Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1875 — NO. 15

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum, to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every [illegible] Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements: obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

The Baltimore American.

1773 *Over One Hundred Years Old.* **1875**

It is not a partisan journal, though it has heretofore acted with the Republican party in the great struggle for universal emancipation and national unity. It will still support the candidates of that party when they fairly represent its original principles; but it will always adhere to the cardinal truths that governments are instituted for the good of the people, that all men have equal rights, that monopolies are unjust, that economy, honesty and fidelity in the administration of public trusts are of paramount importance; and in upholding these doctrines will act Independent of party lines, supporting measures rather than men.

THE DAILY AMERICAN.
TERMS BY MAIL.

1 year,	$10 00
6 months,	5 00
3 months,	2 50
1 month,	95

WEEKLY AMERICAN.
TERMS BY MAIL.

1 copy, 6 months,	$ 75
1 copy, 1 year,	1 50

CLUB RATES.

4 copies, 1 year,	4 40
6 copies, 1 year,	6 60
10 copies, 1 year,	11 00
15 copies, 1 year,	16 50
20 copies, 1 year,	22 00
25 copies, 1 year,	25 00

Specimen copies sent to any address. It is not necessary for all names in the club to come from one office, nor is it necessary to send all the names at one time. From one to two months is allowed to fill up each list. Send on the names as fast as received. Address

CHAS. C. FULTON & SON,
American office, Baltimore, Md.
Jan 28. 1875—1m*

The Baltimore Gazette.

Heretofore the postage has cost our subscribers one dollar and twenty cents a year for the Daily Gazette, and thirty cents for the Weekly Gazette.

THE DAILY GAZETTE,
including postage, will be mailed at the following rates:

1 copy, 1 year,	$10 00
1 copy, 6 months,	5 00
1 copy, 3 months,	2 50

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

1 copy, 1 year,	$1 60
1 copy, 6 months,	1 00

CLUB RATES.

5 copies, 1 year,	$7 00
10 copies, 1 year,	12 00
20 copies, 1 year,	20 00

and one copy free to getter up of each club.

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE
is printed on the same size sheet as the Daily Gazette, and is therefore the largest, as well as the best weekly published in Baltimore. Its increasing circulation is the best evidence of its true merit.—Address

BALTIMORE GAZETTE,
106 Balt. St., Baltimore, Md.
Jan 28, 1875—1m*

"Quite eclipses the more conservative periodicals of the day."—Boston Journal.

THE GALAXY
Meets the Wants of Every Member of the Family.

It has always something fresh and new to offer. Each number is a pleasant surprise to its readers. Our ablest statesmen write for the Galaxy. Its monthly Scientific Miscellany is the best published. It has charming sketches of life and adventure, by such popular writers as Gen. Custer. It has serial stories by brilliant novelists, such as Mrs. Annie Edwards, De Forest and McCarthy. It has charming short stories. It is a blessing to any family.

Now is the time to subscribe!
Price thirty-five cents per number.
SUBSCRIPTION $4 00 PER YEAR.
We Prepay the Postage.
☞ Send for Prospectus. Address
SHELDON & COMP., New York.
Jan 28, 1875—1m*

New and large stock of Winter Goods at exceedingly low prices at the Big Brown Store, Leonardtown.
Dec 24-tf.

'TWAS THE WIND.

Sitting by the fire waiting for the new year to come in, golden-haired Gertrude crouched on the hearth-rug, roasting herself in the blaze, her head pillowed in the lap of her aunt Jane.—She is a saucy young lady of 18, this Gertrude, with a short upper lip used to scornful curling; but she is charming enough when she smiles. Aunt Jane is 35, with the pensive, softened face we [illegible] to admire in our [illegible] Aunt Polly—a few years older—sits on the farther side; and in the old leather-covered arm-chair is Uncle Ned, his brown meerschaum pipe in his mouth, in a sort of haze of tobacco and meditation. Uncle Ned is not profoundly impressed, possibly, with the solemnity of the occasion. He is used to sitting up till midnight, and a good deal later, and does not trouble himself much about the past, except in its geologic or historic aspects. But Aunt Jane is a sensitive, gifted creature, profoundly sympathetic, with a dark, morbile face, and deep, luminous eyes. She is in the habit of holding forth on matters connected with love and the relationship of the sexes with great fervor. On these occasions Gertrude generally makes pantomimic gestures, as though she were beating the big drum; but Aunt Jane goes on with glistening eyes, heedless of the irreverence of her junior.

