

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1872 NO. 9

ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday by F. P. KING & JAMES R. DOWNES.

Terms of Subscription.—\$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Advertisements as usual.

Communications of a personal character will be charged at the same rates as advertisements, unless otherwise directed. All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or some 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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

THE EAR-MARKS OF WIT.

There is nothing else in the world which bears the marks of its activity so unmistakably as wit and humor. The speeches of Burke might have been delivered by Webster; the poetry of Wordsworth and Southey might have been written by Americans; there is nothing about the German philosophy which is so essentially German that it might not have been English; and there are some of the French dramatists who could almost have imitated even Shakespeare himself. But it is not wit and humor. Given a jest, and it needs but little discernment to tell whence it came. Sheridan's much quoted remark concerning Dundas, that he "reverts to his memory for his wit and to his imagination for his facts," could not possibly have been made by any but an Englishman, or even by an Englishman of any other than Sheridan's time.

Douglas Jerrold's witicism, "It is better to be witty and wise than witty and otherwise," was not only very English, but very Jerrold, and few people would need to be told who said it.

And so it is with the humor of other peoples. Who would hesitate for a moment to credit Ireland with the man who, vaulting the glories of the past, wanted to know where you will find a modern building which has lasted as long as the ancient ones? Equally evident is Sir Richard Steele's nativity, from his collected effort to extol hospitality to a friend, to whom he said, "If you should ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there." And there can be no question that it was an Irish editor who announced that a prominent gentleman of the country had "died suddenly after a lingering illness."

Perhaps the most strongly-marked humor, however, is that of our own country. The broad-gauge sort—a kind of high-pressure wit—too much like us to belong to anybody else. Thackeray's joke about the size of our oysters was purely English, of course, and differed in every way from that of his American companion, who remarked that he had seen an oyster so large that it "took three men to swallow it whole." Equally American was the remark of the North Carolinian, who, in speaking of the extreme leanness of his neighbor's horse, said that he had put overcoats on them to enable them to make a shadow in the sun. It must have been the North Carolinian's brother who said that Augustine was so tall that he never found out when his feet were cold till they had got warm again.

Nobody but an American could have called Shakespeare "a boss poet," as Artemus Ward did.

But the most peculiarly American form of humor yet developed is that which has lately become so popular among editorial paragraph-writers in our Western States. It is indescribable, and we can indicate what it is only by giving one or two examples.

"Mrs. Gwin, of Danport, assisted the kitchen fire, one day last week, with the kerosene can. The heavy rain kept a good many people from attending the funeral."

"A Chicago man ate ten dozen eggs on a wagon last week. The money he won has been paid to his widow."

"A man out in Kansas said he could drink a quart of Cincinnati whiskey, and he did it. The silver mounting on his coffin cost \$13.75."

We cannot fail to discover at once the percentage of anything of this sort. It is too evidently indigenous to be mistaken for an exotic.

The jests of other nations are equally well marked. Your French bon-mot has an unmistakable shrug of the shoulders about it. German wit is elaborate and minutely accurate in all its details. A Scotch joke must of necessity be gimlet-pointed, else it could never be driven home in the heads of Scotchmen.

We cannot only discover the nationality of a jest from internal evidence, but we can often tell the exact region whence it came, and sometimes even its very authorship is apparent. When we hear a man say that he "wrestles his hash" at such a place, we know very well that that man was "raised west of the Alleghenies." The man who asks you "what you've got on your school-house," when he wants to know what you propose to do, has no need to tell any jest that lives on the banks of the Mississippi river. And it could only have been a college student, and a sophomore at that, who, when asked what sits never set, replied, "crocodars."

There are some jests as we have already remarked, whose very authorship is apparent; notably some of Hood's and nearly all of Charles Lamb's. Some have closely imitated his master in the matter of

pins, but he has never shown himself equal to such a play on words as that which Hood puts into the mouth of the feeder of ear-trumpets, who, in valuating his wares, says:

"There was Mrs. F.,
That she might have worn a profusion cap,
And been knapped on the head without hearing
it snap."

Well, I could not be a horn, and the very next day,
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay."

