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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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**THE GREATNESS OF LONDON.**—In few cities are there more than half a dozen railway stations. In London there are at least one hundred and fifty. Some of the railways never pass beyond the limits of one of the Tottenham and Hampstead, *Punch* says:

No one ever travels by, as no one knows where it begins or where it ends. The Metropolitan and other intramural railways run trains every three or five minutes, and convey from twenty to fifty million of passengers annually. Clapham is the great southwestern junction, and through it seven hundred trains pass every day. Its platforms are so numerous and its underground passages and overground bridges so perplexing that to find the right train is one of those things "that no fellow understands." As a proof of the expensive nature of London traffic it was supposed that, when the Metropolitan railway was opened, all the city to Paddington omnibuses would be left on the ground, but although it carried forty-three millions of passengers last year, it has been necessary to increase the number of omnibuses on the southern route, and they yield one per cent. more revenue than before the opening of the railway.

Besides the railways, there are some fourteen or fifteen thousand trams, omnibuses and cabs traversing the street; there are lines of omnibuses known only to the inhabitants of their own localities—such as those across the Isle of Dogs, from Peppar to Millwall; from London bridge, along Tooley street to Dockhead, &c. The London Omnibus Company has five hundred and sixty-three omnibuses, which carry fifty millions of passengers annually.

It is more dangerous to walk the streets of London than to travel by rail. Over one hundred and twenty-five persons were killed, and two thousand five hundred and thirteen injured by vehicles in the streets. Supposing every individual man, woman and child made one journey on foot in London per diem, which is considerably above the average, the deaths would be one in eleven millions, while the railways only kill about one in fifty millions of passengers, and the Omnibus Company of Atlantic steamers boat of having never lost a passenger.

Another instance of the immensity of the population of London is that three-quarters of a million of business men enter the city in the morning and leave it in the evening for their suburban residences. There are 10,000 policemen, as many cab-drivers, and the same number of persons connected with the post-office, each of whom, with their families, would make a large town. When London makes a holiday there are several places of resort, such as the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, Kew Gardens, etc., which absorb from twenty to fifty thousand visitors each. The cost of gas for lighting is \$2,500,000 annually; the water supply is 100,000,000 gallons per diem. In the year 1873 there were 573 fires, and for the purpose of supplying information on the passing events of the day 314 daily and weekly newspapers are required.

What London will eventually become it is idle to predict. It already stands in four counties, and is striding onward to a fifth (Herts). The probability is that by the end of the century the population will exceed five millions, and will have quintupled itself in the century. Should it progress at an equal rate in the next, it will in the year 2000 amount to the enormous aggregate of twenty-five millions; and the question that naturally arises is how could such a multitude be supplied with food. But the fact is that the more its population increases the better they are fed. In the Plantagenet days when the population was not a third of a million, famines were of frequent occurrence, but now, with the command of the pastures, the harvests and the fisheries of the world, starvation becomes almost impossible eventuality even with twenty-five millions to feed. Among the population of London there are more Jews than in Edinburg, more Scotchmen than in Dublin, and more Catholics than at Rome.

The clash in the fashionable world just now between the girls with pretty feet who want to wear short dresses and those with ugly feet who insist upon having long ones is described by the fashionable dressmakers as something fearful.

## A SECOND LORLEI

Unfortunately for myself and everybody else, I never saw me, I am very beautiful. It is not egotism to make that remark, for I have had plenty of misadventures on account of my looks, and every ill that can befall a family has been laid to the score of "Frank's terrible appearance." When I was a child everything went wrong. Once on a ferry-boat a young and lovely lady, petting and talking to me, became so interested that she quietly backed off the edge, and only the presence of my mother and my husband rescued her from a watery grave.

"Nurse scolded, mamma raised her hands in horror, and the lady gave me the name of 'Lorlei,' which I have ever since retained. I was a continual source of anxiety to my mother, and I should be kidnapped by some childless, or an heiress. My life was miserable, with the guard set around me, to say nothing of a dozen or two tolets a day, hair to be combed and brushed incessantly, and myself kissed fondled like a lap-dog. It grew no better, later, my sisters happened to be very plain, and I couldn't help it if I got all the invitations, bouquets, and proposals, and they received none. To make it worse, one of my admirers died of heart disease, and left me the large fortune that should have gone to his sisters; and then they loved me excessively, of course!

