Saint Mary's Beacon

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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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.

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

NOTICE.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE

SPECIAL TAXES,

May 1, 1874, *to April* 30, 1875.

THE LAW of December 24, 1872, requires every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a SPECIAL TAX, **TO PROCURE AND PLACE CONSPICUOUSLY IN HIS ESTABLISHMENT OR PLACE OF BUSINESS** a STAMP denoting the payment of said SPECIAL TAX for the Special Tax year beginning May 1, 874, before commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1874.

The Taxes embraced within the provisions of the Law above quoted are as follows, viz:

Rectifiers,	$200.00
Dealers, retail liquor,	25.00
Dealers, wholesale liquor,	100.00
Dealers in malt liquors, wholesale,	50.00
Dealers in malt liquors, retail,	20.00
Dealers in leaf tobacco,	25.00
Retail dealers in leaf tobacco,	500.00
And on sales of over $1,000 fifty cents for every dollar in excess of $1,000.	
Dealers in manufactured tobacco,	5.00
Manufacturers of stills,	50.000
And for each still manufactured,	20.00
And for each worm manufactured,	20.00
Manufacturers of tobacco,	10.00
Manufacturers of cigars,	10.00
Peddlers of tobacco, first class (more than two horses),	50.00
Peddlers of tobacco, second class (two horses),	25.00
Peddlers of tobacco, third class (one horse),	15.00
Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance),	10.00
Brewers of less than 500 barrels,	50.00
Brewers of 500 barrels or more,	100.00

Any person, so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.

Persons or firms in St. Mary's county, Md., liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above must apply to WILLIAM R. WILMER, Collector of Internal Revenue at St. Dennis, Baltimore co., and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need, prior to May 1, 1874, and WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, 1874.
April 16, 1874—3t.

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 H. 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 Counsellor-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.

To the Voters of St Mary's Co

I announce myself a candidate for State's Attorney and solicit the support of my fellow citizens.

Nov 13 1873. JAS T BLAKISTONE.

TALE OF A POSSUM.

A COLLEGE "POEM."

The nox was lit by lux of luna,
And 'twas a night most opportuna,
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er the mundus,—
A shallow nix et non profundus.
Op sic a nox, with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt a coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo spanis;
But brevis legs had canis never,
Quam bad hic dog; bonus clever,
Some used to say, in stultum jocum,
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus,
Circum self from stem to sternus,
Unus canis, duo puer,
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,—
If there was I never knew it.
Ilic Lonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to tree a rattur,
Amabat bene to chase a cattur.
On this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.—
Nunquam treed a staring rattur,
Nunquam chased a staring cattur,
But cucurrit quite intentus
On the track and on the scentus,
Till he treed a possum strongum,
In a hollow trunkum longum.
Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit hellum;
Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of possum to secure.
Qum venerint, one began
To chop away like quisque man;
Soon the axe went through the trunkum,
Soon he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.
Combat thickens, on ye bravus!
Canis, puer, bite et stavus;
As his powers non longus tarry,
Possum potest non pugnare;
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades spirit flieth.
Joyful puers, canis bonus,
Think him dead as any stonus;
Ain't his corpus like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe, they will blossom
Into heroes, when with possum
They arrive, narabunt story,
Plenus blood et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Samson, Cæsar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmaneser!
Tell me where est now the gloria,—
Where the honor of Victoria.
Qum at domum narrent story,
Plenus sanguini, tragic, gory,
Pater praiseth, likewise mater;
Wonders greatly younger frater.
Possum leave they on the mundus,—
Go themselves to sleep profundus;
Somniunt possum slain in battle,
Strong as ursas, large as cattle.
When nox gives way to lux of morning,
Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see the varmen,
Of the which hoc est the carmen.
Possum hic est resurrectum,
Leaving puers most dejectum;
Possum linquit track behind him,
Sed the puers never find him.
Cruel possum! bestia vilest!
How the puers tu beguilest.
Puers think non plus of Cæsar,
Go to gramen, Shalmanezer!
Take your laurel cum the honor,
Since ista possum is a goner.

[*From the Rural Carolinian.*]

HOW I CAME TO BE A PATRON.