Charles Lamb was never like anybody else, and certainly nobody else was ever like Charles Lamb. It was he, of course (who else could it have been?), who replied to the complaint of his superior in the India House, that he came to his desk later in the morning than any other of the clerks, by saying, "Yes; but you see I make up by going away earlier in the evening." His good things were always so essentially and wholly his own, that there is no possibility of mistaking their origin. No other man could have thought his thoughts or anything like them. Nobody else would ever have thought of pitying our forefathers, who lived before the times of candlelight, because when they creaked a joke after dark, they had to feel about a smile, and handle their neighbors' checks to be sure that they understood it.—*Heath and Home.*

No Sabbath.—In a prize essay on the Sabbath, written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, who for singular power of language and beauty of expression, has never been surpassed, there occurs the following passage. Read it, and then reflect for a while upon your own and desecrate page would this life present if the Sabbath were blotted out from our circulation:

"Yokel! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working-classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming."

"Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and heaving, waving and spinning, sewing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising, building, digging and planting, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the ware-house and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, out at sea and on the shore, in the days of bright-ness and of gloom. What a picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

DEPEND ON YOURSELF.—The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker is a sensible man. There is more truth than poetry in the following which we copy from his spiky paper:

Bad luck, as well as mischance and misfortune, are all the daughters of misconduct, and sometimes the mothers of success, prosperity and advancement. To be thrown upon one's resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune. Had Franklin entered Philadelphia with a thousand dollars in his pocket instead of one shilling and a nippence, as he did, in all probability he would have gone on a spree, instead of hunting up employment, and died at thirty-five, from driving tandem teams and drinking brandy snashes, instead of living to the green old age of eighty, and a philosopher, whose amusement was the taking of thunderbolts and bottling up lightning.

Had Napoleon been the owner of a princely estate, his son by a blind wench, and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep,"—though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than laying down.

"What an old fool you are Polly Quimby!" I began to say, aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way, that I found myself in the mood of bowing back, and saying good evening too.

He was a middle-aged man, with moustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room.—"You must be lonely by yourself."

"Somehow, this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as best I could be.

"I prefer to choose my company, sir." He laughed, and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed? So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you."

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet, as though he intended to stay a while.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of

APPLES GROWING.

Underneath an apple tree
Sat a dame of comely seeming,
With her work upon her knee,
And her great eyes idly dreaming.

O'er the basket some bright
Came her husband's eye of spying;
Near to her an instant light
Through the tangled grass was creeping.

Oh the branches long and high,
And the great green apples growing,
Rested she her wandering eye,
With a retrospective knowing.

This, she said, the shelter is
When, where gay and raven-headed,
I consorted to be hid,
And our wifery hearts were wedded.

I laughing words and peals of mirth
Long are changed to grave endeavor,
Sorrow's winds have swept to earth
Many a blossomed hope forever.

Thunder clouds have hovered o'er—
Some my path have chilled and shaded;
O the bloom my gay youth bore,
Some has fruited—more has faded.

Quickly and amid her sighs,
Through the grass her baby wrestled,
Smiled on her its father's eyes,
And unto her bosom nestled.

And with sudden, joyous gleam,
All the wife's and half the mother's,
Still the best is left, and she,
I have learned to live for others.

AUNT POLLY AND THE BURGLAR.

O, my! didn't the wind blow? When I went under the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of breeze sighing about—nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to the western country I used to be surprised at the quick unceremonious way storks had of coming upon people—half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the sky; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whick they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and snoozing back my hair, because if I should go, why there was Deacon Abbe's horse opposite, and—but Lord bless me, what an I saying!

Well naturally, I was lonesome enough without child or chick to speak to, but I did very well until somehow I got it into my head that burglars always chose just such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor little house to tempt evil-doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an 'L' being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall, and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering. I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents," said I to myself. Just then a blind wench, and springing up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep,"—though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than laying down.

"What an old fool you are Polly Quimby!" I began to say, aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way, that I found myself in the mood of bowing back, and saying good evening too.

He was a middle-aged man, with moustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

yourself, sir, to be so
vacy of my room at this
He leaned his head
worsted tidly, and longed
call.

No harm is intended
woman," he said,
is intended?"

And saying this,
longer than ever.

