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DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—"America was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492." So said the "copy books" upon which our youthful fingers left rapturous, but not always legible records. So says all popular history, and so we would rather believe, since, so far as modern civilization is concerned, to the Genesee are owing all the benefits which have flowed from his wonderful exploit. The vast multitude, known by the generic name of "the ordinary readers," knew of no discoverer but Columbus, yet from an article entitled "Claims to the Discovery of America," in the *Galaxy* recently, it is seen that the researches of antiquarians have shown that to various nations from the Egyptians downward, has been attributed the glory of sailing across the Atlantic Ocean to the continent upon the Western shore. The claims of the Egyptians to this discovery arise from the wonderful resemblance which the pyramids, obelisks and sculptured remains of Mexico, Yucatan and Central America bear to those of Egypt. Then it is said that the Tyrians discovered and colonized Mexico, in the year 832 a. c. By the advocates of this theory, the human sacrifices of the Aztecs are traced to a Trian origin.

The antiquary, Lord Kingsborough, believed that the Jews colonized Mexico. He advocated this theory in the magnificent work in nine volumes, imperial folio, which he published in 1831-48, and which cost him thirty-two thousand pounds sterling in his life. Although many customs of the Mexicans bear a striking resemblance to those of the Jews, there is not sufficient foundation in the resemblance upon which to build a tenable theory of their Jewish origin.

The Chinese claimed that America was discovered by a Buddhist missionary, named Hoel Shin, A. D. 499. He published an account of his journey and the people he saw, some parts of which sound like the description of the inhabitants of Southern Mexico. The discovery of America by the Norsemen, of which some authorities speak in several school histories, is believed to have taken place in the year 1000 of our era. The story of their explorations is derived from the Norse sagas or legends, the manner of whose construction render interpolation impossible and removes all doubt of the authenticity of their accounts. Cruel and full of courage and daring, the Norsemen did not possess the energy, perseverance and fortitude to occupy permanently and cultivate the land that they had discovered. The inscription upon the Leighton Rock and the old mill at Newport, once believed to be of Norse origin, are now believed to belong to even a more remote era.

Even granted that other eastern men and even people saw America before 1492, this adds to the glory of Columbus, who had the dauntless courage, only forecast and lofty religious zeal not only to discover, but to follow up his discovery by occupation, and thus to make it the most wonderful event and greatest blessing of modern times.

THE RAG BRIGADE.—Some years ago a committee of the House of Commons, in investigating the subject of the paper duty, reported that "not more than four-tenths of the rags in this country are preserved; if the remaining six-tenths could be returned to be manufactured there would be no necessity to go to foreign markets for some twenty-five per cent. of the rags now required for the paper manufacture of England." This statement furnished a hint to the Ragged School Society. There had been established a Shoe-Black Brigade, why not a Rag-collecting Brigade? Trucks were therefore provided, and poor boys trained; the trucks were numbered, and the boys clothed in a serviceable uniform. A printed tariff was prepared, showing how much money was to be offered for each kind of refuse. The collectors are the elder boys, who make purchases and manage the cash; the assistants are younger boys, to draw the trucks, and otherwise act under the collectors; while the sorters are employed at the warehouse or depot. Every truck has its round or best, and returns in the evening with a collected store of odds and ends, honestly paid for in money. Paper, rags, old metal, glass, old ropes, bones—all are bought; and the boys have gone so far as to buy, and bring home to the superintendent, a cocked hat, the trappings for a hearse, a bag with a million of cancelled postage stamps, and other unexpected things.—*Chambers' Journal*.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom,
The orchard path he met me—
In the tall, grassy, with its faint perfume
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me go;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red
With my face bent down above it.
While he took my hand, so he was saying—
(I think the closer, filled each pink, sweet head,
Oh! to listen to all that my lover said,
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)

In the high, best grass, went the path to ride
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself when I faintly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover,
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me:
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs
Overhead,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

Had he moved aside a little way,
I could surely have passed him;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have
Gone—
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon
Shone,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the moon and stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not
Lie still,
And I'm sure that the wind—precious rover—
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
The word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover;
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
He laid upon me, and how he brought in the dell,
In the path through the dead-leaved clover;
Nor who the whisper that made my heart well
—they fell from the lips of my lover.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Will the reader please to cast his eye
Over the following verses, and see if he
can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you pass a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenger!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenger!"

