Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1873. — NO. 17

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

AN AFFECTING TALE.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, Patrick Connor was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account-book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages, till I could do betther, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

'What makes you expect to learn more than other folks—are you any smarter?'

'I'll not say that,' said the man, 'but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make it aisier.'

'Are you used to the work?'

'I've done a bit of it.'

'Much?'

'No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins.'

'You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate,' said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. 'Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and won't have another.'

'The Virgin will have to be afther bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin,' said the man, despairingly, 'for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but half a one.'

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English halfpenny upon it.

'Bring whom over?' asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned back again.

'Jist Nora and Jamesy.'

'Who are they?'

'The one's me wife, the other me child,' said the man. 'Ov masther, jist try me. How'll I bring 'em over to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like thim.'

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his face.

'I'll hire you for the week,' he said, 'and now, as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work.'

And with an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was very agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a greater talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance. 'Beer costs money,' he said one day, 'and every cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me—better no coat to me back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving.'

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink—made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long looked for bringing of Nora over, and was not 'mane enough' to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish—living on little, working at night on any extra job he could earn a few shillings by; running errands in his scantide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen, of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a part of butt of Connor, with his 'wild Irish' ways and 'blather' they termed often laughable. But to see their hearts at last, and when one day, mounted on a bank bench, he took his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, kissing their eyes and shouted: 'Hooro, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whooroo! I've got it!' All felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to their comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a hard wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep. When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone. Some villain, more contemptible than most bad men are, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to 'quit joking and give it back.'

But at last he realized the truth.

'Is any man that bad that it's thared from me?' he asked, in a breathless way 'Boys, is any man that bad?'

And some one answered,—

'No doubt of it, Connor. It's sthole.'

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept.—It was one of those trials which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child 'put,' as he expressed it, 'months away from him again.'

But when he went to work that day it did seem to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, 'I'll have Nora with me yet.' At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him, noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawn, at pay day, got Nora, he said, 'a week nearer,' and this and that and the other, added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, 'I am going to bring them over,' and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day, until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes in the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor.—There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to anyone before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases, which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantelpiece.—And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt his kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless those who had been so kind to him. That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen,—Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service, as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers.—'The radin', that's one, and writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can.' Then he looked up at his fellow-workmen with tears in his eyes, and asked—

'Do ye wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?'

So it was—Nora at dawn—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday, afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

'She hadn't the like of that in the ould country,' he said. 'But she'll know how to keep thim tidy.'

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him.—The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and citizens, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would doubtless be on board—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly, but patiently; but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

'She would niver go alone,' he said, 'she'd be lost inthirely. I bade her wait, but I don's see her; boys I think she's not in it.'

'Why don't you ask the captain?' asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

'I am looking for me wife, yer honor,' said Connor, 'and I can't find her.'

'Perhaps she's gone ashore,' said the captain.

'I bade her wait,' said Connor.

'Women don't always do as they are bid, you know,' said the captain.

'Nora would,' said Connor; 'but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come; I somehow think she didn't.'

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked:

'What is your name?'

'Pat Connor,' said the man.

'And your wife's name was Nora?'

'That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor,' said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at the captain. Then he said:

'Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you.'

'She's left behind?' said Connor.

'She sailed with us,' said the captain.

'Where is she?' asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

'My man,' he said, 'we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us.'

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

'It's been a sickly season,' said the captain. 'We had illness on board—the cholera. You know that.'

'I didn't, said Connor, 'I can't read; they kept it from me.'

'Wouldn't want to frighten him,' said one man, in a half whisper.

'You knew how long we lay in quarantine?'

'The ship I came in did,' said Connor. 'Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought to be looking for her, captain.'

'Many died,' went on the captain, 'many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick—

'Jamesy,' gasped Connor.

'His mother watched him, night and day,' said the captain, 'and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she; 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'

Connor groaned.

'Keep up if you can, my man,' said the captain, 'I wish anyone else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, also; very suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me,—and, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone.'

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

'I've got my death, boys,' he said, and then dropped to the floor, like a log.

They raised him and bore him away.—In an hour he was at home in the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

'Better, Connor?' asked the old man.

'A dale,' said Connor. 'It's aisy now, I'll be with her soon. And look ye, master, I've learned one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He is taking me over to her—and Jamesy—over the river; don't you see it, and her standing on the other side to welcome me—'

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so he died.

