# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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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 arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

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Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; 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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.



## ENGLISH ROOFING FELT

Is found to stand well in all climates, being extensively used for Roofing Houses, Out-Buildings and Sheds; for Laying Flat Roofs, Gutters, Lining Granaries, Storehouses, or Walls, (either outside or inside), and for placing under Slates or Tiles. It is also a cheap and effective Ceiling on the underneath side of rafters of a Slated or Tiled Roof, and as a Ceiling to Iron Roofs, counteracting Heat, Frost, and Condensation of Moisture.

The English Felt is put up in rolls of 25 yards in length, by 32 inches in width, and containing a surface of 200 square feet.

### *THREE-PLY FELT FOR ROOFING.*

In rolls, 26 inches wide, by 50 feet in length; each roll will cover a surface 10 feet square, or 100 square feet.

It is to be laid across the roof, shingle fashion, with a lap of two inches and secured by nailing the edges with 3d nails and tin caps.

When laid, the Felt is to be painted with *Mastic Roof Coating*, and Sanded. The Mastic Roof Coating is mixed, ready for use, and is applied with a brush.

### *TARRED ROOFING FELT.*

Used extensively for Sheathing Houses, and for Tar and Gravel roofing, also for placing under Slate, Tin and Shingle roofing.

It is used in packing Woolens and Furs to protect them from moths.

Put up in rolls weighing 45 pounds each.

15 pounds Felt will cover a surface of 100 square feet.

### *TWO-PLY FELT,*

For Sheathing Houses, roofing Temporary Buildings, making Water Tight Floors, and for placing under Slate and Shingles.

In rolls 26 inches wide by 50 feet in length. Each roll will cover a surface 10 feet square or 100 square feet.

For Sheathing it can be nailed upon the studding, making a perfectly air tight sheathing, and sure protection from dampness. Rats, mice or vermin will not go near it.

### *MICA CANVASS ROOFING,*

In rolls containing 250 square feet. Is to be laid across the roof, and lapped shingle fashion with a lap of two inches, and secured by nailing the edges with 20 oz tacks.

This is the only Composition Roofing that does not require a finishing coat of paint or cement.

### *UNTARRED SHEATHING FELT,*

For Carpet Lining, Deafening Floors, and for putting under Slate, Tin and Shingle Roofing.

Put up in rolls weighing 100 pounds.

10 pounds Felt will cover a surface 10 feet square, or 100 square feet. Manufactured by the

PENN RO FING CO.,
105 South second street, Philadelphia.

Aug 24, 1871—tf.

## *To Tobacco Planters.*

OUR experience in the successful manufacture of Tobacco Fertilizers and Compounds, especially adapted to the growth of the Tobacco Plant, has induced us to present to our Tobacco Planters a most excellent mixture, based on practical results, and we invite them to try our

*PLANTERS' TOBACCO FERTILIZER*

alongside the best and most known Fertilizer of that class.

The high per centage of Ammonia and the capability of this Fertilizer to generate the Ammonia in various periods during the growth of the plants.

The mixture of Potash, Alkaline Salts and the high per centage of *Soluble Phosphate of Lime*, make it a Compound not equalled by any others. The results obtained will introduce this article by itself.

Our Planters' Ammoniated Soluble Phosphate has given entire satisfaction on Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Peanuts, Garden Vegetables, Potatoes, &c., &c., and we are satisfied that the above Fertilizer on Tobacco will give the same results.

LORENTZ & RITTLER,
Manufacturing Chemists.

Planters' Tobacco Fertilizer, per ton, 2,000 lbs. $60.00

Planters' Ammoniated Soluble Phosphate, per ton, 2,000 lbs. 55.00

DYER, HILL & CO.,
Grocers and Tobacco Commission Merchants,
49 Light street, Baltimore,
Sole Agents.

may 4, 1871—1y.

## SONG ECHO

Perkins' New School-Book, "THE SONG ECHO," is pronounced the best work of its class for the following reasons: The Music is all *new* and *fresh*; every piece is a well-known Household Melody—such as "Driven from Home," "Write me a Letter," "Little Brown Church," etc. It contains twice as many songs as can be found in other works. The Music is selected from sixty-four authors, and not *filled up* with *one author's* compositions. Price, 75 cents each, or $7.50 per dozen. Sample copies mailed to Teachers for 65 cents. Liberal arrangements for introduction.

