Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. IX | LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 24, 1872 | NO. 50

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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THE LAST SCENE AT APPOMATTOX.—There was a re-union of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, held at Cincinnati, on the 7th ult. At this celebration the oration was delivered by General Stewart L. Woolford, of New York—and from this oration we make the following extracts:

The morning crept slowly on—first into gray dawn, then into rosy flush. Still on! still on! The mists crept upward and into line you wheeled, and on your muskets lay down, each man in place, to get scant rest, which, even in the exhaustion of those thirty-six hours of terrible marching, you neither sought nor heeded. You were squarely across Lee's front, and had closed forever his last line of retreat.

The enemy, reaching your cavalry advance, saw the serried line of Union troopers. Gordon gathered and massed his men for their last charge. Tattered and hungry, worn by ceaseless marching and fighting, with no hope of victory, with little possibility of escape, they closed their lines with a fidelity of discipline and a soldierly resolution, to which words can do little justice—but which each soldier's heart must recognize and honor.

As the old guard closed around their Emperor at Waterloo, so these men closed around the flags of their lost cause. My heart abhors their treason. But it warms beyond restraint to their manhood so grandly brave, even in disloyalty. Slowly they advanced to their last attack—No battle yell, no crack of the skirmisher's rifle broke the strange stillness of that Sabbath morn. Steadily, silently they came, when Sheridan drew back his horsemen, as parts some mighty curtain, and there stood the close-formed battalions of your infantry, the cannon gleaming in the openings, quietly awaiting the coming of Gordon's men.

Instinctively your enemy halted. Meanwhile Lee had turned back to meet Grant and surrender his command. Sheridan swung his cavalry around upon Gordon's left, and was about to charge, when Custar reached Longstreet. Assurance of surrender was given and the end had come.

That Sabbath day, with tears and in sorrow, Southern men folded the banner of the "Lost Cause," and their bravest and best sought honorably to bury them from sight forever.

How sad it is that poor ambitions, jealousies of race, the wretched greed of pelf and place, and the miserable hates of social rivalries should so often disturb the hearty reconciliation of that surrender, and for a time revive the bitterness which you then sought to bury in a common grave.

This hour is no time for politics. Mine not the lips, I trust, to introduce them here. But when I think of the heroic past, which your faces and presence so vividly recall, and then how trading, trickster politicians, forgetful of what baptism of blood sealed the new birth of the nation, seek to array races in needless hostility, to excite the ignorance of the one and the brutal prejudices of the other, I would like to summon a guard, half from the rebel army of Northern Virginia and half from the loyal army of the Potomac, take such malcontents out, give them drumhead court-martial, immediate execution and soldierly burial under the apple tree of Appomattox.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.—A rose ought to be beautiful which has such a charming romance connected with its name:

A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cheorkees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to fire. And, as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young, dark-faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.—She consented. Yet before they had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from a white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's cot, and proceeding in during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the Southern States by the name of the Cherokee rose.

Congressmanship is a rather new business.

THE RECLAIMED GAMESTER.

Colonel Daniel, who took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, when he was upon the subject of gaming, used to tell the following story of himself as a warning to others, and to show that this absurd passion may be conquered by a little resolution. During Queen Anne's wars he was an ensign in the English army in Spain, but he was so much addicted to this evil habit that he considered duty and every thing else which prevented him from gratifying his darling passion, as an intolerable burden. He scarcely allowed himself time for rest, or if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears; his meals were neglected, or, if he attended to them, he looked upon it as so much lost time; he swallowed his food with precipitation, and then hurried again to the gaming table, which was his only delight—in a word he was a professed gamester. For some time fortune befriended him, and he was so successful that he often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, that "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life during a considerable time, but as he often remarked, and every considerate man must join with him, "it was the most miserable part of it."

After some time he was ordered on the recruiting service, and at Barcelona he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; but his business was left entirely to his sergeant, that he might be more at leisure to attend to his darling pursuit. After some changes of good and bad luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that in one adverse run he was stripped of his last shilling. In this distress he applied to a captain in the same regiment for the loan of ten guineas, which was refused with the following words:

"What! lend money to a professed gamester No, sir, I must be excused, for I should necessarily lose either my money or my friend, I therefore choose to keep my money."