Not quite a year ago, I called one day to see a friend on some business; this was soon arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and, after chatting a while, I got up to leave. As we shook hands my friend handed me a small pamphlet, at the same time requesting me to read it. "What is this?" I asked. "Read it and judge for yourself," he replied. By reference to the title page I was informed that this mysterious little book was the "Constitution of the *Patrons of Husbandry*."—"Who are the Patrons of Husbandry? I never heard of them," I soliloquized. Upon reading a little further I found that this was a name applied to a secret organization for the *promotion and protection of agricultural* interests, which existed throughout various portions of the United States, in the form of clubs, or, according to the Patrons' nomenclature, "Granges." I also discovered that there was a head centre or "National Grange," located at Washington, to which all other Granges were subservient, and from which emanated all authority, information, and plans of work of any importance. Now, the idea of applying for authority to organize a club of farmers in South Carolina, to a body of men nearly five hundred miles away, and of submitting to them, for their sanction every plan of work that we devise down here, for the benefit of our immediate neighborhood, seemed to me to imply a degree of subjection to the will of others altogether at variance with my conception of republican free principles. This, however, was only *my side* of the question, and being unwilling to incur the odium attached to the two knights of olden time, who, having regarded a shield from different stand-points, and seen different colors, contended, each, that the color *he* had seen was that of the whole shield, and neither having the *candor* to go over to the other side and *see for himself*, both preferred to settle the question at the point of the sword. I, therefore, determined just to step over and see how things looked from the opposite stand point. And I must say that a good deal of the one-sided coloring I had at first seen was lost by this little manœuvre. For instance, being subject to the will of the National Grange, which had, at first, seemed to be so great an objection, began now to look somewhat like an *advantage*, certainly like *a necessity*. For any body of men to be effective must be *organized*, and every organization to be perfect must have *a head*, with an able corps of subaltern officers. Just in proportion as an organization is deficient in these respects will it be deficient in strength, and, *vice versa*, the same is equally true. The Patrons of Husbandry is simply a grand combination of societies, of which the Subordinate Granges are the individual members, the State Granges the corps of subaltern officers, and the National Grange, composed of none but those who are distinguished for pre-eminent merit and ability, the *great head*. Now, each Subordinate Grange, being only one of a thousand, like individual members of one great body, it is necessary for the good of *the whole* that their several workings be *in harmony* with each other, and consistent with the objects of the Order. Therefore, to secure this general harmony and consistency, it is necessary that each Subordinate and State Grange should submit its plan of work to the approval of the National Grange, otherwise it might enter upon a field of work totally foreign to either of the foregoing principles. Again, the exaction by the National Grange, from other Granges, an annual due for each of their members, and each degree conferred on members during the year, seemed to me to be an imposition—a well-planned scheme for extracting money from the unsuspecting farmer. Why are we not allowed to keep all of our money in our own Grange? Surely we can use it to better advantage than any other body of men! When, however, I began to think of the functions of this Grange, its portion of the work of this immense body of societies, of the vast amount of information, covering every subject of interest to the Order, daily being collected by it all over the country, to be handed over to the printer and afterward re-distributed, in a printed form, to the Granges in every section, it occurred to me that to do all this requires at least one office, and one or more secretaries and correspondents. How is the rental of that office to be paid? These secretaries and correspondents must be paid for their time. How, also, are their salaries to be paid? And more important than all, how can it pay for this large amount of printing? Besides, the postage on all this material must foot up handsomely at the end of the year.

A new member of a subordinate Grange, after having taken four degrees, has paid into the treasury of the Grange five dollars, besides his regular monthly dues.—Of this sum, the treasurer of his Grange pays the secretary of the State Grange twenty-five cents for each degree the new member has taken; also, an annual due of twenty-five cents for said member, making a total of one dollar and twenty-five cents for the year. The treasurer of the State Grange then pays to the secretary of the National Grange ten cents for each degree conferred upon this member, to-together with an additional ten cents, as an annual due for him, or a total of fifty cents for the year. Thus, of five dollars and over, paid by a new member into the treasury of his Grange during the first year of his membership, only fifty cents is claimed by the National Grange, and, after he has taken all the degrees, it claims only ten cents as his annual due.

The woman membership feature, likewise, appeared to be a very objectionable one. "Woman's proper sphere of action," I repeated, "is the fireside; when she leaves that to join societies, etc., she takes the first step towards woman's rights."—But there is no more danger of her becoming a woman's right woman at the Grange than there is of her becoming one at the fireside, for at each place she is in company with her husband and brother.

