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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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GOING TO HOUSEKEEPING.—It is considered a very nice thing to have enough money to buy or rent a comfortable house, furnish it amply and settle down to cosy housekeeping. Until this can be done a great many couples think they must board. To begin as their fathers and mothers did is not to be thought of. How can they be happy in just two or three rooms, without any parlor or any fine furniture?

Household happiness, then, is a matter of tapestries and gildings, and carvings and draperies. Yes, in some cases, that is all there is of it, and those whose aspirations stop with possession of these externals must find content themselves with these. But there are those who look deeper and higher for domestic felicity than in the mere fire-side surroundings of even the most luxurious home. For such is this little essay designed.

It seems fitting that when "the solitary are set in families," they should set up immediately their own household gods and make sure to the most strict seclusion as will enable them to lay without any disturbing influences from without the foundations of their domestic structure. Each family is a unit with properties peculiar to itself, a solution with laws of crystallization all its own, and it is impossible for any father or mother or friend to interfere wisely and attempt to regulate the action of these laws and say thus or thus they must operate. Suggestions delicately given are barely admissible, but the inner sanctuary of the home belongs solely to the dual couple, and no one entering there is guilty of sacrilege.

No boarding house, no private family, no hotel can afford a married pair the seclusion, the independence, the freedom they can have in even two or three rooms of which they are sole proprietors and where they "keep house." Curious eyes are prying into their affairs, busy tongues meddle with their actions, officious friends try to help them, and they miss the supreme joy of seeing the delicious growth of gracious household ways that can spring only from the garden enclosed of a sacred home, if they have not this seclusion.

If young married people, instead of thinking what Mrs. Grundy will say about their style, their resources and their expenditures would put this mischievous dame entirely outside their thoughts, and taking into sole consideration their own requirements, likings and abilities, act according to the dictates of sound judgment in the direction and management of their affairs, what infinite happiness they may enjoy, what untold annoyances escape! Two that love each other can be happy with Aaminster or matting, with china or stone ware, with stuffed damask or cane seats; these no more create the happiness of a home than draperies create the beauty of the perfect human form. Though very well in their way, they are the merest accidents, and have no vital connection with the home. Nay, unless there is "that within which passeth show," these outside trappings are mockeries and tortures to the love-hungry heart. It is also to be considered that the outside world knows the circumstances (pecuniary) of young couples generally about as well as they do themselves, and just how much of a spread they can afford to make. No one is deceived by a grand display. It is surely not worth while to begin life with hypocrisy. It is well to come into an estate by degrees, and the full estate of housekeeping constitutes no exception to this remark. The simple joy of having a home, however humble, all to their two selves, is or ought to be enough in the beginning for any reasonable pair. Let them add little by little as they are able and their requirements increase; each addition will be a separate pleasure multiplying all the rest, and the delight of building up a home may thus be prolonged through years of growing wealth and felicity—nay, may be prolonged till the twin pass to that state where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

A series of valuable observations on solar radiation in Great Britain has been made during the past five years by Mr. F. W. Stow and a number of his friends. The results show a difference in the power of the sun's rays inland and on the sea-shore. Near the ocean their power seems to be diminished by the excess of vapor in the atmosphere.

IT IS SO.

I've seen many a girl Who would marry a churl, Provided he'd plenty of gold, And would live to repent When the money was spent— When she found that her heart had been sold, It is so! It is so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

I've known many a lass Who would thoughtlessly pass Whom she met in the street, While the mother would scrub All the while at the tub, Never minding the cold or the heat, It is so! It is so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

There is many a man Who will "dress" if he can, No matter how empty his purse, And his tailor may looke, When his patron has boited, or worse, It is so! It is so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

I know people so nice They will hunt in a trice If you mention hard labor to them; Yet their parents were poor, And were forced to endure Many hardships life's current to stem, It is so! It is so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

There are many about, With a face long drawn out, Who will ill-prate for the harm of a laugh; Yet they'll cheat all the week, Though on Sunday so meek— To my mind they're too pious by half, It is so! It is so! You may smile if you like, But it's so.

