Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1873 — NO. 22

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

To Farmers!

To Fishermen!

To Gardeners!

R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Washington D. C.

WOULD return their thanks to the citizens of St Mary's for the patronage extended them heretofore, and ask a continuance of their confidence and patronage.

Have you early *VEGETABLES* seeking a good market?

Send them to *GOLDEN & BRO.*, for the Washington market, where the highest prices are given and low commission charged.

Have you FISH to sell for fair returns?

Ship them to *GOLDEN & BRO.*, Washington, D C., who will seek a sale, and not wait to be sought.

Have you STOCK to ship when meats are desired?

GOLDEN & BRO., formerly of Charles co., Md., and now at corner of 10 and F sts., south west, Washington D. C., are always at the docks to receive freight. They have a stock-yard or cattle pen on the market if required, and can hold for an advance.—Their charges are very moderate.

And when your FRUITS are in season, send them to GOLDEN & BRO., for a ready sale, quick returns and a good profit.

Have you WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, &c., for which you desire a ready sale at good rates? Send them to GOLDEN & BRO., who will effect sales at as good prices as any other city, and at small commission.

If you have POULTRY, or anything else raised in your county, and which would command good prices in a large city, among the best agents you can procure in Washington, apply to

R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.,

Cor. 10th and F sts. southwest,

Washington, D. C.

march 6, 1873—1y.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, OVER $40,000,000

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF N. Y.

ASSETS, OVER $56,000,000

THE ROYAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

CAPITAL, OVER $10,000,000

The above companies have been doing business for nearly half a century. Their age, strength and known good management can scarcely allow one to question their solvency.

FROM TABLE OF RATES.

25 years $19 84; 30 years $22 64; 35 years $26 26; 40 years $31 22; 45 years $37 93 on the $1,000—25 per ct. dividend off the first year, increasing each year thereafter. The insured pays only the actual cost of Life Insurance. No stockholders to satisfy. The Policy holder is alone directly interested.

These two Life Companies are the oldest, largest, cheapest and best conducted of any in the U. States, and we challenge any one to show a better investment for their money.

The Royal Fire Insurance Company adjust all losses at the Baltimore agency, without reference to the Home office. It has paid all its losses in Chicago and Boston.

RATES—60 cents per $100 on first-class Dwellings; 75 cents on first-class Frame Dwellings; $1.25 on Barns and contents; $1.50 on Stores and Stock. No note given.

I am authorized and will attend to any business for the above companies at my office, or in the country when requested.

REFER TO

R C Combs, Raphael Downs, Wm F Greenwell, Asa A Lawrence, John F King, Bernard Freeman.

JOS H KEY.

Feb 20, 1873—3m*

Dental Notice.

I respectfully offer my services to those who may desire them. All operations performed upon the teeth known to the profession of Dentistry.—Persons desiring my services at their homes will meet with prompt attention by dropping me a note at Leonardtown. Teeth inserted in any manner desired, and at reasonable prices. Office and residence in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md. Very Respectfully,

PAGE EDMUNDS.

Dec 14, 1871—tf.*

LARGEST and cheapest stock of GOODS in the county at the

BIG BROWN STORE,

Leonardtown.

May 9, 1872.

THE MORTGAGE.

Isaac Veran's little farm was mortgaged. The neighbors knew it and gossiped about it. He knew it and worried about it, just as almost every other young farmer has known the same thing and fretted over it. In truth it may be said that all the other ills and perplexities of life can hardly equal the trials and sufferings arising out of financial liabilities in the shape of mortgages. The granter of the security can neither work in the field or play with his children in the house without seeing ever before him the phantom placard, "Know all men by these presents;" saying, in unmistakable language, "Pay or lose! If you *fail* to pay you will be driven out of your home, or *if you should die* your wife and little ones will have no home, and what you *have* paid will avail them nothing."