* * * * * *

As to the importance of woman's aid, I thought of the numerous instances afforded by history of the powerful influence she has always exercised over the destinies of mankind, but a stronger proof of that importance exists in the mind of every man in the United States who is blessed with a faithful and intelligent wife. But where is the necessity for secrecy? Why cannot the workings of the Order be open to the gaze of all men? Men who do good only are never afraid to have their actions scrutinized. Certainly not. But *wise men keep their own counsel*, and of what they do the world knows nothing *until it is done*. The general who conceives a great stragetic movement confides his plans only to a few trusty followers, and when any business of *great moment* comes before Congress *it sits in secret session*. The general does not conceal his plans, nor Congress its deliberations, through fear of the world's scrutiny, but because the *safety* of the interests involved demands that secrecy be observed. In like manner, then, the Patrons conceal their deliberations, because by so doing they insure greater security and efficiency in their workings. Thus, also, are *bad men* prevented availing themselves of the advantages of the Order to impose upon the credulity of mankind. Secret societies, too, have always been more permanent than others, and will flourish where the latter die out. When, however, I had got this far, I suddenly remembered that we had an agricultural society in our county, and I began asking myself why it would not answer all the purposes of this secret Order of farmers? After a little reflection upon the objects of such organizations I found that agricultural societies are limited in their application to furnishing information on the *practice* of agriculture, horticulture, etc., on the of soils and manures, to the establi of shows for produce, stock, etc., the promotion of agricultural ob Here, then, were the most import jects of agricultural societies; unl Patrons proposed to do *more*, it w less to think further on the subject ing them. But, on turning my to the objects of the Patrons, it came evident that not only did the pose to do all of the above, but great deal *more*. Besides teach farmer how to practice agricultu the most improved methods the *wise, protect* him in the act. ever on the watch to detect and *of impositions*, to prevent his produce to fraudulent agents, and to bring about a reduction of high freights for his benefit. They enable him to purchase his supplies *cheaper*, and his tools and machinery at from ten to twenty-five per cent. *less* than he can by any other means. They prevent cruelty to animals, nurse the sick, assist the poor, instruct the youth, establish libraries and reading-rooms, and aim at elevating *all classes*, both socially and morally. And while agricultural societies, in general, possess *no common bond of union*, each being wholly independent of the other, the Granges are but so many "parts of *one stupendous whole*," which whole is a body *firmly united* in substance and intent, guided by *one head*, striving for the achievement of *one end*, namely, THE GENERAL GOOD OF THE AGRICULTURIST AT LARGE. And this is how I came to be a patron.

WILLIAM E SIMMONS,
Charleston, S. C.

WOMEN'S PRAYER AND SUFFRAGE.—Mark Twain, writing to the London *Standard* of the prayer crusade, says. "Would you consider the conduct of these crusaders justifiable? I do—thoroughly justifiable. They find themselves voiceless in the making of the laws and the election of the officers to execute them. Born with brains, born in the country, educated, having large interests at stake, they find their tongues tied and their hands fettered, while every ignorant, whiskey-drinking, foreign-born savage in the land may hold office, help to make the laws, degrade the dignity of the former, and break the latter at his own sweet will. They see their fathers, husbands and brothers sit inanely at home and allow the scum of the country to assemble at the 'primaries,' name the candidates for office from their own vile ranks, and, unrebuked, elect them. They live in the midst of a country where there is no end of the laws and no beginning to the execution of them.—And when the [illegible] their sons from destruction by intemperance lie torpid and without sign of life, year after year, they recognize that here is a matter that interests them personally, a matter which comes straight home to them. And since they are allowed to lift no legal voice against the outrageous state of things they suffer under in this regard, I think it is no wonder that their patience has broken down at last, and they have tried to persuade themselves that they are justifiable in breaking the law of trespass when the laws that should make the trespass needless are allowed by the voters to lie dead and inoperative. The present crusade will, doubtless, do but little work against intemperance that will be really permanent, but it will do what is as much, or even more, to the purpose, I think.—I think it will suggest to more than one man that if the women could vote they would vote on the side of morality, even if they did vote and speak rather frantically and furiously; and it will also suggest that when the women once made up their minds that it was not good to have the all-powerful 'primaries' in the hands of loafers, thieves, and pernicious little politicians, they would not sit indolently at home as their husbands and brothers do now, but would hoist their praying banners, take the field in force, pray the assembled political scum back to the holes and slums where they belong, and set up some candidates fit for decent human beings to vote for. I dearly want the women to be raised to the political altitude of the negro, the imported savage, and the pardoned thief, and allowed to vote. It is our last chance, I think. The women will be voting before long, and then if a B. F Butler can still continue to lord it in Congress; if the highest offices in the land can still continue to be occupied by perjurers and robbers; if another Congress, like the Forty-Second, consisting of 15 honest men and 296 of the other kind, can once more be created, it will at last be time, I fear, to give over trying to save the country by human means, and appeal to Providence. Both the great parties have failed. I wish we might have a woman's party now, and see how that would work. I feel persuaded that, in extending the suffrage to women, this country could lose absolutely nothing and might gain a great deal. For thirty centuries history has been iterating and reiterating that, in a moral fight, woman is simply dauntless; and we all know, even with our eyes shut upon Congress and our voters, that from the day that Adam ate of the apple and told on Eve down to the present day man in a moral fight has pretty uniformly shown himself to be an arrant coward.