With this taunting refusal, he returned to his lodging, where he threw himself on the bed, to give himself a momentary respite from his sorrows by a little sleep, if possible, during the heat of the day. A gnat or some other insect happening to bite him, he awoke, when his melancholy situation occurred to his thoughts. Without money, and no prospect how to get any to subsist himself and his recruits to the regiment, then at a distance from him, was a melancholy reflection, still aggravated by the idea that if they should desert for want of pay, he must be answerable for the loss, and he could expect nothing but cashiering for thus injuring the service. He had no friend, for he whom he considered as such had not only refused to lend him money, but had added insulting words to the refusal. He had no acquaintance there, and strangers he knew would not let him have so large a sum for his actual wants. This naturally led him to serious reflection on the cause which had induced him to commence as a gamester, and he soon found that it was idleness. He had now discovered the cause, and the next was to find out a remedy—But how was this to be effected so as to prevent a relapse?

While engaged in these thoughts it occurred to him that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of, and that he determined to purchase a post, the most likely to afford him sufficient occupation, and a laudable way of spending his time. He had a letter of credit to draw for what sums he pleased, on account of promotion in the army, but not to throw away idly, or to encourage extravagance. This was all well, but the main difficulty remained, for it was necessary that he should join the regiment before he could take any steps toward the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it.

While endeavoring to devise some scheme to extricate himself from this dilemma, his friend who had refused him in the morning came to pay him a visit; after a very cool reception on the part of the colonel, the other began by asking him what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety under which he plainly saw that he labored. The colonel told him all that he thought on the subject, and the resolution that he had formed of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment. His friend, highly pleased with what he heard then, said:

"My dear Daniel, I refused you money in the morning in so abrupt a manner, in order that I might bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of life into which you had got; I heartily rejoice to find that it had the desired effect. Pursue the laudable resolution you have formed, and be assured that idleness and gaming are the ruin of youth. My purse, as well as my interest and advice, is now at your command; I here present it to you, and take whatever may be necessary for your own subsistence and that of your recruits."

The colonel immediately started from the bed, for the afternoon's behavior of his friend had entirely obliterated the harshness of his refusal in the morning. In a word, the colonel set off with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had nearly lost by the folly of one morning. He immediately solicited for and purchased the adjutancy, and after that day never touched cards nor dice, but as they ought to be used, merely for amusement, or to unbend the mind after too close an attention to serious affairs.

INDIAN STRATEGY.

The first white settlers of West Virginia experienced dark and troublous times in affecting a permanent lodgment on the banks of the Ohio. The Indians, being subsidized by the English, were hostile, and conflicts were inevitable whenever a colonist met a native. To protect the pioneers of this then far remote region, a stockade was constructed at Wheeling somewhere about the close of the Revolutionary war, and a small garrison placed within it, which was more than once unsuccessfully besieged by the northern tribes of red men. Its neighborhood became the scene of many personal deeds of daring, perilous encounters, hand-to-hand fights and hair-breadth escape on the part of both soldiers and settlers. Some of the immediate descendents of the actual participants in these scenes were living thirty years since, when the writer was sojourning in that interesting section of country, and from them he learned many facts proving conclusively the skill and boldness of those early adventurers, and the price they paid in hazard, suffering and blood, in establishing an ownership to the banks of La Belle Riviere. Among the incidents related was the following:

Game of various kinds, particularly wild turkeys, abounded in the vicinity of the fort, and was sometimes hunted by the soldiers of the garrison to relieve the tedium of their monotonous life and vary their ordinary rations. On one occasion the seeming call of one of these birds from a rocky ledge not far to the rear of the stockade, prompted a soldier to go out at early morning in search who, at the expiration of his leave of absence, had not returned. The Autumnal sun declined and set in the hazy forests beyond the Ohio, and still his quarters in the fort were vacant, nor did he ever again fill them.—Known to be of a restless disposition, it was surmised that, wearied of his confined garrison life, he had taken the opportunity to desert. A day or two after, the same bird called from the same direction, inviting a more trusty soldier to solicit permission to go out to hunt. The report of a rifle was heard anon in the direction toward which he had gone, and his comrades began to look for his return, successful or otherwise. But he, too, came not, nor was he ever after seen alive.—These disappearances were accounted very singular and parties were sent out for the missing, but in vain. Before the excitement thereby occasioned had subsided, a squad of recruits to make good the places of men whose enlistment had expired, arrived from Pennsylvania. Among them was one Louis Wetzel, a veteran Indian hunter, acquainted with all the subtleties of Indian strategy, and of a boldness equaled only by his success. Learning the recent mysterious occurrences, he quietly remarked that he thought he could solve them if the like invitation to hunt should happen and leave to do so be given him.

