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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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A LIVE AGENT.—The following rich story is related by a Sonora paper, at the expense of a queer queen who vibrated between the towns of Oregon as 'advocate' agent of a concert troupe, and who though pretty clever in 'selling' the curiously inclined, does not always come off first best.

Frank Ball, traveling in a vehicle bearing a strong resemblance to a pedler's cart, Old Lady rushes out from a house by the roadside. The following colloquy ensues:

Old Lady.—Say, what have you got to sell?

Ball.—I am traveling agent, madame, for the greatest manager of ancient or modern times, which is shortly to be exhibited in this section, affording to the inhabitants thereof an opportunity of viewing the most stupendous collection of animals ever before exhibited.

Old Lady.—You don't say. 'Have you any elephants?'

Ball.—We have, madame, six elephants; but these constitute a comparatively unimportant part of the show. We have flying specimens of hippos, who roamed over the earth, not only in the antediluvian, but also in the pilocene and postmilocene periods, embracing the magatherium, with six legs and two tails; the ichthyosaurus, with four eyes and three tails; the gyanistius, with no eyes, two noses and four tails; the pleurostaurus, resembling Satan in shape, which spits fire and breathes sulphur, and many other species, too numerous to mention.

Old Lady.—Well, I declare!

Ball.—But, madame, the greatest curiosity by far of our exhibition is a learned and classical educated monkey, who was brought up by a Mohammedan priest in the mysterious regions of the Great Desert of Sahara. This monkey talks with fluency all the modern languages, besides Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He can recite the Ten Commandments, the emancipation proclamation, President Lincoln's last message, and performs the most intricate examples in mathematics with rapidity, ease and accuracy. While being exhibited in Washington he actually repeated a long speech of the President's. This monkey corresponds—

Beautiful young lady suddenly sticks her head from the window and calls out:—

'Mother! mother! ask him why they let the monkey travel so far ahead of the other animals!'

DISTANCES ON THE POTOMAC.—The following list will give our readers the distances from Washington to the various landing places on the Potomac river. The distances given is not to the places named, but to a point in the main channel of the river opposite the landing places.

To Alexandria Steamboat Landing 6, Bowie's Bluff 8, Hecht's Creek 9, Fort Washington 12, Mount Vernon 14, Marshall Point 16, White House 17, Hallowing Point 20, Crane Island 21, Glymont 22, Indian Head 24, Mattowoman Creek 28, Cockpit Point 24, Shipping Point (Quantico creek) 31, Sandy Point 34, Liverpool Point 36, Smith's Point 39, Aquia Creek 40, Maryland Point 43, Nanjemoy Creek 52, Cedar Point Light 53, Mathias Point 55, Pocomoke Point 58, Lower Cedar Point 61, Rover's Creek 64, Monroe's Creek 68, Great Wicomico Bay 75, Blackstone Island Light 79, Machodock River 85, Rugged Point 88, Piney Point 92, St. Mary's river 97, Point Lookout Light 105, Smith's Point Lightships 119 miles.

TO KEEP HAMS IN SEASON.—Some bag them and whitewash the bags, which is troublesome and somewhat expensive; some cover them with dry wood shavings and pack them in barrels; some pack them in barrels and cover thoroughly with pine shavings; but the best plan of all, and certainly the least expensive with all who have a smoke-house, and every farmer should have a good one, is to keep the hams hung up in the smoke-house, which should be kept perfectly dark at all times. Hams so kept two years or more among the best we ever tasted. Uniform darkness is a complete protection against the attack of insects.

According to reliable statistics recently published, it appears that the average life of certain animals and birds is the following: The hare lives 10 years; the cat, 10; the dog, 8; the donkey, 30; the sheep, 10; the deer, 14 to 20; the ox, 20; the cow, 25; the pig, 8; the turtle dove, 25; the partridge, 25; the raven, 100; the eagle, 100; the goose, 150 years.

'Jimskated' is the Independent's word for stolen.

THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat in the sun together, Till the day was almost done, And then at its close an angel Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together, He touched their eyelids with balm, And their last breath floated upward Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal party they traversed The unseen, mystical road, That leads to the Beautiful City, Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle youth, They will give her lost youth back, And the flowers of a vanished Spring-time Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters Shall restore his manhood's prime, And eternal years shall measure The love that outlasts time.

But the shades they left behind them— The wrinkles and silver hair— Made sacred to us by kisses The angel imprinted there—

We'll hide away in the meadow When the sun is low in the west, Where the moonbeams cannot find them, Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll not tell-tale tomb-stone, With its age and date, arise Over the two who are old no longer In their Father's house in the skies.

TO BE LET—FURNISHED.

'Anything over-to-day?' asked, with a significant and ironical emphasis, a young and briefless lawyer, named Kit Hammer, of another equally young and briefless 'limb,' Bill Belkender, as he sauntered into the latter's room in Court street, which rooms had a very professional air.

A party quite filled with scraps of paper, and cigar-cases, a table littered with law-books, sheets of foolscap, door ditto, leather-bottomed arm chairs, very crazy and broken-looking, window panes that looked like thick cobwebs, all as it should be in a law office.

'Over head and ears in love and debt,' answered Belkender, 'that's all, O, I forget two dimes and a smooth quarter in the water-box.'

'Has departed for New York and Philadelphia, to be gone for three days. He has left his town house, you know, and was preparing to reside at his country seat in fact. The grounds are taken care of by his next-door neighbor, a gardener. He thinks now he shan't be back till Fall.'

'Of course he came down hellishly before he left,' remarked Kit, whittling the table with his penknife.

'He gave me a check for my quarter's allowance in advance,' answered Belkender.

'Have you drawn the money?'

'My dear fellow, I require it all to consolidate my debts.'

'What a stupid proceeding!'

'A necessary sacrifice. My creditors were pressing. I had to compound with them for the credit of the bar.'

'And I think you told me that not daring to confide the state of your affairs to your father, you had taken up your lodgings on the sofa here and dined at a cheap eating house.'

'Exactly so, Kit.'

'My dear fellow, I have some friends staying with me—very respectable people, I assure you, sir—the Greylings—do you know them?' he asked anxiously.

'No, but I've heard the name.'

'I've kept you waiting,' cried Miss Greyling, running down the steps of the piazza in a charming walking dress, 'but I am quite ready now.' She stopped suddenly and blushed on perceiving a stranger.

'My father, Miss Greyling.'

'I am very happy to see you, sir. Won't you walk in?'

'Very hospitable,' muttered Belkender, 'seeing it's my house.'

'Miss Greyling,' said young Belkender, nervously, 'I am very sorry that I must deny myself the pleasure of walking with you, but my father—I pray, excuse.'

'O, certainly, certainly! Don't make any apologies. I couldn't think of going now. Pray, walk in, sir. You'll dine with us, I hope, sir?'

'I rather think I shall, young lady,' answered Belkender, senior, coolly.

'You're deary and tired, father,' said young Belkender, who dreaded a discovery.

'Won't you walk up into my room?'

'No, sir,' replied Belkender, senior, emphatically. 'I want to see how the drawing-room looks. With what taste your poor mother, had she been alive, would have furnished it.'

And tossing his hat on the table, he walked into the long drawing-room, followed by his son and Miss Greyling.

'My father and mother, Mr. Belkender,' said the young lady, getting before him and performing the ceremony of introduction.

Mr. Greyling had fallen asleep unconsciously on the ottoman, and sank from a sitting to a recumbent position. He started up, rubbing his eyes.

'Bless me! what a solace! I'm afraid I was vulgar enough to dose Mr. Belkender. I'm very happy to see you. My wife, pray, sit down, sir.'

'Thank you, sir, I prefer walking about,' replied Mr. Belkender, senior. 'Curse his impudences,' he muttered to his son. 'Sleeping with his boots on my cut velvet ottoman. Asking me to be seated in my own house.'

'He's rather eccentric,' whispered young Belkender, 'but most amiable of men.'

