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TIGERS AND COBRAS.—Two papers—one the official report of Mr. Grant Duff, and the other, read a few days ago by Capt. Rogers, before the London Society of Arts—give figures touching the loss of life in India through the assaults of wild beasts and venomous snakes, that are positively startling. It appears from these authorities that in 1871, the total number of deaths caused by these creatures was no less than 18,078. The record of 1869 was 14,529, so that in spite of the decrease in the number of noxious animals we are accustomed to observe with the approach and contact of civilized man, the list of victims was lengthened during these two years in a terrible manner. In fact, the mortality from this cause appears to exceed that of all the wars carried on in or near the West Indies, and the beasts and snakes seem to kill more men than the men kill of each other.

Some particular individuals among the wild animals acquire special fame for their horrible exploits and long-continued impunity. Capt. Rogers describes one especially prominent in this way. She caused, he says, the destruction of thirteen villages, and 250 square miles of country were thrown by her out of cultivation. Another tigress in 1869 killed 127 people, and actually stopped a public high road for many weeks, the inhabitants not daring to travel by it. In 1868 a panther, in broad daylight, broke into the town of Chitola, and in less than 100 yards of the pit, attacking everybody he saw, he killed, but he bit one man to death, and desperately wounded three others, before he succumbed.

The magistrates of the various departments are constantly reporting the ravages of the tigers and panthers who destroy not only human beings but immense numbers of cattle. It appears that the increase of human population only brings increased mortality from this cause, the wild beasts losing no whit of their boldness with the advance of man, but rather acquiring fresh audacity and bloodthirstiness. The serpents, too, apparently disperse the ground inch by inch, and even invade houses in the most populous districts. Soldiers are constantly attacked in their encampments by the cobra di capello, the bite of which, although venipotent is almost certain to be fatal, according to Dr. Bucher, who has had wide experience, the poison may be successfully combated by alcohol if taken in time.

When the ravages of these fearful pests are considered, as exemplified by the trustworthy accounts of Mr. Grant Duff and Captain Rogers, the sportsmen who go out to slaughter them by the hundred rise above the character of mere pleasure-seekers and become real benefactors of their kind. When nearly 20,000 persons are thus meeting yearly so terrible a death, it is almost certain, indeed, to devise comprehensive means for their extermination and remorseless enemy such as private individuals, however ardent and enterprising, can hardly command. We suppose the whole Russian expedition to Khiva will hardly exceed 20,000 men; and hence, were the entire force to be absolutely blotted out, the loss of life would not exceed what is yearly inflicted in India, by tigers and cobras. It is a curious fact that the immense improvement in firearms does not seem to cut down the number of catastrophes from these causes. Even breech-loaders, revolvers, and rifles that kill at a thousand yards, appear to have no special destructiveness for these wild depredators of the plain and the jungle, from whom the only ultimate security must obviously consist in extermination.

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a handsomely dressed young lady, and thinking, as I looked at her clothes; "wonder if she takes as much pains with her hair as she does with her body." A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just as he reached as he made two attempts to go in front of the house; but the gate was so heavy and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the lady, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate open until he had passed in and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. She deserves to have beautiful clothes, I thought, for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast.

Agassiz says that the evening hours are the best for sleeping. They are also the best for sitting up with a nice girl.

The best thing in the world is to take things as they come—take them easy—and take a good many of them.

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Chill and dark the twilight falls,
And the tide streams out to the bay,
Come close to my side, oh, faithful one,
And kiss me again, I pray;
For my life is ebbing along with the tide,
Ebbing and passing away.

Fling wide the lattice—the sunset one,
That looks on the open sea,
I love to hear the plaintive waves,
Which ever cease calling to me;
How take our babe from his cradle soft,
And place him upon your knee.

How lovely he looks, with the dainty flush,
—Like a sea-shell's tint on his cheek!
Our lives have been happy, have they not?
Though poor, we were gentle and meek;
Nay, do not cry! I grieve to see
Those tears on a manly cheek.

Place him back once more in his little crib,
Though never again may he sit,
The light of love in those fading eyes,
He will not be far from me;
I shall nightly guard his gentle sleep,
And keep him pure and free.