"Do you come into
game of me before my
ed, my temper very much
you were a gentleman,

"This was too much
a gentleman?
you'd stand a good chance of getting your
throat out without so much as 'by your
leave, ma'am, to begin with! A gentle-
man? With all my faults, thank heaven,
that is not among them!"

"You needn't have gone on that way
to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old daisel, arn't
you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and
twisting up his mouth in a comical way,
which I shall never forget. "I swear you'd
be pretty good-looking, if you didn't wear
such a wide ruff on your nightcap. Jolly,
isn't it a lunker—big enough for a
grave-yard fence."

"Sir!" I said, looking very savage.

"Ma'am?" he answered imitating my
voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed, sir!"
I began.

"And pray, madame, what is there to
hinder you from getting out, I'd like to
know."

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-
for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind
only blow you away!"

"If one goes the other is sure to go too,"
he said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I
said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he
is in the house somewhere, eh? My dear
madame, you are as transparent as air.—
Had he been under this roof, you would
have screamed blue murder long before
this time."

"Oh, you varmint?" I groaned, in pure
agony of spirit. "What do you want?"

"Well, ma'am since that is a fair, honest
question, I will attempt to answer it. To
begin with, my financial affairs are in a
complicated condition. Money I have but
a little—credit, none. I am forced to levy
a trifling tax upon my friends in this and
other neighborhoods, to extricate me from
my disastrous condition. As soon as I
collect a certain amount I intend leaving
for France or Italy, never, perhaps,
to return. Do not shed tears at this,
dear madame, for wherever my footsteps
turn, your image ruffled nightcap and all
—will remain forever imprinted on my
heart."

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me, madame! I
have but a few moments longer to stay,
and I must be to business at once. I have
arranged that you have deposited in a trunk
in an adjacent closet forty dollars and
eighty cents. The forty dollars I would
like to borrow of you for an indefinite
length of time. The eighty cents I do
not care anything about. You can retain
that, as a trifling evidence of my gener-
osity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, a thief, then?" I said
spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madam," rising
and making a bow for all the world
like a French dancing-master. "Now, the
money, if you please."

"I heard snoring," he said, with a
determined look in his eyes and about his
mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to
the Lord," he said speaking just like a
preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what
of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case
especially, madame."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a
poor woman?"

"I came to borrow of you, for an uncer-
tain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with
him; besides, I didn't altogether like the
look in his eyes. I closed my lips tight-
ly together, resolving that I would not
speak again.

"If you have no objection, ma'am, I'll
look around a bit," he said, taking up the
lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise
from you my dear, or if I see in any way
that you are becoming nervous, I shall be
obliged to quiet you by the use of—"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madame."

"It would be the death of me," I moan-
ed.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss
to the world, but believe me, all that
rests in your own hands. This door leads
into the closet where the trunk is. I be-
lieve," he said making straight for the
closet where my forty dollars were put
away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth,
the chloroform had scared me nearly out
of my wits. He turned the key in the
door (I had always kept it locked) and the
trunk was at the further end of it. Let
me say here that this closet or store room
was in the 'L' part of the house, fully a
foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar
was not acquainted with the fact. Glan-
cing toward me with his sharp eyes, to
see if I was quiet, he took a step for-
ward and went sprawling on all fours. I
don't know to this day how he managed
to save the lamp as he did, but it was not
broken in the fall, and burned as bright-
ly as ever. My wits came to me.—

"I sprang as lightly as a cat upon his feet I
and before he could get up his feet I

THE PRINCE AND HIS RING.

The king was dead, and the prince,
young and inexperienced, came to the
throne. But because he feared God and
loved justice, he shrank from exercising
authority, and care sat heavily at his heart.
Greatly he desired to associate with him
in the government good and wise men;

but while he doubted and feared, the days
went by and the recent offences were still
unfilled. Judgment was not executed
for there were no judges; the wrongs of
the innocent were not redressed, nor were
the guilty punished. The people mur-
mured; but the prince hesitated and he-
sitated to act. At length he sent for Anacris,
the magician and said: "Fashion for me
a talisman that shall reveal to me the
hearts of men. Let no evil in deed or
word of thought exist that shall not be re-
vealed by the talisman which thou shalt
create." "O mighty prince," said Anacris,
"to hear is to obey, and the things which
thou hast commanded shall assuredly be
done." Again the days went by, and the
people marvelled that still the prince de-
layed to organize his cabinet and name
his prime minister. And many evil things
were done on account of the unsettled state
of the empire; but the prince said noth-
ing, thinking, "Only a few more days and
all will be made right." At length Anacris
appeared, and showed the prince a
marvelous ring. It was inscribed within
and without with sacred symbols and was
set with rare gems. It had, moreover,
the double power of rendering its wearer
invisible and revealing to him all the evil
that dwelt in the hearts of those upon whom
he glanced to look.