My father, he said in a low tone, address-

'Yes, for three months only. I will drive out this afternoon and see your house, and if I like it, and the terms are not too high, I think we can manage to make an agreement.'

'What family have you, sir?' asked Belkender, with the air of a practiced landlord.

'Only my wife, daughter and self,' replied the old gentleman.

'And you have no objection to taking me to board?' I'm not much trouble in a house,' said Belkender.

'None whatever. Pray what are your terms, sir?'

'One hundred and fifty dollars for the season—that is three months. I will allow you five dollars a week for my board—that takes off sixty.'

'Balance ninety,' replied the old gentleman, rising. 'Very well, sir, if I like the house, I will call to-morrow, and pay you in advance.'

'As you please, sir.'

'My name,' said the old gentleman, as he took his leave, 'is Greyling, Godfrey Greyling & Co., India Wharf. Good morning, sir.'

'Greyling! One daughter!' cried Belkender, as he paced his room. 'What if he should be the father of the glorious creature I met at Gloucester last Summer? The idea of being under the same roof with her almost drives me mad, and atones for much that I have suffered, and am still suffering. Greyling! Greyling!'

His conjectures were correct. Greyling called next day, paid the rent, and received the key, and the evening after, when he went out to the villa, he discovered to his delight that Julia Greyling was no other than the very charming girl whom he had casually encountered at Cape Ann the previous season. She was then visiting the place with her aunt, and whether she was conscious of the nascent penchant for her uncle, or for some other reason, she had forbore mentioning to her mother having met a young gentleman by the seaside, with such a dear corsair expression, and such a sweet mouthache!

Of course Belkender did not come into town any more. Why should he? He had no client there—and a suit here which must not be suffered to go by default—What duets at the piano! what strolls in the garden! what walks by moonlight! what rides at sunset! It was a fairy existence. But in the sweetest spot of pleasure, *surge amari aliquid*, and cooling at the bottom of a glass of bliss lay a scene would soon be like a Summer-dream.

With the birds and flowers the Greylings would be gone—he had three months of enjoyment before him—Three months! he had not four and twenty hours.

The next forenoon, Belkender was strolling in the garden, waiting for Miss Greyling to join him, when the omnibus stopped at the door, and out of that omnibus—a vision of dread—alighted Mr. Belkender, senior.

'You here, sir,' exclaimed the young man.

'You here, sir,' exclaimed the father.

'How came you to think of opening the house? Did you get word that I was coming?'

'No, sir, but I thought you wouldn't dislike it.'

'Not at all. You've saved me a deal of trouble. Servants here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, well, let's get out of the sun,' replied Mr. Belkender, impatiently.

'One moment, sir. I have some friends staying with me—very respectable people, I assure you, sir—the Greylings—do you know them?' he asked anxiously.

'No, but I've heard the name.'

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My father, he said in a low tone, address-

'I did not sleep a wink,' said Mr. Greyling.

'Indeed? I am distressed to learn that.'

'Mr. Belkender, sir, it is very evident that, although your son and I agree very well together, you and I cannot exist under the same roof.'

'Indeed! And I presume,' said Mr. Belkender, ironically, 'that you are about to suggest the expediency of my taking up my quarters elsewhere. From what I saw of your conduct yesterday, I should judge you quite capable of such a proposition.'

'Mr. Belkender, as a lawyer, you must be aware that I have a right to make it.'

'A right to make it?'

'Yes, sir, but I scorn to do so, and I merely vacate your premises to-day, leaving it to your sense of justice to accord me reasonable damages.'

'Reasonable damages!' cried Belkender, furiously. 'Haven't you taken up your quarters here bag and baggage—ordered my servants about—appropriated what rooms you saw fit to use—cut bouquets out of my garden—sent presents of fruits and vegetables to your friends in town, after in a word, as if you were master here, and now you talk of damages?'

'Well, sir,' roared Mr. Greyling.—'Haven't I paid the rent in advance?'

'The rent in advance? You're crazy, old fellow!'