MY FIRST EVENING AT THE CLUB

"Edward, your election to the noble brotherhood of which I am a member took place last evening. Will you accept my best congratulations?" Ellersley Whyte entered my chambers one afternoon with the above announcement. Languidly reclining upon my lounge, I half rose from the recumbent position and, taking Ellersley's outstretched hand, asked him to repeat his remark, as I had been three-quarters asleep when I heard it.

My friend complied. I may as well state, *extraneous*, dear reader, that I had heard, with a thrill of the intensest joy, every word of Ellersley's greeting the first time that he uttered it. But, among men of fashion, anything that resembles emotion is a *grossierete*—a vulgarity, a nonsense; besides, I had another reason for miscalculating my satisfaction at having been elected a member of the L—Club, and that reason was pride. I had lived so long among fashionable circles, without enjoying the honor, that I was unwilling Ellersley Whyte should see how highly I valued it.

"Thank you for coming to tell me, my dear fellow," I drawled, lazily, in reply to the repetition of my friend's most welcome announcement. "It's quite a surprise, really. Chetwynde mentioned my having been proposed, the other day, but I had entirely forgotten the matter, I assure you."

Ellersley Whyte smiled a little oddly. Perhaps he was keen enough to penetrate my mask of indifference; but he only remarked, walking toward the door: "And now that my message is delivered, Edward, I must leave you for an engagement further up-town. By-the-way," he continued, "Holmes and Erskine and Morland, and a half-dozen other men, want you to be round at the club to-night, if you can spare an hour or so. At about eleven, they said. Can you manage it?"

"I think so," was my reply. "Yes, they can depend on me. Will you be there?"

"Yes. An revoir."

"Au revoir." At eleven o'clock precisely I entered the modest but elegant club-building in —th Street, with a feeling of delightful triumph that I cannot recall in those advanced years of mine without a smile at the foolish ambitions I used then to cherish so fondly. The one social distinction which I had so long coveted was, I thought, mine at last.

Out of the many who would have sacrificed so much for the honor of calling themselves members of the L—Club, I had enjoyed the compliment of being chosen. It was a very pleasant and flattering truth to reflect upon. But I had little time for reflection just then. George Erskine, one of the friends who had been most zealous in obtaining my election, met me as I entered the large and handsome hall of the building.

"Ah, Sternforth," he said, advancing and taking my hand cordially in his, "I am delighted to find that you have so soon assumed the rights of membership. Come into the card-room; you will find a host of old friends there."

not but appreciate the compliment conveyed by his request. "But you must not forget," I added, "to introduce me to Mr. Rivers. We are not acquainted."

A few minutes later the introduction took place, and a lively and interesting game was entered upon. The stakes were high, and, although I was a practiced player, my luck seemed quite marvellous. Weakly assisted by Erskine, I easily won the first three games.

As the deal was made by Rivers at the beginning of the fourth game, I happened carelessly to glance toward his face. It was one of those mobile faces on which the passions or emotions of the "inner man" are easily portrayed. I read there, to my intense surprise, the profoundest contempt, mixed with an apparently almost unmanageable anger. He returned my glance with a fierce expression in his deep-black, Spanish sort of eyes that was far from pleasing me. It was a kind of look which no gentleman cares about receiving from another.

My blood rose on the instant. Was it possible that he suspected me of foul play? What could I have done to merit this most singular indignation, tacitly expressed, it is true, but none the less evident?

"Oblige me by explaining," I said, in a voice that thoroughly controlled the annoyance I felt, "the cause of your somewhat peculiar demeanor towards me, Mr. Rivers. I am loth to believe that any misunderstanding should have occurred between us, but—"

"To my consternation, he interrupted me with a sneer and a contemptuous wave of the hand in my direction. "Mr. Sternforth need not assume with me the manners of an injured party. I have played *whist* too often not to detect *swindling*, especially when so palpable and open as this. The manners of low gambling-houses have been up to the present time, I believe, wholly foreign to the card-tables of the L—Club. I regret that one whom I believed to be a gentleman should have introduced them this evening."