I combed my hair in the most horrible way I could invent, wore stiff collars up to my ears, pins dressed of sober colors, made faces at myself in the glass of the hour and all to no purpose. My hair would turn into the cunningest little ringlets about my forehead, and fall down in a golden mass of curls just at the wrong time. The neck above the ugly linen no amount of sun could make other than white and well-turined; and the clumsy dress hid a form of the most perfect mould—stately, smooth and rounded as only a healthy English girl can ever hope to be.

I couldn't have any girl-friends, for without meaning it I captured their hearts; they grew jealous and called me names; and the attachment usually ended in a storm of tears and reproaches on the one part, dismayed repentance on the other. I couldn't have a gentleman friend, for if single, he proposed in a month, and if married, the worst of it. I tried one plan, and you shall have the result: I cut my hair off nearly close, and merely me—I had done the business. I was handsomer than before! I looked a very picture of mischief, my hair curled lighter than ever, and my eyes would dance.

All the said things I tried to think of, I took Aunt Hetty into my confidence, one day when she came to the city to buy some furniture for her country house, and promised that as soon as her sons started for school, I would be with her to spend the summer. I made my preparations secretly and only on the day of my departure asked and received permission to go unwatched and alone. Used to my frocks, mamma asked no questions, but gave me some advice, and my eyes would dance. I went to work at my gloves off, and not to think of any one. As though I ever knowingly did wink!

My own sisters would not have known the little brown mouse of a girl that sat so demurely in the car on its way to Rockbridge. I had ordered a wig made of red hair, and it was a very marvel in its way. Short, crisp, fiery curls covered my head closely, well down on the neck, and twining lovingly around my ears. A dress of water-proof of the most elegant and simple, two pieces to the leg, and with the exception of mouth and complexion, I was hideous. Auntie would not believe that it was myself, until I had shown her my eyes, and spoken to her several times.

There was not a soul on the place that had ever seen me except Aunt and Uncle; and as they called me "Lorlei," the servants never suspected that I was the Frank Morrison they had heard so much of from the young masters. There were few neighbors, and I rather avoided them. For the first time in my life I was ugly and consequently happy. I rode the horses, sat on the hayrack fence during the milking, fed the chickens, ate apples and new butter, took long walks in the woods, and my big feet and scarlet hair never invited a second glance from any one I passed. What happy jolly days they were to me, only those who are blessed with too much beauty and long to flee from the consequences can imagine.

One morning I took a book, and going through the orchard, followed the stream to a favorite nook, lay down, and laughed the pretty, musical laugh that was at once a pleasure and a bane. I laughed to think of myself in that rig in an opera-box; and looking at the water, I said, "Why not be a real 'Lorlei,' for a while? No sooner thought than done. Off came the clumsy shoes and knitted stockings, and holding my dress up I went splashing in the shallow waters. I stepped on a big stone; it rolled with me, and I sat down cozily in the middle of the brook, wet to my waist, and my dismay finished by the heartiest laugh you can imagine. Looking at a part of the bank that I had not before noticed, I saw a gentleman, in sporting dress, holding a fishing-rod in one hand and waving the

other at me in the most genial and pleasant manner. It might have been that my eyes did not match my hair at any rate, I fancied that he stopped laughing rather suddenly, and coming close down to the water stood eyeing me inquiringly. I had been angry at first; but my usual sense of humor came to my aid, and sitting there, with the tapping water full about me, I held my sides, and laughed with him until I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two roses.

"Well," he finally said, stopping to laugh at every word or two, "you have succeeded in your loudly expressed wish, and made a veritable 'Lorlei' of yourself."

"Did you hear me?" I asked, feeling for the first time a little shy, and rising slowly to my feet. He saw that I could not come out of the water in my bare feet, and laughing still, he answered: "Yes. But I fear you will continue a water-nymph until I am gone, so goodbye." And as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared.

I put on my shoes, and made the best of my way back to the house. Aunt Hetty laughed at me when I told her of my adventure, but started when I described the man.