I came across these jingling rhymes
in a newspaper, a little while ago, and
read them a couple of times. They
took instant and entire possession of me.
All through breakfast they went walking
through my brain; and when, at last,
I rolled up my napkin, I could not
tell whether I had eaten anything or
not. I had carefully laid out my day's
work the day before—a thrilling tragedy,
I went to my den to begin my deed of
blood. I took up my pen, but all I
could get it to say was, "Punch in the
presence of the passenger!" I fought
hard for an hour, but it was useless.
My head kept humming, "A blue trip
slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip
slip for a six-cent fare, and so on and
so on, without pause or respite. The
day's work was ruined—I could see that
plainly enough. I gave up and drifted
down town, and presently discovered
that my feet were keeping time to that
relentless jingle. When I could stand
it no longer I altered my step. But it
did no good; those rhymes accompa-
nied themselves to the new step and
went on harassing me just as before.
I returned home and suffered all the
afternoon; suffered all through an un-
conscious and unrefreshing dinner; suf-
fered and cried and jingled all through
the evening; went to bed and rolled,
tossed and jingled right along, the same
as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and
tried to read; but there was nothing
visible upon the whirling page ex-
cept "Punch! punch in the presence of
the passenger!" By sunrise I was out
of mind, and everybody marveled and
was distressed at the idiotic burden of
my ravings.—"Punch! oh, punch!
punch in the presence of the passen-
ger!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning,
I arose a tottering wreck, and went
forth to fulfill an engagement with a
valued friend, the Rev. Mr.—, to
walk to Talcott Tower, ten miles dis-
tant. He started at me, but asked no
questions. We started. Mr.—, talked,
talked, talked—as in his wont. I said
nothing; I heard nothing. At the end
of a mile, Mr.—, said—
"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a
man look so haggard and worn and ab-
sent-minded. Say something, do!"
Dreadfully, without enthusiasm, I said:
"Punch, Brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passen-
ger!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked
perplexed, he said—
"I do not think I get your drift,
Mark. There does not seem to be any
revelancy in what you said, certainly
nothing said; and yet maybe it is
the way you said the words—I never
heard anything that sounded so pathet-
tic. What is it?"

But I heard no more. I was already
far away with my pitiless, heart-break-
ing "blue trip slip for an eight-cent
fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,

punch in the presence of the passen-
ger." I do not know what occurred
during the other nine miles. However,
all of a sudden Mr.—, laid his hand
on my shoulder and shouted—
"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up!
Don't sleep all day! Here we are at
the tower, mark! I have talked myself
deaf and dumb and blind, and never
got a response. Just look at the mag-
nificent autumn landscape! Look at it
look at it! Feast your eyes on it!
You have traveled; you have seen
beautified landscapes elsewhere. Come,
now, deliver an honest opinion. What
do you say to this?"

"I sighed warily, and murmured—
"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
punch in the presence of the passen-
ger."
Rev. Mr.—, stood there, very grave,
full of concern apparently, and looked
long at me; then he said—
"Mark, there is something about this
that I cannot understand. Those are
about the same words you said before;
there does not seem to be anything in
them, and yet they nearly break my
heart when you say them. Punch in
the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and re-
peated all the lines. My friend's face
lighted with interest. He said—
"Why, what a captivating jingle it
is! It is almost music. It flows along
so nicely. I have nearly caught the
rhymes myself. Say them over just
once more, and then I'll have them
sure."

I said them over. Then Mr.—,
said them. He made one little mistake,
which I corrected. The next time and
then he got them right. Now a great
burden seemed to tumble from his
shoulders. The torturing jingle de-
parted out of my brain, and a grateful
sense of rest and peace descended upon
me. I was light-hearted enough to sing;
and I did sing for half an hour, straight
along, as we went j-gingling homeward.
Then my freed tongue found blessed
speech again, and the pent talk of many
a weary hour began to gush and flow.
It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly,
until the fountain was empty and dry.
As I wrung my friend's hand at part-
ing, I said—
"Haven't we had a royal good time!
But now I remember, you haven't said
a word for two hours. Come, come,
out with something!"