☞ "What is a more exhilarating sight," asks a Vermont paper, "than to see eighteen handsome girls sliding down hill on an ox-sled?" "Nineteen," says the experienced editor of the Boston *Post*.

☞ They were going to put a man out of a San Francisco theater for creating a disturbance, when a voice cried, "He's all right, he's killed a Chinaman!" and they let the man alone.

A Friendly Game of Blind Man's Buff.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer, the owner in fee simple of many broad and fertile acres of available land, and the proud parent of a promising son, now near grown, who in his infancy had been designated by the not altogether unheard of name of John.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very careful and proper manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that as he grew more mature, that he was regarded as a very exemplary young man by those who knew him intimately. He was sober and industrious in his habits, educated and refined in his tastes, with [illegible] and power in the world, as his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was one and twenty. This is a remarkable episode in the lives of most young men, fully free from parental restraint by the construction of the law, they think they know so much, and subsequently learn that they know so little.

Now, possibly Peter regarded this event in his son's life with as great concern as did John the junior, for certain it is, that shortly thereafter he summoned the young man into his presence for a little private conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Seem! why I can't see as it seems any different from any other time."

"Can't eh? O, well you'll see quick enough, I guess. I suppose the next thing you'll be thinking of will be getting married."

"O, I hadn't thought of such a thing yet in earnest."

"Hadn't eh? well, you'd better be thinking; getting married is about as important a thing as will ever happen to you."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so? suppose so? you'll know so by and by. Well, John, you're old enough to begin to think seriously about this matter. I ain't going to have you running around unsettled and unsteady in your habits and character. Now, the quicker you pick yourself out a wife and settle down, the better. Mind you, my boy, this wasting three or four of the best years of your life in sowing your wild oats, is a very foolish principle for young men to adhere to. Now, I don't propose to have you to do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of briars and thistles to gather in afterwards. Now, just as soon as you will pick yourself out a good, prudent and industrious little wife, I've a good farm to give you, and enough to set you up in reasonable style, you understand!"

"Yes, sir."

"But not an acre nor a penny of mine shall you possess until you have complied with my wishes."

"But, father—"

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more; make this matter your first business, and when you have performed your part of the contract, I will attend to mine."

"But this is rather sudden."

"That makes no difference; if you are not satisfied with my terms, the world is wide enough for both of us, you are big enough and bright enough to earn your own living; if you can do better by yourself than I can do by you, why, start right out in the world, for you are of age. I have stated my terms, and I do not propose to alter them."

"But who shall I marry?"

"There's Israel Ive's five daughters, and I'm certain you can have your pick out of the lot. They've all been well brought up, and any of them is good enough for you, so go ahead; and as soon as you report favorably, the farm is yours."

"But which one shall I take, father?"

"Which one shall you take," repeated Peter Jansen; "it must be a bright man, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eye on one already. However, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer, and prosper better in your domestic affairs generally."

With these concluding remarks, the fond father turned away, and John was left alone to his reflections.

Now John Jansen was not a verdant young man; he had seen considerable of the world for a person of his age and circumstances, but he was very diffident and bashful. It was this quality of his disposition that made him so adverse to ladies' society, and had occasioned no little anxiety to old Peter, who had already began to fear that John would be a confirmed bachelor, hence his desire to kindly assist John's matrimonial matters along.

For some moments after his father's exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an inexpressible sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives. If not strictly beautiful, she was at least a very sensible girl, and would make a practical housekeeper. John had but little sentiment in his composition; his tastes were more matter of fact. The more John thought of matrimony, the more fixed became his determination of committing himself as soon as possible.

A night or two subsequent to the conversation with his father, it was noticed that he attired himself with unusual care before going out, as he insisted, to attend the "debating society." His father and mother regarded each other significantly, as if they well understood what was uppermost in John's mind, but they gave the young man no intimation that they suspicioned his intentions.