"Bless me, child," she said, "it is Walter Gray, who lives on the farm, or rather owns it, and lives in New York. I did not know he was at home." The days flew by on golden wings; every one seemed more happy than the last. I took an apronful of peaches and a book, and lay down in the hammock under the elm for a lazy time one morning. I was scarcely settled when I heard music calling me, and then steps leading near to me. I raised myself, and who should be with her but that Walter Gray! He laughed heartily on recognizing in my aunt's niece the "water-nymph," but soon made me feel at ease by his courteous and merry manner. He had come over to see if he could buy a cow of uncle, and over the merits of butter and milk waggled quite friendly. Auntie would have him stay to lunch, and I tried to enact the country girl, and be as awkward as possible.

Two or three times I almost betrayed myself by some unguarded remark, but by dropping my fork, upsetting my milk, and knocking my chair over when I rose, I managed to seem ill-bred enough to suit my coarse frock, absent collar, and tumbled hair.

To my utter astonishment, Mr. Gray asked me to go to picnic at the school-house the next day. While I was standing first at him, and then at myself in the glass, Aunt Hetty quietly said, "She will go with pleasure." I was ready to beat her, but beyond a few muttered words, I said nothing until he was gone. Then I made a few remarks to her which made her go sorry, that I kissed her and promised to go peacefully.

I made myself look as contrived as possible, next morning, and my looking-glass told me that I was no longer even passable. Mr. Gray made no remark about my appearance, except to ask if the glasses were absolutely necessary, and on my gravely assuring him that they were, he helped me into the carriage, and away we went. How I enjoyed the glance the girl gave me, and their evident contempt for my dress and manner! I found myself alone with Mr. Gray, toward the end of the afternoon, and we sat down on the moss at the foot of a tree for what I called a good talk. His manner had been perfectly kind and courteous, and he had done everything in his power to make me forget the difference between myself and the pretty country girls I had met. After a little I forgot my part, and letting the glasses fall unheeded in my lap, I pulled off the yellow cotton gloves I had worn all day, and lying backward, clasped my hands above my head, contentedly. After a minute he said:

"Maggie Thorne is entirely thrown away on that old man. What a life for a bright, fair woman to live, shut away in that quiet house."

Following his glance toward the house on the other side of the road, I hastily answered:

"Imperial Cesar, dead and buried to-day!"

"Sit stop a hole to keep the wind away!" The look of utter amazement on his face was too funny as he gasped out:

"Miss Lorlei, what are you? Hideous and lovely at the same time, an uneducated country girl firing Shakespeare at me in that style. You wear these green glasses all the time, and yet I have noticed you can see much further and better without them. You have the most exquisite hand I have ever seen, and your feet are large enough for a man. You bow like an empress, and tumble over your dress the next minute. I can't understand you."

I kept my face through all his speech; and then gave him answer, pulling on my gloves:

"I don't know what you mean by Shakespeare, and you need not insult my feet; I can't help their size. What made you bring me, if only to tease?" And without further ceremony I left him more mystified than ever.

I saw him very often in the next two months, and learned to like him very much for his kindness to my awkward self. How much I liked him I scarcely knew, until a letter from mamma came, saying that summer was long over and people were growing very curious as to my whereabouts. With a cold, sick feeling at my heart, I took the letter in my hand, and went through the orchard to the place where I had played "Lorlei" for the benefit of Walter Gray.

I regretted my mistake, and thought he could never be like the red-haired beauty I had seen in the glass. I lay on the grass, and thought of the water standing close down to my feet, and I had been angry at first; but my usual sense of humor came to my aid, and sitting there, with the tapping water full about me, I held my sides, and laughed with him until I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two roses.

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## THE TRAPPER TRAPPED.

A party of hunters who have just returned from an expedition into Nevada, about forty miles from town, relate the following remarkable incident:—On last Thursday afternoon, about three o'clock, two of the party were on the trail of a deer, which led them into a remote ravine in the fastnesses of the mountains, into which they had not before ventured. The snow being about two feet deep and the walking very heavy they became discouraged, and loosing all hope of overtaking the deer, which they had lost sight of, they returned to camp.