The Rev. Mr.—, turned a lack-
lustrous eye upon me, drew a deep sigh,
and said, without animation, without
apparent consciousness—
"Punch, Brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenger!"
A pang shot through me as I said to
myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! He
has got it now."

I did not see Mr.—, for two or three
days after that. Then, on Tuesday
evening, he staggered into my presence
and sank dejectedly into a seat. He
was pale, worn, he was a wreck. He
lifted his faded eyes to my face and
said—
"Ah, Mark; it was a ruinous invest-
ment that I made in those heartless
rhymes. They have ridden me like a
nightmare, day and night, hour after
hour, to this very moment. Since I saw
you I have suffered the torments of the
lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden
call by telegraph and took the night
train for Boston. The occasion was
the death of a valued friend who had
requested that I should preach his fu-
neral sermon. I took my seat in the
cars and set myself to framing the
discourse. But I never got beyond the
opening paragraph; for then the train
started and car-wheels began their
"clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-
clack-clack!" and right away those odi-
ous rhymes fitted themselves to the
accompaniment. For an hour I sat
there and set a syllable of those rhymes
to every separate and distinct clack
of the car-wheels made. Why, I was
fagged out, then, as if I had been
chopping wood all day. My skull was
splitting with headache. It seemed to
me that I must go mad if I sat there
any longer; so I undressed and went
to bed. I stretched myself out in my
berth, and—well you know what the
result was. The thing went right along,
just the same. Clack-clack-clack, a
blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an
eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, for a
buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a
six-cent fare, and so on, and so on,
—punch, in the presence of the passen-
ger! Sleep? Not a single wink! I
was almost a lunatic when I got to
Boston. Don't ask me about the fu-
neral. I did the best I could, but ev-
ery solemn individual sentence was
mashed and tangled and woven in and
out with "Punch, Brothers, punch with
care, punch in the presence of the pas-
senger." And the most distressing
thing was that my *definery* dropped
into the undulating rhythm of those
pulsing rhymes, and I could actually
catch at-ant-minded people nodding
time to the swing of it with their stu-
pid heads. And, Mark, you may be-
lieve it or not, but before I got through
the entire assemblage were placidly
bobbing their heads in solemn unison,
mourners, undertaker, and all. The
moment I had finished, I fled to the
ante-room in state bordering on fren-
zy. Of course it would be my luck
to find a sorrowing and aged maiden
arrived from Springfield too late to get
into the church. She began to sob and
said—
"Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I
didn't see him before he died!"
"Yes!" I said, "he is gone, he is gone,
"Sure pop." Champagne.

he is gone—oh, will this
cease!"
"You, loved him, the
too loved him!"
"Loved him! Loved
"Why, my poor Ge-
nephew!"
"Oh—him! Yes—oh,
taintly certain! Punch
this misery will kill me!"
"Bless you! Bless you!
sweet words! I have
gone. Were you my
last moments?"
"Yes! I—where last moments?"
"The Dear departed's."
"Yes! Oh, yes—yes—yes! I sup-
pose so, I think so, I don't! Oh, cer-
tainly—I was there—I was there!"
"Oh, what a privilege! What a pre-
cious privilege! And his last words—
oh, tell me, tell me his last words!"
"What did he say?"
"He said—he said—oh, my head,
my head; my head! He said—he said
—he never said anything but Punch,
punch, punch in the presence of the pas-
senger! Oh, leave me, madam!
In the name of all that is generous,
leave me to my madness, my misery,
my despair!—a buff trip slip for a
six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a
three-cent fare—ends—ends—ends—
farther go!—punch in the presence of
the passenger!"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon
mine a pregnant minute, and then he
said impressively—
"Mark, you do not say anything—
You do not offer me any hope. But,
ah me it is just as well—it is just as
well. You could not do me any good.
The time has long gone by when words
could comfort me. Something tells me
that my tongue is doomed to wag for-
ever to the jigger of that remorseless
jingle. There—there it is coming on
me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-
cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-
cent fare, punch, punch, punch, punch,
my friend sang in a peaceful tone,
and forgot his sufferings in a blessed
respite."