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

He soon came to the place he intended visiting. A bright light gleamed out through the front windows, with welcoming beams, and he fancied he could see smiling faces there, yet his heart thumped so very singularly under his shining satin vest that it was several minutes before he could make up his mind to knock at the door; he walked up and down the road past the place several times, to calm himself, and to think over the words he proposed saying when in the presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family, by means of the friendly assistance of the heavy brass knocker.

Israel Ives came to the door, with a flaring candle in his hand; he gave a sudden little start of surprise upon recognizing his visitor.

"Why! John," he said, "is this you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said John, nervously, forgetting in his sudden embarrassment to designate the particular Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Israel, smiling mischievously, "walk right into the parlor and sit down and she will come in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming. He heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not act silly and foolish. Then the door opened and in sailed Miss Sophrony Ives, followed by Patience, Malvina and Lucy Ives, each simultaneously smiling and trying to look as sweet and pretty as possible. They advanced one by one and gave John a greeting, after which they arranged themselves in a graceful group about him; then began the liveliest conversation John had ever listened to. He began to grow uneasy and lose his self-possession. This was rather more Miss Ives than he had anticipated meeting.

At last a sudden idea occurred to him.

"Girls," he said, "do any of you play *blind man's buff?*"

The young ladies all suddenly giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophrony, with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then," said John earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were simultaneously produced, and before John was aware he was in midnight darkness.

"But you must be blinded too, Lucy," said Miss Melvina; "it always makes it livelier to have two, you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was temporarily obscured in the same manner that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given, and without a word of warning Sophrony, Patience, Priscilla and Malvina noiselessly glided from the room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped innocently about them, each failing to find the objects they sought, at last John spoke:

"I say, where are you all?" he said helplessly.

No answer came to his question from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy, "I believe they're all hiding."

Just at that moment the two approached each other with their hands extended, and they were each suddenly clasped in each other's arms. This was a sensation so new to John that it almost deprived him of articulation.

"O, is it you John?" said Lucy. "I do believe they're are fooling us."

She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt her deft little fingers untying the knot in the handkerchief that was bound about his head.

"Look a here, John," she said in a half-provoked sort of way; "just see what a trick they've played upon us. I might have known what they were up to. Never mind, we'll have a real pleasant time now."

They sat down side by side on the high-backed sofa, and Lucy talked so pleasantly and encouragingly to John that he soon felt perfectly at home. He was almost astonished at his self-possession. The minutes lengthened into hours, and, well, he never could fully explain how it was afterwards, but the fact was, Lucy promised him that she would be Mrs. John Jansen whenever he was ready to claim her as his own, and John went home that night very proud and happy, and on the following morning he informed his astonished father that any time that farm was ready he would be ready to go to housekeeping.

Peter Jansen kept his word, and John was often subsequently heard to say that if it hadn't been for that friendly game of blind man's buff he would hardly have known how to have made a choice.

☞ The remark of a severe lady, who says that male is only male spelled wrong, is supplemented by the New Orleans *Picayune* with the declaration that, according to the Latin authorities, a woman is *mulier*.

☞ An Indianapolis girl closes a letter with.—

The ring is round, the dish is square,
and we'll be married the next State fair.
The bell shall ring, the drum shall play,
and we'll go dancing all the way.

☞ When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one else will take it.

WHO PRINTED THE FIRST BIBLE.

In the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that up to this time is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly that after his return home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy." After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By multiplying them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing.

But before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust, or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, that there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral) who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are, some of them, now in the "State House" of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust, or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the ancient city of Strasburg. He had two working partners, who were bound by oath not to reveal the secret of the arts he was engaged upon.

But one of these partners died; and upon this, his heirs claimed to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gutenberg refused, and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three hundred years afterwards in an old tower of Strasburg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Gutenberg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witnesses, that he was occupied with some way of making books (or manuscripts) cheaper than they had every been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasburg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city, farther down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith, named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say he had a brother who assisted him; and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. But there is no proof of it; and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schoffer, a scribe or designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished up his first books by drawing lines around the pages and making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing. This Schoffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mould. This promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with Schoffer, to whom he gave his only daughter, Christine for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan which Gutenberg could't pay, and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This, Faust and Schoffer hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library at Paris; one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about 600 pages a volume.

It is certainly the first Bible printed from movable types; but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work on it. But he did not grow disheartened. He toiled on though he was without the help of Schoffer and of Faust, and in a few years afterward succeeded in making books which were as good as those of his rivals. Before he died his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.—*Donald G. Mitchel, in St. Nicholas for April.*