"A BABE IN THE HOUSE

Is a well-spring of pleasure," says some one of our poets, but a lady at our elbow, who has had ample opportunity of testing the correctness of the observation, suggests that if the writer had applied the remark to a Sewing Machine instead of a baby, he would have been nearer the truth.—And we doubt not that she is right; for who that knows anything of the labor-saving character of Sewing Machines can doubt that the presence of one of them in a house is indeed a source of deep and never-ending pleasure? Take, for instance the New Elias Howe machine, now admitted to be, by far, the best and most reliable for family use. This machine hems, fells, quilts, tucks, plaits, braids, gathers and sews on, etc., and performs its work with such unerring regularity and extraordinary speed that we are almost constrained to look with admiration upon the man through whose genius it was given to the world. There is no machine which suits the family so well, and for manufacturing purposes it is equally reliable and effective, always performing its work correctly, and always giving satisfaction.—*Commercial.*

G. A. Simms, Agent, Leonardtown, offers the most liberal terms to all who desire to purchase by monthly payments of five and ten dollars, and no pains or expense are spared to give full instruction and thorough satisfaction to every customer.

The man most likely to make his mark in the world—one who cannot write his own name.

THE WISHING

A young farmer, who was in prospect particularly well-to-do, was toiling on his plough for a while, wiped his brow, when he looked up to him and said, 'Old man, you work hard and all for nothing! Look here before you for two days I will come to a large fir tree, alone, towering over the forest. If you can fell it in a day, you shall be made.'

The farmer did not wait to hear, but, taking his axe on his shoulder, hastened on his way. After some search he came to the fir tree, and set to work to fell it. The tree crashed to the earth, breaking down everything in its path, and crushing a nest of eggs. The eggs rolled on the ground and broke; as they broke, forth came a young eaglet from one and a small golden ring from the other. The eaglet grew visibly, till it reached half the height of a man, shook its wings as if to try them, raised itself from the ground, and then cried: 'You have released me! as a token of gratitude, take the ring the other egg contained—it is a wishing ring.—Turn it on your finger, speak your wish aloud, and it will be immediately granted. But the ring has only one wish; when that is accomplished, it will lose all power, and become no more than any other ring. Therefore, reflect well on what you wish for, so that you may not have to repent afterwards.'

Having so spoken the eagle rose high into the air, swept, for some time, in wide circles over the farmer's head, and then, like an arrow from a bow, shot swiftly towards the east. The farmer took the ring, put it on his finger and started homeward. Towards evening he reached a town. At the door of his shop a goldsmith stood who had many valuable rings for sale. The farmer showed him his ring and asked him what was about the value of it.

'Mere trumpery,' answered the goldsmith. The farmer laughed heartily, telling the man it was a wishing ring, and of more value than all the rings in his shop put together. Now the goldsmith was a false, designing man, so he invited the farmer to stay all night at his house, saying: 'It must bring one good luck to entertain a man who is the possessor of such a precious jewel, so prey remain with me.' He accordingly entertained him well with plenty of wine and civil words, but when he went to sleep at night, he drew his ring stealthily from his finger, and put on it instead a common ring quite like it in appearance. The next morning the goldsmith could hardly wait, with any degree of patience, till the farmer had taken his departure. He came—edit to the time early dawn, saying: 'You have so far to go, you had better start early.' As soon as the farmer was safe on his journey, the goldsmith went into his room, and, having shut the shutters that no one might see, he bolted himself in, and standing in the middle of the room, and turning the ring on his finger, exclaimed:

'I wish to have a hundred thousand silver crowns immediately!'

Hardly were the words spoken, when bright five-shillings pieces began to rain down from the ceiling; shining silver crowns poured down so fast and hard that at last they began to beat him unmercifully about the head and shoulders and arms. Calling piteously for help, he tried to rush to the door, but before he could reach it and unbolt it, he fell bleeding to the ground. Still the rain of silver crowns did not cease, and soon, under the weight of it, the flooring gave way, and the unfortunate goldsmith and his money fell down into a deep cellar. And still it rained on, till the hundred thousand silver crowns were completed, and then the goldsmith lay dead in the cellar, with the mass of money upon him. Attracted at last by the noise, the neighbors rushed to the spot, and on finding the goldsmith dead under his money, exclaimed, 'It really is a great fortune, when blessings rain down like cudgels.' Then the heirs came and divided the spoils.

Meanwhile, the farmer went happily home, and showed the ring to his wife.

'We shall never want for anything, dear wife,' he said, 'our fortune is made. But we must consider well what we must wish for.

