Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1872 — NO. 3

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

Terms of Subscription.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

Terms of Advertising.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

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

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

Prospectus for 1873.—Sixth Year.

The Aldine,

An Illustrated Monthly Journal, universally admitted to be the Handsomest Periodical in the World. A Representative and Champion of American Taste.

Not for Sale in Book or News Stores.

The Aldine, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of *The Aldine* will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, *The Aldine* is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromos, besides!*

ART DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the increase in the price of subscription last Fall, when *The Aldine* assumed its present noble proportions and representative character, the edition *was more than doubled* during the past year; proving that the American public appreciate, and will support, a sincere effort in the cause of Art. The publishers, anxious to justify the ready confidence thus demonstrated, have exerted themselves to the utmost to develop and improve the work; and the plans for the coming year, as unfolded by the monthly issues, will astonish and delight even the most sanguine friends of *The Aldine*.

The publishers are authorized to announce designs from many of the most eminent artists of America.

In addition, *The Aldine* will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success, and greatest general interest; avoiding such as have become familiar, through photographs, or copies of any kind.

The quarterly tinted plates, for 1873, will reproduce four of John S Davis' inimitable child-sketches, appropriate to the four seasons. These plates, appearing in the issues for January, April, July, and October, would be alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

The popular feature of a copiously illustrated "Christmas" number will be continued.

To possess such a valuable epitome of the art world, at a cost so trifling, will command the subscriptions of thousands in every section of the country; but, as the usefulness and attractions of *The Aldine* can be enhanced, in proportion to the numerical increase of its supporters, the publishers propose to make "assurance double sure," by the following unparalleled offer of

PREMIUM CHROMOS FOR 1873.

Every subscriber to *The Aldine*, who pays in advance for the year 1873, will receive, without additional charge, a pair of beautiful oil chromos, after J. J. Hill, the eminent English painter. The pictures, entitled "The Village Belle," and "Crossing the Moor," are 14x20 inches—are printed from 25 different plates, requiring 25 impressions and tints to perfect each picture. The same chromos are sold for $30 per pair, in the art stores. As it is the determination of its conductors to keep *The Aldine* out of the reach of competition in every department, the chromos will be found correspondingly ahead of any that can be offered by other periodicals.—Every subscriber will receive a certificate, over the signature of the publishers, *guaranteeing* that the chromos delivered shall be equal to the samples furnished the agent, or the money will be refunded. The distribution of pictures of this grade, free to the subscribers to a five dollar periodical, will mark an epoch in the history of Art; and, considering the unprecedented cheapness of the price for *The Aldine* itself, the marval falls little short of a miracle, even to those best acquainted with the achievements of inventive genius and improved mechanical appliances. (For illustrations of these chromos, see November issue of *The Aldine*.)

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT

will continue under the care of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, assisted by the best writers and poets of the day, who will strive to have the literature of *The Aldine* always in keeping with its artistic attractions.

TERMS.

$5 per annum, in advance, with Oil Chromos free.

The Aldine will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rate. cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local agent, *without responsibility to the publishers*, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the *fac-simile* signature of James Sutton & Co.

AGENTS WANTED.

Any person wishing to act permanently as a local agent, will receive full and prompt information by applying to

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers,
58 Maiden Lane, New York.

Oct 31, 1872.

CHAS. FERGUSSON,

Commission Merchant,

121 W. LOMBARD ST.,

BALTIMORE.

ATTENDS to the sale of Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce. Will purchase supplies for Farmers and furnish Fertilizers at manufacturers prices.

Would respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the Farmers of St. Mary's county.

Aug 29, 1872 3m.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW

Independent Health Monthly.

The object of it is, to teach the people all that pertains to the preservation of Health, the prevention of Diseases, and how to live in order to develop normally in body and mind.

It is not a Medical Journal, but Physiological and Hygienic, a *family magazine*, containing just that practical information on the laws of Life and Health, useful to every member of the household, and cannot but be worth many times its price to every family in which it is read.

Quack Medicines, and quack doctors will be exposed, and swindlers will not be allowed to impose on the people where the Science of Health is generally circulated.

