marriage was solemnized with great pomp and splendor, the ladies of the court pitying Sir Gawain, the knights laughing at him, and the King looking on with grief. After the nuptials, Sir Gawain took his loathsome bride home. She would have had him caress her, but he shuddered at any contact, and could not bear to give her even one kiss.

She demanded the reason for his aversion, and he told her it was because of "her old age, her ugliness and her low degree." To this she answered him that with age she had discretion; that her ugliness would save him from rivals, and that true nobility depended, not on the birth, but the character of the individual. Moved by these arguments, and her tears, Sir Gawain resolved to try and bear with her, and, of his own accord, drew her to his breast and kissed her ugly lips.

Then behold! in an instant she was transformed into a surpassing lovely damsel; and she told him that she had been the victim of an enchantment which could not be removed but by the kiss of a true and noble man, and that she had languished in misery for years, until he had thus broken the spell.

This is merely a story, but it beautifully illustrates the power of true Christain courage. Nothing so quickly brings out all that is lovely and lovable in character as kind, courteous treatment. It makes the heart glow with the best sentiments, and fills the face with their shining. Courtesy calls forth courtly qualities in others, and tends to make them what we treat them. If you would have your companions true, noble, good, let your manners towards them show that you think they are so, and they will become what you wish them to be. So your courtesy will disenchant the enchanted and transform the ugly hag into the lovely lady.

LATE IN CHURCH.—Church-goers who have a regard for the feelings of others, and of respect to Him whom they assemble to worship, will never be late in entering the house of God. They will be in their seats a few moments before the exercise commences, so that they may be prepared to take part with calmness and devoutness in the services of the occasion. There are others, however, and their number is not as small as it should be, who are habitually late in church. They arrive a few minutes after the exercises are commenced, and proceed up the aisle to their seats. The attention of the audience is called off, and the clergyman is interrupted in his duties until the tardy comers have settled themselves in their pews. There is, in nine cases out of ten, no necessity for such want of punctuality. A little forethought and exertion will prevent it. It is a good deal easier for people always to be in time, than to be tardy.—There are some so uncharitable as to insinuate that the late goers to church are such intentionally—arriving just after the proceedings have commenced—for the express purpose of attracting the attention of the people to themselves and their finery. Now we cannot believe that vanity will lead anybody into such a violation of good manners as this, although we must admit that appearances sometimes are in favor of the truth of the insinuation. The only way to avoid the appearance of evil, and leave no room for such insinuations, is to be always early in church.

Little Frank—"Great Cæsar, mother, what a big apple!"

Mother—"It's wicked, Franky, to say Great Cæsar. I've often reproved you for using this bad word, which you have learned from the boys in the street, but you keep on repeating it. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will give five cents not to say "Great Cæsar" any more."

"It's a bargain, mother," cried the little four year old, and the money was paid.

Two or three days afterward little Frank came running into the house from his play on the street, his eyes glistening and his cheeks red with excitement.

"Mother, mother, I've learned a new word from the boys. It's 'Great Peter.' Give me five cents more, and I'll quit saying that, too."

BUSINESS MARRIAGES.—Some one has said the marriage service should read thus: Clergyman—Will you take this stone mansion, this carriage and pair, and these diamonds for thy wedded husband? Yes. Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high chingnon of foreign hair, these affected accomplishments and feeble constitution for thy wedded wife? Yes. Then what man has joined together let the next man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear asunder.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Having seen much suffering from consumption, and knowing thousands of dollars are yearly spent by invalids traveling for their health, and on medicines and physicians, we propose a simple recipe by which patients may become their own physicians, and if not too far gone, will guarantee a perfect cure if made and regularly taken according to directions. The ingredients are hoarhound, mullein and molasses—ingredients that are in reach of all, the mullein growing wild in every field, the hoarhound in almost every garden, and the molasses to be had at any grocery. The directions for making are to take a large handful of hoarhound and boil as strong tea as possibly can be made. Take up, then boil an equal quantity of mullein in the same way. Take a cupfull of the tea of the hoarhound, cupfull of the tea of the mullein and mix together in a suitable vessel, then add a cupfull of molasses and stew a syrup—the thicker the better.—Take a table-spoonfull, or a large swallow, three times a day. Be particular in following directions as to making and also to taking it, and we will guarantee relief in all cases not too far advanced.

☞ Artemus Ward had an adventure in Boston which resulted as follows:

"I returned in the hors cart part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sat near me and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Warltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles:

"Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," said she, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin a barrel of mackerel, he died there, so I concloud you ain't him."

"I didn't pursoo the conversation."

QUACK DOCTORS.—Beware of quack doctors. The only relief that is generally found is when they relieve patients of the contents of their purse. It stands to reason that if these "celebrated physicians" were what they profess to be, they need not adopt the peregrinating circus plan of practicing their profession, because they could get employment at their homes. But as long as they can find gudgeons ready to bite, they will come. The afflicted can always find intelligent, responsible and educated resident physicians in every city and community.

☞ A certain youth recently made the following comments on Pocahontas: Said he, "Pocahontas was a great man—Pocahontas was a noble, kind hearted and true man."

"Hold on," cried his companion, "Pocahontas was a *woman*."

"She was, eh!" said he—"well, that's just my luck; how am I expected to know? I never read the Bible!"

☞ "What can be the cause of that bell ringing to-day?" said young Sam to his friend, as they neared a country village.

"If I was to express my opinion on the subject," returned Isaac solemnly, "I should say it is my deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

"Jonas, do you love me?"

'Yes, Sukey, I does.'

'How do you know you love me, Jonas?'

"'Cause, whenever I see you my heart jumps up and knocks agin my stummock so hard that I don't have any appetite for a week afterwards.'

STAGE MANAGER.—"John go see if the ballet are all dressed, for it is time to ring up the curtain." Boy returns.—"About ready, sir; got most of their clothes off."

An incorrigible loafer, being taken to task for his laziness, replied, "I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken, I have not a lazy bone in my body, but the fact is, *I was born tired!*"

"It seems as though I'd never get square with that are grand-jury," remarked a disconsolate rogue; "they never gets together without bringin' in a little *bill* ag'in me."

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look-in.

Advice to parties who are in doubt whether to buy or hire a house; of two evils choose the 'leased.'

The first 'bus in America, after much discussion, has been decided to have been Columbus.

Tallow is the best lubricator for wood axletrees, and castor oil for iron.

Satan is bad as a taskster; his work is much worse; his wages worst of all.

Impatience under affliction cuts out the pile and comforts of all our mercies.