Saint Mary's Beacon

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent o insert communications unless we know he writer.

Proclamation.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Annapolis, March 10, 1874.

WHEREAS, Information has been received from His Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, that certain citizens of the State of Maryland have recently been again with their vessels and dredges encroaching and trespassing on the oyster beds on the Virginia side of the provisional line, known as the "Davidson-Lovatt Line," which, it was agreed, in the fall of 1870, by and between their Excellencies, Oden Bowie and Gilbert C. Walker, then Governors of Maryland and Virginia, acting for their respective States, should be observed and respected by the oystermen of each State, until the permanent boundary should be fixed and established between the two States.

And Whereas, In pursuance of the said agreement, citizens of Maryland, who had been arrested by the authorities of the State of Virginia for trespassing and encroaching on the oyster beds on the Virginia side of said provisional line, were released from arrest, and their vessels, which had been seized by the said authorities, were restored to them.

And Whereas, The Commissions, heretofore respectively appointed by the States of Maryland and Virginia, having failed to agree upon a permanent boundary line on the eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay, between the said States, the Legislatures of the two States are now endeavoring to arrange some basis upon which a permanent boundary line can be finally agreed upon and established between Maryland and Virginia.

Now, therefore, I, JAMES BLACK GROOME, Governor of the State of Maryland, do by this, my Proclamation, officicially make known to the citizens of Maryland these facts, and do command and earnestly exhort them, as good citizens, faithfully to respect and conform to the agreement made on their behalf by the then Governor of Maryland, that the Davidson-Lovatt Line shall be observed by them as the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, until the permanent boundary line shall be established. And I hereby admonish and warn them, that any violation of that agreement will subject the parties, so violating the same in either State, to severe penalties, against which they can neither hope for, nor expect, the interposition of the Executive prerogative.

****** Given under my hand and the Seal of L. S. the State of Maryland, at the City of ****** Annapolis, this 10th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

JAMES BLACK GROOME,
Governor.

By the Governor:
R. C. HOLLYDAY,
Secretary of State.

march 26, 1874—1m.

Attention Ladies!

A GREAT SAVING OF TIME, LABOR AND MONEY.

THE undersigned having purchased the county right to sell *Jackson's Universal Washing Compound*, is influenced in doing so by a desire to introduce in St. Mary's county an article which, for its value as a great saving of time and labor in the arduous duty of family washing, cannot be equalled. For its wonderful bleaching and cleaning properties the following certificates will attest.

Certificates.

We have used Jackson's Washing Compound and found it a perfect success. It not only removes dirt, but renders the clothes beautifully white. With it a child can do a woman's work. We cheerfully recommend it to the public.

Mrs. J. W. CHESLEY,
Mrs J T BALLENGER,
Miss DONNIE ALVEY
and others.

Any one desiring to purchase a family right, can do so by enclosing $1.00, and it will be forwarded by return mail, together with a formula for making and directions for using it.—It can be made by any one at a cost of 75 cts. for a year's supply. Address

J. O. NEAL,
Mechanicsville P O.
St Mary's county, Md.

march 26, 1874.

BLANDFORD & CO.,

General

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN

Flour, Feed, Cakes, Crackers, Candy, Tobacco, Segars, Soaps, &c.

No. 112 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFER TO

Col. John R. Sotheron, T. D. Edwards, The Harrison and G. T. Dyer.

march 26, 1874—1y.

FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY.

Messrs Editors—Please announce Dr STEPHEN L D NEALE, Attorney and Counseller-at-Law, as a candidate for the position of State's Attorney. We believe him to be admirably fitted to discharge with fidelity, boldness and ability the responsible duties of the office.

march 5, 1874. Many Friends.

REST.

BY THE "POET PRIEST" OF THE SOUTH.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And with desire have I long desired
Rest, only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain
In barren rays.
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—
But God knows best,
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest, sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring, and never reap
The Autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry
So heart oppressed,
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pined for rest.

'Twas always so, when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast,
My wearied little head, e'en then I prayed
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the West,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

MARY MOORE.

All my life I had known Mary Moore; all my life I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the old school house, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tipping down the steps when I called her name; how sweetly her blue eyes looked at me, how gaily rang out her laugh. No one but Mary could bring her heart so near her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of mankind; and when the frosts of age are shivering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee and call me 'father,' I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that even in gray hairs, I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my breast. I was sent away to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all.

I left college in all the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed, I had grown into a tall slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to think how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thinking she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I knew, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding-school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate and then called myself 'a man' again.

In a year, I thought as the vehicle whirled away from our door—I will return and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would despise me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I should perhaps have found myself mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely, because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and had made me a better man. When at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was, I murmured to myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from that land of romance and gold for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all—and yet the sight of the little toy strange, ly thrilled me as I balanced it on the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of the others it was but a small, plain circle, suggesting thought, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But not to me—how much was embodied there—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, and sun-bronzed, I knocked at my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company had assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carelessly on.

