Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1875 — NO. 17

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 The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

DIRECTORY

FOR

St. Mary's County.

CIRCUIT COURT.

The sessions of this Court begin on the third Mondays of March and September, and on the first Mondays of June and December. The March and September Terms being for the trial of causes wherein Juries may be required—those of June and December are the non-jury or intermediate Terms.

Chief Judge—Hon George Brent.

Associate Judges—Hons Robert Ford and Daniel R Magruder.

Clerk—J Frank Ford.

Deputy Clerks—Robt A Young and Jos F Neal.

State's Attorney—J Parran Crane.

Commissioners in Equity—James T Blakistone and James S Downs.

Commissioner at Law—J Frank Bohanan (vacant.)

Auditor—Robert C Combs.

Sheriff—Benjamin Foxwell.

Deputy Sheriff—George A Simms.

Jailor—A J Scott.

Crier—James F Wathen.

Bailiffs—Zach Latham and Jos Latham.

Messenger—J J Graves.

Bailiff to Grand Jury—Thomas P Guy.

ORPHANS' COURT.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month.

Chief Judge—Hon A J Spalding.

Associate Judges—Hons L H Canter and Z H Tippett.

Register of Wills—James T M Raley.

Deputy Register of Wills—Wm B Goddard.

Crier—Benj H Swann.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month

John R Abell, (President,) John Parsons, Philip H Dorsey, A C Tennisson and A F Fenwick.

Clerk—C J Durant.

Messenger—Peter R Graves.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.

George B Dent

BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS

Col John F Dent, (President,) Wm L Thomas and Henry I Carroll

Secretary—Benj Tippett, (County Examiner and Treasurer)

TRUSTEES OF THE ALMS' HOUSE

Thos O Spencer, (President,) B I Abell, P G Love, Thos K Langley and J T Parsons

Overseer—J Summerfield Joy

COLLECTORS OF STATE AND COUNTY TAXES

1st District, John L Foxwell
2nd do Wm Frank Ford
3rd do Joseph T Gough
4th do James R Alvey
5th do J J Redmond
6th do R King Clarke

OFFICERS OF REGISTRATION

1st District, G M C Jones
2nd do (vacant)
3rd do Joseph S Ford
4th do Robert T Barber
5th do J Gwinn Barber
6th do Stephen Jones

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

1st District, J M Biscoe, D W Tyler and James B Loker
2nd District, J A Wise, F J Thomas, J S B Hammett, Thos Dent and Geo C Loker
3rd District, Jo F Morgan, D C Hammett, Zach Tippett and J Felix Morgan
4th District, Thomas H Fowler, W L Dent, J C Hurry and C J Russell
5th District, H C Dent, George W Burroughs and H C Adams
6th District, Jas G Spalding, Wm B Tucker and Z T Spalding

CONSTABLES

1st District, Henry W Crane and William H Taylor
2nd District, James H Saunders, R M Edwards and J L Milburn
3rd District, George A Simms and Joseph T Gough
4th District, James R Alvey, Jos H Shemwell and J J Alvey
5th District, James H. Alvey and J. J. Redmond
6th District, R King Clarke

JUDGES OF ELECTION.

1st District, Edward S Abell, W W Brady and Louis N Rollins
2nd District, Charles L Wise, Henry Watts and J T Duke
3rd District, Y P Dawkins, Stephen Foxwell and Sebastian Thompson
4th District, Llwn J Allstan, W L Dent and P G Love
5th District, John Harrison, Thos Harrison and H C Dent
6th District, J G Spalding, Henry Jones and H C Graves

CORPORATION OF LEONARDTOWN

Dr Henry Haw, (President,) John F Fenwick, Henry Neal, B Harris Camalier and A A Lawrence

Bailiff—George A Simms.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE,

"The Leading American Newspaper,"

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

In the recent elections the people have declared in favor of honesty in politics and independence in journalism. The Tribune, which years ago declared that it was not and never more would be a party organ, claims the verdict as the popular vindication of its course, and recognizes in the result the voice of the people for reform and integrity in government, for candor and independence among newspapers. During the campaign which has just closed The Tribune has fully maintained its right to the title of the "Leading American Newspaper." This position it has earned and retains for the following, among other reasons:

It publishes all the news earlier, more fully, and more intelligently than any other paper.