Now raise me up on your active arm,
That has toiled for me both so long;
Kiss me again! and let me watch
The dark waves sweep along,
And hear the voice of the night wind come,
With his sad and dirge like song.

Out with the tide!—afar, afar—
But not to an unknown sea;
For look! the light-house now is lit,
And its lamps are flashing free,
Out with the tide! but not, dear love,
Not always away from thee.

USEFUL RECIPES.—As the berry season is fast approaching we publish the following useful receipts:

BLACKBERRY WINE.

It is a simple process, not very expensive, and pays well.
Run your berries through a wire press, if you have one; if not, put them into a strong linen bag, and squeeze the juice out of them with your hands. Let them stand thirty-six hours to ferment; skim off whatever rises to the top, and then to every gallon of juice add one quart of water, and three pounds of crushed sugar. A good quality of brown sugar will do if the crushed is not convenient.
After seeing that your sugar is well dissolved, let stand in an open vessel twenty-four hours, with a piece of mosquito bar spread over the top to keep out flies; then strain into a tight barrel and put aside to remain undisturbed for two or three months, at least. There must be a small vent at the bung all this time. The best plan is to insert a small lead pipe, bend it over on the epher plan, and let the end of the tumbler being kept filled up. It will do without all this, however; a small hole in the bung with a piece of mosquito bar over it can be made to answer.

At the end of two or three months (or if you have left your barrel undisturbed till next March all the better), rack off on the usual plan for wine and put away in bottles, and you will have an article equal to the best port. In fact, I don't think any wine could beat it, not even excepting our famous Sempertong. But for a very fine brand, the berries should be well selected and thoroughly ripe.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.

Many people make this, and the process is more simple than that of wine making. Weigh your berries and to the juice cleanly compressed from three pounds of good ripe berries add one pound of crushed sugar. Let stand twelve hours, then strain adding a teaspoonful of finely ground all-spice to every quart of cordial. It is ready for use immediately.

BLACKBERRY JAM.

is another very nice thing to have, and this within easy reach just now. Put your berries into a brass or copper kettle, adding one pound of best brown sugar to every two pounds of fruit. Bruise together and then boil gently for an hour, or until the berries are thoroughly soft.—Don't forget to stir while boiling, for your mess must not be allowed to scorch. Put up into glasses or anything you like, just as you would put up other jams. It is really a nice thing, and the cost of it is almost too small to name. Spread upon bread it is greatly relished by children, and it is cheaper than butter and perfectly wholesome.

ONE A MINUTE.

One of the largest buildings in the United States is THE HOWE MANUFACTORY. Its floors have a brass or copper kettle, adding one pound of best brown sugar to every two pounds of fruit. Bruise together and then boil gently for an hour, or until the berries are thoroughly soft.—Don't forget to stir while boiling, for your mess must not be allowed to scorch. Put up into glasses or anything you like, just as you would put up other jams. It is really a nice thing, and the cost of it is almost too small to name. Spread upon bread it is greatly relished by children, and it is cheaper than butter and perfectly wholesome.

The objection to Gen. Butler, that he has no character enough to fill the chair once occupied by Gov. Andrew, is not well taken, for according to the New York Graphic, "There is no man in Massachusetts who has more character than Gen. Butler—such as it is."

DIAGORAS AND HIS SONS.

In the histories of Greece we often find something said about the "Games." These games were very different from boy's play.—They were rather what we should now call athletic, or manly sports. Only men or quite grown-up youths were permitted to take part in them. It required a great deal of strength and skill, and a great deal of practice, too, to be a victor in any of them. The foot-races were the chief, but there were also contests in wrestling and throwing the quoit; and afterwards there was a chariot race.

Those who took part in these contests had to be trained under a master for ten months before the time for holding the games. Only native-born Greeks were allowed to engage in them, and they were required to be men of honorable parentage and good character. Neither were they allowed to use any unfair means to win the victory; if they did, they were most severely punished.

