

# Saint Mary's Beacon

Vol. IX

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1872

NO. 24

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday by J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

## Winter Goods AT COST

AT THE BIG BROWN STORE, LEONARDTOWN.

Woolen Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Linens, Fine Opera Flannels, Delaines, Alpaca's, Poplins, Velveteens, etc.

Boots, Boots, Boots, Shoes, Shoes, Shoes. We keep the best assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers in the county and warrant the quality.

Full assortment of Notions, Gloves, Hosiery, Caudies, Fruits and Toys.

HATS AND CAPS. New stock of CLOTHING, bought low and for sale cheap.

Fine Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Ware, Tin Ware, Glass Ware, Lamps, Oil, Paints, Putty, Window Glass, Trugs and Medicines.

SEAGRAMS, COFFEES, TEAS, FLOUR AND MEAL, MEATS AND FISH.

We sell good goods and sell them cheaper than you can get them from Baltimore.

Dec 21, 1871-72. A. A. LAWRENCE.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

ROYAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL.

Capital, \$11,000,000. Losses paid during 1870, 2,365,500. Income from premiums, 4,225,000. Invested in the U. States, 7,000,000.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED IN 1846. Capital, \$30,000,000. Dividends yearly from 40 to 70 per cent. Death claims paid to \$1,000,000.

BUSINESS NOTICE. E. LEO SPALDING, 49 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE business of the late firm of POMALAT & McCULLY, for the sale of Provisions, Lotion, Sugar, Molasses, and all kinds of Produce, also agent for James A. Miller's (Chicken) C. Whiskey, will be continued at the old stand, 49 Light Street, by E. Leo Spalding, under the name of POMALAT & McCULLY.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION.—The Right Rev. William Pinkney, Bishop of the Diocese of Maryland, will visit St. Mary's Parish, April 18th and 19th.

FRANCIS NEALE, J. H. NEALE, F. C. NEALE, late of St. Mary's County.

Commission Merchants, Bell Tobacco, Grain and all country produce.

Buy fertilizers and all supplies for farmers. Fertilizers furnished at manufacturers prices.

Surveying. Parties wishing to employ the services of the undersigned as surveyor will address, GEO. B. DENT, Great Mills, P. O., Md.

(Written for the Beacon.) PARTURIENT MONTES.

Pray, dear "Beacon," what on earth's the matter? Of dog Max and railroad, there's a clutter; Our legislators, would you please, be, But "Pop's" interest they fail to see.

They praise much about the temperance cause, And about altering the Sabbath laws; They all have some humbug-hobby to ride, But the real game, they most ardently hide.

Indeed, dear "Beacon," she's a wily jade; Her professors promise us much—aye—more, But things more along as they did before.

Indeed, indeed I think it a pity; We read and read in Annapolis; Make what they can—and an office open— Such are their moans, would seem very plain.

Years ago, "a railroad" was the hobby; But somehow 'twas lost, by too much lobby; Many, many changes in law, 'Till the stockholders had but two per cent.

Southern Maryland Railroad, was the name; That put the two per cent, who was to blame; Now it's the Washington and Point Lookout, We all smell a rat, have many a doubt.

It looks rather tricky, this changing name; Give us a railroad?—will be all the same; Through a change of name it has undergone, A still worse whippersnapper, 'twas undergone.

The old corporation gave us no road, Though they got two per cent, came the deal; The ex-tycoon, like dog in manger, Won't do, or let others, there's the danger.

So you old humbugs, deal corporation, You have played out, you've no animation; So go and get Garrett, Scott will do it, Should they hang fire, we'll growse them with it.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NOT SMOKE. In an article on the medical aspects of smoking tobacco, Dr. E. B. Gray asks: "Is smoking injurious?" This is an everyday question, and to be put by patients to their doctors. Like most of the questions of the kind, it involves far too many considerations to admit of being answered by a plain yes or no.