How did I finally save him from the
asylum? I took him to a neighboring
university and made him discharge the
burden of his persecuting rhymes into
the eager ears of the poor, unthinking
students. How is it with them, now?
The result is too sad to tell. Why did
I write this article? It was for a
worthy, even a noble purpose. It was
to save the Rev. Mr.—, from those
those merciless rhymes, to avoid them
—avoid them as you would a pesti-
lence!

WHY SOME PERSONS ARE POOR.—In
talking with a hired man who was a
smoker, I asked him what his tobacco
cost him a year. With some assistance
he figured he found that the cost was
only twenty dollars. He thought that
was not a large sum. I told him by
a few minutes calculation that if instead
of smoking away twenty dollars yearly,
he would put that amount out at in-
terest, and add the like sum every year,
with interest also continually added in,
he would accumulate in this way through
life, say from twenty-five to sixty-five
years of age, no less than four thou-
sand dollars. He was startled at the
amount, but had not courage to leave
the habit.

I knew another man who used much
more annually in tobacco, who discoun-
tinued the practice, and it enabled him
in twenty years to build a three-thous-
and dollar house. There are other
practices, which, wasting a little at a
time, cause a loss of a great deal an-
nually. A domestic in the kitchen piles
on the fire one-third more fuel than is
needed. It amounts to a few cents dis-
tinctly but twenty dollars at least in a year.
Here is another waste of four thousand
dollars in forty years. A farmer leaves
his reaping machine, exposed to the
weather all November; his plows and
harrow are out half the time; and in
this way the needs of decay amount to
more twenty dollars annually—another
sum running up to four thousand dol-
lars wasted.

The want of fodder racks, and the
expense of his sheep and cattle to the
winter, make a waste equal to fifty dol-
lars yearly, and the loss of sheep by
exposure, and the shrinkage in the
price of his cattle cause a
yearly loss of fifty dollars more over
and above the cost of interest on prop-
erty. These two sums would be equal to twenty thousand
dollars in forty years of life-time. There
are many other small leaks, both on the
farm and in the kitchen—such as scraps
of bread thrown away—vegetables rotting
for want of assorting—knives rusted for
want of cleaning—tumbrels broken for
want of oiling—carpets ground
out by dirt under them—pumps split
by freezing—tools decayed for want of
oiling and painting, every single dollar
of which thus needlessly wasted annu-
ally will amount to two hundred dollars
in forty years, if with interest on in-
terest. There is no necessity for being
penurious or stingy, but only to prevent
actual waste.—*Country Gentleman*.

FRESH MEAT.—Experts say, hang up
a quarter of meat with the cut end up,
being the reverse of the usual way, by
the leg, and the juice will all remain
in the meat and not run to the cut and
dry by evaporation. It is worth a
trial, and when made will be contin-
ued.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

There is a country whence come
grapes and table-dispatches. The grapes
cost about twenty cents a pound, and the
table-dispatches are about lighting.

France is a pleasant land, very badly
drained at present. Its chief produc-
tions are the Gas-Con, naughty plays,
barrenness and rows. It is rapidly pro-
gressing up of the latter at this writing.
The grapes are short stalked of its pro-
ducts, but we are afraid to exchange
before we go to press.

England is chiefly noticeable for hav-
ing produced Shakespeare, bottled ale
and the late Tom Sayers. It is reigned
over by the champion mother-in-law of
this planet. The chief amusement of
the natives is to imbibe a large quanti-
ty of "arf-and-arf," and then sing "Bri-
tons never will be slaves."

Italy exports the boys who play the
harp, and great fellows in velvet
trousers, who come over her and locate
in Crosby street in immense quantities.
Also, macaroni and music. It like
wise does an immense business in Counts,
handsome fellows with black mous-
taches, who marry American boarding-
school girls, and then turn out to be
Chicago barbers. Petrarch, who wrote
a number of silly valentines to a young
person named Laura, was a native of
Italy.

Prussia is responsible for Wagner's
operas, the Frankfurt sausage and near-
ly all of our resident beer saloon keep-
ers. It is presided over by William,
who happened to be a Bill that France
couldn't settle. Bismarck also hangs
out in Prussia. The chief industry is
the manufacture of ruined castles, fright-
ful legends and time pieces, the "Watch
on the Rhine" being a remarkable af-
fair in its way. Westchester county
and Hohokan are trans-atlantic portions
of Prussia.