Now we may imagine the foot races waiting for the signal to start. They have laid aside their garments, that nothing may hinder them or trip them up in running; and they stand in a row, every foot forward, every eye fixed, every thought set upon winning the crown.—Hark! the trumpet sounds, and they are off. How the people crowd and press forward, but the racers heed them not. Now they shout aloud to encourage them, and now they laugh at one who has fallen and is left behind, but the others take no notice. They stop for nothing, turn aside for nothing, do not even look on one side, for they know that a single false step may lose the race. And now they are getting near the goal where the judge sits, and the first who passes that seat wins the prize. Many are lagging behind, only three seem likely to win, and they are very close to each other. But see, one of them with a tremendous effort—how the people all cheer him!—springs forward and is first. The others try to pass him, but in vain. Another moment, and amidst still louder shouts he reaches the goal.

Now he receives the palm branch in token of his victory, and his friends and relations crowd around him and embrace him with tears of joy.
When winners return to their native cities new honors will greet them, and the people will come out to meet them with shouts and songs of triumph.
At one of these games a very affecting scene occurred. The sons of an old man named Diagoras, who had himself in days gone by been a victor, came to contend for a prize. Both won the crown made of olive leaves. With joy the old man pressed forward to greet them, and as they embraced him they took their arms from their own heads and placed them on his. Then lifting him on their shoulders, as if he were the victor, they carried him along the race ground in triumph. The people greeted them with loud shouts, for the Greeks honored old age, and they honored the sons who put such honor upon their father. "Die now, Diagoras," they cried, "for thou hast nothing more to wish for." And so it came to pass, for the joy of the triumph was too much for the old man, and dropping his head upon the shoulder of his eldest born, he died in his arms.

NEEDLESS ANXIETY.

We sometimes think, while surveying the stout, healthy limbs of the little street Arab, that children resemble weeds—attaining greater strength when left to follow their own instincts. The plan of over-watching children renders them unnaturally timid, and prevents that calmness of mind and development of animal courage essential for the prudent avoidance of all resistance to danger. Such children are notoriously those who are the most constantly exposed to their health and lives to hazard.—They are so accustomed to move at the will of another that their own volition loses its power to a great extent, and becomes hesitating and uncertain. Their muscles, accordingly, act with little precision, and render the step faltering and the head insecure. The child who is left to run, climb and jump, though he may apparently expose himself to a thousand risks, generally escapes danger by his habits, and readiness of expedient and practiced precision of movement. The freer children have, moreover, the advantage of protecting themselves by various means of security denied to those kept under too close a supervision. Swimming, riding, running, leaping, using fire-arms—all which may be in their turn become important means of safety, are the ordinary acquisitions of the emancipated boy, but seldom of him who is subjected to an unceasing parental control.—It is obvious, too, that the greater freedom of the one is more favorable to health than the constraint of the other. It is equally advantageous to the moral as to the physical health and development that the parent should not allow his anxiety about his child to become too apparent, or to interfere too much with their freedom of conduct.

Stephen Pearl Andrews says: "Nothing in the concrete sphere is ever divided by clear cut, geometrical lines. Hence there is overlapping and mere perpendicular and inappreciability of prime elements." That's the way we always looked at it.

The sprightly Boston Transcript asks, "If a Miss is as good as a mile, how good is a Mrs? If she is a widow she will be good for a league under almost any circumstances."

Postal cards will be a delicate and delightful way to dun delinquent debtors.

HOW ALUM IS MADE.

The alum process is a very simple one, and is carried on in the alum works of Europe. It is a very simple process, and is carried on in the alum works of Europe. It is a very simple process, and is carried on in the alum works of Europe.

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Another variety of alum is manufactured from alum slate, a species of sandstone containing a large quantity of clay, which is extensively disseminated throughout different portions of the United States and Canada. In its preparation, the slates, like the alum rocks, are arranged in regularly formed masses and subjected to a certain amount of heat and moisture. At Whitby, where the most extensive manufactures of Europe are located, these masses are often built to a height of one hundred feet square. Owing to the composition of these slates, twelve months, and often more, are required for the burning process. After an artificial fire has been continued for several weeks, no additional fuel is necessary, as the chemical changes in the ingredient will furnish sufficient material for combustion. When thoroughly pulverized by this process the powder is placed in large vessels of water, where the soluble salts they contain are washed out, after which the liquor is boiled, and for the purpose of eliminating all impurities, condensed by the agency of heat into a powerful solution of copper and the sulphate of ammonia or basic alum. This liquor thus condensed, is then conveyed into large tanks, where the iron is chemically separated and a suitable alkali added (the basic alum not possessing the property of crystallization,) which causes the formation of crystals on the sides of the tanks. These are again dissolved, and the solution placed in casks, around the sides of which, in a short time, the alum crystals are reformed and these when they become free from moisture, are ready for market. It is estimated that 61½ tons of alum slate are required to one ton of alum.—N. Y. Mercantile Journal.

THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

This destructive little creature is perhaps the most insidious enemy our wardrobes and textile fabrics have to contend with, and careful housewives are always on the alert to thwart its destructive efforts at spoliation. To meet our adversaries, however, it is well to know something of their habits and nature.
It is not the moth that is the actual cause of mischief, but the caterpillar of the moth, which, as soon as it quits the egg, begins to eat, and begins to eat the appropriate fabric, begins to collect materials to form its nest. For his purpose, having spun a thin coating of silk, proceeds by itself, filaments of wool or fur close to the thread of the cloth, and applies the pieces to the outside of its case, to which envelope it tenaciously confines itself, unless greatly disturbed.
When feeding, it thrusts its head out at either end of the case, in which it can turn; but when inclined to change its position on the cloth, it protrudes its head, and about half its body, and by fixing its hinder legs firmly in the case drags the latter after it. When the case becomes too small, it collects the material from around it, and makes an addition at each end. This fact has been ascertained by observant naturalists removing the creature from cloth of one color to another, when the hue of the addition are plainly observable.
After changing into a chrysalis, it remains quiescent for about three weeks, when a small moth, of a silvery gray color, comes forth. We deem these particulars very essential, as it will be seen that in the first place the moth has to find a fitting receptacle for its eggs, then that the eggs have to lie for a certain time before they are developed into the maggot form, and afterwards into that of the chrysalis, when it finally becomes a moth altogether, taking a considerable time, comparatively, before the creature commences its destructive mission.

There are many remedies given—Cuttings of Russian leather have proved protective, and a distinguished fly-fisher, who once suffered severely from this moth getting among his store of feathered lures, has found, by the introduction of a small piece of tallow candle into his cases, that the ravages of these destructive insects have been entirely overcome.

VALUABLE RAILROADS.—Gen. W. S. Rosecrans contributes an original article to "Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine" for June, on the "Effects of Railroads on the Value of Lands." General Rosecrans believes that these effects, like all others, must be fixed by laws. These he expresses in mathematical formula, from which he deduces rules for calculating the cash value of an acre of land for any kind of crop; for finding the greatest distance from market for which any product will pay; for finding at what distance from market the acre ceases to have any value; and for the solution of similar problems. As a specimen of his conclusions we quote these sentences:
A single line of 400 miles of railroad proceeding from a general market at the averages assumed, adds \$303,592,320 to the value of the lands alone; which is an average of \$638,985 per mile of road.—Were we to consider the first 200 miles only, the gross gain to property would be \$151,796,160, and the average per acre \$1,711,968. And for a road 100 miles long from the market, the gross gain to the lands would be \$220,992,992 or \$2,209,929 per mile of road.

Should any reader be filled with surprise and amazement at these enormous sums, let him observe the careful steps and moderate averages used in obtaining them, and he will see that they are the expression of an incontrovertible fact.—We will not verily be materially affected by local variations from our averages. No one, perhaps, dies exactly at the time computed for him by the tables of mortality; yet the average person of his class never outlives the time computed by the tables.
The immense gain to landowners thus shown will be participated in by the State, which gains to its taxable property the same sum, \$393,592,320.

This, yielding from taxation a net of \$1 per hundred, would produce \$3,935,923,200, equal to a capital of \$65,598,717, bearing at 6 per cent. per annum in perpetuity, or \$153,996 per mile of road.

SWINGING ON THE GATE.—Breathes there a man with a soul so dead? who has never swung on a gate with a pretty girl? If there is such an unfortunate, I pity him from the innermost recesses of my heart—I pity him as one who missed a sensation, one of the best of our imperfect natures.
I have swung that way with a great many girls in my time. I am going to swing some more if I get the chance—for if I do not I shall mourn for a lost opportunity.