A medical man, who has long been a moderate smoker, and watched the effect of the habit on himself and others, here offers what he believes to be the true answer to the question. First of all, there must be an understanding about the quality of the tobacco to be smoked. Bad, i. e. rank, quickly intoxicating, and prostrating tobacco (certain kinds of shag and cavendish, for instance) must always be injurious. Few can smoke them at all—none, habitually, at least, with impunity. So, too, with regard to quantity; even good tobacco smoked to excess will to a certainty be injurious to the smoker, sooner or later, in some way or another. Of the various evils of excessive smoking, more will be said presently.

Next, as to the smokers. There are people to whom any tobacco, however smoked, is simply poison, causing even in small doses vomiting, pallor and alarming prostration. Such people never get seasoned to its effects, even after repeated trials; and if they are wise they will forever let it alone. They will display still further wisdom by not prescribing to such fellows for others who have not the same ill-sensitiveness.

No one can enjoy smoking, or smoke with impunity, when out of health. The phrase "out of health," though it may sound vague, is definite enough to frame a general rule. At the same time it is useful to know what, if any, are the particular disorders and conditions of health in which tobacco does special harm. As far as the writer's knowledge goes, these have never been specified by medical writers as clearly as it is desirable.

To begin, a man with a bad appetite will, if he smoke, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers or others recovering from wasting illness or "off their food" from whatever cause. This effect of tobacco, by the way, will be an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; and ample illustration of this was furnished among the French and German soldiers in the recent war. Again, no man should smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case he cannot rely on his tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers that the pipe or cigar which is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking; but most especially that form of it commonly known as atonic and accompanied with flatulence. Diarrhea, as a rule, made worse by smoking.

One of the commonest and earliest signs of excessive or untimely smoking to make the hand shake. This gives a clue to another class of persons who ought not to smoke—persons, namely, who are weak, unsteady nerves, and suffer from giddiness, confusion of sight, tremulous hands, tendency to stammer, or any such symptoms. And if tobacco does harm to functional weakness, still less can it be in actual organic disease of nervous system; as for instance when there exists any degree of paralysis or of sign of degenerative change in brain or spinal cord. The improper use of tobacco does beyond question sometimes interfere with due nutrition of nerve seats. An illustration of this, familiar to eccl'ists and medical men, is the

called tobacco-amaurosis, a failure of vision occurring in excessive smokers from mal-nutrition of the retina. Another class of persons who ought not to smoke are those who have weak or unsteady circulations, and complain of such troubles as palpitation, carisee pain, intermittent pulsation, habitually cold hands and feet, or chronic languor.

Lastly, there is reason for believing that the habitual use of tobacco is likely to retard the growth and development of the body. There is no one should become a smoker until he has passed the period of puberty. Moreover, there are no exceptions for smoking, for they are spoiled the habit wear and tear of adult life.

Now, after eliminating those who from idiosyncrasy cannot, and those who from bodily ailment or from tender years should not smoke, there will still be a large residuum of happy folk who can smoke, enjoy smoking, and are, indeed, the better for it. These are they who use tobacco without abusing it—use it, that is to say, in moderate quantities, in due season, and honestly for the sake and comfort which it gives them—a comfort every bit as legitimate as that which drinkers of tea, coffee or wine extract, in each case from their favorite beverage.

A few words on each of these points: By moderate smoking is meant smoking only just so much, and so often as each man finds to be good for him. It is with tobacco as with alcoholic drinks. Every man of mature years, sound health, and common sense, soon gets to know what is the limit of safe indulgence for himself. However widely this limit may vary in different individuals, the following rule is absolute and unalterable—that when a smoker begins to feel bodily, or to be getting belated, dreamy, and disinclined for serious thought or action, or to shirk the duties of social intercourse, this limit has been exceeded.

Tobacco should be used as a supplement to food, not as a substitute for it. The season, therefore, for healthy smoking is after a meal. Tobacco should not be taken on an empty stomach (unless to stave off hunger) any more than alcohol. Smoking is a healthy habit, or to color a pipe (1) is a childish idea of tobacco.