This Journal will be the exponent of all known means by which Health, Strength, Vigor, and a Long Life, may be attained by using and regulating those agencies which are always accessible and so vitally related to Health and the treatment of Diseases, including Air, Light, Temperance, Bathing, Eating, Drinking, Clothing, Recreation, Exercise, Rest, Sleep, Electricity, Mental Influences, Social Relations, and all Normal agents and Hygienic materials. All that is required to keep well and to preserve health, is a knowledge of the uses and misuses of these agencies.

The Science of Health will be the best exponent of the scientific principles of these subjects, and not the organ of any particular institution, or of the professional practice of any one, but devoted to the best interests of the whole people.

Terms.—Published monthly at $2 00 a year in advance; single numbers, 20 cents. Clubs of ten at $1.50 each, and an extra copy to agent: we are offering the most liberal lists of Premiums. Local Agents wanted everywhere, and cash commissions given. Address all letters to

SAMUEL R. WELLS, Publisher,
389 Broadway, New York.

April 25, 1872.

NOTICE.

PERSONS desiring to renew their subscriptions to Harper's Periodicals will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their names as early as convenient before the Expiration of their present Subscriptions. This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering their names and mailing back numbers.

☞ New Subscribers will be supplied with either Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar, from present time to the end of the year 1873, for Four Dollars.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS FOR 1873.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year,	$ 4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year,	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year,	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Oct 24, 1872.

N. J. DUTTON,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

Cigars, Virginia Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Snuffs, Pipes, etc.

169 W. Pratt st. two doors from Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Dealers supplied at the lowest market prices. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Sept 26, 1872—3m.

ERE DYER. C. D. HILL (L. DEBARTH GARDINER *late of W. A. Fadgett & Co*)

DYER, HILL & CO.,

Grocers, Liquor Dealers and GENERAL Commission Merchants,

NO. 49 LIGHT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

March 21, 1872—tf.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

E. LEO SPALDING,

49 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

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

E. LEO SPALDING.

May 25, 1871—1y

INSURANCE.

ST. LOUIS MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

The Leading Company of the West.

Assets $8,000,000.

OFFERS special inducements to those desiring Insurance. Policies issued on all the desirable plans. For pamphlets and Circulars, address

R. H. MITCHELL,
Agent for State of Maryland,
No. 20 Post Office Avenue, Baltimore.

sept 19, 1872—tf

Licensed Auctioneers

JAS F & B. R. ABELL, having qualified as Auctioneers according to the requirements of the License laws of the United States, give notice that they are prepared to attend to the sale of all real estate or other property that may be offered at public auction in St. Mary's county.—Address, Jas. F. & B. R. Abell, Leonardtown, Md.

may 11, 1870—tf

CAUGHT IN A PRAIRIE STORM.

"Prairies! The very name can make me shiver. When covered with snow they are trackless as is the ocean to an unskilled navigator. I would about as soon cross the Sahara without a guide as to try to get over the snowy plains of the West and Northwest. The real fright I once had in one of these tracts, sir, was bad enough to serve me for a life-time."

"Tell us about it, captain."

"Well, I don't mind. My Uncle Dan and his family were staying at the D. settlement, for he had taken the Western fever, and they were out there. Uncle Dan was always a speculator—though he did manage to line his pockets well. He purchased a vast tract of land at D. with an eye, it must have been, to such promises as were held out to Abraham. of old; for acres and acres of this land he could never utilize, though later he might sell it again to personal advantage. I was out helping him. The family consisted of his wife, two grown-up daughters and two young sons, and there was a niece, Cordelia. From the first moment I saw Cordelia Bardwell I thought a great deal of her. Perhaps that's why I stay in the uncivilized place.

"'Rolfe,' said Uncle Dan, one morning in the latter part of the winter, 'it looks like a fine day, does it not?'

"'Clear and bright, sir, I believe.'

"'Aye, likely to last. What say you to taking Brown Bess and going to Bingsley's Mills for me?'

"'I will go with pleasure, Uncle Dan.'

"'The weather may break up any week, now, Rolfe, and I must have the lumber ready to come down the river as far as the forks with the freshets. There's a master lot to go down next season, and we shall have a vast deal of teaming to bring it over here from the Forks. But, Rolfe, I know it will be a good speculation. By erecting a number of cheap, substantial buildings on sections of my land, I can advertise and sell first-rate.'

