Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1872 — NO. 4

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.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 marvel 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,

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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.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Orphans' Court of Saint Mary's County, Sct:— Oct 1, 1872.

ORDERED BY THE COURT, That Mary L Graves and Wm F Graves, administrators of

JOHN W GRAVES,

late of St Mary's county, Maryland, deceased, give the notice required by law to the deceased's creditors to exhibit their claims, and that the same be published once a week for six successive weeks in the St Mary's Beacon.

Test:

JAMES T M RALEY,
Register Wills for St Mary's county.

NOTICE.

In pursuance of the above order, we hereby give notice that we have obtained from the Orphans' Court of St. Mary's county, Maryland letters of administration on the personal estate of John W Graves, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby notified to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers attached thereto, to the subscribers, on or before the 3d day of April, 1873, they will otherwise by law be excluded from the benefits of the said estate. All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make immediate payment to the subscribers.

MARY L GRAVES,
WM F GRAVES,
Administrators.

Oct 3, 1872—6w.

INDIAN

Fever & Ague

REMEDY.

No Quinine, Arsenic, Strychnine, or other deleterious drugs used in its preparation.

PURELY VEGETABLE!
AND PLEASANT TO TAKE.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE

It as the only real cure. It will not injure the most delicate persons.

Three Doses Cure

The worst cases permanently.

For sale by all Druggists and country stores

SNYDER & SON,
PROPRIETORS,
No. 16 Bowly's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Orders promptly filled.
Aug 29, 1872—3m.

EBB DYER. C. D. HILL (L. DEBARTH GARDINER late of W. A. Padgett & 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 $6,000,000.

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 12, 1870—tf

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

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

June 23, 1870—tf.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

Persons are warned not trespass with dog or gun upon my home farm known as "Hollywood"; and they are forbidden to catch oysters in the waters of Herring Creek, adjacent to the shores of said estate. The law will be enforced against all persons violating this notice.

T A LYNCH.

Oct 31, 1872—3m.

FOR CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT

Messrs. Editors—Please announce through the columns of this week's issue, HENRY WATTS, Esqr., of the Factory district, as a candidate for County Clerk, and oblige,

Aug 1, 1872 Many Voters.

THE ATTIC LODGER.

The tailor lived on the second floor, and did his best to make a living for his wife and four children.

Down stairs the small tobacconist lived in a state of perpetual anxiety about the tailor's rent, which he generally gave up, piecemeal, and with groans as people give up their teeth, not because he did not wish to pay all his bills, but because of a shortness of funds common to many people.

Up in the attic lived the single lodger, of whom no one knew anything. His name was Smith; but what did that tell when it was so common? He was lean, and had hollow cheeks and anxious eyes. What his business was or if he had any no one knew. Perhaps he wore stockings. The poor apothecary of Romeo and Juliet put the tobacconist in mind of his attic lodger when, having been presented with tickets by a theatrical lodger, he went to spend an evening with Shakspeare.

'He ain't like in his face, though,' said Mrs. Tobacconist. 'his clothes fit too good, Mr. Smith, that's all.'

It was an acute remark. Mr. Smith's clothes did fit him too good, inasmuch as they were a few sizes too small for him. As for business, he seemed to have none. At noon he went out for a loaf of bread and a pitcher of beer. After twelve o'clock he disappeared until midnight, when he let himself in with a latch key and went to bed without candle.

'And for all he told any one about himself' said the tobacconist's wife, 'he might have been a ghost.'

'But he's civil spoken,' said the tailor's wife, to whom he always said. 'Excuse me, ma'am,' when he found her afloat on the staircase, in a puddle of soap and water, which always made the black-boards blacker than before, and was obliged to wade through the floor with bread and beer. And the tailor's wife, who had lived at service in her youth, even ventured to hint to her husband that she thought Mr. Smith was a gentleman. However, this fancy the tailor crushed with a coarse, 'Gentlemen don't wear any such coat as that, Sally.'