Gerty, however, is rather silent and solemn, to-night. Perhaps it is that the thought of the ruthless flight of time had come home to her, or haply she is sobered by the reflection that she is still unaffianced at the end of her first year in society.

It is a long, irregular, many-cornered room, in an old fashioned country house. At one end is a window that looks upon a lawn and a large garden. In the further angle is a door, letting in a volume of cold air and the sound of distant church bells.

'Bother the girl!' growls Uncle Ned, shivering. 'Gerty shut the door.'

Gertrude let go the handle of the door; a gust of wind caught it and slammed it to with a loud bang.

Aunt Jane jumps and turns a little pale, Polly, too, is startled, and looks significantly at her sister.

'Do you remember, Jane?' she asked.

Aunt Jane sighed softly. 'Ah, yes,' she said.

'Mysteries,' cried Gertrude, sinking down into her place again. 'What do you remember, Aunt Jane? Come, tell me.'

'It's a very old story, dear.'

'All the better for that; let us hear it. But first tell me what reminded you of it.'

'Ah, tell it, Jane,' cried Polly; 'it will be a lesson for these young people.'

'A lesson they don't require,' said Aunt Jane, severely; 'but as you'll tell it, Polly, if I don't, and as I couldn't bear to hear you tell it,—well:

"It was eighteen or twenty years ago, Gerty, and your grandfather was alive then. He was a physician; and we lived in a big house in the Clapham road.—There was a nice garden about it, and close adjoining was another large house whose grounds were divided from ours by a high wall. It was an old fashioned house—your grandfather's—with a wide passage right through it, and a glass door leading out into the garden directly opposite the hall door. In the other house lived an Indian nabob, a hot-tempered fiery man, but he had a son Benjamin, who was very nice—at least I thought so then. Papa attended on this nabob, and by degrees we became quite intimate with the family; not with him for he would never go out, but with the sons, and especially Ben, who was the youngest, and only a year older than I.

"Well, we grew up together, girls and boys, and somehow Ben and I were thrown a good deal together, and he seemed to take a fancy to me."

'Ah, you were pretty fond of him; don't tell me,' cried Polly.

'Well, perhaps I was,' said Aunt Jane, with another sigh. 'At all events, this went on for three years, and Ben had never said anything to me—not anything in particular, you know.'

'Three years!' cried Gerty, in amazement. 'Fancy! and never proposed.—Goodness me! I'd have brought him to book in three months.'

'Ah, we were very differently brought up in those days, Gerty. Why, I was quite a baby in such matters, a very child, compared with you; and yet I was about your age, if not older. Why I don't think I'd said a word to him all those three years but just, 'Yes, Ben,' and 'No, Ben.' Yes, I was a little fool, I dare say, Gerty; I can see it now. We would go out for long walks together, too, and Ben would talk all sorts of nonsense to me—about love, and so on; and all I could say to him was, 'Oh, Ben, you shouldn't say such things!' 'Oh, Ben, you shouldn't indeed!' 'Ben, how can you?' 'Ben, you mustn't,'—Ah, I could shake myself now to think of it!'

'But, one New-year's eve—yes, it was just eighteen years ago—Ben came and spent the day. And we had a little carpet dance, and Ben danced with me ever so many times, and we danced the new year in together; and when the time came for him to go I went to the door with him—I generally did—to show him out.

'And Ben turned round upon me after I had opened the door, and he had just crossed the threshold—turned round with his face quite white, and his voice husky. 'Jenny,' he said, in a sort of hoarse whisper—'Jenny, I love you; will you be my wife?' And he tried to take my hands to draw me to him. And I was frightened, dear, and stepped back; and somebody at that moment opened the glass door at the other end of the passage, and a gust of wind roared in, and slammed the big hall door right in Ben's face. And I sat at the foot of the stairs and cried. I never saw Ben again, not for years.'