"'Well, sir, I am ready to go over to Bingley's Mills for you, and to make what arrangements you please about the timber.'

"'So Hector, boy, go out and get the mare harnessed.'

"'Uncle Dan, may I go to Bingsley's Mills, too?' cried a pretty voice, as Hector leaped off on his errand.

"I could hardly believe my ears. The voice was Cordelia's.

"'The child must be crazy!' cried out aunt. 'Do you know the length of the journey, Delia?'

"'It's a lovely day, aunt. It won't hurt me.'

"'Yes, it is a lovely day, mother, so clear and calm,' cried one of the other girls—Myra—I think—with quite an eager tone, 'and poor Delia never goes anywhere.'

"That was true; but still I felt astonished. Later I knew that it was a kind of conspiracy. The girls all wanted to get some trustworthy person to the post-office at Bingsley's Mills to post letters and get some that were laying there, not intended for papa and mamma to read.

"'I really don't know why Delia should not go,' said the unsuspicious, good-natured uncle. 'You will sure to take care of her, Rolfe?'

"'I'll try to, sir.'

"So in less than half an hour from the time it was first mentioned, I was gathering up the reins, and Brown Bess was tossing her head until the bells jingled merrily.

"'It's royal travelling,' called out Uncle Dan, as we started. 'Don't be out too late, Rolfe, for there has been a severe snap of weather lately, and——'

"The rest was lost in the crouching of the crusty snow, and the 'ping, ping, ping' of the cup-shaped bells.

"'This is an unexpected honor, Miss Cordelia,' I began, as the sleigh went smoothly along.

"'Susan and Almira voted me their minister plenipotentiary,' she responded, coldly.

"I and Cordelia—who was no blood relation of mine—had had a falling out of recent date, which made it all the more surprising that she should have cared to go with me that day. She was one of those high-spirited girls who never strike their colors.

"It happened one evening about a week before. My aunt had had a party—for there were settlers enough in the vicinity to give us social evenings—and about a dozen people were present. You may fancy, perhaps, that we have no intelligent spirits on the prairies; but that is a mistake.

"Cordelia and I disputed about the relative characteristics of men and women. She claimed the sweet attributes of patience, purity and consistency, claimed them entirely for her sex. I gave genius, persistency and strength of character to mine. To vex her still further, I averred my opinion that women were a mass of sentimentality, impromptu shrieks and vacillation.

"I had gone too far. She took it seriously. With a flash of scorn from her brilliant eyes and a heightened color, she arose, went to the other side of the room and busied herself with some old ladies.

"The storm had not blown over. Cordelia retained her anger. More hurt at it than I would confess, I would gladly have begged her pardon; but her manner repulsed all overtures of reconciliation.—Once, when I had accidently caught hold of her hand, she twisted her own away and gave a scornful fling to mine.

"Now you know just what our social atmosphere was, when fate, that winter morning, decided we should start together on that long ride.

"The bells danced merrily, the air was clear, the sky blue; all things were pleasant except Delia. Say [illegible] I would, she was ungracious and hard[illegible] answered me. I suppose she wanted me [illegible] understand that she had not come [illegible] for pleasure but to get the letter[illegible] We had gone miles beyond the last se[illegible] cabin that we should see until we [illegible] into the vicinity of Bingsley's Mill[illegible] when she apparently thought better [illegible] her behavior, and spoke of her own [illegible] cheerfully.

"'How natural it is [illegible] the greater part of the people [illegible] to home, [illegible] family West, and be content [illegible] the utmost bounds of civilization. [illegible] sure I wonder that you stay, Mr. Rolfe.'

"'Do you? How well Brown Bess goes to-day!'

"'She always does. There's not her equal in Uncle Dan's stables.'

"We arrived at Bingsley's Mills—the largest settlement thereabouts and the post town—a little after noon. Brown Bess had indeed tossed her nimble heels well. Appointing three hours for the mare to rest, I went about my business, leaving Cordelia to do her's at the post house, and to remain in the inn in the middle of the village.