Against moderate smoking in a healthy person who enjoys it, not a single argument of any weight can be brought forward. Perhaps the most plausible of these is this: that every smoker daily inhales a small quantity of tobacco, oil and nicotine; and as these substances taken by themselves in the pure concentrated state and in large doses are highly poisonous, therefore every habitual smoker is slowly poisoning himself. Just as reasonable is it to contend that all alcoholic drinks, such as wine, beer, etc., are poisonous, because a dram of pure alcohol will nearly or quite kill a man; or to condemn tea and coffee as dangerous drinks, because their active principles, theine and caffeine, taken alone and in large doses, are poisons.

One of the best established truths in medical science is, that the same physiological action, according to the dose given, may produce effects which differ not merely in degree but in kind. The idea of small doses of tobacco or other such agent slowly accumulating in the system, and in length producing the effect of a single large dose, is a priori absurd, and also contradicted by experience.

So much—and often so much, nonsense—is prated about the evils of tobacco, that its virtues rarely get a hearing, and yet the latter are many and great. The quiet nervous unrest, the nervous irritability, the favor clear and impartial thought, to steady and clear (not to cloud) a confused, overpowered brain; to counteract the effects of physical exhaustion—these are just the things which tobacco does, and it can effect these ends safely and pleasantly, who shall deny it a place among God's good gifts to men?

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—A lieutenant-colonel in the Prussian service having been discharged at the close of the war, imported the king to be reinstated. Tired with the incessant solicitations of his troublesome visitor, Frederick gave orders that he should never be admitted to his presence. Some weeks elapsed, when a messenger brought a petition against the monarch. The king, when he saw himself, was concerned about such proceedings, but the present one affected him to such a degree that he offered a reward of fifty fidejicks for the discovery of the author. The day following the lieutenant-colonel already mentioned, demanded and obtained an audience.

On being admitted, he said: "Sire, your majesty has just promised fifty fidejicks for the discovery of the author of a recent publication of an enemy to your majesty's person. Bahad, my friend, I am here."

Freight received at Pier No. 8, Light Street wharf, Tuesdays and Fridays, up to 4 P. M.

M. L. WRENS, Agent.

March 14, 1872-71.

JEER DYER, C. D. WELLS, J. DEBARTH O'NEILL, Late of W. A. Fiddler & Co.

March 21, 1872-71.

## REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS JOHNSON.

Thomas Johnson was one of the most active patriots in Maryland, in the struggle for the independence of the American Colonies, and he was the first American Magistrate of the Republic of Maryland, succeeding the royal Governor Sir William Eden, with whom he had been one of the first Continental Congress, having for his colleagues, Robert Goldsborough, Samuel Chase, Matthew Tighman and Wm. Paca.

When in the Congress of 1775, it was resolved to appoint a commander-in-chief of all the continental forces raised and to be raised, the choice of a person for such a commander was a most delicate and difficult task, for there were already leaders in the field who deserved the highest praise for their patriotism, but lacked many of the essential qualifications for general leadership. Artemus Ward was then the commander-in-chief of all the New England forces which really constituted the suddenly improvised army of the Revolution; and while his merits commanded universal approbation, it was considered unwise to appoint him to the command of the continental forces.

It seemed essential, however, to please the New England people, and hence by the chief difficulty, John Adams, the New England leader in council, renounced that duty, when, before the adoption of the forces then (June 1775) gathered near Boston, as a Continental Army, the subject was discussed. At the conclusion of remarks on that topic, Mr. Adams expressed his intention to propose a member of the Congress then in session, from Virginia, as Chief of that Army. When upon Thomas Johnson, a delegate from Maryland, arose and nominated Colonel George Washington, and he was chosen by the unanimous vote of the Congress.