Address, J. L. PETERS,
Aug 31—2m. 599 Broadway, N. Y.

## Boarding School for Young Ladies.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART will open a BOARDING SCHOOL for Young Ladies at ROSECROFT on Wednesday, the 6th of September.

Board and Tuition, $150 per year.
Post Office, St Inigoe's,
St Mary's County, Md.

Aug 17, 1871—tf.

## THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

THE primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest pre-disposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they cannot perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and rouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of good digestion, and ultimately make good healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter, in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs,—a cavity or abscess there,—the cavity cannot heal, the matter cannot ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things,—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cold and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold, while using my Medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured; and it is precisely the same in regard to Consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed Consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my Medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung cannot, with safety to the patient, be exposed to the biting blasts of Winter or the chilling winds of Spring and Autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure under almost any circumstances is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the Medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the First of October I expect to take possession of my new building, at the Northeast Corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my Remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.,
Philadelphia.

*THOMSON, LILLY & CO.,*
26 Hanover st., Baltimore, Md.,
General Agents.

Sept. 14, 1871—t1jan*

FRANCIS NEALE. J. H. NEALE.

FRANCIS NEALE & SON,

## Commission Merchants,

Sell Leaf Tobacco, Grain and all country produce.

Buy fertilizers and all supplies for farmers.

☞ No commission charged for buying guano when funds are in hand.

Baltimore, Oct. 2nd, 1871.

Oct 5, 1871—tf.

## LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

R. M. EDWARDS, having qualified as an Auctioneer according to the License Laws of the United States, gives notice that he will attend to the sale of all real or personal property that may be offered at public auction in St. Mary's county. Address, R M Edwards, Great Mills P O., St Mary's county, Md.

June 23, 1870—tf.

## Boarding.

MR. J. C. M LBURN, formerly of St. Mary's county, has removed from No. 33 Hanover St., to 100 *W. Lombard st.*, between *Sharp and Liberty*, and is prepared to receive permanent and transient Boarders.

Jan 9 1870—tf.


## OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF PIN-MAKING.

The following sketch is from the introduction to the abridgments of specifications relating to needles and pins recently published by the English Patent Office:

"Pins formed of wire seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century, before which time they were larger than the present pin, and were made of boxwood, bone, ivory, and some few of silver. Metal pins had, however, long been matters of history. In the Egyptian tombs they are frequently found, and are much more elaborate and costly than those produced to suit modern requirements. They vary in length up to seven or eight inches, and are furnished sometimes with large gold heads, and sometimes with a band of gold around the upper end, those of the latter kind having probably been used for securing the hair. The ancient Mexicans were familiar with their use, but they also found a convenient substitute in the thorns of the agave. About the middle of the fifteenth century, metal pins were in use to a small extent in this country, and we hear of Catharine Howard importing them from France somewhere about the year 1540. The importation of pins really date much further back, for in 1483 it was made the subject of a prohibitory statute. In 1543, another act, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., provided 'that no person shall put to sale any pinnes but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pinnes, well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well and round, filed, cauted, and sharpened.' Within three years from this date the manufacture was so much improved that the enactment became of little value. It is very probable that the imported pins were the cause of this manifestation of government interference. The best pins were made of brass, but in France it had become very general to manufacture pins from iron wire, which, being blanched like the others, passed for brass. The pins so made were very defective, and in little time their use was confined to the Continent. The French especially could with difficulty be prevailed upon to discard them; and even as late as 1695, it is recorded that the seizure of some millions of the faulty pins by order of the lieutenant of police was confirmed by the parliament, and the whole quantity was ordered to be burnt by the common executioner.

"The manufacture of pins was started in Gloucestershire, by John Tilsby, in 1626, and the business soon proved so prosperous that it gave employment to 1,500 persons. Ten years later it was established in London. About the middle of the last century, wire-drawing and pin-making were commenced in Birmingham by the Rylands family, who carried on most successfully this branch of industry. So much of the business as related to pins was transferred, about the year 1785, by Mr. Samuel Rylands to his nephew, Mr. Thomas Phipson, and this manufacture has since been continued by the present firm of Thomas Phipson & Son.