Fortunately he had not long to wait; for one foggy morning the same sound echoed through the eastern forests, and Wetzel stole forth on his perilous exploration. An hour passed on sufficiently tedious to his intensely excited comrades in the fort, and then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the wood.

"That's Wetzel's gun!" exclaimed the new comers. "We should know it among a thousand."

Shortly the long lithe figure of its owner stalked out of the forest into the clearing, and as he drew nearer a bloody scalp was seen dangling by its single gray lock of hair from the muzzle of his rifle. A rousing cheer welcomed his return through the sallyport, and the tale he told was in this wise:

Ever suspicious of Indian subtlety, and fertile in his expedients to meet it, he went out believing that the ominous bird-call issued from a wary biped without feathers, and was uttered to bring some unsuspecting victim within the reach of his deadly tomahawk. A repetition of it having enabled him to fix more definitely its direction and distance, he slung his gun over his shoulder and climbed a tall pine which gave him a view of the ledge of rocks from which the sound seemed to proceed. Shortly from between the branches of his lofty perch he espied the gray scalp-lock of an old Indian warrior ensconced behind a large rock over which he was cautiously peering to watch the result of his stratagem. Instantly covering the mark with his unerring rifle, Wetzel drew the trigger, when the head dropped upon the rock and then disappeared behind it. He had obtained too sure an aim to distrust the success of his bullet and waiting only a few moments to ascertain whether the enemy were single or not he descended, and taking a circuit so as to bring him above the rock, got an observation into a kind of cavern behind it where lay the wild turkey, with a perforated brain.—Hastening down he secured the rifle and other weapons of his foe, found attached to his belt the scalps of the two missing hunters, to which he immediately added that of their murderer, and returned to the fort.

Wetzel's subsequent exploits in the wars along the border rank him with Daniel Boone in daring and success. The Indians considered him invulnerable, and from his ability to load his rifle on the run, thought the Great Spirit had endowed him with an ever ready weapon. They stood in great fear of him, but were never able to harm him, for he died at length at a ripe old age in his bed.

A Paris correspondent says: "By an error in type, or a freak of the 'devil,' a leading journal a few days ago appeared with the transposed heading over the marriage column, 'Marriage of Oyster Eggs.'"

SEA SICKNESS.

From an article in the British Medical Journal by Sir Risdon Alderson, M. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., consulting physician to St. Mary's Hospital, we make the following extracts on this very nauseating subject:

The cause of seasickness and its possible amelioration are subjects particularly appropriate at the present time.

Referring to the experience of sufferers from sea sickness, it is remarkable that they are most sensible of the miserable feeling at the moment of the descent of the ship. They are also conscious, at that particular time, of an instinctive effort to sigh or take a deep inspiration, the meaning of which is manifest. During the deep inspiration, the chest is dilated for the reception of air, and its vessels become more open to admit blood, so that a return of blood from the head is then more free than at any other period of complete respiration; while on the contrary, by the act of expelling air from the lungs the ingress of blood is obstructed. This obstruction is proved by observation when the surface of the brain is exposed by the operation of trepanning; a successive turgescence and subsidence of the brain is then seen in alternate motion with different states of the chest. A deep inspiration, therefore, at the time of the descent of the ship tends to counteract the turgescence of the brain.

Sickness is sometimes produced by waltzing. In this case, the same theory of pressure on the brain holds good; but during rapid gyration in waltzing, the blood is acted on differently; it is centrifugal force which causes the blood to rise in the vessels supplied to the brain. There is an additional cause of cerebral disturbance from the confusion of objects rapidly presented to the eye; from this comes giddiness.

In reference to sickness brought on by swinging, I cannot do better than quote Dr. Wollaston: "Sickness, by swinging, is evidently from the same cause as sea sickness, and that direction of the motion which occasions the most piercing sensation of uneasiness is conformable to the same explanation already given. It is in descending forward that this sensation is perceived, for then the blood has the greatest tendency to move from the feet towards the head, since the line joining them is in the direction of the motion; but when in the descent backwards, the motion is transverse to the line of the body, it occasions but little inconvenience, because the tendency to propel the blood towards the head is then inconsiderable."