Russia is remarkable from the fact
that everybody's name there ends in
either "off" or "rich." The people are
frugal and live on a light diet, can-
dles being the principal food. Of late
it has done nothing except marrying
the Grand Duchess to an English Duke
and produced a young Prince who
played his mother's diamonds in order
to win the heart of an American ac-
tress. The Czar is boss of the entire
empire.

Persia is ruled over by a Shah, who
disguised in the costume of a ring-mas-
ter, lately made a European excursion.
Dancing girls and figs are the chief
products. When the Shah needs espe-
cial relaxation he cuts off the head of
his Prime Minister. That's all about
Persia.

China produces fire-crackers and the
poor people who preside over *al fresco*
cigar stands in the Bowery. The
Emperor is the brother of the moon,
and does nothing all day long but drink
tea in a garden illuminated by thou-
sands of colored lanterns. China is the
originator of junk, and, presumably,
of junk shops. The language is a chee-
ry combination of designs representing
pin-wheels and sky-rockets. The late
Mr. Greeley always used Chinese char-
acters when endorsing a letter for a friend.
The women have little feet, and are ex-
ported in immense quantities to San
Francisco, where they are sold at auc-
tion. Draw-poker is the national game.
A Chinaman can live a month on four
cents worth of rice.

Japan is something like China. It
produces embassies that travel up and
down the earth, and then go home and
get permission to disembowel them-
selves. Michael A. Doe is the head
man.

Bagpipes, a special brand of snuff,
and Caledonian clubs come from Scot-
land. The men have a habit of doing
without stockings and trousers, which
induces rheumatism in the legs. The
girls are generally pretty, and when one
of them sings "Within a Mile of Eim-
burgh Town," you want to be wuffed
immediately to your celestial home.—
Although it is not a canal country there
are more locks in it than you can count
in a day. It was because England
didn't have the keys to these locks that
Wallace was enabled to wallop them so
frequently. You can get married in
Scotland easier than you can get di-
vorced in Indiana.

India is remarkable for jugglers, the
liver disease and canton flannel drawers.
Outside of the English, the inhabitants
are colored people and alligators. The
colored people live principally on cur-
ried chickens, and the alligators on la-
bies. That's enough for India.

America is the home of the bald
headed eagle, whose principal amuse-
ment is to sit on the loftiest peak of the
Rocky Mountains and whistle "Yankee
Doodle." George Washington smote
the tree and couldn't tell a lie. Gin
cocktails and buffalo abound. It was
called America because it was discov-
ered by Columbus. The principal man
in General Grant, military officer, Pres-
ident and judge of tobacco. The peo-
ple are ambitious, and such as do not
get into jail try to get to Congress.—
Fine-cut tobacco, wooden nutmegs and
prize candy packages are the most en-
terprising in the world, and the women
are the prettiest ever produced any-
where.

A negro being asked what he
was in jail for, said it was for borrow-
ing money. "But," said the questioner,
"they don't put people in jail for
borrowing money." "Yes," said the
darkey, "but I had to knock the man
down free of 'o' times before he would
lend it to me."

BOBS IN HOUSA.—Bary says: "In
twenty-seven years' time I never had a
horse to die of the bota. I believe that
almost everybody is convinced that the
bota come from the eggs or nits which
are deposited upon the horse's hair by
that troublesome fly resembling a bee
in color. This has always been my
opinion. Now it is generally known
that a horse that has the bota does not
appear to suffer until he is too far gone
to be cured. To prevent fatal effects
of disease, I have made it a practice to
give my horses, in the month of Sep-
tember, the following remedy: Of ol-
ive oil, honey, and lemon juice, each
two ounces and a half; mix and give
those to the horse; the next day purge
him. Whether a horse be inclined or
not to have the bota, this remedy will
do him no harm."

