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A SPELLING LESSON.

We publish the following interesting account for the benefit of those of our readers affected with the orthographic mania, now so prevalent in all parts of the country. It may possibly afford both entertainment and instruction. The spelling is Websterian, which is generally regarded as authoritative in the spelling matches:

The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard and a ferule, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a maul as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calds.

He was a Gallican Saboteur, and he had a phthisical catarrh, dipping his and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sly, with the sobriquet of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of cachination at seeing him measure out a bushel of peas, taking up two peas at a time, and try to separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a severe hemorrhage.

Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparallelled embarrassment, making an awkward courtesy, and not harrassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, magnonnette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciuszko, a kaleidoscope, a dram phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleterious purposes, a ferule for a cane, a clarinet, some hiccure, a surgingle, a carillon of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance-wheel, a beautiful box of dominoes, and a catechism.

The gauger, who was a trifling reciter and a parishioner of mine, preferred a woolen surtout (his choice was referable to a rascaling, occasionally occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttering this apothegm: "Life is checked; but schism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished."

The slyly apologizing answered: "There is a ratable and allegable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trivialisatious dieresis." We replied in tracheal, not impugning her suspicion, nor harrassing the audience. Thus "Gypsy" remained in the ascendant. Her ascendancy can never again be queried by any quass vulgar quon.

The gauger being euchaetic and suffering from pyralism and an anemic diathesis, next went to an ecleciomany institute, near the demesne of the Khan, where the physician, a rhetorician much given to syllogisms, and an uncredulous exogosis of a lunar ezyrry, gave him chalybeates and antiphlogistic febrifuges. He prescribed his curyza, and prescribed an erthine, and habry, more, he suspected lachrymal fistula, and advised doryocystyringokatalektisis. Thereupon he went into hysteric paroxysms.

REVENUE FOR OFFICE.—I never run for office but once. At the earnest solicitations of some of my friends, in an unguarded moment I allowed myself to be announced as a candidate for Justice of the Peace. Previous to this I had been considered a decent kind of a man, but the next day when the Bugle came out it was filled with accounts of my previous history that would have curdled the blood of a Digger Indian. A susceptible public was gravely informed that I was not fit for the office, that I was almost a fool, besides I had come West under very suspicious circumstances. I had started my dear old grandmother to death and then sold the remains to a soap factory. I had stolen a hand organ from a poor blind cripple and run away with the proceeds. I had sold my grandfather's coffin for fourteen dollars, and buried the old gent in a book box. In utter despair I rushed around to headquarters, withdrew my name and swore a solemn swear that I would never indulge in politics again. And I never will.—John Quill.

A man, while playing cards, fell off his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remedies, he recovered, and immediately inquired, "What's trumps?"

THE AMBITIOUS VINE.

A vine that stood beside a thriving Oak
Grew weary of the labor
Of self-support, and thus the plaity spots
Unto her stronger neighbor:

"I prize thee for thy handsome trunk to me,
My noble forest brother;
Thou, most fruitfully, mayest be
Supporter of each other."

"Nay," said the tree, "I was not made to bend;
I'm strong and self-reliant,
As oak is stout,—but you, my pretty friend,
Are twenty times as pliant!"

"So cheer your slender arms around me, dear
Supporter of my trunk,
High as you stand, cloud, nor ever fear
The roughest wind or weather!"

"Nay, nay," replied the foolish Vine, "I hate
To seem so much your debtor;
You do the twisting, now, and I'll be straight;
I'd like it vastly better!"

"Nature wills otherwise," the Oak replied,
However you may grumble;
The moment such a silly plan were tried,
Together we should tumble!"

"Come you to me, and, taking Nature's course,
I to the twain will give my main force,
And you your maiden graces.

"But if, perforce, you live alone,
With none to hold or cherish
Your slender form, before you're fairly grown,
You certainly will perish."

"Or if, instead of fondly clinging fast
To one who would protect you,
You first with others—all the trees at last
Will scornfully reject you."

"I see,—I see," exclaimed the missing Vine,
"The weaker must be nourished;"
Then clasped the Oak with many a graceful twine
And so they grew and flourished!