Poor little tailor, he sat cross legged on his board and stiched and measured men by their coats. If he had measured or even mended more coats, it would have been better for him and his brood. Times seemed to grow worse, custom less, the money harder to get. When the little man read in his morning's paper of men who shot themselves, or took laudanum, he wondered whether they had four children with hearty appetites, and a prospect for having nothing for them to eat some days. Not that he thought of killing himself, besides he had been told by his clergyman that suicide was wicked; but he couldn't help thinking. And that civil lodger in the attic, how did he fare? One night when Sally, who had been mending and washing and ironing and patching the family rags and patches all day, was economically using up the fire by baking a loaf of bread in the stove oven, she heard the lodger come in. He went up stairs and paced the floor. He came out in the entry and creaked on the stairs. He seemed as restless as a caged tiger and he had behaved so for three nights, instead of retiring at once, as the tailor's family knew he generally did by the creaking and snapping of his bedstead.

'What can ail him,' said Sally, as she took her bread out of the oven and pricked it with a straw, finding it done. 'What can ail him? I hope he ain't sick nor nothing, he's so civil, poor dear.'

Then Sally listened again.

'I declare, he's coming down,' she said. 'He must be sick; and there he is knocking—law!'

Then she opened the door.

The lid of the stove was off, and the red light flashed upon a hungry face, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.

The gaunt hand stretched itself out and a voice said, faintly:

'Madam, I know you have a kind heart. I am so hungry. It's three days since I ate anything, and I—don't want to die.'

'Law! I should think not,' said the woman. 'Why, law me, I'm sorry! And I suppose you can't get a job? Law, why, do take it. I ain't got anything else.—You see we're pretty poor ourselves—and there—O, law! she was trembling, she did not know why. She was thinking to herself.

'It's like a play. It makes me want to cry.'

Then he took the warm bread she had given him in his hands, tearing bits from it and eating it.

He backed away, still eating. He came back and stretched his hands towards her.

'I didn't thank you,' he said. 'Thank you! thank you!' and went away.

Sally sit down, trembling still.

To be out of a job, to be hungry, were no rare things, and no tragic things in her experience, but this man had stirred her soul. somehow frightened her, she said. 'I hadn't any business to give away a loaf of bread, but there now, I couldn't help it.'

Then Sally went to bed and slept and dreamed of the hollow checked, famished lodger in the attic.

There was more bread to make next day, and I am not sure, but that she had made an extra loaf, in expectation of another call from her neighbor, but he did not come, and in the course of time Sally had enough to think of without leaving her own room. Matters did not prosper with the family. Little Lena had the scarlet fever, and lay for a long time at death's door, and the work with which the mother helped to fill the family purse was necessarily neglected, and her customers grew angry and left her. Then the baby died. Poor little baby! The mother wept bitterly. The father also longed to weep, although children [illegible] expensive luxuries in that poor house [illegible] finally the affliction fell upon the [illegible] on his right thumb.

There was an end to it [illegible] seemed to both. Nothing but the [illegible] and the alms house before them. [illegible] rent was quite unpaid at last, and the tobacconist was in a fury. He called [illegible] him warning and a piece of his [illegible]. On the morrow out he should go [illegible] The tailor said nothing; [illegible] womanlike, had her word.

'Where shall we go?' [illegible] 'We haven't a penny in the world.'

'It is nothing to me where you go,' said the landlord, 'so that I [illegible] of my rooms. I want them [illegible] people.'

'We're unfortunate [illegible] to be dishonest,' cried [illegible]

Then the husband in an angry word bade her hold her tongue.

'It's all the same,' he said, 'we'll go tomorrow. And now you go, Mr. Landlord.'

Then they were left alone bemoaning their hard fate. There was absolutely nothing to eat in the house.

Sally looked at her empty flour barrel, at her wretched family, and burst into tears.

'It's no use of trying any longer,' she said. 'If the Lord would only take us. That's all I ask.'

She put the children to bed and sat down upon a chair drawn by force of habit to the hearth of an empty stove. Her husband, between pain and anxiety, was less sane than a madman. He paced the floor like a tiger, talking to himself. The bit of tallow candle burnt low, the bitter wind rattled the casement, the rain beat against it.

'We shall be out in all that to-morrow' said the man. 'We've not got a friend in the world.'