But at this crisis appeared young Belkender, alarmed, abashed and penitent.—He made a full confession of the trick he had perpetrated, and then stood, culprit-like, trembling, and covered with confusion. The two old gentlemen eyed each other for a moment, then burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and shook hands cordially.

The young scape-grace who had occasioned all the trouble was pardoned, and his father agreed to discharge his debts on his pledge of making a good husband to Julia Greyling. The young couple took up their abode in the Belkender villa, preferring its luxuries and comforts to the chance of advertising for lodgings to be let—furnished.

A GRIM JOKE.—A couple of medical students disinterred a subject on a cold winter's night, and having dressed it, placed it, sitting upright, on the seat of a wagon, started for home. One of the boys, who was sitting on the seat, fell off, they left the wagon and went in for a drink. The hostler observed a man sitting in the cold wagon, attempted some conversation; but receiving no answer, he discovered how the affair stood, and instantly resolved to have a little fun of his own on the occasion. So taking the corpse to the stable he dressed himself in its cloth, and seated himself in the wagon. The students soon returned and took their seats beside of the supposed dead man, whom one of them in merciment gave him a slap on the face. 'How would you like some flip, old fellow?' then remarked remonstratingly to his companion. 'He is warm, by heavens!' 'So would you be,' replied the corpse, 'if you had been stolen from hell as I have.' Both students bolted, and never returned to inquire for the horse or wagon.

A SINGULAR MEETING.—A somewhat singular episode of real life occurred on the piazza of the Union Hotel Saratoga the afternoon of the great race. A somewhat noted woman, formerly a singer of some prominence, while walking with her present husband, chanced to pass, in her promenade, directly between two of her former husbands. The three men each of whom had loved the same woman and who hated each other mortally, glanced at her other for a moment. The woman, in her beauty, her diamonds, and her sly Summer dress, eyed all three curiously. There was a momentary pause, then the lady and her escort resumed their walk, the other men stepping forth in diverging directions, and the episode was over. There are ever and anon strange meetings at Saratoga.

THE LATEST SENSATION IN TOWA CITY is the suicide of a cow. The cause of the deed was the killing of her calf. The Iowa City Press describes her actions:—

'The cow was frantic at this slaughter of her innocent, and after chasing the butcher's wagon to the slaughter-house door, and bellowing a good-bye to her infant, she repaired to the river near Dillon's Island, and wading in beyond her depth, committed suicide by drowning.'

Boil together equal parts, by weight, of glue and molasses, spread it over common brown paper, white-hot, with a brush. Place a sheet of paper in every room of your house. It will capture every fly in the room within the day. The paper can be thrown into the fire and a new one used, when covered with captured flies.

When a Hindoo wants to get up an elaborate course of false swearing, he always takes care to have a rehearsal with his associates of all the circumstances which are to be alleged to have occurred. In this way an air of exactness and reality is given to the narrative which could not otherwise have occurred.

It is mentioned as a curious fact by old woodmen that the Beech and Sycamore trees are never struck by lightning, though found in close proximity to oak, hickory, and trees of other species, that have been seamed or torn to pieces by the subtle fluid.

I hope you have passed a good night, sir, said Mr. Belkender.

'I did not sleep a wink,' said Mr. Greyling.

'Indeed? I am distressed to learn that.'

'Mr. Belkender, sir, it is very evident that, although your son and I agree very well together, you and I cannot exist under the same roof.'

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DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! Do not let her stare and toil While you sit, a useless idler, Fearing your soft hands to soil. Don't you see the heavy burden, Daily she is wont to bear. Bring the lines upon her forehead— Sprinkle silver in her hair!

Daughter, don't let mother do it! Do not let her bake and broil Through the long, bright summer hours, Share with her the heavy toil. See, her eye has lost its brightness, Faded from the cheek the glow, And the step that once was buoyant Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! She has cared for you so long, Is it right the weak and feeble Should be toiling for the strong? Waken from your listless languor, Seek her side to cheer and bless, And your grief will be less bitter When the seeds above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it! You will never, never know What were home without a mother. Till that mother leath low— Low beneath the budding daisies, Free from earthly care or pain— To the home so sad without her, Never to return again!