A NIGHT UPON THE PLAINS.

My name is Jack Ward. I am an old man, now, and many years have come and gone since the time of which I write; but a century could not blot from my memory the scenes through which I passed on that terrible night, twenty-one years ago. My father and mother were residents of Kentucky, and it was in this proud old State that I first started on the journey of life; but at the age of 33 I was married, and removed to the Far West.

It was a new experience to Laura and me—this living among the savages, but my little blue-eyed wife never showed by word or action that she was tired of the great garden of nature, where human life has no higher value than that of the brutes. We were very happy in our new home; the Indians appeared to like us, and for five years we lived in peaceful contentment with our new neighbors, save an occasional report of Indian hostilities. These never troubled us, however, and during this time others settled near us and with them we kept up a neighborly friendship.

Thus time went on until, as I have said, she had been living in the West for about five years. The Indians had never molested us, though they came to our house very frequently. Among those that came was a chief who called himself "Rolling Thunder;" he was a veritable savage, wicked and malicious with not a particle of good in his composition. He was a thief by nature, and anything that he wanted he never hesitated to appropriate to his own use. After he took to coming to our house we missed sundry articles from our sideboard, and at last I resolved to put a stop to this petty thieving.

Among other things that we missed were several bottles of wine of an excellent quality, which I had bought for our own private use. I knew, of course, that Rolling Thunder had stolen my wine, so one day I drugged some with ipecac and placed it where I knew the Indian would get hold of it. In a short time I missed the bottle, and after that it was some time before Rolling Thunder paid us another visit. He came at last, however, and there was a look of suspicion on his ugly countenance that made me feel that he was up to some mischief. He said nothing about the wine, but I could see that he suspected me of having played a trick on him, and from that time onward he appeared to hate me. As time went on the Indian ceased his visits altogether, and I had almost forgotten the incident when it was again brought to my memory in a manner never to be forgotten.

One beautiful moonlight night in the latter part of September, my wife and I had started to visit one of our neighbors, a Mr. Thompson, who resided about a mile from our house. We had gone about half the distance between our house and Thompson's when a large body of Indians suddenly rode up and surrounded us. They were led by Rolling Thunder, whose hideous countenance looked more hideous still, as he dismounted from his horse and commanded his braves to make us prisoners. In less time than it takes to record the fact we were bound hand and foot. Then their chief came forward and said:

"Let the dog of a white man pale and tremble for the chief of the Pawnees is great and powerful; the white traitor gave Indian poison, much poison, make Indian head sick, but Indian get well to take vengeance on the white man."—Rolling Thunder has spoken; let the white man hear!"

Having said this, the Chief commanded that we should be placed on horseback, and this having been accomplished, the whole band mounted and struck out over the plains, taking us with them. Not once did they halt until they reached a point about ten miles

West of our home. Here the whole band dismounted and turned their horses loose on the prairie. I knew that they meant to have some fun out of me, and that, if left to themselves, a terrible fate of some kind would be allotted to me, but I dreaded still more the fate of my darling wife. Mean while some of the Indians had proceeded to cut small bits of timber, near where we had halted, and soon returned bearing with them a lot of dry wood, which they threw on the ground. That they meant to torture me was apparent at a glance, but I knew not at first what severity they had in mind. I soon found, however, that they meant to pursue a method not at all compatible with my view. They first drove a long stake into the ground, and having done this they brought forward a very spirited horse, haltered it with a long heavy rope, and tied both the rope to the stake. Then I was put on the horse, and my feet tied together underneath him.

This having been done the Indians began to whip the horse around the stake, shouting, and making all manner of hideous noises to frighten him. The poor animal reared and plunged with all his might, trying to get away, but the rope held him so that he could do nothing but gallop around the stake. Some of the Indians lighted torches and brandished them at him, and so terribly was he frightened that his shrill snorting could have been heard a quarter of a mile. As for me, I was jerked from side to side until I was nothing but a mass of bruises, and almost unconscious. The Indians threw sticks and tomahawks at me as the horse passed them in his wild galloping, some of the latter coming dangerously near.

