Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XIII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1876 — NO. 19

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

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

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ENGLAND ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

England was not a manufacturing country one hundred years ago. We imported nearly everything, except corn, wool, and flax. We imported the greatest part of our iron from Spain, Sweden, Germany and Russia. We imported our pottery from Holland, our hats from Flanders, our silks from France, our cloths and carpets from Belgium. Our cotton manufactures, our woolen and flax manufactures, our machine manufactures, could scarcely be said to exist. Coal could scarcely be had, for the coal pits could not be kept clear of water.

A hundred years ago, we could not build a steam-engine; we could scarcely build a bridge. Look at the churches built a hundred years ago, and behold the condition of our architecture. A hundred years ago, we had fallen to almost the lowest condition as a nation. We had not a harbor; we had not a dock. The most extensive system of robbery prevailed on the River Thames. The roads, such as they were, swarmed with highwaymen; and blackmail was levied by the Highlanders upon the Lowland farmers down to the middle of the last century.

A hundred years ago ships were rotten; they were manned by prisoners taken from the hulks, or by working-men pressed in the streets in open day.—When James Watt was learning his trade of an instrument maker in London, a hundred years ago, he durst scarcely walk abroad lest he should be seized and sent to India or the American plantations. Less than a hundred years ago, the colliers and salters of Scotland were slaves. It is not forty years since women and children worked in coal pits. Surely we are not to go down upon our knees and pray for a restoration of the horrible things that existed a hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago, Ireland was treated like a slave country, and hangings and shootings of rebels were frequent. The fleet at the Nore mutinied, and the mutiny was put down by bloodshed and executions. Towns and cities swarmed with ruffians, and brutal sports and brutal language existed to a frightful degree. Criminals were hanged, five or six together, at Tyburn. Gibbets existed at all the cross-roads throughout the country. The people were grossly ignorant, and altogether neglected.—Skepticism and irreligion prevailed until Wesley and Whitefield sprung up to protest against formalism and atheism. They were pelted with rotten eggs, sticks and stones. A Methodist preacher was whipped out of Gloucester.

A hundred years ago, literature was at a very low ebb. The press was in a miserable state. William Whitehead was poet laureate! Who knows of him now? Gibbon had not written his "Decline and Fall." *Junius* was the popular writer; political corruption was scarified in his letters. The upper classes were coarse, drunken and ill-mannered. Bribery and corruption on the grossest scale were the principal means of getting into Parliament. Mr. Dowdeswell, M. P. for Worcestershire, said to the Commons, "You have turned out a member for impiety and obscenity.—What half-dozen members of this House ever meet over a convivial bottle, that their discourse is entirely free from obscenity, impiety, or abuse of Government?"

Though drunkenness is bad enough now, it was infinitely worse a hundred years ago. The publican's sign-board announced, "You may here get drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for two-pence, and have a clean straw for nothing."—Drunkenness was considered a manly vice. To drink deep was the fashion of the day. Six-bottle men were common. Even drunken clergymen were not unknown.

What were the popular amusements of the people a hundred years ago?—They consisted principally of man-fighting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, the pillory, public whipping and public executions. Mr. Wyndham, vindicated the ruffianism of the ring in his place in Parliament, and held it up as a school in which Englishmen learned pluck and "the manly art of self-defence." Bull-baiting was perhaps more brutal than prize fighting, though Wyndham defended it as calculated "to stimulate the noble courage of Englishmen." The bull was secured to a stake in the market-place or the bull-ring (the name still survives in many towns), and there the animal was baited by the rabble dogs of the neighborhood. One can scarcely imagine the savageness of the sport—the animal mutilations, the imprecations of ruffians worse than brutes, the ferociousness and drunkenness, the blasphemy and unspeakable horrors of the exhibition. The public mind of this day absolutely revolts at such brutality. Yet, less than a hundred years ago—on the 24th of May, 1802—a bill for the abolition of bull baiting was lost in the House of Commons by sixty-four to fifty-one—Mr. Wyndham contending that horse-racing and hunting were more cruel than bull-fighting or prize-fighting!