'Oh, aunt,' cried Gerty, 'why didn't you [illegible]

'Ah, my dear,' interposed Aunt Polly, 'we were very differently brought up.'

'But I'd have opened the door and shouted to him.'

'Well,' said Aunt Jane, blushing slightly, 'I did open the door after a while, but he was gone; and I called out very gently, 'Ben! Ben!' But he never heard me. And he went out to India soon after. And some years after—nine or ten—I was walking in the garden all alone, and heard somebody talking in the nabob's grounds. I knew the voice in a moment; it was Ben's.—I ran up stairs, to the very topmost room, where there was a window from which you could see right into the nabob's grounds. And there was Ben, sure enough—a little, yellow, fat man, with a sandy beard and a white hat.—He was quarreling with a dark woman, a head taller than he—Lady Ben, of course; and there was a hideous ayah standing by with— No, the baby was not so bad,' said Aunt Jane, biting her lip.

'For all that, you never forgot him, Jenny,' said her sister; 'and things might have been very differently if the door hadn't slammed.'

'Ah, yes,' cried Aunt Jane, with a final sigh. ''Twas the wind.'

WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND.—The continual winds blowing from the Atlantic furnish the power gratuitously to whirl the vanes and turn the water wheel attached to the wind-mill.

There has been little or no improvement made on this machine in Holland for 1,600 years. No other power is so cheap, so simple or reliable. Without its application, two-thirds of Holland and one-fifth of Belgium would even now, in the noonday of steam power, of necessity have to be yielded back to the ocean, because the cost of steam machinery, fuel, repairs and attendance could not be supported from the profits of the land.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says: "There are 12,000 windmills in Holland and Flemish Belgium, each doing from six to ten horse-power service, according to the strength of the wind, and working twenty-four hours per day, and every day in the month during the rainy season, and when the snows and ice are melting and the streams are high. The annual cost of the windmills in Holland is $4,000,000. Twenty times that sum would not operate steam power sufficient to do their work! for recollect that all the coal consumed in Holland has to be imported from England or Belgium.

"Go where you will, you are never out of sight of windmills in motion.—In the suburbs of large cities, and at certain points where the water of the ditches and canals is collected to be thrown over the embankments, they are congregated like armies of giants, and never cease swinging their long, huge arms. They are constructed of much larger dimensions than those seen in the United States. The usual length of the extended arms is about eighty feet, but many of them are more than one hundred and twenty feet.

"But the windmills of Holland are not exclusively employed in lifting water, but are used for every purpose of the stationary steam engine. I observed a number of them at Rotterdam, Antwerp, the Hague, and at Amsterdam, engaged in running saw-mills, cutting up logs brought from Norway, and others were driving planing mills and flouring mills, brick-making machines or beating hemp.

"Those used to lift water out of ditches into canals and embanked rivers have water wheels instead of pumps attached to them, as they are less liable to get out of order, and are thought to remove water to a given power."

FOX AND THE THIEF.—One day Edward Fox went with his brother, Charles James Fox, to witness the first balloon ascent made in England. There was a great crowd, and Fox detected a pickpocket attempting to relieve him of his watch. "My friend," said he, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." The thief burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Fox, forgive me, and let me go! I have been driven to this by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving!" Fox compassionately gave him a guinea, and he went away with blessings on his lips. Soon after Fox, wishing to know what time it was, found his watch missing. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "my watch is gone!" "Yes," answered his brother, "I know it is; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it and made no attempt to stop him?" "Really," said the general, "you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other that I did not like to interfere."

Elijah was not a vain man, yet history relates that he was taken up with clothes.

MARY DE M[illegible]

Twenty years ago an [illegible] still standing in Cologne [illegible] to the street a frontage [illegible] small windows. It was [illegible] which the first painter of [illegible] school, the immortal Ru[illegible] A. D. 1576. Sixty years [illegible] date the ground floor was [illegible] two old people, a shoe[illegible] wife. The upper stories [illegible] time we write of. Two lodgers, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the husband to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It was only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she would not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other.—Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her? If she wants for anything it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger could get her the best of everything."