The last observation of Dr. Wollaston, quite accurate as to the result, plainly suggests the practical bearing of the subject. Knowing the mode in which the ship's movement acts on the brain, we are at once furnished with the only rational way of averting sea sickness.

The first point is wholly to avoid the upright posture. Every one knows that it is a common practice to lie down, and this is done almost instinctively, but it is also known that to do so, though frequently successful, is not invariably so. The way in which the motion in a swing affects the brain affords the proper explanation why lying down is not invariably successful, and shows that it is necessary, not only to take a recumbent position, but to lie in the right direction. A person lying down with the feet towards the bows of the ship is, while it descends in pitching, in the same position as a person in a swing descending forward, in which case we have seen that sickness is produced by blood being forced upon the brain. On the contrary, a person lying down with his head towards the bows is, during the descent of the ship, in the position of one descending backwards in a swing, in which case the pressure by the blood will be towards the feet, and, therefore, relief rather than inconvenience will be experienced, as the tendency will be to reduce the natural supply of blood to the brain. It is necessary, therefore, not only to lie down, but to do so with the head to the bows; and it is highly desirable that this position should be assumed before the ship begins to move.

There is a secondary advantage to be gained by closing the eyes, and so shutting out the confusion arising from the movement of surrounding objects.

If the philosophical explanation here given be the correct one, which there is no reason to doubt, it adds one more to many unanswerable objections to the device of taking passengers in railway carriages on board gigantic vessels. No relief would be afforded by that plan to the miseries of sea sickness, since, except in a perfect calm, nothing can prevent the rising and falling of the ship and the consequent action of the blood upon the brain. The sitting posture would be equally unfavorable with the upright, and there would be, in addition the common motion of a carriage, which alone, with some persons, produces sickness.

The following is supposed to be a witty obituary:

We have frequently remarked on the futility of attempting to force the charge of a musket through the tube by blocking in the muzzle. John Griswold, of Kingstone, Decatur county, is dead.

An old minister asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

A sick man was told that his wife would marry again. 'All right,' said he, 'there will be one man to kiss my feet.'

WOMAN AT A KENTUCKY BANQUET.—The Life of Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, written by his daughter, Mrs. Coleman, has just been published. It contains many happy descriptions, especially of which is the following which we copy: In 1852 Mr. Webster visited the West, and came from Lexington to Frankfort to see Mr. Crittenden. He was his guest for some days at that time, and received from the citizens of Franklin County the usual hospitalities paid to distinguished visitors in that locality, 'a barbecue,' or, as it was called at that time, 'a bergoo.' This was regarded as an unusually great occasion, and extensive preparations were made to do honor to Mr. Webster. The men were rallied far and wide, and a mighty gathering was the result. The place honored by custom for this Kentucky festivity was about seven miles from Frankfort, on the farm of Mrs. Innis, the mother of Mrs. Crittenden. A romantic little stream called Benson, wound a out through the woods near the house, and in the dense forest along its borders the Kentucky host assembled. I cannot explain the word 'bergoo;' the feast differed from a 'barbecue,' in that it was more primitive. Immense iron pots were kept on hand in some secluded spot, ready for such occasions, and each man was expected to bring his own tin cup and pewter spoon. 'Bergoos' were always the order of the day when summer vegetables abounded; only one dish was prepared, but it was savory as the mess brought by Esau to his father, the blind patriarch.—All the birds and squirrels round about were shot, prepared, and thrown indiscriminately into the large pots; then all the farms and gardens in the neighborhood were put under contribution, and young corn, tomatoes, peas, beans—in short every vegetable that could be found, was added. All this boiled away vigorously till the salutations of the day were over, family news told, and kindly questions asked and answered. The business of the day (which was making speeches and listening to them) concluded, then all present gathered around the steaming pots, cups, and spoons in hand, to receive their portion. I don't remember that I ever tasted this famous broth, but it perfumed the woods, and I know every one 'asked for more.' There was no distinction of persons on these occasions, except that the orators of the day and the visitors were served first; but a tin cup and a pewter spoon were the only implements.