Now Isaac Veran was human, and thought and acted very much as other men think and act. That possible contingency which would thrust him out of his own house, troubled him much; and one day he spoke of it incidentally at the dinner table. But his wife exclaimed, "Oh! don't worry, Isaac, it will all come out right We are young and strong, and we can pay it all off in five years." This encouraged Isaac somewhat, and for a few days the cows were milked, the corn hoed, and the grass mowed with careless joy — But the day for the payment of the semi-annual interest came, and with it the old troublesome thoughts.—what if he should fail to pay?

He did not mention his perplexity again to his wife, lest she should ridicule his lack of faith in his future, but began to ponder upon some safeguard by which he could escape the risk that so much annoyed him At last a newspaper account of the death of an old acquaintance containing this paragraph, "His policy of life insurance will secure to his family the sum of $10,000." met his eye, and it decided the question for him at once

'What if I cannot pay?' said he. 'There is not a reasonable doubt but that I can pay if I live, and here is the security if I die. I will not say anything about it to my wife, as she might laugh at me, but I will go to morrow and get my life insured for four thousand dollars!'

Years pass quickly at the slowest, and the two succeeding the date of his insurance passed with Isaac Veran as quickly as they did with us. Two payments had been made on the mortgage and everything appeared so favorable that he sometimes thought his investment in the insurance was a foolish bargain But one morning in June the neighborhood was startled with the news that Isaac was very sick with a fever, and the doctor had pronounced him dangerously ill Two days later the shock came, and the children whispered, as they passed the door on their way to school, 'Susie Veran's father is dead'

The kind-hearted acquaintances of the young farmer shed tears as they met and often they shook their heads and said sorrowfully, 'What will become of the widow and the children. *The farm is mortgaged.*'

And if outsiders sympathized and wondered, what must have been Mrs. Veran's feelings as she took the children up and thought how she had lost a husband, and now must lose her home. Oh! that mortgage of $2,500. If that were paid she could rent a part of the farm and hire men to cultivate the remainder for her. If that were only out of the way, she could care for his children for his sake. But for that she could keep the cows, the chickens, the sheep, and the horse, with which the children had taken so much pleasure, and they would not lose everything because their father had died. But there was the fact. The mortgage must be paid when due, and the stock, the house, and perhaps all the land must go at a great sacrifice to pay it. Poor widowed mother! Poor fatherless and almost homeless children!

The next payment of interest on the debt came due and was paid. Hesitatingly, the widow opened, for the first time, the drawer in which Isaac had kept his valuable papers, as she wished to file away the receipt which she had received for the last money she had, and which was the last she could ever expect to pay on the mortgage. But in the drawer, and in the same package with his receipts, was the policy of life insurance!

O, what joy was there then! Who shall say how deeply she blessed the name of her dear husband! Verily, it was like an angel of mercy, and its rich blessing was one for a lifetime. And what peace — Now she can keep the farm; now she can care for the children. Now, as we see her in the picture, she can keep many of the old joys, and the children can be happy till such time as she shall be called up to Isaac, and they become men and women, respected and loved as she and Isaac had been.

IMPORTANT DATES.—The following will refresh the minds of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we now enjoy: Spinning wheel invented 1530. Paper first made of rags 1417. Muskets invented and first used in England in 1421. Pumps invented 1425 Printing invented by Faust 1441 Engraving on wood invented 1460. Post-offices established in England 1465. Almanacs first published 1441. Printing introduced into England by Caxton 1474. Violins invented 1477. Roses first planted in England 1505. Hatchets first made in 1504. Punctuation first used in literature 1520. Before that time words and sentences were put together like this.

SWIFT JUSTICE.

A merchant left St. Petersburg to travel across Europe In the course of his journey he arrived at Warsaw. Being furnished with a letter of introduction, he repaired to the house of one of the chief citizens there, and was most courteously received He stayed at Warsaw for a week, and his host spared no pains to make the visit agreeable, and showed him everything worth seeing in the town.—Indeed, the visitor was quite overwhelmed by an amount of kindness rarely shown to any but a friend of long standing.