"The trade gradually improved, but without any remarkable impetus, until 1824, when Mr. Lemuel W. Wright, a native of Massachusetts, patented in England an important machine of his own invention, which is often believed to have been the first ever contrived for making solid-headed pins. This is an error, as a glance at the following abridgement will show; for, nearly seven years earlier, Mr. Hunt* had been at work on a machine for the same purpose. Mr. Wright, however, introduced his machine to the public in London, where it was worked at a factory in Lambeth. The enterprise was not successful, and the company failed before the new pins could be brought into the market. The machinery was then transferred to Stroud, in Gloucestershire, the county where the trade had been originally introduced two centuries before and here the manufacture was conducted by Messrs. D. F. Taylor & Co. The first solid-headed pins were sold by this firm in London somewhere about the year 1833.

"The first efforts to establish a home trade in America appear to have been in 1775. In that year, the Convention of the Province of Carolina, with a view to the encouragement of the manufacture of pins and needles, offered '£50 for the first twenty-five dozen of the former, equal to British imported pins, costing 7*s.* 6*d.* a dozen; and to the manufacturer of the first 25,000 needles, sorted from one to twelve inclusive, and equal to needles from Great Britain of the price of 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling per thousand, the same reward, if made within twelve months.'† Who gained the prize we are not told, but it is probable that public attention was attracted to the desirability of establishing the trade, for in the same year, 1775, we hear of a proposition by Leonard Chester, of Wethersfield, to erect a pin factory at that place. Some years later, Dr. Apollos Kinsley, of Connecticut, a man of much mechanical ingenuity, and the patentee of certain printing and brick-making machines, invented a machine for making pins; but neither of these projects appears to have succeeded. Soon after the war of 1812, however, when, in consequence of the interruption to commerce, the value of a paper of pins was not less than one dollar—and these were of very inferior quality to those now worth only six cents a paper—the manufacture was really undertaken. The first attempt was made by some Englishmen, at the old State prison, in what was then called Greenwich Village, now a part of New York City. The enterprise was soon abandoned, and was again undertaken with the same tools, in 1820, at the Bellevue Almshouse, but again without success. In 1832, Mr. John J. Howe, of New York, patented his machine for making pins with wire or 'spun heads,' like those imported from Europe; and in 1836 the Howe Manufacturing Company started at New York. Their operations were transferred to Birmingham, Conn., in 1838, and soon included the new process of making pins with solid heads, patented by Mr. Howe in 1840.

"About the time that the Howe Company were removing to their new establishment at Birmingham, another factory was being established at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson River, by Messrs. Slocum, Gellson & Co., who adopted the processes invented by Mr. Samuel Slocum for producing the solid-headed pin. The interests of the latter firm were finally transferred to the American Pinn Company, at Waterbury, Conn., where the business has been carried on successfully for a number of years.

"At the present time, the total weight of pins made in the United States is supposed to be from seven to ten tuns per week."

* Another American.—EDS. AMERICAN ARTISAN.

† Bishop's "History of American Manufactures" (Philadelphia, 1867), vol. I, p. 616. The price quoted for British pins [illegible].

DINNER-TIME.—A well-known proverb tells that the rich may dine when they like, but the poor must dine when they can; and although this question of dinner-time is a most important one both to rich and poor, it has been solved in a very different way at different times of the world's history.

As modern nations become more highly civilized, their hours gradually grow later and later; but even if various reasons could be given to account for this declination, it is nevertheless a great evil, which no one has been either willing or able to stop. Some few men have chosen to keep to primitive hours, but by so doing they have been forced to leave society, and in consequence society has soon dropped them out of her memory.

The ancients were more natural in their habits than we are. Thus, the Roman citizen rose with the lark, and went to bed when darkness came on, and it was only the rich who could afford to live by candle-light. Those idle persons among them who did so were called by Seneca, in contempt, *lucifugæ*.

Fashion now forces her votaries to reverse the proper order of things, by dining at night and supping in the morning.—Dr. Franklin, when matters were not so bad as they are now, tried good-humoredly to show the people of France the advantages to be gained by the adoption of early hours; and be calculated that in the city of Paris alone 96,075,000 francs, or nearly four million pounds, would be saved every year by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles from the 20th of March to the 20th of September.