It insists on peace throughout the whole country, the right of local self government and the protection of all classes in the exercise of their just and legal rights.

It advocates confidence and good feeling between North and South, and labors for an honest and abiding reconciliation.

It maintains fairness and candor toward all public men and questions and dignity and courtesy toward associates and rivals.

It publishes scientific news, reports, discussions and discoveries to a degree of fullness and accuracy never before attained by any paper.

It gives every week ten or more columns of the most carefully prepared agricultural matter during the year, much more in the aggregate than the entire contents of any other agricultural publication, and the whole forming a department of which an eniment agricultual editor said: "It has done more to make good farmers than any other influence which ever existed."

It has published a series of scientific and literary extras which have met a wider sale and more emphatic popular approval than any similar publication of the kind.

WHAT THE SOUTHERN PRESS SAY OF THE TRIBUNE.

We consider The Tribune a very valuable paper—[Ashville (N C) Citizen

The New-York Tribune, in its faithful and searching exposure of outrage slanders on Alabama and other States, has done immense service to truth and justice.—Macon (Ga) Telegraph and Messenger.

We thank The New-York Tribune for its manly and powerful words in demanding justice for the people of Alabama.—Montgomery (Ala) News.

The best paper in the world is the New York Tribune. It combines the dignity and sagacity of the London Times with the representative news enterprise of America—[Baltimore Bulletin.

A paper to be admired for its independence of tone and its reliability of news—[Episcopal Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Any one who wants a first class paper which keeps fully up with the times in literature, science and art should subscribe for the Tribune—[Spartanburg (S C) Carolina Spartan.

The imperial sheet of the world, the New York Tribune—[The Jacksonville (Fla) News.

We regard it as the best paper, all in all, published in the United States—[Morristown (Tenn) Gazette.

To-day the New York Tribune is undoubtedly the first of American newspapers; whatever may be said of its rivals, it has clearly won precedence of all and very creditably does it represent the journalism of the country. While dealing with all the topics coming within the range of a newspaper, the Tribune makes a specialty of the great subject of agriculture. It becomes thereto a matter of vital importance to the country that the direction of the ideas of this vast section should be in able and conscientious hands, and a matter for congratulation that the farmer's newspaper par excellence has the high standing of the Tribune—[The (N Y) South.

The New York Tribune is doing a great work in popularizing Science by the publication of cheap extras to that great daily.—[Our Monthly, Clinton, S C.

American newspaper enterprise is probably at this time more fully illustrated in the daily issues of the New York Tribune than in any other journal—[Wilmington (N C) Star.

Unequalled in culture, dignity, comprehensive breadth, polish or expression and intellectual; fettered by no party ties, bolted indecencies of speech, and hysteric with no wild sensation—[Raleigh (N C) Agricultural Journal.

Surely the paper has maintained successfully the high popularity which he bequeathed it, and the name of an ably conducted and independent journal, which it now deserves even more justly than at any time during Mr. Greeley's life—[Petersburg (Va) Index and Appeal.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

Daily, by mail, $10 per year; Semi-Weekly, $3 per year; five copies, $2.50 each

Weekly, $2 per year; ten copies, $1 25 each; twenty copies, $1 10 each.

Jan 14, 1874.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

Jos H Key &
D S Briscoe,
Executors of
H G S Key,
vs.
Josephine Plowden.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity.
No. 393 N. E.

ORDERED, this 19th day of Jan. 1875, that the Auditor's Report, filed in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 3rd Monday of February, 1875; provided a copy of this order be published in the St. Mary's Beacon, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 3rd Monday of February.

J FRANK FORD,
Clerk.

True copy—Test:
J FRANK FORD,
Clerk.

Jan 21, 1875—3w. kkb

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. This was, to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to town left us burning to black our faces and join it; but we all agreed that there was no real permanency about the circus, and that the minstrel business was but a temporary affair. We were offering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained.