I was on my feet now with clenched hands, and a face that must have been white and ghastly with half-smothered rage. "Do you dare to assert—" I began; but passion choked me, and the cold sneering tones of Rivers continued: "I dare to assert, Edward Sternforth, that you are a swindling card-sharper!"

I answered him with a blow this time; not a damaging blow, however, for the quick hand of Erskine thrust mine aside before it had time to more than graze the cheek of my insulter. Then there was a great noise of rushing feet, and, before I could well realize my position, fully fifty men stood between Rivers and myself.

"It was an outrageous insult," said the voice of Erskine, who stood close at my side amid the throng; "and you returned it bravely, or would have done so, had I not prevented you."

"Which I greatly regret, Erskine."

"My coolness was beginning to return now."

"Why regret it?" continued Erskine. "Gentlemen, stand firm other weapons than their fists, Sternforth. A blow is a blow, however, no matter how lightly dealt. I suppose Rivers will challenge you."

He had hardly finished speaking before Holmes, the gentleman who had been Rivers' partner at whist, made his way toward the throng. "I am requested by Mr. Rivers," he said, "to demand immediate satisfaction from you for the insult you have inflicted."

"Immediate satisfaction," I said, coolly. "How is that possible. Although the age of duelling is past—"

With these words, I stepped forward among the crowd of gentlemen who were waiting. He returned my glance with a look of surprise. "Everything is in my hands," he said, "and you follow me, if you care to already waiting for me."

We passed arm-in-arm down the length of the large apartment, and I had said, was there a man, I confess to you, feeling when the pistol was handed by Erskine. The address of the whole matter had scarcely left me room for thought until now. Visions of a face that I loved better than all else in the world haunted me in a hundred pleading ways during the next three minutes that followed. I thought of the agony, too, that my family would feel on the morrow, if the news of my death were to reach them in their quiet country home. My death! Great God! was I to die like this?—shot down for the mere obedience to a tyrannous social code that in my heart I had always despised and hated?

Well, hope of life was strong within me to the last. God help me, God help her, if—

Erskine's voice had spoken the first word of signal. And somehow that monosyllable wrought a change in my feelings—added a force to my arm and a courage to my heart, that I had wholly despaired of experiencing.

"Two." I wheeled half round toward my opponent. The pistol was clutched in my hand, now, with a grasp of steel. I was no inferior marksman at ordinary times. I felt that my aim would be deadly now.

"Three." I stood face to face with my opponent.

Both pistols, discharged simultaneously, made one sharp report. Was I un hurt? I moved my limbs slightly; feeling no pain in any of them.

My opponent, seen faintly through a cloud of smoke, was standing erect—uninjured, perhaps, like myself. And yet my aim had been sure; or, at least, I fancied so. Suddenly George Erskine's voice sounded at my side, raised to a tone of the most extraordinary loudness: "Three cheers for Mr. Sternforth!"

"He has stood the test bravely!" I looked about me in utter bewilderment while the cheers were given clamorously from every side. "For heaven's sake," I said, turning toward Erskine, "what does this singular behavior mean on the part of yourself and the other members? What have I done to deserve this enthusiasm? Oblige me by explaining."

"That task is mine," said the voice of Rivers, as he approached to where I stood. "I have been acting a part to-night, Mr. Sternforth, which I assure you was a most disgraceful one. This evening's entire performance may be summed up in two words—your initiation. Perhaps you can not understand why it is that the L—Club is so difficult to enter. The men who fail to stand the test put upon you this evening fail in becoming members. The secrecy of our initiation system is nothing remarkable. Those who have experienced it *without afterward becoming members* are not the ones to inform society of their inability to 'stand fire.' Mortification usually keeps them silent, and now," continued Rivers, extending his hand, "I trust that an apology for the ridiculous insults I hurled at you this evening will be fully accepted."

"Let the whole matter, like the charge of those bulletless pistols we fought with, end in—smoke." He offered me a cigar. I accepted it, and his extended hand likewise, and so ended my first evening at the L—Club.