The Emperor of Brazil, in his recent visit to this country, appears to have been sadly puzzled by our late hours. One day he visited Lincoln's Inn between six and seven in the morning, and was surprised not to find any lawyers there. Another day he started off from his hotel before breakfast to Kew Gardens, and returned for that meal at eight A. M.

When the dinner was eaten early in the morning, it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of fact, the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is common now on the continent. In Colton's "Angler," the author says: "My diet is a glass of ale as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." Viator answers: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast, too."

In 1700, the dinner-hour had shifted to two o'clock; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. Very great people dined at four as early as 1740, and Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining at that late hour; but in 1751 we find the Duchess of Somerset's hour was three. This, however, only shows that slightly different dinner-hours were prevalent at the same period; and we know that when the Duchess of Gordon asked Pitt to dine with her at seven, his excuse was, that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Winchester at that hour. In 1780, the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time; and about 1804-5 an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dined at three began to dine at four, and those which dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle of Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being the dinner-hour. Now, we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us,

"The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our street esteemed the greatest;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all."

We have seen that, within four hundred years, the dinner-hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A. M., to nine P. M. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long run; for as the dinner-hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine till—to-morrow.—*Chamber's Journal.*

☞ Younger Brother—"What's the matter Mary. Are you unhappy because neither of those fellows you were flirting with at croquet, yesterday, proposed to you?" Mary—"Both did, Tom. And—I said yes to the wrong one!"

## WITH THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Cassell's Magazine for October contains an article written by a lady who visited and conversed with the Ex-Empress Eugenie at Chislehurst. The writer says:

"She began in English (which she speaks readily and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word, which she asks you with her eyes to supply,) by regretting that the Emperor was too ill to see me. 'Not seriously ill; far from it,' she said, 'thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains, in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chislehurst. The weather had been warm and fine, and he had been tempted out, too much wrapped up (for it was so cold at Wilhelmshoehe), and he had incautiously taken off his paletot, and so caught cold, which had produced an attack of rheumatism.'

"Then, she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life. 'Ah! how happy I was then—it seems like a dream so happy,' and her glorious eyes glistened. 'How well do I remember the house where I was at school, and my companions, my dear friends—they have not forgotten me.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'young Miss B——.'

"'Young! ah, no!' and she laughed. 'She is not young; she is my age, and that is not young.'

"It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but as she said this she was a living contradiction of her own statement. She looks wonderfully youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this respect.

"'But, madame, will you not come among us and see your old haunts?'

"'Some time, perhaps, but not now. I cannot; the Emperor is ill. I cannot leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing, day and night, but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet.'

"Her eyes filled with tears, and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, "See how I mourn!" And it was true.

"'Madame,' said I 'there is but one consolation—the worse things go in France, the more the Emperor is sure to be recalled. It is the Emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children, and require the master hand of wholesome restraint and discipline.'

"'I do not wish to return—I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the Emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern. The Emperor knew that these people were in Paris—for twenty years he knew it, and did not shoot them. He was too merciful.'

"'Madame,' said I, 'It is as though the Fenians rule in London. The 'Reds' are the same all over the world.'

"'The Emperor is blamed for everything,' said she; 'yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years! The wages of the laborers and *ouvriers* were high, and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now the taxes have not been paid for three whole months. The taxes not paid, and no money at the Bourse! The Emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. But'—and she drew herself up—'we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By-and-by Europe shall judge the Emperor fairly.'

"I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health.

"'No,' she replied. Then she continued—'I was forsaken by all the ministers. Trochu, whom the Emperor had appointed, left me. They all left me and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah,' she added, with an inspired look, 'It was my passion!'

"She turned her tearful eyes to heaven. 'Her passion!' Could anything be more touching? Woman as I was I could have died for her!

"'I was alone,' she repeated, as though in justification; 'utterly abandoned.—What could I do but fly? I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left me.'

"'Were the details of your Majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?'

"'Yes,' said she, 'tolerably so. For thirty days I was guarded by these men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible!—They took possession of the Tuilleries. My only happiness was that I suffered alone. The Emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger.'

"'By what door did these wretches enter the Tuilleries, madame?'

"'Everywhere—by all the doors and the windows too. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. They then broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. No one opposed them; the guards were gone. There were horrible cries and screams and oaths. From these thief-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their faces; they wanted my blood. I was so weary I did not care; to live or to die was the same to me. For the last three days there was a change, more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress; I would not be murdered in my bed in my night-dress.'