But no, a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sound from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known or asking for any of the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me; from out behind the servant peered out a golden head, a tiny, delicate form and sweet childish face with blue eyes, so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

She lifted up her hands to shade her face. I have seen that very altitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore Chester."

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank body and soul beneath this blow, and, hiding my face in my hand I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called my sister out to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice, saying:

"Did you wish to see my father sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked after her for a moment, and then stilling the tempest of my heart, by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried and threw herself upon my breast, and wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush, and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears.

Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not lost; and although another had secured life's most choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in the sanctuary of home.

There were four inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance.—One was the blue-eyed child, whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand.—Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first raptuous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I never would have known you, but no matter about that, your heart is in the right place, I know."

'How can you say that he has changed?' said my mother, gently. 'To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and smiles are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my son still.'

'Aye, mother,' I answered sadly, 'I am your boy still.'

Heaven help me! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the tremor of my lips, and answered quietly, as I looked into his full handsome face.

'You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better.'

'Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment, he answered with a hearty laugh. 'My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day.'

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still.

'And have you seen my little girl?' he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek. 'I tell you Harry, there is no such other in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?'

'Very much,' I faltered.

'Hallo!' cried Frank, with a suddenness which made me start violently, 'I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your younger days—yes, Harry,' and he slapped me on the back—'for the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once, but mind old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is, I for one want to see how you will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation.'

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing toward me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, 'Not Mary.'

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said; even Frank, in general so obtuse was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

'Mary—Mary Moore!' I said in a low, eager tone, 'have you no welcome to give the wanderer?'

She turned, and laid her hand in mine and said hurriedly:

'I am glad to see you here, Harry.'

Simple words and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up at that moment for an Emperor's crown. For there was the happy home group and dear home fireside, with sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since the happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope a well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart, I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or changed. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out till life shall cease to wear it.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.—Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of the holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and touching in the evening of age.

If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for keeping of soul and body together.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered by tears.

Passion gets less and less powerful after every defeat. Husband energy for real demands which the dangers of life make upon it.

Permanent rest is not expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near Heaven.

Better be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contensions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

It is not till the storm comes that we find out the real building and the timber of a vessel.

It is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life—it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

Three things to think of: Life, death and eternity.

Three things to contend for: Honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and passion.

Three things to love: Courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire: Intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in: Beauty frankness and freedom.

Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to like: Cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness.

Three things to wish for: Health, friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to cultivate: Good friends, good books and good humor.

☞ 'Sympathy,' says Jean Paul, 'is something which I never withhold from those in trouble, whether they happen to be friends or not; there's nothing mean about me. I find, too, that one can go around shedding sympathy on all sides, for weeks at a time, without spending a cent or being at much personal inconvenience.'

THE DEWBERRYS.

Mrs. Dewberry, wife of James Dewberry, is an exceedingly absent-minded woman, so absent-minded that she sometimes forgets to sew on her husband's buttons and mend his socks, though, as Mr. Dewberry savagely remarks (brute that he is!) she never seems to forget when she ought to have a new bonnet or gown, or thinks she ought when he don't, for Mr. D. is a man who does not approve of too much dress for women.

They would get along splendidly, however, were it not for Mrs. Dewberry's little habit of forgetfulness, and the additional fact that she is somewhat deaf.

But just let me tell you what happened at the residence of the Dewberry's the other night, and I feel sure you will sympathize not only with Mr. Dewberry but the unfortunate Mrs. Dewberry herself.

Like all partially deaf people, Mrs. Dewberry is forever laboring under the delusion that she hears all descriptions of noises, and happening to wake up last Thursday night about twelve o'clock, became convinced, from sundry imaginary sounds, that some one was breaking into the house. She sat up in bed and listened with both her ears, one of which was a little more deaf than the other, and was sure that some one was forcing an entrance through the basement window. She was dreadfully frightened; visions of masked robbers passed through her head. So, seizing her sleeping husband by the arm, she shook him violently, screaming:

"James! James! Wake up, I say. There's robbers breaking in!"

'What's that?' exclaimed Mr. Dewberry, starting up and rubbing his astonished eyes.

'There's a band of masked robbers getting in at the basement window!' answered Mrs. Dewberry in great excitement.