FINDING THE MERIDIAN.—Mr. George W. Blunt, of New York, who knows as much about nautical matters as any gentleman we know, gives the following simple mode for running a meridian line: Take a piece of board, or any similar material, and describe on it a number of concentric circles. Place this in the sun, over the center hang a plummet. Observe the shorter shadow from the plummet; the sun will then be on the meridian; draw a line to the centre of the circle, and that will be the true meridian. This will do to mark the apparent time or to correct the compass for variation.

A bachelor editor lies into a rage and storms at his washerwoman in this style: "We give our washerwoman notice that we heretofore want our own clothes. Last Sunday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it at all. It was all ruffled around the top and looked real handsome, but there was no place for a collar, and it hadn't any bosom, though we are bound to say there was plenty of room for one. Yet, it was a handsome shirt; but we don't have ours made that way, particularly about the bosom and sleeves."

"We have conquered them with arms; we will now conquer them with magnanimity."—Abraham Lincoln.

It what respect does a locomotive resemble a dream? Is coming upon a sleeper.

THERE'S A GLASS FOR THE HALBERDIER

The King he may drink from his golden cup, The Knight from his crystal clear; The Baron may mantle the tankard up,— But of this there is little fear— But of this there is little fear— Whatever may pass— There's a Glass for the Halberdier!

The King he may drink from his stately Queen, The Knight to his Dainty Dear; The Baron may hiccup a toast between,— But of this there is little fear— But of this there is little fear— Whatever may pass— There's a Glass for the Halberdier!

So be it for the Jerkin and good steel cap, And let us for good or for evil hap, For of this there is little fear— But of this there is little fear— Whatever may pass, There's a Glass for the Halberdier!

HOW DOES OXYGEN ACT CURATIVELY.—Why some substances act as emetics and others as cathartics, diuretics, diaphoretics, tonics, &c., no one can tell; still less can any one tell why each substance in all of these classes has, besides the above-stated general action, a specific or alternative action which distinguishes it from every other substance in its class. So also we may not know how oxygen acts to support animal life, because we can never know anything of the interior nature of life.

But as chemists and physiologists do know enough of its action when taken into the lungs to make that knowledge worth the stating.

When we breathe ordinarily we inhale a certain quantity of atmospheric air, and immediately exhale or breathe out four-fifths of what we inhaled; that is, all the nitrogen, something besides, as we shall see. The other one-fifth, nearly all the oxygen, is absorbed into the system. Now whatever else this vital element may do in the body, it performs that most important office, the purification of the blood, and this is the method of doing it: One-half of the heart is always engaged in pumping the blood that has been collected from all parts of the body into the lungs. Here this blood, dark and impure from being loaded with a kind of charcoal or carbon, the worn-out tissues of the body, comes so near to the air inhaled that nothing lies between the blood and the air but a most delicate filmy membrane, so attenuated that the oxygen is instantly absorbed through it into the blood. Here it immediately forms a chemical union with the carbon which it finds in the blood, thus generating carbonic acid gas, and this gas passes as readily through the same membrane, to be exhaled with the breath, as the oxygen did in the opposite direction. (The carbonic acid gas is the *something besides* which is breathed out with the nitrogen.) The blood thus relieved of its impurities, and left of a bright crimson color, and in this state it is returned to the other half of the heart, to be again sent on its life and health dispensing round. Again it is returned to the lungs loaded with more impurities, thus ever completing the circle of life.

If you put some dark blood, such as may be taken from the veins, into a jar containing pure oxygen, and agitate the two together, the blood will readily change its color to bright red, like that found in the arteries.

We are now prepared to understand how a bountiful supply of oxygen may act to restore a diseased body to a state of healthy activity.

Owing to many customs and habits incident to our artificial civilized mode of living, none of us get as much oxygen as the best welfare of our bodies requires. This long-continued deficiency of vital air is enough of itself to work infinite mischief to our well-being. Setting aside the first effect of this "short commons," which is to make us less vigorous, the second, and by far the more important, result is, the blood never gets properly purified in the lungs, simply because not enough oxygen is admitted to the blood to dissolve out the carbon. The blood being thus sent back into the system only partially relieved of its impurities, these of course clog its channels of circulation and cause obstructions to all the vital actions of the body.