"One amusing feature of this occasion was seeing Mr. Webster accommodate himself to a stump. This was not the kind of platform he was accustomed to, but he would not have been equally acceptable in any other position. I suppose he had never felt his footing so insecure, but, being a quiet speaker by nature, he got through like a man and a Kentuckian."

HOW A PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.—Each of the United States is entitled to as many electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. In each State the electors are chosen by a plurality vote—That is, if there are three sets of electors voted for, the set having the highest number of votes is chosen. But a candidate for President, in order to be successful, must have a total majority of electors.—The electoral college, as now constituted, consists of 317. Therefore, 159 are necessary for a choice. If there be three candidates for President and neither of them receives a majority of the electoral college, then there is no choice, and the election goes to the House of Representatives.

The House must confine their choice to the three highest candidates voted for by the electors. The Representatives vote by States, and each State has but one vote; so that the power of Delaware is as great as that of New York. Each State has one vote. The majority of the State delegation casts its vote. A candidate, to be successful, must receive a majority of all the States, or nineteen States. If the delegation is divided, the vote of the State cannot be counted, and is therefore lost. As the present House is constituted—and it is upon this House the election will devolve in the event there is no election by the people—nominally the Republicans hold twenty States; but its majority in ten of these it holds by one single vote. Should there be a third candidate there would be no choice found in two of these ten States.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.—A Hartford friend tells a good story of one of our most distinguished citizens:

Col. Samuel Colt was in his life time disposed sometimes to be rather pompous. When he was building dwelling houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently awed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the Colonel, drawing himself up with swelling dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Colonel Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and swelled out and answered:

"Perhaps you don't know who I am.—I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the Colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more.—American Publisher.

HOW TO RIDE A COLT.—The following story of John Smith (we dill suppose his name to be Smith) and his son Virgil is said to be a true bill.

Smith had a very promising young horse, now for the first time in training for the track, and his stepping is intended to take place in the race at Long Place on the Fourth. The other day Virgil, a bright little chap some two years of age, was speeding his father around the track and was making the turn in gallant style, when the colt suddenly stopped and threw the boy off. The cause of this was a young poker that had stowed himself in some bush close by the track, a quiet spectator of the colt's performance, until the latter got almost opposite to him, when, hog-like, he made a violent rush, with the result mentioned. By the time his anxious father reached the ground the boy was on his feet, unhurt. Said the father:

"Virgil, you don't know how to ride a colt, to let a little pig like that make him throw you off. I don't want the colt spoiled, I want him to go around the track, and I'll show that a pig can't prevent him."

"I'll bet you," said Virgil, "he'll throw you, too, if a pig makes him jump like he did with me."

"No he won't, Virgil; you can get in the bush there, and when I ride him around you can grunt like a pig. I'll show you how it's done," said the elder Smith.

Accordingly, the colt was caught and mounted by Smith, the elder, the boy in the meantime having taken his position in the bush to play the role of pig, in which he succeeded to perfection, for when the sire, after a rattling run, had reached the proper place, he snorted like a young grizzly, and, tearing out of the bush, caused the panic-struck colt to pitch his rider ingloriously in the dust. Gathering himself up, he said savagely:

"What did you do that for? I told you to grunt like a pig, not like a blasted old hog!"

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.—Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them. You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work.—If you say you don't feel like work, and go a loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of you woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

BORAX.—The Boston Journal of Chemistry gives the following method of cleansing blankets:

"Put two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of cold water. When dissolved, put in a pair of blankets, and let them remain over night. Next day rub and drain them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang them to dry. Do not wring them."

But this is not the only domestic use to which borax may be put. Says the same journal:

"Borax is the best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. This troublesome insect has a peculiar aversion to it, and will never return where it has once been scattered. As the salt is perfectly harmless to human beings, it is much to be preferred for this purpose to the poisonous substances commonly used."

"Borax is also valuable for laundry use, instead of soda. Add a handful of it, powdered, to about ten gallons of boiling water, and you need use only half the ordinary allowance of soap. For laces, cambrics, etc., use an extra quantity of the powder. It will not injure the texture of the cloth in the least."

"For cleansing the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax water. Wash afterward with pure water, if it leaves the hair too stiff. Borax dissolved in water is also an excellent dentrifice or tooth wash."