"'Madame,' said I, 'had you fallen by the hands of those wretches, you would have lived forever in history and in poetry. It would have been a glorious immortality!'

"'Yes,' she said, melting into the merriest smile; 'yes, that is all very well; but I would like to enjoy yet a little in my life.'

"God grant you may, madame!" replied I.

"How I longed to go on listening to that musical voice and looking into those eyes! She was again the Empress—and stood there grandly calm, to receive my salutations. It was a rapid change from the fascinating woman to the lofty sovereign."

NUNC PRO TUNC.—In the early days of California history Judge B. was the Judge of the First Instance in the town of Santa Cruz. The judge, like many old Californians, was fond of hot whisky at night, and would at times, with a circle of congenial friends, keep watch until morning, in consequence of which his brain would be slightly muddled when he went on the bench. On one occasion, after a night of deep potations, a Spaniard was brought before him to be tried for horse-stealing, a crime punishable at that time by death. The judge but a short time previous had a valuable horse stolen from his stables. The defendant was a hard-featured, wretched specimen of the genus greaser; and when the judge heard the indictment read he took one unsteady but searching look at him, and said: "J B., stand up! I believe you are the scoundrel who stole my horse. The sentence of the court is that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead—dead—dead!"

"But, your Honor," said the district attorney, "the man has not been tried."

The judge, sternly—"Sit down, sir; this court knows its business, and don't want any of your impertinence. Mr. Sheriff, see the judgment executed immediately. The court stands adjourned."

The officers of the court and spectators were astounded, but they knew the temper of the man too well to trifle with him in his present condition, so nothing could be done but to remand the prisoner to jail until the judge should sober up.

After the adjournment, the officers of the court determined among themselves to have the judgment duly entered up by the clerk, and that the sheriff should make a return that he had executed the defendant.—Next morning the judge went on the bench sober, and, glancing over the calendar, called the case of The People vs. J. B. when the sheriff replied: "Your honor, the man has been hung." "Hung," replied the judge, "how is that? There has been no trial yet."

"No, your Honor," replied the clerk, "but your Honor yesterday waived the trial and sentenced the defendant, and peremptorily ordered the sheriff to immediately carry the sentence of the court into execution; and it was done."

"Umph!" said the judge; "never mind—let the trial proceed *nunc pro tunc*; all orders and judgments of this court must be justified by due and legal proceedings had."

The judge was in earnest, the joke was ended, and nothing remained but to bring in the prisoner for trial. It need not be said that the sentence of the court was justified; and that shortly after there was one less horse-thief in that part of the country.

THE FREQUENT FLY.—The fly is not only a domestic critter, but a friendly one. How they git born I don't kno; but I hav thought they didn't wait to be born, but come just as they am. Menny of them are cut off in the flower of their youthfulness. Some loze their lives by lighting too near the rim uv a toad's mouth and falling in when the taod gapes. Thousands find a watery grave bi getting drowned in milk cans. Flys, morally considered, are like other human beings; they won't lite on a good healthy spot in a man, not if they can find a place that is a little raw. I believe they are ov temperate habits, and although they hang round grocerys a good deal, I never see a fly the wuss for liquor; but I hav often seen liquor that was a good deal the wuss for flys.—*Josh Billings.*

BEST TIME FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—The best time for painting the exterior of buildings is late in autumn, or during the winter. Paint then applied will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or in hot weather. In the former it dries slower and becomes very hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterwards by the weather, or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil in the paint soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry and nearly ready to crumble off. The last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. By painting in cold weather, one annoyance might certainly be escaped; namely the collection of small flies on fresh painting.—*Technologist.*

☞ Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips downward to indolence. Labor strides upward and to independence.

☞ "A man who would maliciously set fire to a barn," said good old Elder [illegible] "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

## A MIRAGE ON THE PLAINS.

I was journeying in the Summer of 18— with a small party of army officers, who, with their escort and wagon train were en route from "the States" to Santa Fe, in the Territory of New Mexico. We started from Fort Leavenworth about the middle of July, and for ten or twelve days, in passing through a country somewhat settled, each day found some new scene to interest us. The novelty of the journey, a trip of such a distance on horseback, enabled me to undergo cheerfully the fatigue, and my success in hunting the buffalo and antelope amply compensated me for the discomforts arising from constant riding and unaccustomed exposure to the burning rays of the sun.