WHAT BERECHER THINKS OF DEATH.

I have known morbid people to speculate as to how they were going to look in their coffin. I have known grown people who were full of imagination about the grave. Death is not only heathenish, but barbarous in their thought.

I never think of dying except with pleasure, as I would of translation. To me the more passing through is nothing; it may be a little longer or a little shorter. I have always hoped it would be very short. I may hurry some people by very fast, but I pray that I will give no sudden and instantaneous death. I would rather die by being struck by lightning than die by consumption. If it be God's will that I should become old and tottering and grow feeble before I die I am willing that it should be so, but if I were left to my choice I should like to break off short and die a strong man, in the middle of battle, but that is for God to decide, and not for me.

Dying to me is not at all the humiliation of the body. It is the exhalation of the spirit. It is the emergence of the soul from this outward form. It is our development out of this sphere into a higher one. It is not the ushering of men into a state of weakness and gloom. It is the inauguration of a condition of power and joy. It is the moving of the soul in the direction of amplitude and glory. It is the adorning of the soul with the riches of immortal life in its highest forms and in its greatest beneficence.

I do not know that a nightingale sitting in the twilight and singing with all its little soul, has the least idea that the whole neighborhood is charmed with its song; but I can conceive that a soul may be in such a blessed state of experience that it may, like a nightingale, charm the wide circles in heaven with inspiring music.

The Apostle did not care to be unclean; he did not care to get rid of his burden, except by overcoming it through divine grace; but he desired to be clothed upon. He desired a better manhood—spiritual manhood, heavenly manhood. He did not take a gloomy view of suffering and death. Some men think of dying. I do not think of anything black or smirching when I think about death. I think of gold and precious stones and flashing wings. Some men think of an iron gate with an ugly, grim jester, a big key, that is not rusty, turns it open. I think of a "pearly gate," as Milton calls it, which turns on golden hinges. Some men think of dying as they think of disease. I think of dying as the flight of the bird—higher and higher into a purer ether.

Now, it seems to me that no thought of death is valid or right which does not leave you stronger, more joyous, happier. I am not going to die to-day. I am not going to die to-morrow. I mean, by the grace of God, to die toward heaven. And I am going to think of it so as to take some comfort of it beforehand. I am going to shake the tree of life so that if I do not get the golden fruit there, some leaves shall drop for the healing of my heart.—H. W. Beecher.

VALUABLE RAILROADS.—Gen. W. S. Rosecrans contributes an original article to "Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine" for June, on the "Effects of Railroads on the Value of Lands." General Rosecrans believes that these effects, like all others, must be fixed by laws. These he expresses in mathematical formula, from which he deduces rules for calculating the cash value of an acre of land for any kind of crop; for finding the greatest distance from market for which any product will pay; for finding at what distance from market the acre ceases to have any value; and for the solution of similar problems. As a specimen of his conclusions we quote these sentences:
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COMING HOME FROM CHURCH OF A "MEENY" NIGHT.

bathed in the mellow light, a little back clinging fondly to your manly arm, and a pretty face bewitchingly close to yours; bright eyes looking an adorable sweetness at you; ripe red lips moving to enchanting small talk—celestial music to a man in love—you reach that well-remembered gate. You open it for her to pass in, but before she does that, something unaid must be remembered, and she stops to recall that pretty gossip. You are hardly conscious of her words, but you are in the stage of tender passion when her voice is the soul of music, and all you want is to keep her talking as long as you can.

The lamps are out in the house in front; the old folks have retired to rest, and you have the field all to yourself.
At last she passes in after a certain concussive sound has taken place under her bonnet. You dream of your first stick of candy, of maple sugar, of Charlotte Russe, and all sorts of liquid and solid sweetness, and you think them stale, flat, unprofitable compared with that kiss.

Is she going to leave you, now that the gate is closed? Not if I know anything of female nature, and I have had something to say to confiding females of all classes, and they are alike in this respect; that they delight in the company of a passable young man by moonlight; and in that they show their good taste. I have heard it said that there are females differently constituted, but I never met them, and I am glad of it. I hope I never shall.