At length the pleasant visit drew to its close, and after breakfast the guest expressed his wish to see some poor parts of the town, of which he had heard. 'But,' said he, 'I have with me a small box of great value that I do not like to risk in such places. If it were my own, I should not be so particular, but it was intrusted to me by a friend, who requested me to deliver it to a person in another town. It contains diamonds and other valuables.—Would you do me the great favor of taking charge of it for the day?' The host, with his usual urbanity, willingly agreed to this proposal, and the merchant departed with a light heart on his tour of inspection, I forgot the name, but let us say in the 'Seven Dials,' or 'Five Points' of Warsaw.

Next morning, after breakfast, he cordially thanked his kind entertainers for their zealous hospitality, and added that, as he was about to depart, he would now resume his charge of the box, which had never before quitted his presence since he had received it from its owner. The host and hostess stared at him in well-acted amazement.

'What box?' asked the host. 'I remember no box—do you, my dear?' turning to his wife.

'No,' she said, 'I have no recollection of any box whatever'

'What was it like?' inquired the host; 'perhaps you left it in your room.'

But on the merchant persisting that it was with the host himself it had been left, on turning to his hostess, and trying to make her recollect the circumstances, both (after appealing to each other several times, and fortifying each other in their denial,) became cold and distant, and began hinting that something must have happened to the merchant, to induce him to persist in so strange a delusion. As the host touched his forehead with a significant glance, the poor man remembered that he was in a strange city; the ground seemed to be slipping from under his feet; danger to himself loomed in the distance, and he hastened from the house in alarm. Straight to the police he went and stated his case The official listened imperturbably to the whole story, and then asked: 'You gave up this valuable box to an acquaintance of a week's standing without any witness or any written acknowledgment?'

'He had been so very kind; a man in his position——'

'Bah! you a man of business! but you have no proof that the box belongs to you?'

'None whatever—except the key. It is locked, and I have the key—here it is,' and he produced a small key from his inner-pocket.

The official remained lost in thought for some time, and then said:

'Well, I will do the only thing I can for you. The Archduke Constantine—the Governor of Poland, is a stern harsh man, but he is known for his rigorous justice, and if he believes your story, he will do his best for you. I will take you to him at once.'

No time was lost, and the merchant soon found himself in the archduke's presence and was desired to relate his story. When it was concluded the archduke, after a few moments reflection, rang a bell. An official appeared.

'Send for M——,' naming the treacherous host

It was quickly done, and the archduke, without preamble or question, said to the guilty man:

'Sit down at that writing-table, and write as I shall dictate to you'

The man took his seat and took up the pen; the archduke began dictating:

'My dear wife—all is found out——'

'No,' said the man, springing from his seat, 'I won't write that.'

'Then you are guilty,' was the prompt answer.

Puzzled and foiled, he resumed his seat and wrote as he was desired.

'My dear wife—all is found out. Send the box by the bearer.'

Then he signed it with his name, by the archduke's order, and a messenger was dispatched with it. The messenger found the lady at her toilet; when she read the missive she turned ashy pale, trembling violently Then leaning forward, she drew the box from the recess in her toilet-table, and handed it to the bearer, who, swiftly returning, placed it in the hands of the archduke. He immediately handed it to the merchant, desiring him to unlock it; that being done, he asked whether the diamonds were all there — Yes, the box had not been opened; they were exactly as the merchant had left them.

Again the archduke rang the bell, and to the attendant who entered he said, designating the guilty man:

'Take him to Siberia; he is not to go to his home again'

THE UNFORTUNATE CHINEE.—It is said that Senator Jim Nye wants to go to China after the 4th of March. There is nobody on the face of the earth who ought to object to his going except the Chinese themselves.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR [illegible]—Dr. Brown-Sequard [illegible] mode of treatment which [illegible] with perfect success in a [illegible] pepsia in 1851, and which has [illegible] tested, with more or less [illegible] sults, in many cases of dyspepsia and anæmia. The following [illegible] tract from an account of [illegible]

'After a few days, finding [illegible] not improved, I decided to [illegible] change of his alimentation, [illegible] quantity of food to be taken [illegible] Instead of three meals a day [illegible] take sixty or more. Every [illegible] been minutes he took two [illegible] fuls of solid food, [illegible] He drank a little [illegible] Hardening wine and water every thirty or forty minutes. On the very first day this mode of alimentation was begun, his digestive troubles disappeared, and within a week he returned to Paris. [illegible]

He continued the same method of alimentation for almost three weeks, and then gradually diminished the number of his homœopathic meals and increased the amount taken at each of them until in about eight or ten days he came to eat only three times a day, and a full meal at each time.'