WOMAN'S CRAFT VS. MAN'S DISHONESTY.

There lived in the ancient city of Hand-han, a grocer who had a small stock in trade, and by care and economy had laid up a small sum of money sufficient to enable him to make the holy pilgrimage to Mecca the honored, according to the divine command, which says:—'And God requirerth of men that they visit the holy house; every one who is able to do so.'

Accordingly he arranged all his affairs, sold out his stock, made his will, and taking what money he should want for the journey, he put the rest, amounting to some five thousand dirhems, into a bag, which he intended to deposit in some safe place, that he might have some capital with which to reopen his business if he should live to return, or to be given to his heirs in case he should die by the way.

No sooner had he deposited the money than he could do no better than deposit it with the Kadi; for the Kadi, said he to himself, 'is the legal depository for the property of orphans and unprotected persons, and he will take care of it till I return, or see it justly distributed among my heirs if I do not return.'

So he went to the Mahkemeh (Kadi's court,) and after the usual salutations he said:—'Oh, my lord, the Kadi, I am going on a pilgrimage to God's holy house, and I wish to leave with you this sealed bag containing five thousand dirhems; and if it please God that I return in peace, I will call for it, and if I do not return, you will make such a disposal of it as you think proper, for he had full confidence in the Kadi's integrity.'

'Very well, my son,' said the Kadi; 'deposit your money in this closet just behind where I am sitting.' So he laid the bag in the closet, and went his way.

The man then went on his pilgrimage, and it pleased God that after the expiration of several months he should come back safely; and when he arrived at home he remained quiet several days, receiving the visits of his friends who came to congratulate him upon the happy and safe termination of his long and wearisome journey. He then thought himself of the money he had deposited with the Kadi, and it was all the capital he had left in the world. So he went to the Mahkemeh and saluted the Kadi, and said to him:—'Oh, my lord, the Kadi, if you please, give me the bag of money which I deposited with you.'

'What bag of money?' said the Kadi, with feigned surprise.

'Why, the bag of five thousand dirhems I deposited with you.'

'I know nothing about any bag, nor any five thousand dirhems.'

'My lord, the Kadi, I am so and so, the son of so and so; I am going to Mecca from the pilgrimage to God's holy house.'

'Very well, my son; God be praised for your safety.'

'But, my lord, don't you remember that before going on my pilgrimage I deposited with you a sealed bag containing five thousand dirhems?'

'No, my son; I have no recollection of any such thing.'

'Believe yourself, my lord; on such a day I came here and left the money with you in that closet just behind you.'

'It is quite evident, my son, that your head is turned; you left no money here, nor have I any knowledge of any such thing, and you had better get about your business.'

Upon this the poor man left the Mahkemeh, and walked along the street very sorrowful, scarcely knowing whether he went; for he had no witnesses, and it was quite evident that the Kadi meant to keep the money; and then how was he to get capital to begin his business again, and how was he to support his family; and as he thought on these things, the tears trickled down his cheeks. In this sad state, he chanced to pass by the door of a house which had a seat on each side of it, and the ground in front of it was sprinkled and swept, and, as the day was hot and he was very sorrowful, he sat down upon one of the seats by the side of this door, wringing his hands and weeping. Just then a woman, closely veiled, came out of the door, and when she saw him wringing his hands, and tears running down his cheeks, she said:—'What is the matter, my brother?'

'He replied:—'Alas, my calamity! Woe is mine, my dear sister!'

'What has happened to you?' said she; 'has any one of your friends died? But he only replied:—'Woe is mine, my calamity! Then she invited him into the house, and he entered and threw himself upon the floor, wringing his hands and slapping his face, and saying:—'Woe is mine, alas! my calamity! And the woman spoke comforting words to him as well as she could, not knowing the cause of his grief, until at length he told her the story from beginning to end, and how it ended by the Kadi's denial of having received any money from him.