Something more to tell. She returns to the gate and leans upon it. Your lips are rather close to hers, and if you do not kiss her then I have no respect for you, unworthy as you are of the name of man. You talk about the moon, about Tom Fellows at sea, about the moon again, about the weather, about the sermon—

But all things must have an end, and partings must come. The lips cling together in a long parting kiss, and you go home, through the moonlight, full of poetic thoughts, as happy as a young man is in this world of duns and debtors. Let's have more of it—this swinging on the gate.

A TALK OF A DON.—We bought a new dog this spring; but the speculation was not thoroughly successful. The man who brought him round turned him loose in the yard, and then left. When we went out to get acquainted with him he was exploring the slop bucket with his nose, and as we approached he merely glanced around and growled. We attempted to pat him on the head, and then he suddenly dropped a mouthful of meat, and took three or four very earnest snaps at our hand and leg. We were afraid somebody would steal him, so we enticed him that evening into the kitchen with a bone and locked him in. He scratched the door and howled all night, and breakfast was late in the morning, because he wouldn't let the hired girl come into the kitchen. When we got him into the yard, we found that he had knocked eight plates off the dresser during his nocturnal skirmishes. The next evening we felt as if we would prefer that somebody would steal him, and we locked him out. He amused himself that night scratching at the door to get in and howling. He can howl more effectively than any dog we ever met. You would have thought we had a menagerie in the yard, if you could have heard him. That day he killed the pet cat, belonging to Smith screeching at the door, and removed a couple of mouthfuls from the leg of Chubb's boy, who came over into our yard after his ball. Then he tore one of the sheets from the clothes line, and gambled with it until it was reduced to rags. When the ash-man came, in the afternoon, he had a dog, and our dog after a few social sniffs organized a combat with the ash-man's dog, and they rolled over and among our tulips and hyacinths, for half-an-hour, taking nips out of each other, and scattering hair about by the handful. On toward evening he had a fit on a pillow-case which was bleaching on the grass plat; and just as we were sitting down to tea a policeman arrived with a warrant, sworn out by Chubb, for our arrest for keeping a ferocious animal upon our premises.

We went around and paid the fine; and that night our house was robbed; and the dog kept perfectly still till morning, although we bought him for the very purpose of scaring off burglars. Anybody who wants to buy a dog may have ours cheap. We will sell him at a sacrifice. We yearn to realize on that animal.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.—In Harper's Magazine for July.

"THINGS AS SEEM."—Many years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, Ex-President Madison lent the weight of his influence to the cause. Cane-bottles and decanters disappeared from the side-board at Montpelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at the hospitable mansion. Nor was this all! Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whiskey was not purchased, and the song of the settlement in the wheat-field languished. In lieu of whiskey, there was a beverage most innocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of darts-key laborers.

The following morning, Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usual inquiry, "Nelson, how comes on the crop?" "Polly, Mars Jecms—monus poly!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Things is seasy." "Why do you mean by seasy?" "We graine to los' dat crop." "Lose the crop? Why should we lose it?" "Cause dar er arap ar heap too big a crop to be gathered 'bout whiskey. Laves and water never gether no erap seasy de worl war made, ner 'dat gwine to." Mr. Madison succumbed; the whiskey was procured, the "crop" was "gathered."

Another clever gentleman has been deceived by hydrants. While homeward bound, working long longitudines, rejoicing under the influence of about 1000 drops of the oil of joy, he ran against a hydrant. He happened to mistake the hydrant for a small colored boy. "Skuse me, sonnie," said he, patting the hydrant paternally; "didn't run yer down because yer was black. Grow up (hie) and be a useful man. Initiate (hie) my example."—And here he laid a quarter on its nose, and went on with a lighter heart and the satisfaction that he had made one poor soul happy.

An old Dutch tavern-keeper, who had his third wife, thus expresses his view of matrimony: "Well, you see first time I married for love—dat was goot; den I married for beauty—dat was goot, too; den I married for money—dat was goot, too; den I married for a woman servant. The young lady should be credited with frankness and most unquestionable sincerity.

Rather than die without a groan, let me groan with a die.—A. Ward.