The wife had a bright idea ready at hand.

'Let us wish ourselves some more land,' said she; 'we have so little. There is just a nice strip which stretches into our field. Let us wish for that.'

'That would never be worth while,' replied the husband; 'we have only to work well a year, and have a moderate share of good luck, and we can buy it for ourselves.'

And the man and his wife worked hard for a whole year, and the harvest had never been so plentiful as that autumn, so they were not only able to buy the strip of land, but had money to spare.

'You see,' said the husband, 'the land is ours and the wish too.'

Then the good woman thought it would be a capital thing to wish themselves a cow and a horse.

'Wife,' answered the husband again clinking the surplus money in his pocket; 'it would be folly to sacrifice or wish for such a trumpery thing. We can get the cow and the horse without it.

And, sure enough, in another year's time, the horse and the cow have been well earned. So the man rubbed his hands cheerfully, and said:

'Another year has passed, and still the wish is ours, and yet we have all we want; what good luck we have!'

The wife, however, began to be very impatient, and tried seriously to induce her husband to wish for something. 'You are not like your old self,' she said crossly; 'formerly you were always grumbling and complaining and wishing for all sorts of things; and now, when you might have whatever you want, you toil and work like a slave, are pleased with everything, and let your best years slip by. You might be king, emperor, duke, a great rich farmer with heaps of money, but no—you won't make up your mind what to choose.'

'Pray do cease continually worrying and teasing me,' cried the farmer; 'we have lived so long, we may live a little longer. The ring contains but one wish, and that must not be squandered. Who knows what may happen to us, when we might need the ring? Do we want for anything now? Since the ring has been ours, have we not enough in the world that all men envy us? Content yourself, amuse yourself, if you like, by thinking what we shall wish for.'

And so the matter was allowed to run for the present. It really seemed as if the ring brought blessings on the house, for barns and granaries grew fuller and fuller from year to year; and, in the course of time, the poor farmer became a rich and prosperous one. He worked all day with his men as if the whole world depended upon it; but in the evening, when the vesper bell sounded, he was always to be seen sitting contented and well-to-do, at his threshold to be wished 'Good evening' by the passers-by. Now and then, when they were quite alone and no one near to hear, the woman still reminded him of the ring, and made all sorts of propositions to him. He always answered there was time enough to think about it and that the best ideas always occurred to one last. So she gradually fell into the way of mentioning it less often, and at last it rarely happened that the ring was ever alluded to at all. The farmer, it is true, turned the ring on his finger twenty times a day and examined it closely, but he took good care never to express the slightest wish at the time.

And so thirty and forty years went by, and the farmer and his wife grew old and their hair snow-white and still the wish remained unbroken. At last it pleased God to show them a great mercy, and He took them to Himself both in one night. Children and grandchildren stood weeping around the coffins, and, as one of them tried to withdraw the ring from the dead man's finger, his eldest son said:

'Let our father take his ring to the grave. There was some mystery about it. Probably it was some love token, for our mother often looked at the ring too; perhaps she gave it to him when they both were young.'

So the old farmer was buried with the ring which should have been a wishing ring, but was not one, and yet had brought as much good luck to the house as a man could desire. For it is strange, as regards the true and the false, that a bad thing can be turned to better account in good hands than a good thing in bad.

THINGS A MAN CAN'T DO.—Jennie T. Hazen, in the *Chicagoan*, says there are some things a man can't do, as follows:

Some woman, in a sudden burst of ingeniousness, has acknowledged that there are some things that a woman can't do and express unbounded admiration for the men who do those things so deftly.

Well, what if they can do two or three things better than a woman? I for one am not going into ecstacies over them, nor will I make a standing exclamation point of myself, because they can 'do up' a bundle and carry an unbrella.

Woman can do a hundred things that they can't, but they never think of making a great fuss about it.

One thing a man can't do is to own up frankly that he can't do everything better than a woman can. Another thing he can't do is to carry the baby. I've tried them and I know. You just take one—a baby, I mean—and do it up in blankets and shawls, all snug and nice, and give it to Joseph to carry, and while you are putting on your sacque and hat, just keep your eye on the baby, and you will see an ominous squirming in the bundle, and hear certain half smothered—but to you well understood—sounds. Upon investigation you will find the baby very red in the face, and its heels where its head ought to be. You take it and shake it up a little, give it a soft pat here and there, and restore it to him right side up.

Will he acknowledge it was his fault? Will he confess he can't carry the baby?