The pillory was one of our time-honored institutions fifty years ago, and men and women used to be placed there for offences such as a wise legislature would have endeavored to conceal from public consideration. The horrid scenes which then took place, when men, women and children collected in crowds to pelt the offenders with missiles, were so disgusting that they cannot be described. Not more seemly were the public whippings then administered to women in common with the coarsest male offenders. The public abominations and obscenities of the "good old times" would almost have disgraced the days of Nero.—*Samuel Smiles.*

WHAT IT COSTS TO WRITE WELL.—Excellence is not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's "Republic," it is said, was found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer;, frequently when nearly a whole impression of a *Spectator* was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition.—Lamb's most sportive essays were the results of most intense brain labor: he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the Garden Maud," more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall." the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas sory, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterward altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into hands of the printer—two, three and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Kinglake's "Eothen," we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Words-worth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept, like that to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period." John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveler" and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrais says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crabb Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.—*A. P. Russell*

☞ "Pa will you get me a pair of skates if I will prove to you that a dog has ten tails? "Yes my son." "Well to begin, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn's he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails; and if one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails?" He got the skates.

☞ Too Matter, of Fact.—Grandmother—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Matilda Ann, to 'a sat without a tear when the good clergyman was a talking that beautiful, and every one else was a weepin' so!" Matilda—"Why, how could I cry when I hadn't got a pocket 'andkercher?"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

BY WALT. WHITMAN.

The day, April 14, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant, too—the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, full of blood and doubt and gloom, over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute national victory, and utter breaking down of secessionism—we almost doubted our own senses! Lee had capitulated beneath the apple tree of Appomattox.—The other armies, the pangs of the revolts, swiftly followed.

And could it really be, then? Out of all the affairs of this world of woe and passion, of failure and disorder and dismay, was there really come the confirmed, unerring sign of plan, like a shaft of pure light—of rightful rule—of God?

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper, the little *Evening Star*, had spattered all over its third page, divided among the advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places: "The President and his lady will be at the theater this evening." (Lincoln was fond of the theater. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects, the leading actor in the greatest and stormiest drama known to real history's stage, through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jackstraws, moving about with their silly little gestures, foreign spirit, and flatulent text.)

So the day, as I say, was propitious. Early herbage, early flowers, were out. (I remember where I was stoping at the time; the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails.)

On this occasion the theater was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-known citizens, young folks, the usual clusters of gaslight, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—(and over all, and saturating all that vast, vague wonder, *Victory*, the Nation's Victory: the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense; with exhilaration more than all perfumes.)

The President came betimes, and, with his wife, witnessed the play, from the large stage boxes of the second tire, two thrown into one, and profusely draped with the national flag. The acts and scenes of the piece—one of those singularly witless compositions which have at least the merit of giving entire relief to an audience engaged in mental action or business excitements and cares during the day, as it makes not the slightest call on either the moral, emotional, esthetic, or spiritual nature—a piece ("Our American Cousin") in which, among other characters so called, a Yankee, certainly so called, a Yankee, certainly such a one as was never seen, or the least like it ever seen in North America, is introduced in England, with a varied fol-de-rol of talk, plot, scenery, and such phantasmagoria as goes to make up a modern popular drama—had progressed perhaps a couple of its acts, when in the midst of this comedy, or tragedy, or non-such, or whatever it is to be called, and to off-set it or finish it out, as if in nature's and the great muse's mockery of these poor mimes, comes interpolated that scene, not really or exactly to be described at all (for on the many hundreds who were there it seems to this hour to have left little but a passing blur, a dream, a blotch)—and yet partially to be described as I now proceed to give it.

There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies, are informed by the unprecedented and impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment. There was a pause, a hush as it were. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as that was, with all its manifold train circling around it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any common occurrence—the bursting of a pod or bud in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, etc., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamented, draperied, starred and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage, (a distance of perhaps fourteen feet,) falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drapery, (the American flag,) falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened, (he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then)—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare-headed, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience, his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President!" And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—(the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queerness of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it—at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge, some trembling—some in tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up—etc., etc., etc.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly draw to the scene, burst in—some 200 altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting "clear out! clear out!—you sons of b—!" Such the wild scene, or suggestion of it rather, inside the play house that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals. One such case was especially exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding at once to hang him on a neighboring lamp-post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly and amid great peril toward the station house. It was a fitting episode of the whole affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro—the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves—the attacked man not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse—the silent, resolute half-dozen policemen, with no weapon but their little clubs, yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms—made indeed a fitting side scene to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station house with the unprotected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged him in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience, and the crowd—the stage, and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles, and gas lights—the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