'We've got one friend, I hope,' said the wife.'

'Who is he?' asked the tailor.

'God,' said the woman. 'May be He will find a way to help us. We haven't been very bad, Sam.'

'Better than us have starved before now,' said the tailor. 'We haven't any particular right to expect miracles, that I know of. Hark! what's that?'

'A knock,' said his wife, and trembling lest her landlord should have returned, opened the door. Without stood the tall, gaunt figure of the lodger in the attic.

'He's come for some bread,' thought the woman, and amidst her own trouble she grieved over the thought of refusing his appeal.

He made none, however.

This is what he said:

'Madam, a while ago I took the liberty of asking you for bread; allow me to return the loaf with thanks.'

So he vanished? A [illegible] fresh loaf lay in the woman's hands, and he carried it in.

'This is more than I expected,' she said. 'You see God is good.'

She lifted the side of the candlestick a little. The light flared up.

'Now, mother,' cried a child's voice from the bed, 'I'm hungry.'

Sally broke it in two. It parted with singular case. She gave a little cry. It had evidently been cut before and joined together, and from the heart a handful of crumbs had been scooped, and in it lay a little white packet.

'It's fairy-bread,' cried Sally remembering some old country legend.

'Look at it before the light goes,' said the tailor.

Sally obeyed. She opened the packet and found two envelopes. In one was this note.

"MADAM:—Your loaf of bread saved my life. I know you are in trouble, and yesterday my luck turned. To-day I am worth fifty thousand dollars, having won a lawsuit that has been pending for years. Please accept the inclosure, and believe me your ever obliged.

ATTIC LODGER.

There was a five hundred dollar note in the envelope, and when she saw it Sally thought herself the happiest woman in Christendom.

The gift was the saving of the family. Sally had cast her bread upon the waters to find it again in very truth. And when the tailor's hand was well again, there was a patron for him who dressed in such a manner that Sam no longer could doubt him a gentleman. The attic lodger wears the finest broadcloth now, and the tobacconist bows low as he meets him on his way out; or sells him choice Havanas over the counter. He stops at the door in his carriage and lodges in the attic no longer; but he never has forgotten, nor seems likely to forget the loaf of bread given by the tailor's wife, when he was starving.

KEEPING ONIONS. The New-England *Homstead* gives this information on the subject of keeping onions: "Onions will withstand far more cold than is usually supposed. If packed dry in tight barrels, and all interstices filled with chaff, they may be kept in a barn, or where they will freeze quite hard, and not be injured, provided the barrels are closed tight and not opened until the onions are again thawed. Onions stored in a warm cellar are very likely to sprout in the winter, and then decay, emitting anything but an agreeable odor." By adopting a mode similar to this we do not remember losing this most excellent vegetable by decaying or sprouting. The disease by which they have disappeared—if disease it can be called—has always been by consumption.

Soft blow—A gentle breeze.
Slow set—A hen's nest.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

A lawyer's office after midnight does not sound particularly like an attractive place; but it wasn't so dull after all. The carpet was worn and dingy, after the prevailing style of lawyers' offices, but the leather-cushioned easy chairs were as cosy as if they had been upholstered in satin, and the low, clear fire burned in the grate, while through the blue cloud of wreathing smoke, two cigar tips shone with festive glow!

For Charley Hale and his friend, Meredith Pike, were 'unbleeding,' after an evening spent at a fashionable soiree.

Hale was tall and handsome, with dark eyes, and rich brown hair, and a moustache, which was the envy of half the *jeunesse doree* about the town; but Mr. Pike, although his features were sufficiently regular, and his eyes of a romantic shade of blue, had something sinister and disagreeable in the expression of his face, while an almost invisible wrinkle between his brows bespoke the steady earnestness with which he looked after "the main chance" in life!

'My dear fellow,' said Hale, stopping to light a fresh cigar, 'pardon my stupidity. I have been so busy raving about Barbara Seldon, that I have quite forgotten to congratulate you!'

'To congratulate me?' echoed Pike, 'and what for, in the name of all heathen divinities?'

'On the impression you have so evidently made on Miss Belinda Orr!'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Pike.