But this is not all, nor the worst.—These impurities not only serve as hindrances to all healthy action, but they become poisonous in their character; and if they accumulate beyond a certain amount they cause "blood-poisoned" diseases, such as typhoid, jail, and putrid fevers. Our bodies being in consequence diseased, overcharged with worn-out tissues of the body, require the aid of artificial or outside agents in order to be restored to a state of health. The lungs are doing all they can under the circumstances to supply the necessary amount of oxygen to dissolve and remove the carbonaceous matters, but they are not adequate to the task. Now what more reasonable mode of procedure can there be than to furnish a supply of air much richer in oxygen, the only agent which can act as a solvent and remover of those matters?

The blood, coming in contact with the surplus of oxygen, scizes it with avidity, and in about four minutes has distributed a part of it to every portion of the body. By this means every organ has received a new installment of vigor and life. At the same time a large proportion of worn-out tissue is dissolved and removed. This, of course, liberates the oppressed vital actions (already invigorated) by removing these

obstructions, and creates the sensation of a void, a want of something to fill up the places of the substances removed, which is felt as an appetite.

With their vigor renewed the digestive organs in turn are better able to prepare nutriment which the whole system can more perfectly assimilate to its own substance. All this improved state of affairs enables the whole economy more readily to respond to another installment of oxygen, and thus to rid itself of another cargo of deleterious matters; and this, of course, necessitates another supply of nourishing food. In this manner takes place a renewed and vigorous action and reaction, elimination and assimilation, each assisting the other in ridding the system of health destroying debris, and storing up health-giving energy.

TOBACCO AND BAD MANNERS.—Jarrow, the art writer, pronounces tobacco the active agent in the decline of fine manners in Europe. Whatever the benefit or the harm the use of tobacco may do the consumer's body, its common tendency is to render the mind indifferent to the well-being of his neighbors. The supreme test of the virtue of the knight in the days of chivalry, which was the highest ideal of fine manners, was his self-denial and desire to succor the oppressed. The severest test of the modern gentleman is his willingness to forego his pipe for the comfort and health of another. It takes a thoroughly well-bred man to withstand this form of self-indulgence when it can only be practiced to the annoyance of another. Germans are the worst examples of bad manners in this respect, for it never seems to enter into their comprehension, however courteous and willing to oblige in other matters, that what is a sensual happiness to them may be absolute misery to another. Frenchmen are rapidly losing their proverbial politeness also by this species self-indulgence. Englishmen and Americans, to a certain extent, invoke the law to protect them, and with both peoples there is more consideration for the rights and welfare of others than obtains in general among the civilized nations. By selfishness of this sort has taken less firm root in Italy than elsewhere, precisely because amenity of manners and consideration of others in public are still the social rule. Not only do Italians refrain from smoking where it is prohibited, but I have seen them voluntarily give it up, when they noticed that it incommoded, where by regulation they were entitled to smoke, and this not only by gentlemen but by peasants.

On the other hand I have known a German of rank with his daughter get into a ladies' compartment in a railway carriage and insist on using his pipe, despite the expostulations of the lady occupants, who were compelled to apply to the guard for protection, when he was made to go into the smoking-carriage, the scene occurring in Italy. As he reluctantly went, his daughter angrily turned to the ladies, exclaiming, "See what you have done to my poor papa; you make him leave his place to smoke away from me." The tendency of an inordinate use of tobacco to develop boorish manners requires no better illustration, for it is one which is now-a-days too common not to have been experienced by most persons who travel.

BOTS IN BED.—Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves, soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and has looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight. Generally their faces are lying most restfully, with hands under cheek, and in many cases they look strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of older expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside, are the day clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hury, bulging with balls, or in the lesser fellow's, marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchuck have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from the marshes, where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot lie the shoes—one on its side—with gray and white socks, thrown across them; and there in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls away with them or how the earth goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow.