KIT CARSON'S GRAVE.—And as for Kit Carson, that grand old pathfinder, who showed and told Tom Benton, Fremont and the Government all they ever knew about this trans-Missouri empire—he was a frontiersman, Indian fighter and pacificator, explorer, and, latterly, general of volunteers, deserved immeasurably of our New West, he, we regret to acknowledge, now lies chucked away in a coyote patch, under the shade of a couple of cottonwoods, on the Arkansas, (Southern Colorado,) without even a piece of picket-railing to protect his grave from the prowling wolves, or even a pencil mark on a shingle for his head stone, to tell the traveler that Kit Carson sleeps beneath it. Thus has his grave been allowed to stand, near the public road side, unprotected and unlettered, ever since his sudden death there, in 1868—to the shame of not only Southern Colorado, but of all Colorado and New Mexico also, including the legislatures of the two Territories, who are alike ignominiously at fault for it.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
A selling peanuts by the peck:
Besides him stood a girl in blue,
Who said she'd take a peck or two.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

The recent attempted assassination in Southern Utah of Philip Klingen Smith, the Mormon bishop who participated in the Mountain Meadow massacre and then turned State's evidence, has brought to light a diabolical deed which was committed by Brigham's agents in September, 1856. The following story is from the Truckee *Republican* of December 22, and was related to the editor of that journal about a year ago by one of the prophet's favorite assassins: "The Aikin party, composed of the Aikin brothers, a man known as 'Colonel,' one named Buck, and two others, started east from California just as Johnson's army was entering Utah. They were wealthy gentlemen of an adventurous, speculative turn, and had the finest outfit of mules, equipments, guns, pistols, etc., ever seen in Salt Lake City. They carried with them about thirty thousand dollars in gold. On the Humboldt they fell in with a train of emigrants going east, and traveled with the emigrants until they reached the Utah settlements. Near Ogden they were arrested as spies, brought to Salt Lake city, and closely confined. Utah was under martial law, and this fact was the pretext for this outrage. The emigrant train came along and touched for the men as being good honest gentlemen, but without effect. Their money was too tempting a prey. After being incarcerated some time, two were left in prison, and the four others sent by the Mormons to California, under an escort. The apparent fairness of this move vanishes when we learn that the escort were Porter Rockwell, John Lot, and One-eyed Miles, three of the blackest-hearted villians that ever lived. When the party arrived at Nephi, a council was called among the Mormons, and sixteen men were appointed to "use up" the Aikin party. The few who opposed the cold-blooded plot were silenced by the argument that it was God's will expressed through His prophet Brigham. At midnight a team was fitted out and driven on ahead of the Aikin party, who were asleep at Nephi. The next evening just as the party were camping at the Sevier river, a party of men drove up from the opposite direction and asked permission to camp with them. The plot of the murder was well planned. The Aiken party never suspected that these men were assassins who had been in Nephi the night before. They were pleased to have company, and the camp-fires were built side by side. The Mormons outnumbered their victims four to one, yet were too cowardly to make the attack until sleep rendered the poor victims helpless; then they pounced upon the sleeping, defenceless fellows, and struck them on the head with king-bolts, clubs and iron bars. The Colonel bounded up, and, bruised and bleeding as he was, escaped in the bushes. A second one of the Aikin boys sprang to his feet, but was shot down. The other two were brained where they lay. The three lifeless bodies were thrown into the river, and the brother who was shot down revived when he came in contact with the cold stream. Poor fellow; a night of horror awaited him which was worse than a thousands deaths. Crawling over the cruel, pebbly bottom of the river, drenched, bleeding, and half dead, the man reached the willows near the camp. Here he lay shivering with fear, and heard the murderers boast of the brutal deed. Summoning all his strength, the wounded man crawled away through the bushes, and started back to Nephi. It snowed lightly during the previous day, and that night there was a bitter, biting frost. Aikin had on nothing but his pants and shirt. The crisp snow and the sharp stones cut his feet until he could hardly endure the pain. Weak from the loss of blood, dazed and stunned by blows on the head, cold, deserted and lonely, weary and worn out, the man traveled all night long. Naught but thoughts of a murdered brother lying mangled and unburied in the black waters of the Sevier gave him strength to press forward to where he vainly hoped for assistance. Just at dawn he completed his twenty-six mile journey, and fell exhausted at the foot of the little hill in the outskirts of Nephi. He had fallen in front of a house, and from the inmates he learned that one of his comrades had likewise escaped, and had ascended the hill only a few moments before. Wild with the hope that it was his brother, he struggled to his feet and staggered onward. In spite of all his efforts he fell heavily four or five times, and could not rise until he had lain still and rested for a few minutes. When he reached the hotel he found the Colonel instead of his brother. The poor, half-murdered men uttered not a word, but, locked in each other's arms, fell swooning to the ground. Even the Mormans who looked upon the scene were affected to tears. Cold-blooded assassination awaited these brave fellows after all. Thoughtlessly they told that they recognized some of their murderers. The hotel keeper was in league with the assassins. His team had hauled the murderers to the Sevier. When three weeks had passed the wounded men had so far recovered as to wish to return to Salt Lake City. The hotel keeper refused to let them go until his bill was paid. They had escaped with nothing but a gold watch and a silver-mounted Colt's revolver. Their money and valuable property was lying in the Nephi tithing office—in God's storehouse. They offered the hotel-keeper the watch, worth $250, for their bill, but he demanded the revolver instead. As he took the pistol, Aiken said:—"There goes our last friend, we'll never leave this valley alive." Disarmed, wounded, and utterly helples, these men were put in a wagon, and driven to an old stable a few miles out of Nephi.—The driver backed his wagon up close to this stable and unhitched the horses, saying he wanted to feed them. The hind end of the wagon had been taken out before starting, and as soon as the horses were out of the way a volley of buckshot fired from the stable fairly riddled the bodies of the two Californians. The party of cowardly wretches concealed in the stable continued to fire until every muscle in the victims' bodies ceased to quiver. They then stripped off the clothing and threw the bodies into one of those round springs or natural wells which seem to have no bottom, and filled it in with large stones. To this day the place is known as "Murderer's Spring." Sufficient proof is in the possession of the United States officials at Salt Lake to convict the perpetrators of this frightful crime if justice could be obtained in Utah. Timothy B. Foot is the hotel keeper's name; Wolfe is the man who drove the fatal wagon, and Bishop Bryant presided over the council at Nephi that passed the sentence of death. Actual participants in the crime have confessed, and if protected, would testify to all the particulars. From one of the murderers I obtained part of my information. I have not colored any portion of the narrative; the bare facts are before you.