'Masked robbers!' shouted her husband; 'thunder and lightning!' and with that he sprang out of bed and, snatching the night lamp, dashed down stairs, clad only in his *robe de nuit*. Whereupon Mrs. D., instead of hanging over the balusters to look after her husband, as any other woman would have done, locked the door, and, jumping into bed, covered herself, head and all, in the blankets; and, as her husband did not come back quite as soon as she expected, forgot all about him and fell asleep. Meanwhile Mr. Dewberry, in search of the robbers, having armed himself with his cane, crept softly down the basement stairs and peeped cautiously through the keyhole of the dining-room door, fully expecting to find the room filled with masked men, making off with the silver. But no, the apartment was empty; and though he searched every room and listened at every window and door he could find no trace of robbers. They might be down stairs feasting on the contents of the larder; he had heard of such things, and acting on this suggestion he explored the cellar also, notwithstanding the cold bricks nearly froze his bare feet. But there was no one in the cellar either, unless they were secreted in the coal-bin, and Mr. Dewberry, who when he did a thing always did it well, mounted up on the edge of the bin and, lamp in hand, peered down into its grimy depths. Just as he had decided that there was naught but coal in the bin, a gust of wind from the cellar window blew out his light, and at the same instant Mr. Dewberry lost his balance and fell, head first, into the coal-bin. It is unnecessary to state what he said when he found himself sprawling in that 'beastly coal-bin"—he call it—but he certainly did look rather peculiar when, after procuring another light from the kitchen, he gained his bedroom door with his nightshirt, face, feet, and hands blackened with coal-dust.

To his surprise he found the door locked. He rapped on it with his knuckles, and pounded on it with his feet, but Mrs. Dewberry had gone to sleep with her deafest ear uppermost, and not a sound disturbed her peaceful rest.

'Confound the woman! what am I to do?' thought the victimized Dewberry, shivering with the cold. He'd not stay there all night—that he was determined. So he shouted and banged and shook the door until Mrs. Dewberry was aroused at last, and called out in a sleepy voice, 'Who's there?'

'Who's there, indeed!' shouted the irate Mr. D.: 'why, your husband, woman!—And why, in the name of goodness, don't you unlock this door?'

'I haven't locked the door; no such a thing,' vociferated Mrs. Dewberry, who had of course entirely forgotten the circumstances; 'and you ain't my husband either,' she continued; 'I don't believe a word of it.'

'Not your husband?' cried Mr. Dewberry; 'what next, I wonder? I am your husband. Didn't you send me to look for robbers that were not there, confound it all?'

'Oh! yes, yes,' answered Mrs. D., suddenly remembering all about it. 'Wait a moment, Jim, and I'll let you in;' and Mrs. Dewberry got out of bed and began groping her way across the floor.—There being no light in the room she hadn't gone half a yard before she put her foot into a small bath-tub that Mr. D. had very carelessly left full of water before retiring.

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Dewberry, 'what is that?' and she turned suddenly round, only to catch her foot in the drugget and come splashing down, with both hands in the water.

'What in thunder are you at?' demanded Mr. Dewberry, outside the door. 'Do you mean to let me in to-night?'

'Do be patient,' gasped Mrs. D. 'I'm coming as soon as I get out of this sea of water, whatever it is.'

'Sea of water,' repeated Mr D.; 'why, the woman must be dreaming yet! Will you wake up?' and he began pounding and knocking again, with redoubled vigor.

'I'm coming, I tell you,' screamed Mrs. D.; and feeling around the wall she soon put her hand on the handle of the closet-door, which, supposing it to be the room door, she unlocked and opened wide.—But as Mr. Dewberry was not in the closet he did not come out of it, and Mrs. D. perceived nothing but inky blackness. Whereupon she slammed the door to, and, uttering a fearful scream, immediately crawled under the bed and went into hysterics.

By this time Mr. Dewberry had come to the conclusion that the robbers were in his wife's room; so, rushing down stairs, he tore open the front door and ran out on the pavement, screaming murder! fire! thieves! and everything else he could think of, at the top of his voice. A policeman happening along, Mr. D. collared him at once, and, telling him an incoherent story of robbers killing his wife, frantically led the way to his bedroom door, where the hysterical sobs of Mrs. D. were pitiful to hear.

A few well-directed blows from the policeman's club soon broke open the door, and Mr. Dewberry rushed in.

'Where are you, Susan?' he demanded, staring round the room.

'Here, James,' answered Mrs. D., poking her nightcapped head from under the bed, and diving back with a scream as soon as she caught sight of the policeman and soot-begrimed Dewberry.

'Well, well,' said the policeman, in disgust, 'I don't see your robber. You'd better come down and lock your door, Sir;' and once more the shivering Dewberry decended the stairs.

By this time his cries of 'Fire' had brought two engines to the spot, and when Mr. Dewberry appeared at the door with his light the fireman, mistaking it for the flames, instantly turned the full force of his hose directly at the person of poor Mr. D., and before the policeman could explain, Mr. D. was swept off his feet and doused from head to foot.

In pity, I will draw the curtain over the rest of that wretched night; but the last I heard of Mr. James Dewberry he was sick a bed with an awful cold, and I don't wonder at it.