All through the war that followed, Mr. Johnson was an active participant in civil duties; and was a member of the first Congress appointed by Congress late in 1773, for carrying on foreign correspondence through London in Europe. His associates were Benjamin Harrison, Dr. Franklin, John Dickinson and John Jay. The following reminiscences of Mr. Johnson, was communicated to the writer of this, many years ago, by the Rev. Charles H. Hans, of Gloucester Court House, Virginia, who was personally acquainted with the Governor, and was present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

In 1775, a dinner party was given at Annapolis, by Governor Eden, the late representative. The invitation to all the prominent men of the city, was very earnest, and many good Whigs had suspicions that there was a motive for it, besides hospitality. Thomas Johnson was among the guests. He was an eminent lawyer and staunch Whig. When the cloth was laid, the first toast, "His Majesty George III." It was customary to drink that toast at that time. Now it was considered a feat of public feeling. Though every man raised his glass, it was returned to the table in silence. When the company was about to retire in an unpleasant mood, Johnson invited the company to dine with him the next day, provided the Governor had no engagements, and would form one of the party. Eden excused himself, but the next day returned to the dinner. The next day Johnson arose to propose the first toast. He said that the King generally received the first honors on such occasions, but as it was more in accordance with his own feelings and that of his guests, except the Governor, he would propose the Independence of the Colonies. Eden was startled. He turned pale, drew his glass, and soon retired. That night a cargo of tea was burnt in the harbor of Annapolis, and Eden could not be found the next morning. He had taken refuge in the Maggatt Bay Mountain, as the hills of Anne Arundel, at the mouth of the Patuxent, were then called. Eden was a amiable and elegant gentleman, and very capable in all the relations of life. He turned pale, drew his glass, and soon retired. That night a cargo of tea was burnt in the harbor of Annapolis, and Eden could not be found the next morning. He had taken refuge in the Maggatt Bay Mountain, as the hills of Anne Arundel, at the mouth of the Patuxent, were then called. Eden was a amiable and elegant gentleman, and very capable in all the relations of life.

The Coliseum derives its name from its colossal dimensions, being about 1,700 English feet in circumference. The form is oval. It was built of immense blocks of Tarentine stone, and consists of four stories. The first stories are adorned with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, the third and fourth with Corinthian. The entrances were eighty in number, seventy-five being for the emperor, two for the gladiators, and two for the emperor and his suite. Within the walls were twenty staircases leading to seats appropriated to the different classes of the people. The seats are said to have held eighty thousand spectators, and the portico or gallery above them twenty thousand. There was an awning which covered the entire edifice in case of rain and intense heat. In the wall of the uppermost story are open holes supposed to have contained the rings for fastening the coils of the awning.

Catechism, in his Martyrs, says: "There was a rail of gold before the seats of the Roman Senators to guard them from the attacks of wild beasts. The air was refreshed by means of machines ingeniously contrived to throw up wine and soft water, which again descended in an odoriferous dew. Three thousand bronzed statues, fine pictures, columns of Jasper and porphyry, crystal balustrades, vases of precious workmanship, decorated this scene of savage cruelty."

A hippopotamus and some crocodiles swam in an artificial canal which surrounded the arena. Five hundred lions, forty elephants, tigers, panthers, bulls and bears, kept for the inhuman purposes of tearing human beings to shreds, were heard roaring in the caverns of the amphitheater. Such were the sports of the Romans when their empire was in the plenitude of its power.

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind."

The vessel was run aground at Windmill Point, and was burnt on the 11th of 1872.

square. The Governor entered it, and addressed the Colonel and said, "I understand you that your men have said they will not march farther than Baltimore. Now, Colonel, I give you positive orders that if any man deserts before you join the army, and hand them over to the adjutant general, you are to follow, arrest and hang him, and I will be responsible for the act; and mark you, Colonel, if you do not obey this order, I will hang you on the Poplar tree" (it stood on the College grounds, and it was the only gallows in the city).

The Congress was, that it was the only gallows in the city. The regiment that rebelled the army, broke in their first skirmish, and fled, following their Colonel. His arrival at Annapolis was the first medium of intelligence of a fight, but he bore a certificate from the adjutant general, that the regiment arrived at the camp unbroken.