THE CUNNING OF THE FOX.—The *Turf, Field and Farm* relates the following, illustrative of the cunning, or shall we say, the reasoning faculty of the fox: "A farmer possessed a large number of fine turkeys, which usually roosted in the branches of some tall Scotch firs, immediately joining the farm yard.—Reynard had his eye on them, and made several visits during the moonlight nights, but unsuccessfully, as they were perched too high for him to reach them. He was therefore obliged to resort to stratagem, and this was the plan he adopted: He first scratched the ground beneath the tree with his fore feet, and then the base of the tree itself, in order to attract the attention of the turkeys, at the same time looking up to mark every movement. He then ran round the trees in rapid rings. The turkeys, aware of their danger, followed his quick movements with their eyes, and became confused and dizzy. One fine bird fell to the ground, was instantly killed and carried off to the earth. The scheme was repeated with equal success. The less of turkey after turkey induced the farmer to watch in ambush, and the truth of the strutagem was fully established.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.—Napoleon, the Possible Fourth, rises at dawn and works hard all day. His programme of study, which he now pursues in the the classic retirement of Cobden Place, is rather severe. On Mondays he studies the facts of history in the morning, and the philosophy of history in the afternoon. On Tuesdays, geography, and after simple geography, the manners, climates and wealth of various regions. On Wednesdays he looks into the administrative organization of France, as compared with that of other nations. On Thursdays he studies judiciary organization. On Fridays French politics, past and present. On Saturdays indulges, with competent professors, in a profound examination of contemporary events. On Sundays he rests.

☞ "Maria," observed Mr. Halcomb, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way; I'm too busy." "Well, give me a patch then, and I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

☞ Grandfather—"Ah! children, its a fine thing to see you all growing up such fine gals and boys. I ain't felt so proud many a day; no, not since I was chief follower of your poor old granny's funeral, and had a new black hat for myself an' a gallon o' gin for the mourners."

☞ An exchange describes the following scene in the cars: "A candy boy passing through the cars meets a cross old gentleman and says, 'pop corn! pop corn!' 'Hain't got any teeth,' angrily replies the old man. 'Gum drops! gum drops!' calls the smart boy.

☞ "Children," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday school, "Why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermifuge, rose up and made reply 'Worms.'