'And why that contemptuous monosyllable? Weren't you flirting with her half the evening?'

'Because she wouldn't let me go.'

'Come, now,' laughed Hale, 'that's a little too transparent. Why, man, half the people there were laughing about it?'

'Then all I can say is, that they had better been minding their own business. Why, she is forty, if she's a day.'

'Forty is the golden hey-day of life—a peach flushed with roseate bloom—a lily open to the noon-day sun!'

'Then, why don't you marry her yourself?' misanthropically demanded Meredith Pike.

'Because I'm engaged to blue-eyed Barbara,' was the answer. 'I prefer eighteen years and a rosebud complexion to money; but you are of a practical turn of mind.'

'What do you mean?' asked Pike.

'I mean that Miss Orr has money.'

Pike's blue eyes scintillated; his companion had at last touched the right chord.

'Has she? How much?'

'Nobody knows, I suppose. At least, I don't.'

'That makes a difference,' said Pike, looking thoughtfully into the fire.

'Pike,' cried Charley Hale, 'what a mercenary scoundrel you are! There'll be a judgment on you yet for that trait in your interesting character.'

'A man must look out for Number One,' said Pike, coldly shrugging his shoulders, 'and if Miss Orr is rich, why——"

Hale jumped up and tossed his half-smoked cigar into the grate.

'I won't stay here to hear that Sodam-and-Gomorrah sort of thing,' he said, half jestingly, half in earnest.

And he went out into the clear, starry freshness of the winter's night, leaving Mr. Meredith Pike to the companionship of his own thoughts.

Miss Belinda Orr sat in her parlor, the next morning, yawning over a newspaper—a tall, rather angular lady, with high cheek-bones, muddy, hazel eyes, and hair painfully verging upon red. But she had a very rustic complexion, not to say artificial, and her dress was very elegant and expressive, and she had a juvenile lisp, and a pretty way of holding her head on one side, like a child listening to a fairy story, and after all, one can't expect perfection.

She had just opened her mouth for the thirteenth yawn in fifteen minutes, when a card was brought up.

'A visitor? For me?' cried Miss Belinda. 'And as I live, it's that very agreeable and interesting young lawyer. Show him up. Sarah, by all means!'

Miss Orr had brightened up, like a musty 'resurrection plant,' thrown into a saucer of water.

Meredith Pike did not stay long, but he made himself exceedingly agreeable, and Belinda fell into a reverie after he was gone, that lasted full five minutes.

'I think I've made some impression on him,' thought the mature damsel. 'Yes, I really do think so—and if I could only be married before that insolent little chit, Barbara Seldon, I should have nothing left to wish for.'

For twenty years' fruitless pursuit of the *ignus fatuus*, matrimony, had rendered our fair heroine perfectly reckless on the subject!

It was scarcely a week subsequently to this morning call, when Mr. Pike was astonished, in the legal solitudes of his office, by a fair vision of a lady.

'Walk in, ma'am, and take a chair,' said Meredith, rising and bowing politely. 'Why—it is Miss Orr!'

'Yes,' said Belinda, laughing girlishly, and trying to blush, 'it's really I. And I hope you won't think my visit so very strange, nevertheless.'

'It's on business,' said Belinda.

'Indeed!' commented Meredith.

'I haven't felt very well,' said Miss Orr, pathetically, 'so——'

'I regret exceedingly to hear it,' said Mr. Pike, in accents of the tenderest commiseration.

'Oh, it's nothing,' said Belinda; 'only it has called my attention to the necessity of making a will. And I prefer to have you, Mr. Pike, as a *friend*,'—Belinda's voice softened a little on this monosyllable,—execute the instrument.'

'I appreciate your confidence,' said Mr. Pike. 'Believe me, it is not misplaced.'

'Please put down the items at once,' said Belinda; for I am such a child in business matters, that I can only tell you what I want done, and leave the legal forms to you.'

Mr. Pike drew pen, ink and paper towards him.

'I await your pleasure,' he said deferentially.