"Chatting with this one, chatting with that, and getting through Uncle Dan's commission, the short winter day flew away like magic. Meanwhile the cloudless, ice-clear sky had become covered over with a gray thickness, that suggested the idea of another snow storm, and ought to have warned me to get done quicker. But it did not. When Brown Bess and the sleigh came round to the inn door, the sun, wading for hours through snow clouds, had sunk in a bank of leaden hue, and could not be more than an hour high.

"'A little risky,' said a man, glancing at the cardinal points of the compass, and shaking his head slightly.

"Cordelia, her glowing cheeks nearly as bright as her scarlet hood, came forward with an animated manner. As I drew the buffaloes around her, I thought, how, a week or two ago, I should have esteemed the privilege of this close companionship invaluable. But I did not seem to appreciate it now. She had treated me too cavalierly, and I had grown somewhat resentful.

"We dashed away. The air was damp and cutting, and as we came upon the open prairie it stung our cheeks like needles. Half an hour after starting I said to her, 'If the snow only keeps off we shall get along nicely.' Cordelia glanced up from her scarlet hood; she did not seem to think about it one way or the other.

"'Did you accomplish your postal commissions, Miss Cordelia?'

"'Oh, yes, thank you.'

"At the very moment a particle of icy snow fell on my glove. I would not believe but the mare had flung the particle from her flying heels. But in a minute more a handful of fine particles sifted over us both. Cordelia gave me a half startled glance.

"I spoke cheerfully to the mare, and tucked the blanket in around my companion. A half hour longer found the north-east wind steadily and perceptibly rising, while the icy flakes were tinkling on the crusty surface around our way. Quite soon there were small whirlwinds driving the dry, powdery stuff around, and then spinning it up in a little column. Darkness came down rapidly, but not before the wind had increased, and the atmosphere was white with tiny flakes that drifted by us in loose, bulging folds.

"Cordelia did not speak; she only lightened the fur scarf around her neck and sat perfectly quiet. At that moment I would have given a fortune if the girl had been safe at my uncle's, and I breasting the storm alone. We came to a belt of woodland, just ten miles of our journey through; nearly twenty more before us. Heaven! it seemed like a voyage across the world. And a most awful fear was tugging at my heart.

"A white gloom was let down all around us. On and on we went. I did not speak to the mare nor whip her; there was no need. She was trotting like a race horse, her tail streaming over the dash-board of the sleigh.

"Another hour passed. The light snow was mounting above the runners, and driving obliquely across our laps in blinding, smothering thickness; still we were getting on well; I hoped we were nearing home.

"Are you cold?' I asked, drawing Cordelia close to me.

"'Nothing to speak of,' she cheerfully replied. But I felt a strong shudder shake her from head to foot.

"Presently the sleigh pitched considerably, although I had a tight rein.

"'Rolfe,' she began, and I thought I again felt her frame tremble, although her voice was cool and steady, 'the wind does not strike us just as it did, neither did we pitch this morning as we are doing now. Have we lost the road?'

"'By Heaven, you have spoken my thoughts, Cordelia,' I ejaculated, while a damp, icy coldness broke out from every pore in my skin. She shuddered again, but said nothing.

"I knotted the reins and threw them over the dashboard. This was why the mare had held so hardly—she knew better than I. I must trust to her instinct. In twenty minutes she had swung around so as to bring the wind on the old quarter with us. It was blowing heavy. I put my arm around my companion to hold the blankets in place.

"Just then a faint sound reached my startled ear. A swift shudder shook me, and I came near crying aloud. Another melancholy cry. I would have drawn the blankets about Cordelia's head.

"'I hear it,' she softly whispered. And in my terror and agony I drew her closer in a covetous clasp.

"The sound came again. The mare heard it also, I knew, for she gave a sudden leap, and then the jingling of the bells were changed to even strokes. She had broken from a hard trot to a gallop. My thoughts flew to the uttermost bounds of the earth in a moment, and from earth to Heaven. I prayed for the safety of my companion more than for my own.

"The short cry and the long wail.—Wolves [illegible] to the banquet. The moments fled; the storm suddenly abated; but the deadly sound grew each moment more distinct. The wind swept by us, and died away at the right; no snow was falling; but nearer came those terrible sounds. Every moment we were in danger of striking some obstacle, and of being hurled out.