Once a day a cheap, gaudy packet arrived upward from St. Louis, and another downward from Keokuk. Before these events had transpired, the day was glorious with expectancy; after they had transpired, the day was a dead and empty thing. Not only the boys, but the whole village, felt this. After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then; the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breast, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in water-melon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the "levee;" a pile of "skids" on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forests away on the other side; the "point" above the town, and the "point" below, bounding the river-glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one. Presently a film of dark smoke appears above one of those remote "points;" instantly a negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!" and the scene changes! The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows, every house and store pours out a human contribution, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common centre, the wharf.—Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat is rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and "gingerbread," perched on top of the "texas" deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the boiler deck, the hurricane deck, and the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings; there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys—a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecastle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the guage-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard, and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with! Ten minutes later the steamer is under way again, with no flag on the jack-staff and no black smoke issuing from the chimneys. After ten more minutes the town is dead again, and the town drunkard asleep by the skids once more.

My father was a justice of the peace, and I supposed he possessed the power of life and death over all men and could hang anybody that offended him. This was distinction enough for me as a general thing; but the desire to be a steamboatman kept intruding, nevertheless. I first wanted to be a cabin-boy, so that I could come out with a white apron on and shake a table cloth over the side, where all my old comrades could see me; later I thought I would rather be the deck-hand who stood on the end of the stage-plank with the coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous. But these were only day-dreams—they were too heavenly to be contemplated as real possibilities. By and by one of our boys went away. He was not heard of for a long time. At last he turned up as apprentice engineer or "striker" on a steamboat. This thing shook the bottom out of all my Sunday-school teachings. That boy had been notoriously worldly, and I just the reverse; yet he was exalted to this eminence, and I left in obscurity and misery. There was nothing generous about this fellow in his g[illegible] always manage to [illegible] scrub while his bo[illegible] and he would sit [illegible] and scrub it, where [illegible] and envy him as [illegible] whenever his boat [illegible] come home and swa[illegible] in his blackest and [illegible] that nobody could [illegible] that he was g[illegible] that carpe so [illegible] ties in his talk; [illegible] to them that he forgot common people could not understand them. He would speak of the "larboard" side of a horse in an easy, natural way that would make one wish he was dead. And he was always talking about "St. Looy" like an old citizen; he would refer casually to occasions when he was coming down Fourth Street," or when he was "passing by the Planter's House," or when there was a fire and he took a turn on the brakes of "the old Big Missouri;" and then he would go on and lie about how many towns the size of ours were burned down there that day. Two or three of the boys had long been persons of consideration among us because they had been to Louis once and had a vague general knowledge of its wonders, but the day of their glory was over now. They lapsed into a humble silence, and learned to disappear when the ruthless "cub" engineer approached. This fellow had money, too, and hair oil. Also an ignorant silver watch and a showy brass watch chain. He wore a leather belt and used no suspenders. If ever a youth was cordially admired and hated by his comrades, this one was. No girl could withstand his charms. He "cut out" every boy in the village. When his boat blew up at last, it diffused a tranquil contentment among us such as we had not known for months. But when he came home the next week, alive, renowned, and appeared in church all battered up and bandaged, a shining hero, stared at and wondered over by everybody, it seemed to us that the partiality of Providence for an undeserving reptile had reached a point where it was open to criticism.

This creature's career could produce but one result, and it speedily followed. Boy after boy managed to get on the river. The minister's son became an engineer. The doctor's and the postmaster's sons became [illegible] wholesale liquor dealer [illegible] became a bar-keeper on a boat; four sons of the chief merchant, and two sons of the county judge, became pilots. Pilot was the grandest position of all. The pilot even in those days of trivial wages, had a princely salary—from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and no board to pay.—Two months of his wages would pay a preacher's salary for a year. Now some of us were left disconsolate. We could not get on the river—at least our parents would not let us.

So by and by I ran away. I said I never would come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory.—But somehow I could not manage it. I went meekly aboard a few of the boats that lay packed together like sardines at the long St. Louis wharf, and very humbly inquired for the pilots, but got only a cold shoulder and short words from mates and clerks. I had to make the best of this sort of treatment for the time being, but I had comforting day-dreams of a future when I should be a great and honored pilot, with plenty of money, and could kill some of these mates and clerks and pay for them.