At last, however, the horse was stopped, and I was taken from his back, in a half dead condition, and laid upon the ground. After the savages had tortured me in various ways, until they were satisfied, or, at least, until they were tired looking at me, they dug a deep hole in the ground, and having tied my feet together, planted me like a post. When they had completed their work I was in the ground up to my waist, and unable to move. The savages then tied my hands behind my back, and, having caught their horses, they departed, taking my wife with them. I struggled to release myself, shouting with all my might, but it did no good. I was unmistakably there.

In a short time after the Indians had left me, I saw a light to the southward which appeared to reach the sky. It seemed to be coming toward me, and to increase in size and brilliancy every moment. I watched it curiously for some time, being unable to make out what caused it. Presently I could see that a great fire was sweeping over the plains with the speed of a race horse. I comprehended all in an instant; the Indians had fired the long dry prairie-grass with the intention of burning me to death. Just then I discovered something else which, until then, I had not noticed. The savages had placed a powder-horn near me in such a manner that if the approaching flames reached it, it would explode and blow me to atoms.

I could not cast this deadly agent from me, nor could I avert the coming of the flames which were to ignite it. I gazed at the fire like one stupefied; great drops of sweat rolled from my face and fell upon the ground, while my heart stood still with apprehension. And all this while the flames were coming nearer and nearer! They were now not more than a quarter of a mile distant, and coming on with increasing fury. Unless some one came to my rescue I should certainly perish. What could I do, alone and helpless, upon the great prairie, with a perfect lake of fire sweeping on to my destruction!

"My God," I cried aloud, "will no one save me from a horrible death?" "I am here for that purpose," said a familiar voice close behind me. I turned my head and beheld my nearest neighbor, Henry Thompson, in the act of dismounting from his horse.

"This is a ticklish situation, Ward," said he, as he hastened to me and begged to help me out of the ground. "What angel of mercy sent you to me at this critical moment?" said I almost crying with joy.

"The same angel that watches the welfare of every human being must have guided me to you," said Thompson, working away to get me out of the ground. "My wife and I were expecting you at the house to night and after supper we just walked out in the pleasant moonlight to meet you. We saw you coming when you were some distance from us, and we also saw the Indians when they surrounded and captured you and your wife. We waited in the shadow of some bushes until the Indians had gone, and then I took my wife back to the house and followed the Indians to see what they were going to do with you. At some distance from this place I witnessed all that the Indians did to you, and when they left I came on here. There, now, come out of that hole and let us be getting away from this place."

I obeyed, and then I looked around at the fire, now frightfully near.

"Quick," said Thompson, who had mounted his horse, "get up behind me and let us be off."

I obeyed without a word, and an instant later we were flying over the plains at a mad gallop. Not a word was spoken by either until we were out of the range of the fire. We had barely

accomplished this, when the savages about the air, and flames had touched powder-horn.

I pondered and that would have been the end of me, but Thompson came and saved me, and the savages were driven off. Thompson spoke of this time, when we were rescued, as a miracle. We can rescue your wife without difficulty, I think—and you are in their camp," he added, as we suddenly caught sight of several fires on the plains about a mile ahead of us. We were very cautious in approaching the camp, and I shan half an hour after we first saw the fires we were hidden near the camp watching the movements of the Indians. Presently all became quiet about the camp, the savages having retired within their wigwags.

It was now considerably past midnight, and as there was no guard stationed around the camp, we were at liberty to move as we pleased. We walked through the camp in every direction, but some time was spent in looking for my wife before we found her. My wife had at last near the center of the camp, completely hooded to the trunk of a large oak. To release her and beat a retreat from the camp was the work of but a few minutes. Having procured horses, my wife and I started homeward, while Thompson slipped back into the camp. When he joined us again, the spirit of Rolling Thunder hid down from its mortal tenement. We traveled in silence, and at last, in the gray dawn of morning, we came in sight of our homes. After many thanks to our friend and neighbor for the services he had rendered us we separated, he to go to his home and we to ours. Shortly afterward I left the West and returned to my old home in Kentucky. Long years have come and gone since then, but never shall I forget the details of that night on the plains.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A slip of grammar in a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly has revived the discussion as to the necessity of a new personal pronoun singular that will do for either sex.