"We were actually flying over the ground. We could not be far from home; but in the universal whiteness there were no landmarks, and, alas! alas! every yelp was now distinctly audible. The dreadful animals must soon leap upon us, I looked from side to side, expecting a gaunt form to spring against the sleigh.—Brown Bess, true to herself and us, bore on steadily and fleetly; she knew the way.

"I tried to draw Cordelia down to the bottom of the sleigh, but she resisted.

"'Don't Rolfe. I would rather meet death with my eyes open,' she said, pushing away the furs from her face.

"The darkness was as intense as it can be in winter, and—Heaven have mercy! are they surrounding us? Hear the yelps ahead, the hungry cries, the air seemed rent with domoniac yells, snarls, and shrieking howls.

"Remembering the short-handled axe in the bottom of the sleigh, I threw off my gloves, and seized it with a grip of desperation.

"With my foot braced upon the iron of the sleigh outside, I half kneeled, axe in hand, expecting one of the dusky fiends to leap each instant upon us. The mare wavered a moment as the sounds grew fiercer, and then with a shrill neigh leaped on again. Somehow the wolves did not come nearer—and Brown Bess flew along as though she knew our lives were in her power. The awful sounds grew less distinct, and with a reverent 'God be praised,' I strove to be calm.

"'Cordelia, look! Cordelia, we are saved! I shouted, breaking into something between a laugh and a cry. 'Oh, Cordelia, look!'

"The foaming mare was dashing through a line of torches, and the settlers sent up a joyous shout, and the yelping dogs dashed about with a chorus of delight.

"Brown Bess, good lady, would not pause; she thought the wolves were after her still, and dashed on, reeking with foam to her own stable. My weeping aunt and excited cousins bore Cordelia in, while I felt more thankful to God than I ever had cause to feel.

"'But that terrible fighting of wolves close upon us—what did it mean?' I asked later, when, before, the blazing fire, I in vain essayed to steady my shaking nerves. 'And why did they not come on to the attack? Was it a miracle?

"'It was one of my stags,' explained Uncle Dan. 'Anderson came in and said the late unusually cold weather had made the cowardly creatures bold and ravenous; and he and I heard them signaling the pack soon after sunset. We knew they might overtake you if you delayed your return till after dark; and so we slew the stag and drove out with him as far as we deemed advisable, hoping that they might find and fight over it while you were dashing past. We grew wild with fright as time passed on, Rolfe, and arming ourselves with torches, rushed to meet you.'

"His plan had succeeded in saving us—good old Uncle Dan! But I don't like the word prairie at all.'

"'What became of Cordelia, captain?'

"'Cordelia? Ah? I thought that I told you my aunt and cousins bore her into the house in their arms.'

"No evasion. Did you humbly beg her pardon later, for vexing her in opposing her pet theories?"

"I did that, sir. I begged her pardon on my knees. I told her that she had proved in herself, by her own bravery, every good thing she had said of her sex."

"Did she forgive you?"

"Not exactly."

"She was right, captain. She should have punished you severely."

"She did, Oh! she did. She—married me! Ow-w! Ow-w! Cordelia, leave me my ears; leave me my ears!"

The first chapter of a western novel has the following: "All of a sudden the girl continued to sit on the sand gazing on the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the ships all went merrily by freighted—oh! who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber and emigrants, and hopes and salt fish."

A prudent match-making mamma gave the following candid advice to her daughter: "Oh, marry the first man you love girl, if he is as rich as Croesus."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "P?" Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

A prosperous merchant's motto: "Early to bed, and early to rise, never get tight and advertise."

Originally the term of human life was a thousand years; but that was before the invention of doctors.

PATTY'S PLOT.

'Loves me better than the whole world, does he?' said Patty Peronel, shaking her brown tendrilly rings of hair over a faded rose-bud and a knot of crumpled ribbon 'Oh, I dare say; but you see,' gravely addressing space, 'I've heard that awful epidemic now-a-days. And all the world's a lottery; and I, for one, don't wan't to draw a blank. O dear, dear! how I wish I could really see into a man's heart!—How I wish I had any means of ascertaining whether Ralph Penrhyn really cares for me, or whether he has heard of Uncle Hutchinson's ten thousand dollars. O [illegible] and Patty sighed a sigh deep enough to [illegible] roses that were nodding their turbaned crest at the casement.