When Gen. Washington was at Valley Forge, Johnson went there on special business. He was a remarkably small man, and anything but handsome. He was covered with mud on his arrival, and his appearance was ludicrous. Neither the general nor officer of the day would admit him to the presence of Washington, then holding a council of war. He swore he would see him. "Who are you?" the officer inquired. "Tell the general Tom Johnson wants to see him." He did not know who Tom Johnson was, and he informed the general that a certain insignificant looking man insisted on seeing him.

"His name?" He says Tom Johnson. "Oh, Governor of Maryland, admit him at once." Gen. Washington always had the greatest confidence in Johnson, and his visit and advice, at that moment, was most opportune. When the allied armies were on their way to Yorktown, in 1781, the energies of Johnson were great in furnishing them with supplies. He was always ready to assume responsibility for the good of the public.

When the Declaration of Independence was to be signed, after its adoption, Sunday, then a young lawyer, and dependent upon his profession for a living, went to Charles Carroll and asked his opinion. He promptly answered, "We should sign." He got a similar answer from William Paca. Going to John Stens, he said, "Stens, we need not hesitate. If Carroll and Paca are willing to risk their large estates with their necks, we who have nothing but our necks to lose, may surely risk the halter." And they did. All of these men, with Johnson, were Federalists during the early part of the Revolution.

One of the best things I ever saw, was a picture of the Coliseum, which it commends. One of the best things I ever saw, was a picture of the Coliseum, which it commends. One of the best things I ever saw, was a picture of the Coliseum, which it commends. One of the best things I ever saw, was a picture of the Coliseum, which it commends.

Behind the house you are excluded from the world in nooks and levels of greenery; in front the world bursts upon you in starting grandeur, but it is still the world of Nature, for the works of men's hands are scarcely visible. I know nothing like it, nothing quite equal to it. The house is built to last for ages. There are seventy-two acres in the lawn. "What a place for a student! What a home for a man of wealth and taste! What a Summer resort it would make! For there is no healthier region probably in the world. What a site for a female college or a select school for boys!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE BOY AND THE DEER.—An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, says the Christian Weekly, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had no field that he was specially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of the horses; so he despatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened.

This the boy declined to do, stating that the hunters had received his directions not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while one of noble presence advanced and said in commanding tones: "My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom England delighted to honor, and then answered firmly: "I assure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, till I allow any one to pass through my master's permission." Greatly pleased, the stately old warrior raised in short he was ahead of Ben and patrolled him. But Ben got ahead at last. He studied a profession, I studied and fussed and fussed. He went into business, I studied and arranged and beautified. He is growing rich, I am growing poor. He can travel if he chooses. I can sit at home till the end of the world. He is independent, I dependent. He is a bachelor, with the world before him; I an unsuccessful maiden, with no definite prospects. Ah! Ben, Ben, till I never do—just wait, Sir, till I take a step.

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF MADISON.—Mr. Carson, a whole-souled Irishman, who now owns the place, soon made his appearance and invited me into the parlor. This room is adorned with a handsome portrait of Madison, painted a few years ago in Philadelphia, some landscapes, a piano, marble center-table, etc. I was not left long to inspect the parlor, for Mr. Carson was all enthusiasm to show me his new force-pump and to display its power. Accordingly, he hurried me to the door opening upon the front portico, and there, to my amazement, burst upon us a panorama which for beauty and extent scarcely surpassed in all Virginia.

The front lawn, extending some two hundred yards to a large gate and hedge, descended beyond the hedge ample fields thick set in clover and included in a semi-circle of dark green woods, beyond which, at a distance of ten miles or more, stretched the mighty wall of the Blue Ridge Mountains literally athwart the whole horizon.

Grand and expansive as the scene was, it was chiefly remarkable for the absence of human habitations. The forest appeared to be unbroken to the very base of the mountains. Chimneys and dwellings there doubtless were in that vast expanse, but they were hidden by the golden haze. Montpellier looked forth upon this wide area of natural beauty solitary and alone, as might some castle of medieval times upon a baron's broad domains. A more impressive sight is seldom seen.