On their return one of them discharged his gun at a hare, and soon a faint halloo was heard at some distance to the right, as if from some one in distress. Uncertain whether they were not mistaken and had not been deceived by the wind, they shouted aloud, when the cry was repeated. As night would soon come on, they held a consultation, and were about proceeding to their camp, three or four miles away, concluding that the noise was made by wandering Indians, or came from a party of wood-choppers. They started on, but soon a prolonged and mournful howl was borne down by the wind and again reached their ears. They stared at each other a moment, and then, by simultaneous impulse, turned in the direction from which the sound proceeded. They went on for some distance, floundering through the snow down a precipitous descent, which led them into a gloomy canon. As they drew nearer the voice of a human being could be distinctly heard calling for relief. They answered that aid was approaching. The man's yells of misery changed to cries of joy, and they could hear him at intervals shouting, "For God's sake, don't go away and leave me." "Come and get me out," "I am caught and strangled." Still they could see nothing. But, guided by the man's cries, and cheering him with hopeful answers as they advanced, they pushed forward and at last discerned what appeared to be a small cabin built of heavy logs, without windows or doors. The snow had drifted against one side of the hut nearly as high as the roof, and as they could see no entrance, they went around to the other side. As soon as the occupant saw them he uttered exclamations of the greatest joy, and explained his situation in a few words by stating that he had built a bear trap and had caught himself in it five days before.

The door was made of heavy logs, and was so arranged as to slip down into its place from above. They tried to lift it up, but failed. Finally, by means of a stick of timber, which lay near by, they pried it up sufficiently for the prisoner to crawl beneath. He appeared more dead than alive, but by the judicious use of a flask of brandy they were able to get him to his camp about dark, where their companions had a blazing fire awaiting their return. The half-finished man ate ravenously. He was supplied with plenty of hot coffee and smoked a pipe, after which his strength somewhat revived, and he gave the following account of how he got into the situation in which he was found:

He said his name was Thomas Wray, and that he had been engaged in chopping wood in the mountains during the summer. Since the snowfall, about a month ago, he had frequently noticed tracks of bears among the pine trees, and had often tried to get a shot at them, but without success. At last the idea struck him to build a pea-shoot as he had often seen grizzly bears caught in Lake county, California, where he used to live. He explained that the bear trap is made by building a small square house of heavy hewed logs and covering it with a strong roof. The door is of heavy logs also and slides up and down in the grooves. When it is up there is an open entrance about five feet high and four feet wide. A sheep is killed and hung up inside of the pen attached to a rope, which is connected with a trigger, so that when the bear enters and seizes the mutton the door falls and he is caged.

Wray went to work and completed his trap to his satisfaction, and intended to bait it the same night. Having a curiosity to see how it would work, he went in and pulled the rope slightly, when the door fell down. He attempted to raise it, but was horror-stricken, and his hair stood on end when he found he was unable to budge it an inch. He worked and struggled, but the heavy weight refused to move. The pen worked only too successfully, and he was caught in his own trap. He yelled, shouted, called for help, but, knowing that he was miles from a human habitation and in a savage locality, where few persons ever ventured, he sat down in blank despair. He spent that night in agony and got but little sleep. It commenced to snow, but, fortunately, he had a heavy blanket overcoat, which kept him comparatively comfortable. The next morning he commenced shouting again until his throat was sore, but was only answered by the howlings of the tempest. He had set his gun against a stump outside, and longed to get at it that he might let it off and attract somebody's attention. He soon began to get hungry. His thirst was quenched by thrusting his hand through the chinks between the logs and raking up snow and eating it. Thus day after day elapsed during which his mental sufferings were terrible.

He was profuse in his gratitude to his deliverers, but declared his intention of getting out of the Sierra Nevada as soon as possible and abandoning bear hunting. The next morning he left for the camp of some woodchoppers, who were, no doubt, at a loss to account for his long absence.

**A STRANGE FASCINATION.**—In San Jose, a California town, there lived a young lady, handsome, wealthy, and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid, her mother was cold and heartless.

Two years ago a physician was called to attend her father, in 1852, and the young lady saw him. The doctor paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing-room.

"Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you."

He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed.

"You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued; "but I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it; but I will make you my confessor. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, 'I will wait for two years; if he then speaks to me I will know what to say.' You have not spoken, and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who although not a very old man, was twice the size of the young lady, regarding a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke, but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the indecency of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"I cannot marry you," he replied.