The Atlantic permitted itself to say: "We would rather see a boy or girl upon some one poet nervous akin to their mental aptitude." Now this peculiar blunder is very frequent. If only occasionally found in the best writings, it is because the proofreader interposes his correction before the sentence reaches the public, for every editor knows how often even careful writers make the mistake; while in the ordinary utterance of the day it is as common as air. It may be noted in the printed regulations of almost every car and steamboat, and is ubiquitous in advertisements and announcements—as, for instance: "Every passenger must pay their fare on entering the car," etc. To avoid this blunder, either an awkward circumlocution must be made, such as, "Every passenger must pay his or her fare," etc., or else one of the sexes must be boldly ignored. It is true that the pronoun of the masculine gender may be used in these cases as representative of the entire human family, but the instincts of justice are stronger than those of grammar, and hence the average man would rather commit a solecism than ungraciously "smutch the woman in this jaunty fashion," as a cotemporary forcibly put it. Certain writers assert very decidedly that no pronouns are needed beyond those we already possess, but this is simply a dogmatic opinion, unsupported by the facts. No matter what pedants may say in the matter every man of dispassionate judgment must see that if nearly all the writers in the country, learned and unlearned, are continually betrayed into a definite error of grammar, and an error which can be avoided in many instances, only by either a clumsy circumlocution or a half statement, there does exist a radical defect in the language to cause it. It will be said that English-speaking people have managed to get along a good many centuries with the present supply of pronouns; and this argument sounds, no doubt, very conclusive to some people. It is so old and venerable an argument that perhaps it ought to be reserved a little respect; its equivalent was used when gas, railways and steamboats were proposed; and it has attempted to bar the way to every improvement in our civilization.—*Appleton's Journal.*

FIVE FRETTERS.—The other day a boarding-school chap called at a horse-draw and inquired the price per week. Being answered "four dollars," he said: "Four dollars for seven days, two dollars for three and half days, one dollar for one and three-quarters days, fifty cents for a day or so, two shillings for two meals, ten cents or so for one meal. I guess I'll take breakfast with you." But he didn't.

When a conductor on a Boston car shouted, "Ruggles street!" the other night, a fellow who had been dozing in the corner started up and said: "Ruggles' treat! Where's Ruggles? Show me Ruggles."

THE DEAD LETTER.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see it.
The thirty years' contract.
Since Mary Morgan sent me
This misty, misty letter.
A pretty head (she couldn't spell),
As my own name, too, it
And I was, as I remember well,
A pretty head that wrote it!

How rarely now I view it all,
As memory's backward glance—
The talks, the walks, that recall,
And then—the postal change!
How well I loved her! I can't
Forget the days—forgetting—
This letter cost in postage!

The love that wrote at such a rate
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)
Five hundred notes (I calculate)
Was certainly a deep one.
And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion chilled it:
The only letters that were mine
Or Mary's fitting killed it.

At last the fatal message came:
And yours—of course you with the same—
I'll send them back or burn them."
Two precious fols, I must allow,
I wonder if I'm wiser now?
Some seven letters later!

And this alone remains! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.
They tell of how the heart contrives
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of mist survives
The strongest human passion!

SANITARY SENSE.

Dr. W. W. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, says a great many truthful things in his peculiar way. These are, and certainly should be extensively read; for they include so much excellent advice that their influence can be for nothing else but good.

Dyspepsia means a difficulty in preparing the food eaten so that nutriment can be extracted from it to supply the wants of the system. Eating too fast and too much are prolific causes; the first because the food, being swallowed in too large pieces, begins to ferment before it can digest, and the second because the stomach cannot cope with the quantity forced upon it. A limited supply of gastric juice is another cause, and this implies bad blood. Out of door life, moderate exercise until heart and lungs, and simple food are the best remedies.

Bitters, the names of the multitudinous varieties of which disfigure the fences and scenery of the country, come in for severe handling on account of their alcoholic composition. A list of thirty-four of these mixtures is given, including all the ever brewed and a great many which we did not know existed; and in every instance they are shown to contain alcohol. In brief, while persons are using bitters as a medicine, they are often drinking, three times a day, a more concentrated form of alcohol than is found in the purest whiskeys and brandies. It should be set down as a settled rule that bitters in any form is alcohol in disguise.