And then she jumped up, and went about her business.

Which chanced to be girl hunting just then. For Mrs. Maurice Peronel, Patty's cousin, was chronically in the suds, so to speak, on the domestic service question, and our Patty knew the inside of every Intelligence office in town.

'Its a cook this time, is it, Bessie?' said she.

'A cook,' said Bessie. 'O. Patty, Patty, *don't* get married and go to housekeeping. It takes all the romance out of one.'

'I don't known but what you are right.' Patty assented reflectively. And away she went to the Intelligence office.

It was crowded, on the hot July day, with the miscellaneous assemblage of forlorn feminity who are always seeking situations, and like the lover in the 'Mistletoe Bough,' 'find them not.' Patty looked round dubiously. She was something of a physiognomist, and she did not exactly like the looks of the raw material wherewith she was surrounded.

'I had better bide my time a little,' she thought, and down she nestled into the corner of a prodigious sofa, to wait with what patience she might.

'As she seated herself, the shrill piping voice of an old lady beyond made silence vocal.

'You won't do for me,' she said 'No followers—that's my rule. My kitchen ain't a place for all the loafiin' fellers in town to smoke in. Ask everybody in Darlingville, if you wan't to know what kind of a housekeeper Rachel Penrhyn is. Everybody in Darlingville knows *me*. No followers, no ribbons, and no hoop-skirts.

'I guess then, ma'am, you won't do for *me*,' said the Milesian damsel, with an indignant toss of her jockey-hatted head; 'I don't go no wheres I can't have my young man come and see me of a Saturday night.'

Patty Peronel listened with mischievously sparkling eyes and cherry cheeks.—This, then, was the eccentric Aunt Rachel, of whom Ralph had often told her—the grim old spinster who 'kept house' all by herself, in the quaint villiage of Darlingville, where the elms lined the streets like green-skirted sentinels, and everybody went to bed at half-past nine o'clock.

Very sudden resolves will sometimes rush through our brains, lightning express fashion, in a short space of time, and almost before the shrill tones of Miss Rachel's falsetto voice had ceased to vibrate on the air, Patty Peronel stood dipping odd little courtesies before her.

'If you please, ma'am would I suit?'

Miss Rachel glared through her moon shaped spectacle glasses at the trim figure robed in sober gray.

'You child!' quoth she. 'Why, you're such a chit of a thing!'

'I am nineteen, ma'am,' Patty answered demurely.

'What's your name?'

'Martha, ma'am, please.'

Apparently the cross-examination that followed was satisfactory to Miss Rachel Penrhyn, for she finally told Patty she might 'come and try' at seven dollars a month.

'I may go home for my clothes, ma'am?' said Patty, with dropping eyelids and hands folded.

'Yes; but be sure you meet me at the railroad station at four precisely.'

Patty promised, and ran home to Mrs. Peronel.

'Where's my girl?' demanded the matron.

'I haven't got any. I'm a girl myself, Bessie—at seven dollars a month, and—no followers!'

'What under the sun do you mean?'

And Patty explained.

'Don't scold, Bessie—now don't that's a darling. I'm Caliph Aaroun Alrascild in disguise, that's all. It will be such fun! Where's my gingham dress, and the little linen collars' and the big bib aprons? For my bubble would burst altogether if I shouldn't meet Aunt Rachel at the station at four o'clock precisely.'

What a change it was, from the swarming city streets, radiating scintillations of heat from every curb-stone, to the old Penrhyn house, where the century old elms formed a green canopy of shade, and the clove-pinks and old fashioned blue-bel's blossomed along the borders. And 'Martha,' the new maid, settled into the grooves at once, as if she had lived all her life under Aunt Rachel's roof-tree.

'I believe I am going to like this,' said Aunt Rachel. 'But then, of course, a new broom sweeps clean; and I'm 'most afraid to believe in any one, since Keturah Smith experienced religion and then run away with my silver sugar-basin!'

'This is Mr. Ralph's room, is it?' said Martha, with her hands in her ruffled pockets, as she stood regarding the apartment that had just been opened to be dusted and aired.

'Yes this is my nephew's room,' said the old lady. 'He comes out once in a while, and I always keep it ready for him I've no family of my own, you see, and Ralph seems very near to me.'