The following paragraph will serve to give the reader a clearer idea of the treatment commended:

'The plan consists in giving but very little of solid or fluid food of any kind of drink at a time, and giving these things at regular intervals of from 10 to 20 or 30 minutes. All sorts of food may be taken in this way, but during the short period when such a trial is made, it is obvious that the fancies of the patients are to be laid aside, and that nourishing food, such as roasted or broiled meat, and especially beef, mutton, eggs, well baked bread, and milk, with butter and cheese, and a very moderate quantity of vegetables and fruit, ought to constitute the dietary of the patients we try to relieve. This plan should be pursued two or three weeks, after which the patient should gradually return to the ordinary system of eating three times a day.

'The most varied diet as regards the kind of food can be followed under this plan as well as when one has two or three meals a day. The only absolutely essential points are, that the amount of food taken every 10, 15, 20 or 30 minutes be very small (from one to four mouthfuls), and the quantity of solid food in a day be from 32 to 40 ounces, or a little less when, instead of water, the patient drinks beef tea or milk.'

Dr. Brown-Sequard considers that the facts observed under this treatment confirm the view that we are naturally organized, like most, if not all animals, to eat frequently, and not, as we do, two, three or four times a day;' and that functional dyspepsia, when once it has begun (never mind by what cause) is kept up and increased by distension of the walls of the stomach' It might be supposed that there would be trouble from the distention of the stomach on the return of the ordinary system of meals, after several weeks of the treatment described, but in no case has he found this to occur.

COURTESY —Nowhere is well-bred courtesy, or the lack of it, more observed than in traveling. On the steamboat and in the cars the quiet observer easily detects those who have been educated under refined influences, or those who, without special cultivation, are possessed of native politeness. It is not education alone, nor wealth, nor high social position, nor costly trapping, that makes one a pleasant companion. There must exist a kindness of feeling towards strangers, a general recognition of equal rights in the comforts and conveniences provided for the public, and a quickened discernment for the needs of others. The gentleman who spreads out his luggage on a couple of seats in the cars, and persistently reads his newspaper determinedly unconscious that others, who have paid as much as he has, are looking in vain for a seat, is as truly ill-bred as the country girl who noiselessly eats her pint of peanuts, scattering shells on seat and floor, utterly regardless of the annoyance she gives her neighbors. In this democratic country we travel in public conveyances too much as if they were our own private carriages. How often the eleventh and twelfth passengers in a city omnibus, who know they have full claim to a seat, are discomforted by the outspread garments, the immovable attitude, and blank faces of those who happen to have entered the stage before them Common civility demands that a movement be made to give room until the complement is filled out; afterward courtesy and generosity will often prompt to attentions what justice may not require. It is surprising how much the comfort and pleasure of any journey, whether long or short, is enhanced by those little nameless courtesies which are offered instinctively and unofficiously to strangers by refined, well-bred travelers, and persons in whom native tact and delicacy almost make up for the lack of the educating and refining influences of good society. Summer journeying in crowded boats and cars is a test both of patience and politeness. Thrice happy they who pass nobly through it, for their own sake, for the comfort of companions, and for the reputation of poor human nature in general.

"CREDIT MOBILIER."—The savans of Boston quote conflicting authorities as to the correct pronunciation of 'Credit Mobilier.' John B. Alley pronounces it Credit Mo-beel-yea; Judge Poland—Credit Mo-bil-air; Oakes Ames—Credit Mo-bil-ay; Gen. Banks—Credit Mo-bil-by-e; Senator Stevenson—Cred-dy Mo-bill-eer.