A PECULIAR POCKET.—The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a closet, and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting-room, serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the closet, she has discharged her whole day in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with the dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses, all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask, 'Which dress?' and being told the brown one, and also asked if she has so many dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out like the rest—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it. Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it. A nervous moving of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible. He now dives one hand in at the back, and feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels, and is mentally grateful he did not allow himself to use any offensive expressions. It is all right now.—There is the pocket in plain view not the inside, but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad.

Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a litle further—now he has got it—he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He had made a mistake. He tries again; again he feels the entrance and glides down it, only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes, and straighten his face.—He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it furiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By gracious!" commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth goes over them carefully, gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears,) and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry with triumph when he discovers that it is the pocket to another dress. He is mad now; the closet air stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but 'plug' it with his clenched fist, and immediately does. Being somewhat relieved by this performance, he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band-box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim to his Panama hat, which was hanging in the same closet, and torn about a yard of bugle-trimming from a new cloak. As all his trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging her dresses inside out, he immediately starts after her, and, impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profanely intimates his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress anyway. The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why but this makes him madder than anything else.—*Danbury News.*

A BOLT ALWAYS IN ORDER.—Squills declares his wife is always taking some kind of mean advantage of him. 'The best woman in the world, sir,' says Squills, 'but now and then she will act mean and she can't help it.'

'Last Saturday at breakfast,' says Squills, 'she was as smiling as a bundle of chips.'

'Are your chops done to your liking, Squills, dear?'

'Deliciously; my love.'

'I knew it was going to be hot,' Squills said, 'and when I got into the hall to leave, Mrs. Squills was there with my hat in one hand and my overcoat in the other.'

'Squills dear,' she began.

'I thought it time to pitch in here,' said Squills, so I said quietly:

'How much, Mrs. Squills? Out with it, my love.'

'Mr. Squills, don't be unmanly, sir, I beg not to say ridiculous. Gussy wants a silk dress to go to church in; the poor child really isn't decent. 'You are very sorry,' well, so you ought to be, 'Let her say her prayers at home.' No, Mr. Squills, she shan't stay at home, and she shan't say her prayers; and, Mr. Squills, you're enough to aggravate a saint, and your conduct is disgusting, and it's enough to drive a woman to bolt right off to Chicago and get a divorce.'

'I thought this was a good time to fire off my pet joke' said Squills; so I said, 'Mrs. Squill, a bolt is always in order.' Then I bolted myself, for Mrs. Squills comes of a fighting family.

'When I went home that night Gussy, dear child, played all my pet Offenbach music, and I knew I was in for the dress, only I wanted to hold out till morning, just for the look of the thing.'

'For five years after we were married Mrs. Squills would persist in looking under the bed for a man. It's the same man every woman looks for, I suppose, because they all do it. Well, all failing to find the man, Mrs. Squills' gave up in disgust, and took to something else. I suppose they'd all take to something else after they can't find the man under the bed. Mrs. Squills' weakness is bolting the door. Mr. Squills have you bolted the door? is always the last thing at night.

This particular night Mrs. Squills was very dignified and distant. 'No familiarities, Mr. Squills, if you please, you wounded my feelings in their tenderest point this morning, and I cannot forget, though your wife, sir, and the mother of your children, Mr. Squills.'

'This was pitching in uncommonly strong, you know,' said Squills, 'and I was about to surrender, when Mrs. Squills turned off somewhere on the outside bedrail. Not even 'Good night Squills.'

I felt pretty bad about it, but I went to sleep; but after awhile I experienced a kick in the back, as if some playful mule had been fanning me. Perhaps it was necessary as I always sleep hard.

'Mr. Squills,' at last I heard Mrs. Squills say, 'Mr. Squills, have you bolted the door?'

Now, I leave it to any man, whether that is the correct thing for the mother of a family to do? Of course I got up and bolted the door, and I said, 'Mrs. Squills, why didn't you think of bolting the door before I went to sleep, and not wake up a man in the middle of a cold night to do it,' and what do you suppose her answer was?

'Why Mr. Squills,' said she, 'I thought a bolt was always in order.'

'What did I say? What could I say? And the worst of all,' said Squills, 'I'll be hanged if she wasn't laughing at me; I could feel the bed shaking.'

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, 'For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck.' When Fenelon's library was on fire 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, 'that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!' This is the true spirit of submission, one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

HOME.—Probably no four letters in the English language have so much significance, and call out such deep and varied feeling as the four letters which spell that little word *Home!* Probably no other thing has so much to do with making the man, and shaping his destiny in both lives. It is the place he finds himself when he comes into the world; it is the place he goes from when he is called out of of it, and every intermediate stage, youth, manhood, age, receives from it the strongest influences and invectives.—*Ware.*

☞ 'Come, Bob, get up,' said an indulgent father to his hopeful son the other morning. 'Remember, it's the early bird that catches the worm.'

'What do I care for worms?' answered the young hopeful; 'mother won't let me go a fishing.'