☞ At Atchison, Kansas, a girl ate four pounds of wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says that money wouldn't hire her to marry the man that she saw in that dream.

☞ "Your dress," said a husband to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

THEY CARRIED IT TOO FAR.—Mr. Butterwick called in to see me the other day, and in the course of the conversation, he said:

I'm going to move. I can't stand those Thompsons, next door to me any longer. They're the awfullest people to borrow things that I ever saw. Coffee, and butter, and sugar, and flour, I don't mind so much, although when a woman borrows high-priced sugar and Java coffeee, and sends back sand and chickory, a man naturally feels billous and mad. But they've borrowed pretty near everything in the house. First it's one thing and then it's another, from morning till night, right straight along.

"Now there's the poker. A poker's a piece of machinery that you'd think anybody might go around and buy, or, if they couldn't afford it, they might use a fence paling to shake up the fire. But Mrs Thompson seems to banker after our poker. She borrows it fifteen or twenty times a day, and last Saturday she sent for it thirty-four times. She pays a boy two dollars a week to run over and borrow that poker; and she's used it so much that it's all bent up like a corkscrew.

"Now, take chairs for instance. She asks us to lend her our chairs three times a day at every meal, and she borrows the rocking-chair whenever she wants to put the baby to sleep.

"A couple of times she sent over for a sofa, and when the boy came back with it he said Mrs. Thompson was mad as thunder, and kept growling around the house all day, because there were no casters on it. Last Monday she borrowed our wash-boiler, and we had to put off our washing till Thursday. She did her preserving in it, and the consequence was all our clothes were full of preserved peaches. I've got on an undershirt now that I'm mighty doubtful if I'll ever get off, it's stuck to me so tight.

"Every now and then she has company, and then she borrows our hired girl and all the parlor furniture; once, because I wouldn't carry the piano over for her and take down the chandelier, she told our girl that there were rumors about town that I was a reformed pirate.

"Perfectly scandalous! They think nothing of sending over after a couple of bedsteads or the entry carpet; and the other day Thompson says to me:

"'Butterwick, does your pump-log pull up easy?'

"And when I said I thought maybe it did, he said:

"'Well, I would like to borrow it for a few days till I can get one, for mine's all rotted away.'

"The only wonder to me is that he didn't try to borrow the well along with it.

"And then on Thursday, Mrs. Thompson sent that boy over to know if Mrs. Butterwick wouldn't lend her our front door. She said their's was away being painted and she was afraid the baby would catch cold. When I asked him what he supposed we were going to do to keep comfortable without any front door, he said Mrs. Thompson said she reckoned we might tack up a bed quilt or something. And when I refused, the boy said Mrs. Thompson told him if I wouldn't send over the front door to ask Mrs. Butterwick to lend her a pair of striped stockings and a horse hair bustle and to borrow the coal scuttle till Monday. What in the name of Moses she is going to do with a bustle and a coal-scuttle I can't conceive.

"But they're the most extraordinary people! Last Fourth of July, was it? Yes—last Fourth of July the boy came over and told Mrs. Butterwick that Mrs. Thompson would be much obliged if she'd lend her the twins for a few minutes. Said Mrs. Thompson wanted 'em to suck off a new bottle-top, because it made her baby sick to taste fresh india rubber! Cheeky, wasn't it? But that's her way. She don't mind it any more!

"Why I've known her to take off our Johnny's pants when he's been playing over there with the children, and send him home bare-legged to tell his mother that she borrowed them for a pattern. And on Thompson's birth-day she said her house was so small for a party that if we'd lend her ours we might come in late in the evening and dance with the company if we wouldn't let on that she didn't live there!

"Yes sir; I'm going to move. I'd rather live next door to a lunatic asylum and have the maniacs pouring red-hot shot over the fence every hour of the day. Indeed I would."—*Max Adeler, in New York Weekly.*

☞ A young man appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department was conducted to his desk and informed what his duties were. The chief of the Department discovered him a short time after comfortable reposing in his seat, with his feet characteristically resting on the desk. "Hello," said the chief; "don't you expect to do any work?" "Work be d—nd!" exclaimed the astonished youth; "I had to work hard enough to get here."

☞ An Irishman, giving his testimony in one of our courts, a few days since in a riot case, said: "Be jabbers the first man I saw coming at me when I got up was two brickbats.

Mohammed once said: "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him; angels inquire what he has sent before him."