Then came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and, bidding them a short 'good night,' groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant met me, who desired me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through the town; they were ladies whom I have known before. I thought I could thus get a little money to pay for some simples that will be of service to you."

"I am so cold."

"It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly.'

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient, having taken what the old man provided, was carefully covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived that she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired to a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed that she should endeavor to leave the house for a little while, and he succeeded in getting her to go as far as the Place Saint Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

'Do you see that person yonder?' she said suddenly; 'if I am not much mistaken it is the Duke of Guise.'

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he had now approached them.

'Parbleu!' said he, 'why this is Mascali. 'What, are you married?'

'He does not know me,' sighed the lady. 'I must have altered.'

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word into the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself he hastily took off his hat and bowed nearly to the ground.

'I beg your forgiveness,' said he, 'but my eyes are grown so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—'

'For the love of God,' interrupted the lady hastily, 'name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?'

'Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge here when our common enemy drove me forth and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels.'

'And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that 'wretched caitiff?'

'He is in the zenith of his power.'

'See, my lord Duke, your fortunes and my own, are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on his own head, and I, once the queen of the mightest nation in the universe; and now both of us alike—but adieu,' she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, 'the sight of you, my lord Duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune may once more smile upon your steps.'

'Permit me to attend your majesty to'—

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered with a gentle commanding tone—

'Leave us, my Lord Duke, it is our pleasure.'

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person who was inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; he had a small package for him, and also a billet. Inside of this was written—

'Two hundred louis d'or constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use. GUISE.'

And the package contained a hundred louis d'or.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair for two long years; but the last louis d'or had been changed and the lady and her companion were still without succor. The shoe[illegible] and his wife had undertaken a [illegible] to take up [illegible] legacy. It was the 16th of February, 1632. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from a garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw, in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more distinct; a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man dressed in rags and tatters entered the chamber; but one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the rickety staircase, 'Nothing! Nothing!' He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with a convulsive motion; and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

'Dead, dead of hunger, cold and starvation!'

And this lady was Mary de Medicis—wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII, of Isabella, Queen of Spain; of Henrietta, Queen of England; of Christina, Duchess of Savoy; of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery; and yet Louis XIII, the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called 'the Just.'

THE FINANCES.—The editor of *Scribner's Monthly* dashes at our present business stagnation as follows:

'We have to-day, in this country, all the ordinary conditions of prosperity and wealth. The granaries of the land are filled to overflowing. The earth has yielded bountifully her products; the means of intercommunication by rivers and railways are all that can be desired; we are at peace with other nations; we have unparalleled mineral resources; we grow among ourselves the products of all climes; and, in financial circles, there is little debt, and no undue stretch of the credit system; yet we are not prosperous. The farmer gets no adequate return for his labor, while wheat sells at the Western centres for eighty cents a bushel; manufacturers are shut out, or working on half time; building has been greatly checked or almost entirely stopped in the cities; laborers by thousands are out of work and lying idle; the goods of the merchants lie unmoved upon their shelves, and the 'business' of the country is stagnant. What does this mean? It means, simply, that the legislation of the past has been unwise. It means, simply, that the men who have managed our national affairs have not understood their business. It means that the affairs of the nation are in the hands of small men who are not up to the emergency. In short, to come at once at the root of the matter, it means that the richest nation will, in time, starve to death on a diet of paper lies. This is the long and the short of it.—Our financial system is rotten at the core.'

Upon this *Appleton's Journal* thus comments:

'All our troubles, then, are due to paper-money, or rather, as the phrase now is, 'paper lies.' One would like to have an argument or two in support of this sweeping assertion, but none are given. It is true that no one finds any difficulty in exchanging these 'lies' for merchandise; it is true they serve every possible purpose of money; it is true that, while at a discount for gold, this discount is so evenly maintained that no inconvenience to trade arises therefrom; it is true that under these 'paper lies' we have seen active and prosperous years; it is true that the certainty of their early redemption by specie grows daily more assured; but these facts are nothing—we are assured that all our calamities come of this one cause. Now, paper-money can work mischief only by being either unstable in value; or by being greatly in excess of business needs, and thereby inflating prices; or by a prevailing distrust as to its eventual redemption. Our paper-money is amenable to but one of these counts; it has probably inflated prices; but it is not quite certain how much the currency and how much the tariff is responsible for this condition of things, and until this is ascertained, it is scarcely just to lay the whole blame upon the currency. High prices keep our own merchandise at home and bring merchandise from abroad in excess; let us knock away all the artificial helps to high prices, then, and begin with the tariff. Perhaps paper-money is not the worst criminal. But at least herein is the extent of the ill effects of our paper-money. Most people discover in the immense destruction of capital during the war, now in the form of debt, the interest of which is drained from us to go abroad; in the locking up of so much of our surplus earnings in unproductive railroad property; in the apprehensions of greater distress in the approaching return to specie payments, by which capital is rendered timid and enterprise paralyzed—in these things some of us imagine we discern the causes of our business stagnation, not denying that the condition of the currency has its measure of responsibility.

HIGH PRICES.

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

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

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

The Howe Machine can be obtained of J. P. GREENWELL, Leonardtown, Md., at New York prices and on easy terms. The public will please bear in mind that some other Machines are sold at *fifteen dollars advance over New York prices.*

[From the Detroit Free Press]

ENOUGH OF IT.

Jackson Green is fourteen years old, and he lives on Sixth street. The other day while reading a dime novel, his grandfather came in with the paper and asked him to read the President's message. It irritated Jackson to break off his story just where the trapper was going to be scalped, so he made up his mind to have revenge on his grandfather. He took up the paper and started off as follows:

"The business of the Patent Office shows a steady increase. Since 1836 over 155,000 patents have been issued. Officer Deck, of the station house, wants it distinctly understood that he is not the Deck confined there a few days ago as a lunatic."

"What!" exclaimed the old man, "is that in the message?"

"Right here, every word of it!" replied Jackson. And he continued:

"The business of the Agricultural Bureau is rapidly growing, and the department grounds are being enlarged, and the highest prize in a Chinese lottery is twenty-nine cents, and the man who draws it has his name in the paper, and is looked upon as a heap of a fellow."

"What! what is that?" roared the old man. "I never heard of such messages as that!"

'I can't help it,' replied Jackson; 'you asked me to read the President's message, and I'm reading it.' And he went on:

'During the year, 5,758 new applications for army invalid pensions were allowed at an aggregate annual rate of $39,332, and kerosene oil is the best furniture oil; it cleanses, add a polish, and preserves from the ravages of insects.'

'Lor' save me! but I never heard of the likes before!' exclaimed the old man. 'I've read every President's message since Jackson's time, but I never saw anything like this!'

'Well, I didn't write the message', replied Jackson, and he continued:

'During the year, 3,264,314 acres of the public domain were certified to railroads, against over six million acres the preceding year and you will save money by buying your Christmas present in the brick block, fine toys of every description at reduced prices.'

'Jackson Green, does that message read that way?' asked the old man.

'You don't suppose I'd lie to you, do you?' inquired Jackson, putting on an injured look.

'Well, it seems singular,' mused the old man. 'I shouldn't wonder if Grant was tired when he wrote that.'

Jackson went on:

'There are 17,620 survivors of the war of 1812 on the pension rolls, at a total annual rate of $1,691,520, and still another lot of those one dollar felt skirts; they go like hot cakes on a cold morning.'

'Hold on, Jackson—stop right there!' said the old man as he rose up. 'You needn't read another word of that message. If Gen. Grant thinks he can insult the American people with impunity he will find himself mistaken. You may throw the paper in the stove, Jackson, and let this be an awful example to you never to drink intoxicating drinks.'

Jackson tossed the paper away and resumed his dime novel, while the old gent leaned back and pondered on the degradation of men in high places.