Months afterward the hope within me struggled to a reluctant death, and I found myself without an ambition.—But I was ashamed to go home. I was in Cincinnati, and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent exploration of the river Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said that the expedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the head-waters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans, where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left; I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon. This was all the thought I gave to the subject. I never was great in matters of detail. I packed my valise, and took passage on an ancient tub called the Paul Jones, for New Orleans. For the sum of sixteen dollars I had the scarred and tarnished splendors of "her" main saloon principally to myself, for she was not a creature to attract the eye of wiser travelers.

When we presently got under way and went poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration. I was a traveler! A word never had tasted so good in my mouth before. I had an exultant sense of being bound for mysterious lands and distant climes which I never have felt in so uplifting a degree since. I was in such a glorified condition that all ignoble feelings departed out of me, and I was able to look down and pity the untraveled with a compassion that had hardly a trace of contempt in it. Still, when we stopped at villages and wood-yards, I could not help lolling carelessly upon the railings of the boiler deck to enjoy the envy of the country boys on the bank. If they did not seem to discover me, I presently sneezed to attract their attention, or moved to a position where they could not help seeing me. And as soon as I knew they saw me I gaped and stretched, and gave other signs of being mightily bored with traveling.—I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get the browned and weather-beaten look of an old traveler. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude, for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my face [illegible] I wish that the boys and [illegible] could see me now.

We reached Louisville in time—at least the neighborhood of it. We stuck hard and fast on the rocks in the middle of the river and lay there four days. I was now beginning to feel a strong sense of being a part of the boat's family, a sort of infant son to the captain and younger brother to the officers. There is no estimating the pride I took in this grandeur, or the affection that began to swell and grow in me for those people. I could not know how the lordly steamboatman scorns that sort of presumption in a mere landsman. I particularly longed to acquire the least trifle of notice from the big stormy mate, and I was on the alert for opportunity to do him a service to that end. It came at last. The riotous pow-wow of setting a spar was going on down the forecastle, and I went down there and stood around in the way—or mostly skipping out of it—till the mate suddenly roared a general order for somebody to bring him a capstan bar. I sprang to his side and said; "Tell me where it is—I'll fetch it!"

If a rag-picker had offered to do a diplomatic service for the Emperor of Russia, the monarch could not have been more astounded than the mate was. He even stopped swearing. He stood and stared down at me. It took him ten seconds to scrape his disjointed remains together again. Then he said impressively: "Well if this don't beat hell!" and turned to his work with the air of a man who had been confronted with a problem too abstruse for solution.

I crept away, and courted solitude for the rest of the day. I did not go to dinner; I stayed away from supper until everybody else had finished. I did not feel so much like a member of the boat's family now as before. However, my spirits returned, in installments, as we pursued our way down the river. I was sorry I hated the mate so, because it was not in (young) human nature not to admire him. He was huge and muscular, his face was bearded and whiskered all over; he had a red woman and a blue woman tattooed on his right arm,—one on each side of a blue anchor with a red rope to it; and in the matter of profanity he was perfect. When he was getting out cargo at a landing, I was always where I could see and hear. He felt all the sublimity of his great position, and made the world feel it, too. When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it. I could not help contrasting the way in which the average landsman would give an order, with the mate's way of doing it. If the landsman should wish the gang-plank moved a foot farther forward, he would probably say: "James, or William, one of you push that plank forward, please;" but put the mate in his place, and he would roar our: "Here, now, start that gang-plank for'ard! Lively, now! What're you about! Snatch it! snatch it! There! there! Aft again! aft again! Don't you hear me? Dash it to dash! are you going to sleep over it! 'Vast heaving. 'Vast heaving, I tell you! Going to heave it clear astern? WHERE're you going with that barrel! for'ward with it, 'fore I make you swallow it, you dash-dash-dash-dashed split between a tired mud-turtle and a crippled hearse horse!"

I wished I could talk like that.