'Dear me!' said Martha, 'what a lot of photographs over the mantle!'

Miss Rachel nodded.

'That middle one—it locks a little bit like you, Martha I declare—'

'Does it?' lipsed Martha innocently, as she looked into her own smiling, saucy eyes, under a fringe of crepe hair.

'It's my nephew's sweetheart,' went on the garrulous old lady—'the gal he loves the best in all the world.'

'Are they engaged?' Martha asked, the tell-tale roses dying her cheek as she gently spoke.

'Well no, not exactly. I guess she's rather pretty, but she's got nothing of her own, you see; and there's Almira Playfair—the one on the left-hand edge of the chimney—'

'The one with the twisted nose?' roguishly asked Martha.

'Her nose may be a little to one side,' severely remonstrated Miss Rachel; 'but handsome is that handsome does, and Almira has thirty thousand dollars in the bank.'

'My!' cried Martha, opening her eyes wide. 'Thirty thousand dollars, ma'am! I should think Mr. Ralph would marry her at once.'

'So he ought,' said Miss Rachel, rubbing her spectacle glasses vehemently. 'She'd have him in a minute—so all the neighbors say. But he's just possessed in love with that little Peronel girl. He'd rather work for a crust a day, with her to share it, he says, than to marry Almira Playfair with all her money.'

'That is noble of him,' cried Martha with sparkling eyes. 'I respect him for it. I—I mean I *should* respect him for it if—'

'Well, I don't see what it is to you one way or the other,' tartly broke in Miss Rachel. 'Just give the room a good dusting, that's all I ask of you, for as likely as not Ralph will be here to-night.

'To-night,' cried Martha, aghast.

'Yes, to-night. Why shouldn't he?'

That was just what the little serving damsel could not answer.

'I must go away this very evening,' she thought to herself as she polished away at the claw-footed old mahogany table 'Because if he should come and find me here—Oh, good gracious.'

She dopped her duster in dismay, for there stood Ralph Penrhyn before her, with all his six feet of altitude, his brown eyes twinkling mischievously beneath their long lashes.

'Patty,' he cried, 'is this the story of Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper?'

'No,' she answered, coloring like a whole garden of roses. 'It's the story of a naughty little girl who could not be satisfied without finding out whether—'.

'Whether Ralph Penrhyn really loved her or not,' he finished the hesitating sentence. 'Well, what do you think?'

The question was what Aunt Rachel thought some ten minutes later, when she came in, and found her nephew and Martha the house maid whispering behind the muslin curtains. I know what I should have thought—that a wedding was very imminent.

So it was; and Aunt Rachel consoled herself that after all, ten thousand dollars was a very snug little fortune.

A Predicament.—Two roguish fellows went to rob a persimmon tree, thinking its fruit was blue plums. One ascended the branches and threw down the luciobs load to his companion, who was to whistle if he saw any one coming. Unfortunately, the owner and one of his laborers detected and caught them. As they were being carried off, said he of the tree to his companion—"Jem, why didn't you whistle?"

Poor fellow! Unluckily the fruit was green, and he answered with his mouth "wisled up" like Day's corrogated suspenders—"Vistle? Vistle 'ell! I'm pisined!"

Sickly Children.—There are some medical enthusiasts in England who think perhsps it would be wise if all small or unhealthy children were suppressed when first born. A writer says had this been the practice in the past we should have had neither Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Goethe nor Sir Isaac Newton. The last might have been put into a quart pot when born. Voltaire was too small to christen for some days, and Goethe and Hugo were not expected to live.

☞ A St. Louis Dutchman lately complained to the Mayor that if the boys didn't stop swimming in the river where his daughters could see them, he would make trouble. 'Ah! Mr. Schemerhorn,' replied the Mayor, 'if I remember right your house is more than half a mile or more from the river.' 'Yaw, dat it so, but, den you see, gals dey got spy-glasses.'

'When I put my foot down, I'll have you to understand,' says Mrs. Nojoker, 'that there's something there.' On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whiskey—if you want to kill a living man, put the whiskey into him.

'Have you heard my last speech?' asked a political harranguer of a wit, 'I sincerely hope so,' was the reply.

'Speech is silver, but silence golden.' Hence the expression, hush money.