We gradually entered the dreary plains, where nothing save an occasional sand-hill, or here and there the skeleton of a horse or buffalo, relieved the wearied eye. It was the very picture of desolation.—For days the same level plain seemed to travel with us. Pools of slimy water were found at known points on the route, at distances of from ten to fifty miles apart, compelling us to travel on several occasions a portion of the night, as well as day, to reach them.

It was on Sunday and about the twenty-third day of our journey that we saw the wonderful mirage. With an elderly gentleman, who had grown gray in the service, I was riding some distance ahead of the train. We had been traveling since daylight, and had many miles to go to reach a resting place where water for the tired and thirsty could be found. All day not a tree or shrub, not an animal save those in our train was to be seen; a kind of woolly grass, parched and dead, covered the otherwise barren soil; around, on every side the same; the eye was pained by the dull vacancy; far away the sky seemed to meet and blend with the fading view; the sun poured down its rays with intense power; the horses and mules were begging for drink in their peculiarly expressive way, as we moved on in silence, thinking, no doubt, of the bubbling springs and rippling streams, of the green verdure and shady groves of the land of our homes. All at once the sun was obscured by a cloud, and a slight shower of rain fell; and looking before me I saw, a short space to the right of the road, and apparently about two miles distant, a cluster of trees, small, but green and perfect in shape. While wondering that I had not before observed them, I directly saw others at some distance from the first noticed. Small, dull clouds hung around them, resting like a dark vail over the scene, and through this vail of clouds moved shadowy and indistinct forms, which one by one, as the misty screen here and there faded slowly away, took shape and settled into stately oaks and towering elms and pines; and before our thirsty eyes, beyond the trees, appeared in outlines, dim at first, the borders of a lake of limped waters. Soon the curtained clouds were gone, and there, in all the distinct and inviting loveliness of nature, lay a placid lake in the midst of a verdant forest, holly and beach, oak and elm, pine and magnolia, all mingled together, yet each distinctly marked as by the Creator's hand. On the farther side were hills covered with lofty trees, and far away in the back ground, blue mountains, with large boulders protruding from their sides, added much to the picturesque grandeur of the view. Between the hills, over a rocky bluff, poured the waters of a sparkling cascade into the lake below, and among the trees on the borders of the lake, sat neat white cottages and gardens of different sizes, and at its head arose the village spire. Here before us in a sterile plain, was a lovely village, with its gardens of shrubs and flowers, its shady groves and glades, its placid lake, green hills and distant mountains, its miniature Niagara, and its little white church with its spire, pointing heavenward, and that nothing should be wanting to add to its loveliness—a beautiful rainbow spanned the sky, inclosing in its many colored arc nearly the whole illusion.

I looked upon the gorgeous spectacle with rapture, and after a few ejaculations of wonder and delight, rode slowly on, almost afraid to speak, lest a word would break the enchantment, and dissolve, as it were a mystic spell; thankful that, although this was but as a fleeting phantasmagoria, soon to vanish. He had clothed the earth in places with beauties like these to cheer and comfort man.

It was too beautiful to remain long upon such a desert; and soon the brightest colors of the bow grew dim, the nearest trees began to disappear, and then, gradually, each object faded from view, leaving, at last only a dull leaden cloud upon the distant horizon.

"Thus," I said, as I gazed upon the desolation, now more desolate, "thus passes away the glory of this world." "But the mercy of God endureth forever," answered my companion. "The works of nature," he continued, after a short pause, "are glories to the Creator; but we frequently stumble along through life, with eyes closed to the beauties of His handiwork. Now has this fleeting pageant revived long-forgotten memories of many a scene of loveliness and grandeur in my absent home, the land of my childhood, and my heart is lifted up in praise to the Giver of all good."

That night I slept upon my cot to see again the beautiful vision; and in my dreams to inhale the delightful perfume of rare flowers, to hear the singing of birds, the gentle rustling of leaves, the falling of the bright waters, the clear tone of the village bell, the mellow notes of the organ, and the sweet voices of fair choristers worshiping with angelic songs.

Meet for Repentance—tough beef.