Paris boasts of a standing army of something like 5,000,000 rats, and some one has computed that if the rodents were to array themselves ten abreast and march upon Berlin, the vanguard would enter the German capital while those in the rear were issuing from the gates of the French metropolis.

Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. It should be so construed when displayed on a man's nose.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

It strikes the most of persons, when they first sit down to a Sewing Machine, that it is so complicated they will never be able to learn its operation. This is true of many machines, but a single day's use of the "New Howe Machine," with the instruction that is easily obtained, will enable any lady to make a good beginning, and few days' practice will make it a pleasant employment.

Of course in this, as in any other work, practice is essential to reach perfection. Sewing with the needle in the fingers is not learned in a day, and years are required to become an expert. But a few weeks' use of the New Howe Sewing Machine will enable any lady to do all her plain sewing, and to do it well, and soon her fine sewing with far more success than with her needle, and leave her plenty of time for everything else she may have on hand. Call and see these world-renowned Machines, or take one on trial of the Agent, J. P. Greenwell, Leonardtown.

ABOUT EATING.—"Do not go to bed when you are hungry," says one physician, while another counsels an opposite course; but the following advice seems reasonable. Eating a heavy meal at the close of the day is like giving a laboring man a full day's work to do just as night sets in although he has been toiling all day. The whole body is fatigued when night sets in, the stomach takes its due share, and to eat heartily at supper and then go to bed is giving all the other portions and functions of the body repose, while the stomach has thrown upon it four or five hours more additional work, after having already labored four or five hours to dispose of breakfast, and a still longer time for dinner. This ten or twelve hours of almost incessant work has nearly exhausted its power; it cannot promptly digest another full meal, but labors at it for long hours together, like an exhausted galley-slave on a newly imposed task. Had it voice, it might "strike," lacking it, the duty is silently performed. The result is that by the unnatural length of time which the food is kept in the stomach, and the imperfect manner in which the exhausted organ manages it, it becomes more or less acid; this generates wind, thus distends the stomach, this presses up itself against the more yielding lungs, confining them to a largely diminished space; hence every breath taken is insufficient for the wants of the system, the blood becomes foul, black, and thick, refuses to flow, and the man dies, or in delirium or fright leaps from a window, or commits suicide. Let any reader who follows an inactive life for the most part, try the experiment for a week of eating absolutely nothing after a one or two o'clock dinner, and see if a sound sleep and a vigorous appetite for breakfast and a hearty dinner are not the pleasurable results, to say nothing of the happy deliverance from that disagreeable fullness, weight, oppression, or acidity which attends overeating. The great renovating and vivifying which a long, delicious, and connecting sleep imparts, both to mind and body, will of themselves more than compensate for the certainly short and rather dubious pleasure of eating a supper with no special relish.

INTREPID JEWS.—Since the time of Daniel braving the den of lions to which despotism had doomed him for his religion, and his three friends fearlessly encountering the seven-fold heated furnace, conscientious Jews have ever been noted for their invincible intrepidity and perseverance, though not for similar manifestations of divine favor and protection. On a late occasion the Emperor of Russia was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly attracted his attention, both by the precision with which they performed several difficult manoeuvres, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The Emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain, the other he appointed a lieutenant on the spot. The men, however, were Jews, and there is a ukase forbidding Jews to wear an epaulet. The admiral of the fleet, who stood by, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial Majesty. "Pshaw," cried the Emperor, "that does not signify in the least; they shall immediately embrace the Greek religion, of course."

When this determination was communicated to the two young men, knowing that remonstrance would be in vain, they requested the Emperor's permission to exhibit still more of their manliness, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, embraced, and, locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea, and disappeared for ever.

SMOKING THE CURCULIO.—Some writer, having found that a portion of one of his large plum trees overhanging the dwelling, reciting the smoke from a stove pipe, was full of good plums while other portions were stung, adopted the plan of placing an old iron vessel under each of his trees, and keeping the smoke from a slow fire during the curculio season, and thus secured good fruit. We have no doubt this would answer with enough labor and smoke, yet we think the old jarring remedy would be easier and cheaper.