NAPOLEON II DUKE OF REICHSTADT.—There is something exceedingly touching in the history of the unfortunate duke, who during his final illness thus composed his own epitaph: 'Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles Bonaparte: born King of Rome—died lieutenant in the Austrian artillery.' Handsome, accomplished, brave, the inheritor of a splendid name and dazzling glory: loved almost to idolatry by the country in which his childhood was passed, a magnificent future before him—fate frowned upon his brilliant prospects, gave him a weak constitution, wretched health, bitter disappointment, and was only kind in leading him to an early grave. He breathed his last at Schonbrunn, in the chamber once occupied by his father, and in the neighborhood of the imperial chateau where he was wont to take his solitary walks.

He seems to have been completely blase from his childhood, and of so melancholy a temperament that scarcely anything gave him pleasure. Every thing was done to cure him of his gloomy indifference, and when all else had failed, he met in one of his lonely rambles a beautiful peasant girl, with whom he fell in love at first sight.—She appeared to return his affection.—Her society aroused him from his lethargy, and endowed him with new life. She first taught him, it is said, the nature of happiness, and by her presence the dreary emptiness of his being was delightfully filled. Pleasant as she was, she was graceful, accomplished, witty, and, to his fond fancy, she was as a goddess on the earth. He revealed to her all the sources of his discontent, poured into her confiding ear the secretest of his thoughts and the sacredest of his feelings. She was the single break of blue in his clouded sky, and in that blue was set the star of hope.

One evening he was in the city, and attended the opera. When the ballet came on, among all the dancers suddenly flashed a form of wondrous beauty and grace, agile as a fawn, lithe as a spirit, and the theatre echoed and re-echoed with welcome to the new divinity of the dance. The pale youth flushed, and his heart beat quick.

Was he dreaming, or was the sylph-like creature bounding and whirling on the stage his beloved Marie, whom he had preferred before all the ladies of the court?

He rubbed his eyes and leaned forward, his very soul burning in his face. He could not be mistaken. The lovely and guileless peasant whom he had worshipped and admitted to the innermost sanctuary of his spirit and the magnificent dancer of the opera were one and the same. The blazing theatre grew dim; the tumultuous applause was no longer heard; the unhappy prince gasped, struggled, swooned, and amidst much excitement was borne to his carriage.

The charming dancer who had fascinated him was the famous Fanny Elsler, then at the beginning of her extraordinary conquests and career. She had allowed herself to be used by his relatives as a bait to insnare the young duke's affections, in the hope that through her some interest in life might be awakened. The ingenuous and handsome boy pleased her, no doubt. Her vanity was gratified at the expense of his final faith.

He never recovered, it is said, from this sudden and terrible shock, and she—was liberally paid.—From 'Down the Danube,' by Junius Henri Browne, in—*Harper's Magazine for November.*

WHY JOIN?—There are many reasons. The Grange is a means of national and highly beneficial social employment.—The farmer lives mainly alone, he sees few people, his wife sees less, he attends few lectures, he hears little music, he goes to few parties, he visits little; he has other employments, but he lacks in social life; he grows dull; his children, as they grow up, tire of the loneliness of the country, and hie them away to the city. The Grange makes a social centre; and has special attractions; it gives him something to do, and interests him in the doing of it. A good Grange, well conducted, is eminently an enlivening and enjoyable place. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." "It is not good for man to be alone."

The Grange is a means of valuable instruction. When farmers meet together they naturally talk. They talk of their business as farmers, of the markets, of the oppressions of monopolies, the rate of interest, the railroad law, the third term, the prospects of the Patron's movement, in short, of everything that interests them as men. A few days since two good farmers sat here at our table and talked of the relative value of the different breeds of hogs, then of their proper care, then of other stock matters, and so on; all of us were instructed by the talking together. So of everything, and particularly at the Grange meetings good farmers will find valuable instructions in the mutual interchange of views and the relation of their experiences. In this connection the advice cannot come amiss if we say, go early. It will afford you greatest opportunity to talk with your neighbors.

The Grange is a means of large saving in business. Already, through the State and County agencies, a vast amount of farm machinery and other supplies have been purchased by the farmers, at greatly reduced prices; and are now making for still further reductions and vaster transactions. Co-operative stores have been started, insurance companies organized, elevators built, and agencies for the sale of farm products established. All this tends to save money for the farmer and to teach him habits of business.—*Spirit of Kansas.*

Freebooters—Men who are ready to kick for nothing.