EASTERN PROVERBS.—The well-known warning not to look a gift horse in the mouth, has its equivalent in Badaga, one of the Indian tongues. 'If any one offers you a buffalo, do not ask if it gives milk;' and the Malayali rendering of a 'A burnt child dreads the fire' is identical with the corresponding French proverb, 'A scalded cat fears cold water,' while the Hindu version is very picturesque and characteristic—'He whose father was killed by a bear is afraid of a black stump.' Again, we say, 'If you send an ass on its travels it will not come back a horse,' which in Tamil runs, 'You may decorate an ass, but that will not make it a horse;' and another dialect expresses nearly the same [illegible] in [illegible] vulgar, 'A donkey may grow, but he will never be an elephant.'

The European proverbs that 'No man is a hero to his valet de chambre,' and that 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' are tersely and picturesquely combined in the Tamil adage, 'The temple cat does not fear the idol.' The Maylayalis reprove a boaster who glories over the unfortunate with the pithy remark, 'Anyone can leap a fallen tree,' and their proverb, 'Running up and down the host does not bring one sooner to land,' is a keen rebuke to those who chafe and fret under circumstances of forced inaction, while the sacred warning not to cast pearls before swine is aptly paraphrased by the question, 'What is the use of reading the Vedas to a wild buffalo?' A few more Tamil sayings seem well worthy of notice. 'The tears of the oppressed are sharp swords,' reads like a sentence from the proverbs of Solomon; and 'The flower out of reach is dedicated to God,' is surely a most graceful statement of the futility of day dreams of service and sacrifice in the pathless future.

'The ant, measured by its own hand, is eight spans long,' expresses with superior elegance and force the grist of more than one English proverb; and 'A black cow may give white milk,' is an adage admirable for terseness and point, even if doubtful in morality. There is much shrewdness in the Servian proverbs — 'Speak the truth, but come away quickly after,' and 'When an old dog bark, then see what the matter is;' and volumes of truth and beauty are summed up in the simple saying, 'The sun goes over unclean places but is not defiled.' Of how many bright and holy lives spent in labor among vice and misery, might this motto be taken as the fittest motto? Russian proverbs present a remarkable combination of sound common sense, deep religious feeling, and pithy, almost coarse expression.

A few taken almost at random will illustrate all three; 'Measure your cloth ten times for you can only cut it once'—'A fool can cast a stone into the sea, but a hundred wise men cannot get it out' 'If you knew where you would fall, you could put down straw.' 'Pray to God, but row toward shore.' 'With God go over the sea; without God cross not the threshold.' 'A mother's prayer saves from the depths of the sea.' 'Fear not the rich man's frown; fear the beggar's tears.' 'Love me when I am black, when I am white every one will love me'—'We cannot go to church for the mud, but we may get to the tavern.' 'No need to plant tools; they grow of themselves.'—'Ask a pig to dinner, and she will put her feet on the table.'

MAN AND WIFE.—Some years ago a gentleman of wealth, residing in the north part of Boston, died, leaving a wife, daughters and a son. Some time after the daughters were married and left the home circle where their mother and brother lived under the roof where they had grown up from childhood. The son for the past eight or nine years had manifested in every particular an increasing devotion and regard for the comfort and happiness of his mother, and by unremitting attention and constant attendance he had striven to cheer and make happy her declining years. As a proof of his fidelity and love for her welfare, it is stated that all through those long eight or nine years he never slept away from the parental roof two nights in succession. If out of an evening for a social visit or on matters of business, long before the hours became late he was at home. Thus mother and son lived on, gliding smoothly life's journey, contented and happy together.

During the latter part of January last the son complained occasionally of feeling indisposed, but being cheerful and apparently not seriously ill, no great apprehensions were felt On Sunday morning he arose evidently in good health. Shortly after breakfast the mother had occasion to leave him for a few moments sitting by the fire, and on her return to the apartment she found him lying on the floor breathing heavily, with every symptom of an apoplectic fit. Medical aid was instantly summoned, but nothing could be done, and in a few hours he expired.