'Well,' said Miss Belinda, checking off the heads on her fingers, 'I would like to leave fifty thousand dollars each to my two sisters in Minneapolis—Sarah Jane Smith and Celestia Bellfield; and fifty thousand to the Old Maids' Refuge, in Chicago, and ten thousand to the Orphan's Home, in Parkersville; and all the rest, without reserve, to my brother, Simon Orr, of Westbrook, Canada East.'

'Yes, exactly so; all the rest, without reserve,' noted down Mr. Pike, his eyes glittering as they followed the rapid course of his pen.

'How soon will the instrument be ready for me to sign?' asked Belinda demurely.

'As soon as I can possibly prepare it,' said the lawyer. 'But, Miss Orr, it is getting dark; surely you will allow me to see you home?'

'I'm afraid it's too much trouble.'

'Trouble!' Meredith Pike caught his hat from the pegs, and never once, in his enthusiasm, thought of his overcoat.

He woke up next morning in possession of two new things; one was a bad cold in the head; the other, Miss Belinda Orr's promised hand and heart. For Mr. Pike was not one to let the grass grow under his feet. The golden items in Miss Orr's projected will had fanned the dormant embers of love into an ardent blaze.

Belinda had her wish; she married before Barbara Seldon, after all. For Barbara had no fortune of her own, and Charley Hale was wise enough to wait until he had a cage of some sort before he brought home his little sweet bird.

'My dear,' said Mr. Pike, when the honeymoon was waning into the 'gibbous' stage, 'my dear, you have never told me yet how your money is invested.'

Mrs. Meredith Pike poured out another cup of chocolate, and helped herself to a slice of hot-buttered toast before she made answer, rather slowly:

'Well, to tell you the truth, Merry, my love, it's mostly invested in my wedding clothes The dress-makers do charge so shamefully now-a-days, that—'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Mr. Pike, 'but I mean the money that was to have been left to the sisters in Minneapolis, and Mr. Simon Orr, and the Old Maids' Refuge, and the Orphans' Home.'

Belinda laughed a little discordantly.

'That was all nonsense, Meredith.'

'Nonsense!' Mr. Pike grew green.

'Why, of course. I never had any money?'

'Woman!' gasped the outwitted limb of the law, 'you have basely deceived me! You have married me under false pretences! You—'

'Don't make such a noise, Meredith, or we shall have the police in here,' observed his wife calmly; 'do you mean you don't love me for myself alone?'

'Do you suppose I would have married you if you hadn't led me to believe you were rich?'

'Ah,' said Mrs. Pike, with a fresh draught of chocolate, 'then we've even, Mr. Pike. You deceived me about love, and I deceived you about money. It isn't worth while to spend any more time in calling each other names, is it?'

But Meredith Pike felt bitterly that they were not even. Mrs. Pike had the best of the bargain, bad though it was.—She had got a husband, and he—had got his match. He had out-manœvered himself.

'He can't help himself,' cried Mrs. Pike gleefully, to herself, as her bridegroom banged out the door, and went down stairs like a hyena broken loose from his cage.

And Mrs. Pike was right. There are some corners in life from which a man cannot escape, and does not deserve to.

A HOUSE OF OUR OWN.—Next to being married to the right person, there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof. There is something more than a poetical charm in the expression of the wife.

We have our cosy house; it is thrice dear to us because it is our own. We have bought it with the saving of our earnings. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionary saloons, and the necessities of the market we had to pass; many a time my noble husband denied himself of comforts, wore his old clothes, and even patched up boots, and I, O me! made my old bonnet do, did the plainest of cooking; saving was the order of the hour, and to have a "home of our own" was our united aim. Now we have it. There is no landlord troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that.—There is no fear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we will be thrown out house and home.

What a lesson do the above works teach, and how well it would be if hundreds of families would heed them, and instead of living in rented houses, which take a large share of their capital to furnish, and a quarter of their earnings to pay their rent, and the rest to eat accordingly, would bravely curtail expenses and concentrate their efforts on having "a home of their own." Better a cottage of your own than a rented palace.

Handy book-markers—Dirty fingers.
Woman's rights—Husbands.