When the soreness of my adventure with the mate had somewhat worn off, I began timidly to make up to the humblest official connected with the boat—the night watchman. H snubbed my advances at first, but I presently ventured to offer him a new chalk pipe, and that softened him. So he allowed me to sit with him by the big bell on the hurricane deck, and in time he melted into conversation. He could not well have helped it, I hung with such homage on his words and so plainly showed that I felt honored by his notice. He told me the names of dim capes and shadowly islands as we glided by them in the solemnity of the night, under the winking stars, and by and by got to talking about himself. He seemed over-sentimental for a man whose salary was six dollars a week—or rather he might have seemed so to an older person than I. But I drank in his words hungrily, and with a faith that might have moved mountains if it had been applied judiciously. What was it to me that he was soiled and seedy and fragrant with gin? What was it to me that his grammar was bad, his construction worse, and his profanity so void of art that it was an element of weakness rather than strength in his conversation? He was a wronged man, a man who had seen trouble, and that was enough for me. As he mellowed into his plaintive history his tears dripped upon the lantern in his lap, and I cried, too, from sympathy. He said he was the son of an English nobleman—either an earl or an alderman, he could not remember which, but believed he was both; his father, the nobleman, loved him, but his mother hated him from the cradle; and so while he was still a little boy he was sent to "one of them old ancient colleges"—he could not remember which; and by and by his father died and his mother seized the property and "shook" him, as he phrased it. After his mother shook him, members of the nobility with whom he was acquainted used their influence to get him the position of "loblolly-boy in a ship;" and from that point my watchman threw off all trammels of date and locality and branched out into a narrative that bristled all along with incredible adventures; a narrative that was so reeking with bloodshed and so crammed with hair-breadth escapes and the most engaging and unconscious personal villainies, that I sat speechless, enjoying, shuddering, wondering, worshipping.

It was a sore blight to find out afterwards that he was a low, vulgar, ignorant, sentimental, half-witted humbug, an untraveled native of the wilds of Illinois, who had absorbed wildcat literature and appropriated its marvels, until in time he had woven odds and ends of the mess into this yarn, and then gone on telling it to fledgelings like me, until he had become to believe it himself.

MARK TWAIN.

CARL SCHURZ AND HIS FAMILY.—Few Senators know how to entertain with refinement. Carl Schurz is undoubtedly the best host in Washington for an evening party.

All the members of his family are intellectualized up to his grade, and, like the best class of Germans, they can throw off profoundness of chat and listen to music, the host meantime all-pervading and witty and soothing, while Mrs. Schurz, with her dark Hamburg eyes and almost tenderly interest in young people, receives, one by one, her callers, and is obliging, without effort, to all.

Her daughters are growing up after the style of their father and mother, and the young men observe in them a docility and sensibility quite rare in general society.

Schurz holds his place in the Senate as much by industry as by talent. He is not a man of genius, but his accomplishments are general; he knows sufficient of music, the languages, mathematics, polite literature and law to be considered proficient in a country of partial education like ours; and, then, he is always fortifying himself. In the evenings, when his brother Senators are distributing patronage and writing goosey letters to a hundred numbskull constituents, playing poker, keeping an assignation, or stuffing down food with Sam Ward at Welker's, Carl Schurz is at his books. His wife has put the children to bed and is, perhaps, sewing at his side.

He has none of the embarrassments which attend fashionable wives, whose daily study it is finding out what to wear for the benefit of other men. The star of his fame Mrs. Schurz admires, but does not worship. Her ideal is a more stable and frugal career than waits on the Senate.

To husband his resources of the mind and the purse, to be a part of some real society, and to develop more slowly and in the line of happiness, is this German wife's desire. She knows the petulance and exaltation of the literary mind, its want of husbandry, and the necessity of giving it method and self-denial before its wayward habits become incurable. She desires him to return to St. Louis and proceed with his newspaper and the practice of law.

HOW EELS LIVE.—There are a great many peculiarities connected with the eel that but few people know of. For instance, there are some eight or ten kinds of them, of which several never enter into fresh water. Some of the varieties are, when full grown, ten or twelve feet in length, weighing one hundred pounds. The kind here, the common fresh and salt water eel, is usually from twelve to twenty-four inches in length. Eels, it has been proven, have both sexes in one, and spawn somewhat after the manner of other fish. Like the turtle, they can travel out of the water for some distance, from stream to stream, so that in almost every rivulet, however small, they can be found. The gills, or breathing organs, are covered up by a most delicate curtain, which acts like a vale and a reservoir for water, so to speak, to keep its gills moist during the time it is out of the stream. It has a heart in its tail, the same as is known to exist in the salmon, with pulsations at about ninety-four to the minute.—*New York Paper.*