Arrangements were made for the last tribute of respect and affection to be paid to his remains, and the time of the ceremonies fixed. Among the many who were informed of his sudden and sad demise was a young lady whom he had occasionally spoken of to his mother in such a manner as to give her the inference that he entertained an attachment for her.

At the time of the funeral this young lady was present, and by her actions manifested the deepest sorrow and grief at his death. Attired in deep mourning, her modest behavior and the evident sincerity of her demonstrations fully interested the genuineness of her feelings. With the rest of the followers she accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

The surprise of the mother can far better be imagined than described, when a few days subsequent to the funeral the young lady visited her and avowed herself the lawful wedded wife of her dead son. The mother naturally disbelieved the assertion, and denied its truth, perhaps deeming it an advance toward securing her son's share of her husband's property.

The wife, for so she appeared to be, modestly substantiated the truth of her declaration by producing a certificate of marriage, properly made out, setting forth her union to the deceased by a clergyman eight years ago. At the same time she intimated her intention of applying for her dead husband's property.

And thus the matter stands at present, and as before stated, is one almost without a parallel. The mystery of it is this—that for eight long years the deceased has kept the secret of his marriage from all save his wife Furthermore, during all that period of time he has never passed but a few hours at a time in her society, and the greater mystery is what caused the union to be kept such a profound secret. What effected their separation, what has been the cause of her remaining so long in obscurity, seeking her own living, while her husband possessed wealth, the wife can reveal if so disposed, but the dead lips of the husband never can.

HANDWRITING OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.—Col. Forney, in his recollections of distinguished men, says:

"Senator Sumner's writing is characteristically large and distinct; short sentences, carefully pointed, good ink and excellent stationery—somewhat after the Parliamentary fashion. He is a prodigious worker, and, I fear, even his prostration cannot keep his hand from pen and pencil. Caleb Cushing writes very rapidly, and it requires one familiar with his manuscript to interpret it. Of all men, however, none was harder to understand than Thaddeus Stevens. I have some notes of his which would puzzle an expert. John Lothrop Motley, the historian, is singularly precise. Thackeray seems to rejoice in small feminine characters, and took great delight in his letters to his friends to decorate the border with all manner of curious caricatures. Robert T. Conrad, the poet, was a most delicate and *delicate* writer. Some of his poems were not less models of literary beauty than of mechanical taste. William B. Reed, so well known in politics and in literature, writes a hand very much like the venerable Henry C. Carey—fair to look upon, but sometimes hard to unravel. Stephen A. Douglas dashed off his letters without much regard to appearance. He seemed to be always under a high pressure, and what he wrote was written with intense feeling. John C Fremont signs his name boldly, a little after the Dickens style. William H Seward was excessively particular in the preparation of his speeches, and composed with deliberation. I heard an old stenographer say that after he had taken down Mr. Seward, literally, in one of his greatest efforts, and presented him the full report, the statesman recast the whole discourse, and sent it to the printers in his own hand. Senator Morton writes in bold, round characters. Thurlow Weed's is significantly editorial—anybody who sees it can tell that he has reeled off multitudinous leaders. McMichael of the North American, writes nervously, in straight lines, frequently hard to solve. Boker, the poet, prides himself upon his cool and dainty chirography. Rufus Choate was a dreadful affliction to the printers when they got hold of his legal papers, and the man who most resembled him in his time, George W. Barton, of Pennsylvania, was almost as prolific in his oratory as in his handwriting, and it was far easier to enjoy his magnificent rhetoric than his written sentences. Fillmore's style was methodical and slow; Pierce's quick, bold and legible; Lincoln's small, careful and rather labored; Grant's unpretending and easily read."

HIGH PRICES.

It has long been evident that many who desire to purchase a Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine for domestic use, or often, perhaps, as an aid toward procuring a livelihood, were deterred from doing so by the high price of a Lock-Stitch Machine, with the various appliances necessary, costing more than many felt willing to pay.