Thirdly—as our parson used to say about the time that he ought to have said seventeenthly and lastly—he can't hook up a lady's dress; at least he could not years ago, when ladies dresses hooked up in the back. There were always three or four hooks and eyes that I could not reach, and times without number I've called upon my John to hook them. The good clumsy fellow would fumble away with fingers that were all thumbs, while he grew red in the face with his efforts to make 'the plagued things hitch,' and giving it up at last with 'flang the things! Why don't you have buttons as we do?'

Let me think. What else is there he can't do? He can't make tatting or crochet; he can't wear crinoline or manage two yards of trail; he can't wear a 'love of a bonnet' or balmoral boot; and last and best of all, he can't say 'no' to an offer of marriage, and that is the blessed privilege the women have.

"A description of a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, just now, contains 'a stuffed turkey, on guard,' and it appears that the fun somebodily got out of this unusual combination, in keeping it from the privilege of paying for the carriage."

"Two Sermons to Foot Before." [illegible] for a man that had taken to do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave ten dollars to one who could speak and write five or six languages, translate beautifully; but in the middle of a hard winter he could not get a living. I remember another man who had preached twenty-five years till his throat failed him, and he used to go round looking very blue and sad, until the people pitied him and made little donation parties for him, because he was good for nothing except to preach. I knew a lady once, that had taught school for twenty years, till she was a poor, nervous, broken-down woman, and really didn't know how to make a dress for herself. I know a man that wants to keep store, and he sits with his hands in his pocket waiting for a store to come to him to be kept. I heard of a minister who, when his people gave him a horse and buggy, had to wait for the deacon's wife to come over and show him how to harness—for he didn't know the bit from the crupper. Now, boys and girls, every real man should know how to do one thing well; and he ought to know how to do several things tolerably well. Every wise farmer has a principal crop; but he always puts in a little something else, so that, if his main crop fails, he will have something to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't carry all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well, learn one sort of work to get a living by, and all sorts of work to get along with when your one sort gives out.

At West Point, where they take boys and teach them to be perfect soldiers, they have to learn, among other things, to cook and make bread, and make their own beds, and do their own sewing, and sweep, and dust; because, you know, a sailor or a soldier never knows where his duty may call him, and the man who knows how to do the most things is the best sailor, the best soldier—that is to say, the most of a man. I never saw a woman do a man's work handily, but I liked her all the better for it. And I never saw a man do a woman's work neatly, but I thought the more of him—for you see that work is something that needs to be done; and he who knows how to do the most will have the best chance to make money, or, which is better still, make himself feel like a useful man.

So then what do you say, boys? Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do at West Point—make your own beds every morning till you can do it better than your own mother can. And girls, do you learn to harness a horse till you can do it as quickly as your brother. And boys, learn how to make bread; and girls, learn how to sharpen a knife and whittle, and drive nails without splitting the board; and boys, learn how to hem towels, run stocking heels, and patch your own trowsers; and girls, learn how to grease boots and wagon-wheels, to lay shingles, and ease the doors when they stick. Keep your eyes and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts of work. And, my words for it, you will grow hearty and plump, handsome and happy.

INNOCENT OF THE CHARGE.—At Chester, Massachusetts, a mischievous lad named Willie Clark was arrested on charge of having so placed a billet of wood upon the track that, but for timely discovery, it would have thrown a train from the track. When first arrested, and placed in a cell of the Town Hall Willie positively denied the accusation; but upon being terrified by a deputy sheriff with the threat that he should 'never go home to his mother again' if he persisted, made confession of the alleged act. When he did go home it was to die from terror, cold, and fever, and to assure his mother with his dying breath that although the court had convicted him upon the confession he had made in terror of never seeing her again he was wholly innocent of having placed the obstruction on the track. The case has created a deep interest and much feeling in the locality.

SEASONING WOOD.—A writer in an English journal informs us that a small piece of non-resinous wood can be seasoned perfectly by boiling four or five hours, the process taking the sap out of the wood which shrinks nearly one-tenth in the operation. The same writer states that trees felled in full leaf in June or July, and allowed to lie until every leaf has fallen, will then be nearly dry, as the leaves will not drop off themselves until they have drawn up and exhausted nearly all the sap of the tree. The time required is from a month to six weeks, according to the dryness or wetness of the weather. The floor of a mill laid with poplar so treated and cut up, and put in place in less than a month after the leaves fell, has never shown the slightest shrinkage.