Mr. Carson forced me away from this splendid spectacle to witness the working of his new pump. Then I must see the gigantic chestnut trees, one of which was thirty, and another forty, feet in diameter; and not far away he led me to a hill overlooking a little dell carpeted with tenderest grass and shaded by nearly a hundred beautiful walnut trees—a lovely dell, indeed, where fairies might dance and revel. Then to the garden, where we seated on grapes, pears and figs, and then back to the portico to see the sun go down in glory behind the purple land of orange, the Ridge, the sky all amber and orange, and the landscape fading, melting, glowing down through all the tints of the spectrum.

The picture of Montpellier House in Howe's "Historical Collections" is, as I have said before, simply execrable. The facade, though it does not rival Upper Brandon with its noble front of two hundred and forty feet on the James river, nor the light like the castellated homes of the British in Halifax county, is nevertheless a specimen of the best of its kind, and fits well into the picture.

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DISOBEDIENCE DUTY.—A story is told of the Grand Duke Alexis, who is in the naval service. A year or two ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flagship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat."

"Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so."

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," was the reply. Four or five of the crew perished in the transit from the ship to the shore, and the admiral and Alexis were the last to land. In hastily constructed tents the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly assumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders, as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so.

How a DEER BECAME A STATESMAN.—The following story is told of the late Dr. Salmon Towne and Wm. L. Marcy: In his youth (Dr. Towne) was a teacher of youth. One day, seventy odd years ago, a boy was brought to him, of whom the account given was that he was an incorrigible dunce, that none of his masters had been able to make anything of him; and he was brought to Mr. Towne as a last experiment, before apprenticing him to a mechanical trade. The next morning Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him, preparatory to entering upon his instruction. At the first mistake he doctored on one side, with every sign of terror. "Why do you do that?" asked the master. "Because I was afraid you were going to strike me." "Why should you think so?" Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake. "You need never be struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." The lad very soon improved rapidly under this new treatment, so that Towne advised his father to give him a liberal education. The father said he would do so, but he reported at Mr. Towne's; but he was going to get married at Mr. Towne's uncle's. We might have been married at Montanny, but we took a habit to wait till we got to the Bluffs, being Marcy's uncle a minister, and they charge a good-ford price for hitchin' folk at Montanny. "Marcy" was assigned one of the best "bunks." During the stoppage of the train at a station the voice of John was heard in pleading accents, unconscious that the train had stopped, and that his tones could be heard throughout the car: "Now, Marcy, you might give a fellow just one."

"John, you quit, or I'll get out right here, and hoot it back to Montanny in the snow-storm."

"Only one little kiss, Marcy, and I hope to die if I don't."

"Just at this time a gray-headed old party poked his head out of a berth at the other end of the car, and cried out:—"Marcy for God's sake, give him a kiss so that we can go to sleep, sometime to-night."

John didn't ask for any more of that delicious little lip business during the evening; "Marcy" slept peacefully.

RECKONING VS. MATHEMATICS.—"The Woman's Journal" gives this as a sketch from real life. It certainly illustrates a wrong that should be righted. When Ben and I were children I was the taller. When I went to school I studied more than he did. I graduated before he did. I read more books than he did. If we got into an argument I was sure to get the better of him and patronized him. But Ben got ahead at last. He studied a profession, I studied and fussed and fussed. He went into business, I studied and arranged and beautified. He is growing rich, I am growing poor. He can travel if he chooses. I can sit at home till the end of the world. He is independent, I dependent. He is a bachelor, with the world before him; I an unsuccessful maiden, with no definite prospects. Ah! Ben, Ben, till I never do—just wait, Sir, till I take a step.

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

It is all very well to say, "Table things as they come," but suppose things don't come!

Now is your chance to get Winter Goods. Selling at cost at the Big Brown Store, Feb 15, 1872.