Localities of life should be high.—Elevated stations are generally exempt from the ravages of consumptive diseases. The air is lighter and contains less oxygen; but as the lungs live on oxygen, as it is the oxygen which they bring in contact with the blood at every breath, it is that which purifies and gives it its life-giving power. If each breath of air does not give a sufficient amount of oxygen, instinct prompts a fuller breath; this distends the lungs more fully, and thus develops and strengthens them. A statement is given of the elevation of several American cities: New Orleans is relatively given as 10, New York and Philadelphia 35, Boston 40, Chicago 585, New York City 1,400 and Winona, Minn., 1,500.

Many a family mansion, says the editor, speaking of healthy houses, has been built with the accumulations of the savings of half a life-time to make the graves of half the household in a few months, from neglect of the precautions for thorough drainage and a proper water supply for drinking and cooking. Never select a house over a filling; prefer sandy soil or the top of a hill.

Munich, the bodies of the dead are kept for forty-eight hours before burial and the fingers are connected with a wire so that, in case the person should revive, his least movement will ring a bell and so give warning. This is not applied to babies; but it is suggested that if the plan be adopted here, the wire should be attached to the child's toes, as all babies begin to kick as soon as awake.

With reference to winter garments, sufficient clothing, it is said, should be worn to keep off a feeling of chilliness when about usual avocations. Less than that subjects one to an attack of dangerous pneumonia at any day or hour. More than that oppresses. Steadily aim, by all possible ways and means, to keep off a feeling of chilliness which always indicates that a cold has been taken.

Instinct teaches that less exertive power is required to keep moving than, after coming to a standstill, to set the body in motion again. The frequent stoppages of stages and street cars kill the horses. Instinct also teaches the requisite expenditure of strength according to the circumstances of the season. No one walks so fast in summer as in winter. We get up in the morning with a certain amount of strength, and much may be gained by economizing during the day.

Spectacles become necessary when you first notice yourself going to the window instinctively for a better light, or when your eye gets tired by looking at any small thing near at hand, or a dimness or watering is manifested, so as to cause indistinctness. First purchase No. 20; and as you observe the symptoms above named, get No. 18; and so on. The glasses should be near enough to the eye almost to touch the lashes; they should be washed every morning in cold water and carried in a pocket by themselves. Beautiful spectacles make the best lenses. Avoid reading before sunrise and after sunset.—Read as little as possible before breakfast, or by artificial light; do not see on dark material at night, and use no other eyeglass than pure, tepid, soft water. Babies' eyes are often injured by allowing the glaring sunlight to fall upon them.

Exercise is worth more than all the medicines in maintaining health. If it rains, take an umbrella and let it rain on; if it is cold, walk or work faster; if it is windy, turn around and go the other way; if it rains, hails, snows, and blows, all at once, so that you have to stay indoors, then live on bread and water that day, not an atom else, and you will need no exercise to work it up. It should always be borne in mind that a large share of our little aches and pains would pass off about as soon by letting them alone as by doing or taking something; and the more we "take," the greater is the necessity for "taking."