A soldier, telling his mother of the terrific fire at Chickamauga, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree.—'Tree,' said he, 'there wasn't enough for the officers.'

'Experimental philosophy—asking a young lady to marry you. Natural philosophy—looking indifferent, and saying you were only in fun when she refuses you.'

Josh Billings says: "If I kin have plenty of mackerel for breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

"Why do hotel clerks dip the beds under water? To [illegible]"

SUCK YOUR MOUTH.—A curious contribution has been made to the literature of sleep by Mr. George Catlin, well known as a writer on the North American Indians. This gentleman is of the opinion that a large number of the ills to which civilized flesh is subject arises from the fact that people, when they cease to be infants, foolishly persist in the baleful practice of sleeping with their mouths open! That Mr. Catlin is in dead earnest, and not poking fun at us, is evident from the whole tone of his book. Divested of its rhetorical wrappings, Mr. Catlin's main argument may be stated as follows:

Amongst his friends, the Indians, he has proved that such things as premature deaths from disease, as well as mental and physical deformities, are almost unknown.—Among civilized people, on the other hand, these things are too well known. The only difference in the habits of savages and civilized people capable of accounting for this state of matters is, that while the former sleep with their mouths shut, the latter not unfrequently sleep with their mouths open. The Indian mother presses together the lips of her sleeping babe till the habit of shutting the mouth is irrevocably formed. The English mother places her child in a close, stifling atmosphere, in which it is obliged to gasp for breath. The consequence is, that the savage inhales through his nostrils an atmosphere heated and purified by a special apparatus, while the other inspires through his mouth an atmosphere too cold and impure for the delicate respiratory organs. Hence the prevalence in civilized countries of bronchial and pulmonary diseases, and especially of that fell scourge, consumption.—Mr. Catlin buttresses his main arguments by others of various sorts, not the least convincing of them being contained in his amusing illustrative sketches.

No doubt he rides his hobby too hard and too far, but what he says is not devoid of a good deal of truth. In another of its aspects, the habit, referred to is equally reprehensible. Every one who has seen and heard Paterfamilias take his post-prandial naps in certain positions in his easy-chair, must admit that sleeping open-mouthed is a practice not conducive to beauty, either facial or sonorous. Both on sanitary and æsthetic grounds, therefore, we cannot do better than advise the reader to practice in sleep the laconic injunction which forms the title of Mr. Catlin's book—Shut your mouth.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—Edward George Bulwer Lytton, whose death was lately announced, was born at Haydon Hall in the County of Norfolk, England, in 1805, and was consequently in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death. He graduated at Cambridge University in 1826, and in the same year published a collection of his effusions, entitled 'Weeds and Wild Flowers.'

His first novel, 'Falkland,' was published in 1827, followed in 1828 by 'Pelham; or, the Adventures of a gentleman,' a work which was received with considerable adverse criticism, but which has since been regarded by many as one of the best of the deceased author's efforts. His subsequent novels are well known, and need not be enumerated. Many of them were received with favor, and attained to a high rank in the estimation of the reading public. As a dramatic writer he enjoyed a good reputation, and his plays to this day hold their own on the British and American stage. Of these 'The Lady of Lyons' is best known, but 'Richelieu' and the comedy of 'Money' are very frequently presented. No writer in his day has perhaps been more read on the continent of Europe than Bulwer, his various works having been translated in all the living languages; while in America he had and still has a wide circle of appreciative readers. Mr. Bulwer succeeded in 1844 to the Knebsworth estates of his mother, and exchanged, by royal license, his surname of Bulwer for that of Lytton, by which he was subsequently known. He entered Parliament in 1831 as member for St. Ives; and was created a baronet in 1858. In June, 1858, he became a member of the Derby Cabinet, as successor of Lord Stanley in the office of Secretary of State for the colonies. He was shortly afterwards elevated to the peerage, and took his seat in the House of Lords.

The later years of his life have not been marked by any brilliant efforts, but he has always been a distinguished statesman and debator. It is as a novelist, however, that he will be chiefly remembered, and his name will, undoubtedly, go down to posterity as one of the most famous writers which the nineteenth century has produced.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Medical men advise that salt be taken with nuts, especially when eaten at night.—'One time,' says a writer, 'whilst enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend asked for salt, stating that he knew of the case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after she had become rather too fond of his cups. He muttered 'Salt, salt,' of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said had had they given her salt it would have relieved her. If they would allow him to make an examination, he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and immediately it dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appeared to have been from the same cause, I generally eat salt with mine and think it improves them.