"How shall I be able to choose my offi-
cers with wisdom," said the prince, "and
to administer the laws justly, never con-
founding the innocent with the guilty.—
I shall know the inmost thoughts of my
nobles, and who are truly attached to my
person. No disguise will avail anything,
for I shall read men's motives as one reads
the pages of an open book."

So the prince put the ring upon his finger,
and went out to test the virtues of his
talisman and see what was done in the
city. At first, he could hardly repress
the feeling of indignation that no one rose
at his coming, and the heads remained
covered, and the talk went on regardless
of his presence. Then, remembering that
he was unseen, he addressed himself to
the study of character as it was presented
to him under this new aspect. He lis-
tened to the conversation of the nobles
who had been his father's counselors, and
was shocked to see the discrepancy be-
tween their thoughts and their words.—
Startling revelations met him at every
turn. Men who had expressed the ut-
most devotion to his person regarded his
character with secret contempt, and stand-
ing how they would turn his weakness to
their own advantage. Those who had pro-
fessed the love of virtue were self-seeking
and unprincipled. One was dishonest,
another covetous; and this one lustful,
and another ambitious; and even the saintly
minister—his father's friend—spoke half-
truths and had other motives than those
he avowed.

"These are the vices of the rich," said
the prince. "Among the lowly I shall
find the virtue that flies the palace and
the court."

So he wandered from street to street,
looking into the homes of people in vari-
ous conditions. He had asked that the
evils of men might be disclosed to him;
but it seemed to him that he feared nothing
but evil. All lives were black with
it. Evil propensities darkened all char-
acters. Even the little children were
wanting in innocence—already putting
forth the symptoms of terrible depravity.

At length, overwhelmed with what he
saw, the prince retraced his steps to the
palace, and seeking his private apart-
ment, sent for the magician.

"Take back thy evil gift," said he, pluck-
ing the ring from his finger. "Cast it into
the depth of the sea; nay, hide it at the
centre of the world. Let no man her-
eafter behold what I have this day seen.—
Would that as easily as I put by thy gift I
might put away the remembrance of what
it has disclosed. With back from the grace
of yesterday the faith I have lost."

"Your majesty," said the magician,
"will put the ring on the other hand, you
may find a counter charm for the evil
edge which you deplore; for then shall
you see the good in others and the evil
that dwells in your own heart."

Again the prince put the ring upon his
finger, and sat silent with closed eyes,
while all evil he had ever done, and all
that, under favorable circumstances, he
might have done, was revealed to him.—
Raising, at length, his streaming eyes
to heaven, he said: "God, I thank thee
that, henceforth, I need know the secrets
of no heart save my own. May thy weak-
ness and sins teach me day by day the
lessons of humility. Finding so much
imperfection in myself, let me not look for
perfection in others; and, striving to im-
prove my life, may I learn charity for all
men, and seek ever to be guided by Thy
wisdom, led by Thy truth, even as a little
child is led by his father."

That night, as the prince slept, an an-
gel bore away from his remembrance the
visions of the day; and, when next he
looked into the faces of his lords and no-
bles, and into the faces of his subjects—men
and women and little children—he saw
the good that was in each, the possible
beauty to which, through the ministrations
of God's providence, they slowly grew.—
But the evils of his own heart he saw
clearly, and day by day he put them from
him by good works, by humility, and by
unceasing vigilance.