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.—The "Science of Health" thus calls attention to a fact which cannot be too frequently enforced on people's minds: "The pernicious habit of breathing through the mouth while sleeping or waking is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with the mouth open, and do not know it. They may go to sleep with it closed and awake with it closed; but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that it has been open during sleep. Snoring is another sure sign.—This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking, or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed, and breathe through the nostrils, and retire with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus, not the mouth.—A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

It is susceptible of easy proof that the Sewing Machine has been a greater blessing to the masses of American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, the patient, overworked women of the land, who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of every-day life. Every father and husband fails in his duty if he neglects to endow his home with such a triumph of science as the Howe Sewing Machine. It is the cheapest and best sewing machine ever offered. Call and see them, or take one on trial from Mr. J. P. Greenwell, Leonardtown, Md., who sells at New York prices and on very easy terms. The Southern people should bear in mind that many machines are sold in the South at an *advance of fifteen dollars over* New York prices.

THE SULTAN AND SATAN.—There is an eastern story of a Sultan who overslept himself, so as not to awaken at the hour of prayer. So the devil came and waked him, and told him to pray. "Who are you?" said the Sultan. "O, no matter," replied the other; "my act is good, is it not? No matter who does the good action, so long as it is good." "Yes," replied the Sultan, "but I think you are Satan. I know your face; you have some bad motive." "But," says the other, "I am not so bad as I am painted. You see I have left off my horns and tail. I am a pretty good fellow, after all. I was an angel once, and I still keep some of my original goodness." "That's all very well," replied the sagacious and prudent Caliph, "but you are the tempter; that's your business; and I wish to know why you want me to get up and pray." "Well," said the devil, with a flirt of impatience, "if you must know, I will tell you. If you had slept and forgotten your prayers you would have been sorry for it afterward and penitent; but, if you go on, as now, and do not neglect a single prayer for ten years, you will be so satisfied with yourself that it will be worse for you than if you had missed one sometimes and repented of it.—God loves your fault mixed with penitence, more than your virtue seasoned with pride."

THE SLANG OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—Gamblers of every grade, says a contemporary, have their slang terms to convey to the initiated just what they mean; and however blind it may be to the uninitiated, it is perfectly intelligible to those possessed of the high civilization (?) necessary to "manipulate stocks." Four different forms of contracts are known under the general term of stock privileges. The "put" and "call" are single privileges. A "put" is a contract giving the holder the right of delivering a certain amount of stock within a definite time at stipulated price. A "call" is exactly the reverse of a "put," being a contract giving the holder the right of calling for the stock instead of delivering it. A double privilege is a "put" and "call" on the same stock in one contract.—When a double privilege is drawn at the market price of the stock, it is called a "straddle," and costs from two and a half to five per cent premium.—But when drawn at a distance of from one to two and a half per cent above and below the market price, it is called a "spread," for which a fixed premium of two per cent is paid. The distance from the market at which a "spread" is drawn depends on the class of stock and the activity of the market

DON'T—PLEASE DON'T—Don't tell the little one, who may be slightly wilful, that "the black man will come out of the dark cellar, and carry it off if it does not mind." Don't create a needless fear to go with the child through all the stages of its existence.

Don't tell the little five-year-old Jimmy "the school ma'm will cut off his ears"—"pull out his teeth"—"tie him up"—or any of the horrible stories that are commonly presented to the childish imagination. Think you the little one will believe anything you tell him after he becomes acquainted with the gentle teacher, who has not the least idea of putting those terrible threats into execution?

Don't tell the children they must not drink tea because it will make them black, while you continue to use it daily. Your example is more to them than pretext; and while your face is as fair as June morning they will scarcely credit the oft-told tale. Either give up drinking the pleasant beverage or give your children a better reason for its non-use.

Don't tell them they must not eat sugar or sweetmeats, because it will rot their teeth. Pure sugar does not cause the teeth to decay, and sugar with fruits is nutritions and healthy, notwithstanding the "old saw" to the contrary. The case of city children is often cited, as if the cause of their pale faces and slight constitutions were an over amount of sweetmeats with their diet, when their actual cause is want of pure air and proper exercise.

Never miss a kiss, even if you have to kiss a Miss.

Materialized spirits—Frozen whiskey.