THE PERSON WHO TAMPERED WITH A WITNESS.—At a recent trial the counsel for the prosecution, after severely cross-examining a witness, suddenly put on a look of severity, and exclaimed:

"Now, sir, was not an effort made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, do you mean?"

"That's what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who these persons are."

"Well, you've tried about as hard as any of them."

He was questioned no further on that point.

MOSQUITOES.—The eggs of the mosquito in India and America are laid in a boat shaped mass upon the surface of stagnant water by the mother fly. After hatching out, they finally become the "wiggletails," or wriggling worms, that may be seen in the summer in any barrel of water that is exposed to the air any length of time.—Finally they come to the surface, and the full fledged mosquito bursts out of them, at first with very short, limp wings, which in a little while grow in length and stiffness.

It is a curious fact that the male mosquito, which may be known by its feathered antennæ, is physically incapable of sucking blood.

The mosquito is not an unmitigated pest. Although, in the winged state, the female sucks our blood, and disturbs man's rest, in the larva state the insect is decidedly beneficial by purifying stagnant water, that would otherwise breed malarial diseases. Linnæus long ago showed that if you place two barrels of stagnant and impure water side by side, neither of them containing any "wiggletails," or other living animals, and cover one of them over with gauze, leaving the other one uncovered, so that it will soon become full of "wiggletails," hatched out by the eggs deposited by the female mosquito; then the covered barrel will, in a few weeks, become offensive, and the uncovered barrel will emit no impure and unsavory vapors.

THE LAST FIGHT.—Bill Stumps threatened to thrash Tom Hanny. Tom who was a steamboat pilot, heard of it, and seeing a crowd gathered one day at the settlement where Stumps lived, Hanny rounded to his boat, tied it to a tree and went ashore.

"Bill Stumps," exclaimed Hanny, coming directly to the business in hand, "you want to thrash me, don't you?"

"Why no, Tom, not as I knows on—you hain't done me nothin' particular, as I knows on."

"Well, Bill, if you don't want to whip me, I feel jest like whippin' you, and I'll give you one dollar and the tu fust licks if you stand up to me."

"I'll do it, hoss!" exclaimed Bill, stripping for the fight. Two stalwart fellows were selected for seconds, or to see fair play. Tom paid over to Bill his dollar, and stood up. Bill drew off and popped Tom in the eye, knocking him down.—Tom rose and stood up like an honest man for the other lick. Bill popped him in the other eye, with the same effect; but no sooner had he done so than he sung out "nuff! nuff! take him off! take him off!". The seconds, as in duty bound, caught Tom and held him fast; the fight was ended; one party had cried enough.

Tom Hanny went on board the "Snorter" with two bunged eyes, and a lesson of wisdom that lasted him as long as he lived. He never offered a premium to ride after that.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—A good method of cleaning lamp chimneys is to wash them in warm water and wipe dry with paper. Never put a cold chimney into water too hot, as it is liable to break the glass. A spiece of cod fish skin the size of a silver quarter washed thoroughly and droped in the boiling coffee will make it perfectly clear, and requires less coffee and less boiling than when egg is used. A very economical way of settling coffee with eggs is to brown a pound at once; immediately on taking it from the oven break on the hot coffee one egg, stir rapidly until every kernel becomes moistened with the egg; the heat of the coffee will soon dry it, when it is ready for use. A preparation of sulphureus acid in alcohol has been used with good effect to destroy moths and other eggs, but it must be used on articles which can be closely wrapped up, so that no evaporation can take place. Spices, snuff, tobacco and red pepper are preservatives. Sulphur mixed with the soft food and given to fowls two of three times a month has a very beneficial effect. It seems to permeate through the system of the fowl, promoting health and preventing disease.

"WHO'S AHEAD?"—A gentleman asks the girls the following pointed question: "Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head, and when he had enough of his own? Who painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? Who pinches his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle around his body, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom?" In reply to which a lady responded: Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco and loaded the air with fumes of segars? Who staggered home several times a week worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, be high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions? Which picture wears the most alluring colors? We also see it reported that Mrs. Van Cott says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor, she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely. And if she had the money paid by women for back hair she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.

Good President Hopkins once found one of his students in a rail-train, bearing the unmistakable evidence of a recent debauch. In a sad but impressive tone he said to him, "Been on a drunk!" Mistaking, in his confused condition, the President's inflection, the young man frankly answered, "So have I."