A correspondent of the Department
of Agriculture says: "It appears from
remarks of different writers that none
know of any certain remedy. I know
of a remedy that is safe and certain,
discovered in the following way: About
thirty years ago a friend of mine lost
by bota a fine horse. He took from the
stomach of the dead horse about a gill
of bota and brought them to my office
to experiment upon. He made prepara-
tions of every remedy he had heard of,
and put some of them into each. Most
of them had no effect, a few affected
them slightly, but sage tea more than
anything else killed them in fifteen
hours. He concluded that he would
kill them by using nitric acid, but it
had no more effect upon them than wa-
ter; the third day they were as lively
as when put in. A bunch of tanz was
growing by my office. He took a hand-
ful of that, bruised it, added a little
water, squeezed out the juice and put
some in; they were dead in one minute.
Since then I have given it to every
horse I have been affected with bota,
and I have never known it to fail of
giving entire relief. My friend had
some years later. He gave him a dose of
tanz in the morning and a dose of salts
in the evening. The next morning he
took up from the excretions three half
pints of bota."—*Farmers' Union*.

DISCUSSING THE CURRENCY QUES-
TION.—They were both sitting in the
grocery about 9:30 P. M. and talking
over the currency. Said a tall thin
man with a game eye, a red nose, and a
suspicious glassiness about the knees of
his pantaloons and the under part of
his coat sleeves: "You see all of this
about inflating the currency by the is-
sue of more National bank notes is
bumbling, and I'll explain it to you. Now
suppose I'm going to start a National
bank, what do I do? Well, I go to
Washington, to the Secretary of the
Treasury, and I give him \$100,000 in
United States bonds and he—"

"But," said the other disputant, an old man
with a severe countenance and a mouth
like the slip in a Postoffice letter box,
"you can't get no \$100,000 in United
States bonds." "Well," said the first
speaker, rather hastily and testily, "but
suppose, for the sake of argument, that
I have \$100,000 in bonds. I take them
to the Treasurer and—" "But," growled
the old man, "what'n thunder's the
use of your suppose? you had \$100,000
in bonds? You know a well I do that
you hain't; you never had."

"Don't make a sanguinary fool of your-
self," retorted the tall, thin man;
"haven't you got sense enough to under-
stand what I am saying? Suppose,"
he said, beginning anew for the third
time, with his face very red, "suppose,
then, that I take my \$100,000 in bonds
to the Treasurer and—" "But," re-
plied the severe old man, with a re-
sounding thump of his cane on the
floor, "you know you haven't got \$100,
000 in bonds, nor \$10,000, nor 1,000,
nor \$100. Your father hadn't enough
money in his life to pay the tax on a
yellow dog, and you'll never have any
while you go on drinking poor whiskey,
and have got a shiftless wife like that
of yours. A hundred thousand dol-
lars in bonds! Yes, in a horn."

"Well," said the tall, thin man, "if
you've got any bonds they'd belong to
your creditors if you were honest."
Then they clinched.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Don't buy a coach to please
your wife. Better make her a little
silly."
Don't write long obituaries. Save
some of your kind words for the liv-
ing.
Don't attempt to punish all your en-
emies at once. You can't do a large
business with a small capital.
Don't imagine that you can correct
all the evils in the world. A grain of
sand is not prominent in a desert.
Don't depend wholly on Spalding's
prepared glue. It will not mend broken
promises.
Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep
cool and you will have enough.
Don't stand and point the way to
heaven. Spiritual guide boards save
but few sinners.

Step up to a citizen and tell him
that his father and grandfather were
lunatics and see how quickly he'll creak
his elbow. Yet, let that citizen about
somebody, and he'll bless you if you'll
help him prove that all his ancestors
were not only crazy, but the biggest
fools in the neighborhood.

When Jerry Seamus stooped to folly,
And found that Bessie could betray,
She snatched a shriek and swore by golly,
That she could skip her any day.

What do you mean, you little ras-
cal?" exclaimed an individual to an im-
pudent youth who had seized him by
the nose on the street. "Oh, nothing
—only I am going out to seek my
fortune, and my father told me to
look out for the first thing that turned up."

A Quaker-ton man has solved
Mrs. Livermore's query: "What shall
we do with our daughters?" He has
purchased two washing machines, and
will take in washing. His wife and
seven daughters are to do the work, and
he will superintend the business.

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