EARLY MORNING.—Somebody who has taken the trouble to rise early in the morning imparts some very interesting facts in regard to that portion of the day. He says: "From four o'clock to seven there is a period as distant from day as is the time from six in the evening until ten.—Most persons understand the meaning of evening; but morning means no more than a point—a mere time to get up and dress for the day. But decidedly the richest, most marked part of the day—the fullest of unique joys, songs and suggestions is the morning. Thomas Fuller (is it?) says, "Do not spill thy morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations." That is it exactly—the quintessence.—About four of an August morning the great wave of bird song reaches you.—Where it starts I don't know. Probably on the shores of the Atlantic, with reed birds; but it always comes, with the sun, from the east. At first you hear just one inquiring note, away down the valley; after a little, another sleepy twill, then another and another, keener, fuller, wide awake, joyful; until the valley is rocking and rolling with a tide of song. And all the while it is drawing nearer. A robin shouts in the elm over the roof; the tide dashes and flows over you—on, on to the Pacific. For half an hour every bird in all your world is half crazed with inspiration. pouring forth the exquisite ryhthm of his being in a hallelujah chorus. And then the perfume and purity of the air.—It has an odor neither of night nor day; but the few seems to hold in solution those peculiar honeysuckle odors that are never emitted till night."

SHAKSPEARE.—As a large number of our gossippers are admirers of Shakspeare, we offer them the following Shakspearean conundrums, which they can answer at their leisure:

Did 'the books in the running brooks' contain flowing sentences?

If the 'three thousands ducats well' of Shylock was an artesian one?

If when Richard saw the 'sun of York' there was any heir apparent?

If the 'sermons in stones' weren't hard reading?

If those who 'stood upon the order of their going,' at Macbeth's supper, did not have to set out without further orders?

What Banquo 'called on Macbeth for,' if there 'was no speculation in those eyes?'

If Richard refused to 'let the coffin pass,' did he order it up?

If the tale that the ghost of Hamlet's father 'could unfold' was equal to that of a rattlesnake?

Was it waist time when Puck 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes?'

Was Ariel in the newspaper business when he said, 'I will be correspondent to command?'

If 'care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,' where does he keep his clock?

THE PERSIMMON.—According to a writer in a North Carolina paper, the persimmon is one of the most valuable of trees. Rum, wine, and beer, says this writer, can be made from the fruit, a bushel of persimmons will yield a gallon of rum.—To make wine, the fruit is peeled and stoned. Further this writer says: The bark is astringent, styptic, tonic, and antiseptic, used in sore throat, fevers, chills, and dysentery. Its antiseptic qualities have been considered fully equal to the *Chincona*. It is more astringent than (dogwood bark) or quinine. The ripe fruit will expel worms from children.—The wood is hard and fine grained, suitable for tools and many domestic articles, and when large enough may be employed as a substitute for Guayac wood. It is certainly one of the most useful trees in our country.—*Exchange.*

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—The symptoms of this disease are a high fever, feathers ruffled, the skin turns black, the eyes closed, and a patient will not move unless driven. Death usually takes place in about three hours. I lost about 100 chickens last winter, besides turkeys, ducks and geese. I tried all the remedies heard of, but without effect, until the following came to my notice: Take cornmeal and shorts in equal parts, wet the compound, and mix with lime as strong as they will eat it.—For turkeys, geese and ducks, corn soaked in lime water will effect a cure.

BLEACHING FEATHERS.—First clean from greasy matter, then place the feathers in a dilute solution of bichromate of potassa to which a small quantity of nitric acid has been added. The greenish deposit of chronic sesqui oxide which ensues may be removed by weak sulphurous acid, when the feathers will be left perfectly white.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY IN LAMP CHIMNEYS.—A correspondent from Forest, Mississippi, writes to the *Field and Factory*, that chimneys boiled thoroughly in water before using, will be so annealed as to make them less liable to brake. Since he began the practice of boiling, he has not been troubled with broken chimneys.

"Do you call this a trunk?" growled a dejected porter; "it only needs a lightning rod to be mistaken for a boarding house."

Swear not at all. Let your communication be "Yea" when invited to drink, and "Nay" when solicited to treat.

Giving a man a hard name—Calling him a brick.