No longer seeking an impossible per-
fection, he made the best use of the in-
struments at hand. Looking for honesty,
he developed it; imputing large trust,

he made men trustworthy; scrupulous
in his own life, he made virtue the fashion;
and, illustrating an even higher standard
of excellence, his people grew daily in
goodness and wisdom. "It is a good thing
to know the hearts of others," said the
Prince, "but better to keep one's heart
with diligence, for out of it are the issues
of life."—*Indepzant.*

No Dainties.—Judge Ray, the temper-
ance lecturer, in one of his efforts got off
the following hard hit at "modern drink-
ers":

"All those who are in such a habit of
drinking whiskey, in forty years of age
will be total abstainers or drunkards. No
person can do the whiskey, for years with
moderation. If there is a person in the
audience before me whose experience dis-
tates this, let him make it known. I
will account for it, or acknowledge that I
am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his
arms across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience
contradicts your statements."
"Are you a moderate drinker?"
"I am."

"How long have you drank in moder-
ation?"
"Forty years."

"And never were intoxicated?"
"Never."

"Well," remarked the judge scanning
the subject from head to foot, "you are a
singular case; yet I think it is easily ac-
counted for. I am reminded by it of a
little story. A colored man, with a loaf
of bread and a bottle of whiskey, sat down
to dine, on the bank of a clear stream.—
In bracking the bread he dropped some
crumbs into the water. These were eagerly
eaten and eaten by the fish. That
circumstance suggested to the darkey the
idea of dipping the bread into the whis-
key and feeding it to them. It worked
well. Some of the fish ate it, and became
drunk and floated helplessly upon the sur-
face. In this way he easily caught a large
number. But in the stream was a large
fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely
of the bread and whiskey with no per-
ceptible effect. It was shy of every ef-
fort of the darkey to take it. He resolved
to take it at all hazards, that he might
learn its name and nature. He procured
a net, and after much effort, caught the
fish, carried it to a colored neighbor, and
asked his opinion in the matter. The other
surveyed the wonder and then said:—
"Sambo, I understand this case; this fish is
a mullet head, it ain't got any brains."

"In other words," added the judge, "alcohol
affects only the brain, and, of course,
those having none, may drink without in-
jury." The storm of laughter which fol-
lowed drove the "moderate drinker" from
the house.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON.—Wash-
ington and Jefferson were directly opposed
to each other in opinion on more than one
question of policy in the settlement of our
governmental system, but the chief point
of difference had to do with the Legisla-
tive branch of the Government. Mr. Jef-
ferson advocated a single house, composed
of delegates elected directly by the peo-
ple, and one day at a tea party, at which
both were present, Jefferson entered into
a liberal argument in support of his view.
When he had done, Washington quietly
remarked:

"You have yours of just now illustrated
the necessity for two houses."

"How so?" asked Jefferson.

"You pour your tea from your cup to
your saucer in order that it may be cool
before you drink it, and that is pre-
cisely what we ought to do with our laws."

The anecdote serves to show the for-
mality of argument employed by the
"father of the country, and it serves also
to remind us that when we told the story
in the presence of a very plain and prop-
er little girl recently, she remarked:

"I shan't enjoy the Fourth of July any
more. I didn't know Mr. Jefferson was
so rude."

"Why, what do you mean, little one?"
we asked.

"Oh! it's so disgusting to pour one's
tea into one's saucer."

"To that little girl the Declaration of In-
dependence has forever lost its flavor."
And that little girl reminds us of an-
other who insists that there are three sexes—
the male sex, the female sex, and the
insects.—*Health and Home.*

WINTER CLOTHING.—In his experiment
to determine the heat-conducting power
of flannel, cotton, wool and silk, Sir Hum-
phrey Davy found not only that these ma-
terials conducted heat in the order given
above, linen being the best, but also that
the tightness or looseness of weaving pos-
sessed an important influence. It is therefore
evident that in the selection of winter cloth-
ing, and especially of that to be worn next
the skin, the materials of least conducting
power, as wool and silk, should be chosen,
and the fabrics should be loosely woven.

AN old lady, on entering a store
the other day said: "Why I can't be
that you keep this store yet! I thought
you had gone out of business. I shan't
see your name nor anything about your
store in the paper for over a year, and
everybody in our neighborhood thinks you
have gone out of business."

A good effort for morbid physical con-
stitution is now offered. It is to wield a
stone rake and wheelbarrow in the lot,
clearing it up for winter.