OPIMUM EATING.—Throughout the whole country, the vice of opium-eating is becoming fearfully prevalent, particularly in those sections which are supposed to be most exempt from this and kindred social scourges. In the crusades against the liquor traffic and the spasmodic efforts that are periodically made to promote and advance the cause of temperance, our philanthropists appear entirely to have lost sight of the monster evil that is growing up in our midst, and that is year after year assuming such terrible and alarming proportions. Only the medical faculty have the means of ascertaining the extent to which the practice prevails, and even they can only approximate the actual figures by a rough estimate. It is estimated that of the whole amount of opium consumed in the United States, only about one-third is employed in its various forms for medicinal purposes, while it is maintained that not more than one-fifth is so used. What becomes of the other four-fifths? This question is fraught with serious import. There is not a physician or a druggist in the country who is not conversant with more than one case of individual ruin caused by this insidious and almost ineradicable habit. There is hardly a village in the land that does not number among its population its proportion of opium eaters, laudanum drinkers, or morphine consumers, and the sale of these articles is not confined to the village drug store or the apothecary's shop, but even the grocers have a supply of the coveted stimulant for their regular customers. The familiar sign displayed in some shop windows, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," has for the initiated a meaning that is well understood. Many women of fashion, and literary men, become the slaves of opium, and concerning the working classes many a tale of woe and suffering, mental and physical, is to be found in the medical records of our great cities. Occasionally they find their way into the public journals, but they fail to do more than elicit a passing remark, while the great and growing evil which threatens eventually to rival in its proportions and the number of its victims the prevailing vice of intemperance, is hardly deemed worthy of the slightest consideration at the hands of our so-called philanthropists. Not a few of the inmates of our lunatic asylums have been deprived of their reason by a long and excessive indulgence in the use of opium, for insanity is sometimes the result, and the unhappy victim finds only in death a release from his sufferings.—Three hundred thousand pounds of opium, independent of the supply used for medicine, is annually consumed in the United States; a comparison with China shows that we consume more opium than the Celestials in proportion to our population. There is certainly a wide field presented here for a great movement of the benevolent against the ruin wrought among thousands of our population by this terrible vice.

JUST WHAT HE SAYS.—A writer in the *St. Paul Press* tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was equally bad with his own. The recipient of the note not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but was likewise unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back."

"What does the G-d fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "that just what he says."

Trine says: "Four varieties in society: lovers, the ambitious, observers and fools. The fools are the happiest."

Darwin's income is \$20,000 a year.—That's what comes of having a monkey for your ancestor.—*Stonon Post.*

A SMALL PAYMENT.

at first, and the balance in easy monthly payments, are the terms of the New Elias Howe Sewing Machine, in every respect the best and most perfect machine in use. No man has any excuse for not presenting to his wife, mother, or sister one of the superior machines. The price is low, and he can have his own time to pay for it.—When one considers the low price at which it is sold, and the fact that it has demonstrated its superiority over other machines by surpassing them in elegant work, and above all, the terms on which it is sold, the wonder is that there is not a Howe Sewing Machine in every home in the State.

The Southern people should bear in mind that the "Howe" is not sold at an advance of fifteen dollars over New York prices as is the case with some competitors. J. P. Greenwell, Agent, Leonardtown.

FRETTING.—There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, tolerated with undue tolerance, and quite too much overlooked in our valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting.—It is as common as air, as universal as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which, most probably, every one in the room, or the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which, most probably, nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. The days will always have more or less bad weather, or weather inconvenient to somebody's fixed plan. All men go astray, speaking lies and making blunders, as soon as they are born. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

A SHARP MAN.—The sharp man is mistaken for the wise one, but is just as different from a wise one as he is from an honest one. He trusts few; his cunning for success, and this is the next thing to being a rogue. The sharp man is like a razor—generally too sharp for anything but a shave. These men are not to be trusted; they are so constituted that they must cheat somebody, or rather than be idle or lose a good job, they will pitch into their best friends. They are not exactly outcasts, but live close on the borders of criminality, and are liable to step over any time. It is a step from cunning to rascality, and it is a short step that is always inviting to take. Sharp men have but few friends, and seldom a confidant. They learn to fear treachery by studying their own nature. They are always busy, but like the hornet want a heap of watchin'. The sharp man is always a vain one. He prides himself upon his cunning, and had rather do a shrewd thing than a kind one.

THE CARE OF OILCLOTHS.—An oilcloth requires careful treatment, and should never be scrubbed with a brush. After being swept with the long-handled hair brushes that are made for the purpose it should be carefully washed with a large, soft cloth dipped into milk and water—half and half; or, if the milk is not obtainable, tepid water without soap. The latter ruins oilcloths by taking off the brightness of the paint, and it should never be applied to it.—Hot water is also very injurious to it; either of them—soap or hot water—tending to injure the oilcloth more than the wear of it; when washed over wipe it off with a soft, dry cloth, and it will always retain a bright look. In purchasing an oil-cloth, it is very desirable to obtain one that has been made for several years, as the longer it has lain unpainted the better it will wear—the paint becoming harder and more durable. An oil cloth made within the year is hardly worth buying, as the paint will be defaced in a short time.

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