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before that they should die, and he left the house without attaching very much importance to the prophecy.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor.

Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt, and to deliver the letter to the doctor. "I told you I should die, and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food or drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post-mortem examination made on the young lady's body. On her breast over the heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh, were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

Mr. Twyman delivered at Louisville a lecture on Captain Tom Marshall, the celebrated Kentucky lawyer and orator. The memory of Marshall still lingers about his native place, and wonderful tales are told of his flights of rhetoric; his command over juries; his boldness in debate. It is probably that some of this fame is due to the fact that he was popular and drank heavily. Somehow or other, the public is apt to credit a man who has not brains enough to keep from making a fool of himself with liquor with talents which, if he kept sober, would never be suspected. Physically, Tom Marshall was a model for a sculptor. When he was fifty-five years old, we are told, his weight was one hundred and eighty pounds. He was six feet two inches in height, and perfectly erect and of commanding and graceful bearing. He used glasses while reading, but removed them when speaking. His enunciation was clear, distinct and musical, while his diction was flowing and rapid, but so perfect and closely logical that it was almost equal to mathematical demonstration. He was everybody's friend but his own, his family's. Mr. Twyman says:

He had no home. That was true because he had in him none of the home qualities. He could not or would not make a home. Before the death of Dr. Louis Marshall he gave to his daughter, Mrs. Tom Marshall during her life, one-fifth of the Buck Pond farm, consisting of more than one hundred acres, situated about four miles from the town of Versailles. Upon this tract a small but comfortable cottage was erected and paid for by the liberality of the community. Here Mrs. Marshall resided, and this place the Captain called his home. But he came into town and remained days and even weeks before returning. How he lived, and what manner of life he led, it is indeed difficult to describe.

He drank himself to death; drank himself out of money, friends, home, strength of brain and strength of body, until he became but a dirty, low, offensive, whiskey-laden toper, with occasional gleams of his old fire, and times of manliness. The story of his last days is very sad:

The "sober intervals" became less frequent. He grew sad for want of company, for want of mental employment, for want of intellectual association. He would stop the schoolboys on the street, and read and explain to them their Latin and Greek exercises. He would gather around him a group of men or boys—any one for an audience—and read to them from ancient and modern history, but more frequently from his own writings, which had been published in 1858 by Mr. W. L. Barre. He would pause in these street readings and explain, criticize, condemn, or approve the object of the writer. During the last four or five years of his life he was entirely without means and had no employment; a precarious and hazardous charity supplied his wants. He slept many nights in a chair in the common sitting room of a cheap country tavern; in warm weather he slept on a wooden bench in the Courthouse portico; and during the cooler nights of the early fall, in the hay loft of publicist's stable. But his insatiable thirst for drink survived all this. It was sad, yes, it was pitiful, to follow him in the cheap, rough barroom, and hear him prostitute his genius and great gifts to procure a case and vulgar wit to get a lot of thoughtless boys or ignorant men, and thus bribe them in furnishing him liquor. Passing the street one night I heard peal after peal of laughter coming from a saloon. Prompted by curiosity, I opened the door and went in, and there was Captain Marshall quite drunk, surrounded by a rude and boisterous crowd, his clothing torn and soiled, his hat mashed and pulled down over his face, his face itself blackened and smeared with ink and soot. He leaped at the crowd for a moment from beneath his slouching hat, and then drew himself up majestically, and raised his arm and shoulder in a most impressive gesture, and said, in bitter and contemptuous tones: "You remind me of a lot of cowardly bantam chickens pecking upon the head of an eagle with his wings broken." This was greeted with a shout of laughter, and the whole crowd proceeded to drink.

**NEEDLE-WORK.**—Needle-work is thus gracefully encouraged by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in the "Mistletoe Bough":—"There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women, they are of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with artful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gaps of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plays it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or darn a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humbled seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. It is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.

The Georgia negro has no faith in banks. He lays his money out in store clothes and hair oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim: "Bust away wid yie, but you can't hurt dese lavender pants."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the shock of the electrical franchise.

Troubles are like dogs; the smaller they are the more they annoy you.