Various *cheap* machines were put in the market, making curious and fancy stitches; but in the end on account of repairs constantly needed, time lost when they would not work, and garments spoiled when they would work, they proved more expensive than the Lock Stitch Machines; and the seams that were warranted to take out easily—if you knew how—had a way of taking themselves out at a time and in a manner never anticipated by the wearer.

In view of these facts, ELIAS HOWE, the original inventor of Sewing Machines, resolved to give the world a Lock-Stitch Family Sewing Machine that should combine all the best points of his *previous* machines, with such improvements as his long experience and ripe judgement should suggest; in a word, the best possible machine, to be sold at the minimum of profit, relying upon the large sales sure to follow the introduction of a strictly first class machine at a moderate price.

The Howe Machine can be obtained of the Agent, G. A. Simms, Leonardtown, at New York prices and on easy terms. The public will please bear in mind that some other Machines are sold at *fifteen dollars advance over New York prices.*

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.—Hufeland, who records a case of suicide by starvation, says that 'after an abstinence of eighteen days the man still breathed, but expired after a little soup had been forced down his throat.' On his person they found a diary, from which the following are extracts:

'Sept. 16—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury it, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation because bad men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since I have said I die of starvation.

'Sept. 17—What a night I have passed! It has rained. I am wet through. I have been so cold.

'Sept. 18—The cold rain forced me to get up and walk. My walk was very feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms.—How nasty that water was!

'Sept. 19—The cold, the length of the nights, the slightness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering

'Sept 20—In my stomach there is great commotion—hunger, and above all, thirst become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. Would I could lick up the water from the mushrooms now!

'Sept. 21—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst, I crawled with great labor to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump near the inn where I bought the beer.

'Sept 23—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. To-day thirst made me go to the pump. The water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions in the evening; nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

'Sept. 26—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could scarcely trace these lines to-day.

'Sept. 27—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some fell in my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me. I bowed to him. He returned my salutation. It is with great regret that I die. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time.'

This pathetic case illustrates, as indeed all other cases do, the truth that thirst is far more terrible than hunger. The man's resolution was not strong enough to resist the desire for drink, yet he never seems to have faltered in his determination to refrain from food. It will be further noticed that he ceased to complain of the cold when thirst set in fiercely, because then fever had also supervened.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.—A clever writer says: "Let every farmer who has boys provide them a *workshop*. Yes, let *every father* have a workshop, or work-room, or workbench, where the boys may gratify their longing for tools, and satisfy their restless activity for 'something to do.' It should be made pleasant, attractive, and comfortable. If room enough, there should be a workbench and vice, a shaving-tool, and perhaps a small foot-lathe, two or three planes, augers of different sizes, a few chisels, knife, saw, and hammer. For those who cannot afford the whole, a part would answer, and to those who can, other tools might be added; the cost of the tools being but a trifle compared with the advantages gained, one of which is a real progress in *practical education*. It has been said, the best inheritance a man can leave his children is not money to maintain them, but the *ability to help and take care of themselves.*

"A young man who can at any time mend a sofa, chair, rocker, harness or tinware, set the clock, repair an umbrella, whitewash the wall, paper a room, and do a hundred other small jobs, will get through the world far more comfortably and thriftily than one who is constantly obliged to depend on the help of others. Besides all this, and greater still, is the moral influence of tools in furnishing boys something cheerful to do in stormy weather or leisure hours, and thus weakening any temptation to attend those places of diversion which so often lay the foundation of lifelong harm to character."

☞ An old bachelor said "there's a darned sight more jewelry worn now-a-days than when I was young. But there's one piece that I always admired which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked a young lady. "A thimble," was the reply. He was regarded with contempt and scorn by every lady in the room for the rest of the evening.

☞ A Lansingburgh, N. Y., man, thinking he was about to die, endeavored to get a promise from his young wife that she would never marry again. The lady hesitated a long time, but finally gave her husband's anxious heart partial ease by saying, 'I will promise not to marry more than I can help.'

☞ A little boy the other day was put into long trousers for the first time. Some one asked him why he had changed?—"Well," he replied, "the boys made fun of me, and I wasn't going to wear my pants at half-mast any longer."