'Is that all?' said she, 'All?' replied the man; 'is not that enough? What am I to do? How am I to get any capital? How am I to support my family?'

'Listen to me,' replied the woman, 'and I will show you how to recover your money from the Kadi.'

'I am all attention,' said he; 'but I have no witnesses and can prove nothing; so I see no way to bring my action against the Kadi.'

'It would be easy enough,' said she, 'to make a thole-pin out of a mast; but what will you say to him who can make a waist out of a thole-pin? If there had been witnesses to the transaction, the Kadi would not have defied the deposit; but we shall find a way to make him give it up of his own free will without any recourse or denial. Only do as I say.'

'I am your servant and your slave.'

'To-morrow, then,' added she, 'is Friday, and after the noon prayers the Kadi will go directly to the Mahkemeh, and the principal men in the city will, as usual, call upon him. Now you be on the watch, and when you see me enter the Mahkemeh, wait till I have engaged the Kadi in conversation about five minutes, and then enter boldly and ask for your bag of money as if it were the first time and as if nothing had happened, and you shall see which will conquer, the craft of woman or the dishonesty of man.'

The man promised to follow her directions explicitly, and went his way.

The next day the woman gathered up all her own jewelry, consisting of necklace and earrings, and bracelets, and anklets; and borrowed some more of her neighbors, until the whole amounted to the value of several thousand dirhems, and she put the whole under her arm, and about noon she put on her hair and veil, and took the box under her arm and went to the Mahkemeh, so timing her arrival as to enter soon after the Kadi and his retinue had taken their seats. When she entered, she saluted the Kadi and all present in a respectful manner, but in a sad tone of voice, and laid the box on the floor at her feet; but as she did so she allowed her veil to be drawn aside, as if by accident, and enough to let those present, and especially the Kadi, see that she was come to look upon and still youthful in her appearance. The Kadi then asked her to be seated on the divan, and to state the reason of her coming to the Mahkemeh.

'Oh, my lord, the Kadi,' said she, 'and all you my honorable lords, know you that my husband went on a long journey for purposes of trade and gain, and left me in charge of a great property. But a few days since I heard that he had died in a distant city, and now his two sons by another wife wish to claim more than their share of the property, and I have come to deposit this jewelry (opening the box as she said so) with my lord, the Kadi, and to make a statement of the property left by my husband, that my lord, the Kadi, may be my protector and see justice done. Please note down, two houses in such a street, two store-houses in such a street; three farms in such a village; four boats on the river.'

Now while the Kadi was writing down these statements, inwardly rejoicing at the opportunity of laying his hand on so large a property, and perhaps of making the woman his wife, the poor man, the owner of the bag of five thousand dirhems, stepped in at the door, and, after the usual salutation, said quietly, 'Oh, my lord, the Kadi, if you please, I'll take the bag I deposited with you.'

'Of course, of course, my son—here it is in the closet, just where you deposited it. Take it, and God give you success.'

No sooner had the man seized his bag of money, and retreated towards the door, than the slave girl of the woman rushed into the Mahkemeh, clapping her hands, and shouting at the top of her voice:—'Tidings, O my mistress, tidings! My master has come! my master has come! and he asks for you.' Upon which the woman seized her box of jewelry and began to clap her hands and dance for joy; and the owner of the bag danced, and the slave girl danced, and presently the Kadi jumped up and began to snap his fingers and dance with them.

Then one of the lookers-on, who saw through the affair, said to him:—'We can understand that the man should dance because he has recovered his bag of money; and the woman, because her husband has returned; and the slave girl because her master has come back; but why should you dance?'

'I dance,' said he, 'at the thought of how completely that woman has outwitted me.'

So they all three went their way, and as they went the woman said to the owner of the bag:—'Which has conquered, man's dishonesty or woman's craft?'

THE EMOTIONAL-INSANITY PLEA HAS PREVAILED in the Indians. One of them the other day, when arrested for killing and scalping some white men, being asked to account for the eccentricity, said:—'Me too much crazy.'

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