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(From the Sandusky Register.)
THE WAGES OF SIN.

Many of our readers will remember Harlow Case, who was Collector at this port in 1850, by appointment of President Fillmore. We have just come into possession of some facts in relation to this man, and others connected with him, that will be read with interest. Case had as Deputy Collector, during his term of office here, a gentleman named Henry Francis, with whose wife, a lovely and accomplished woman, Case fell desperately in love, and she also conceived a passion for her admirer, with whom she agreed to elope as soon as a favorable opportunity offered. Case concluded to make an opportunity, and did so. He collected about \$22,000 in gold for customs, etc., and one day, while his deputy, Mr. Francis, was away from home, Case and Mrs. Francis and her daughter, a beautiful child, fled from the city and went to the Island of Ceylon. As soon as the defalcation and elopement were discovered the wildest excitement prevailed in the city, and steps were at once taken to apprehend Case, but all efforts availed nothing. The knowledge of his wife's guilt and the loss of his child was a terrible blow to Mr. Francis, who soon afterward left the city and has not, we believe, been heard of since by any one here.

We have been fortunate enough to get possession of an interview of an American missionary with Harlow Case and Mrs. Francis and her daughter at their home in far-off Ceylon. The minister had been on a business trip to the place where Case lived, and the latter was introduced to him as an American who was in quest of health, and desired to get away from the cares of active business life. The missionary made arrangements with Case to take a ride one day, and the latter was to call at the former's stopping place and start from there. Below we give the missionary's story complete:

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, of the motion of the foot or hand. These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but, coupled with what I afterward learned, were certain evidence that the man already felt the gnawing of the worm that never dies. One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide veranda, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere; but from the moment the words were uttered his sociability departed. Within the cottage inclosure were walls, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eye glowing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home. We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes were particularly lustrous yet mournful in their beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see something of a shadow of sadness and unbelikable quiet, as she greeted my new friend. Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me, while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away, for half an hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shallow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently but attentively.

"Yes, my mamma has been sick along time," replied she, dropping her eyes while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added hesitatingly,

"that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you, then, not the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child, with grave dignity in one so young, and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room. I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long shady walks opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears. Why was it, I questioned myself, that painful thoughts took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break in upon me. At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books, and turning to the fly leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read: "To Mary Francis F—, from her devoted husband, Henry F—."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart. I knew Henry F—; had known him intimately for years. He was a friend toward whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time. His wife, whom he had loved, deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household, and, forgetting honor, shame, and everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love. How could I remain under this roof that now seemed so accursed? How could I, the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had revealed in such a conquest? I could only think of the evil they had done, not that they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house. Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked. I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality?—the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not, at once, in burning words upbraid him for his villainy and flee, as from a pestilence, his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity which, for a moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously, I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nellie's mamma—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of a slow fever, induced by the climate," he added gravely as he motioned me to a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver plate. Obedient servants brought, on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before. But the skeleton sat at the feast. I could not talk save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily, almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies. Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself for conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe," he said nervously. I answered in the affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of Henry F—?" I knew him, sir, I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, and I knew him also as a ruined, heart-broken man. With an ejaculation of anguish he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected, then," he began in a quivering voice. Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, thought and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows that I have suffered; and if in F's bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled. Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months and I have known it. It—the dimming eye, it is for me now to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad, mad, mad!" he said in a frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Too late! too late! I have repented!" There was a long pause and he continued calmly: "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly." A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips as if his heart would break. "O! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him, he would pity her—and if he could be forgiven. Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought. "She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you were from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would. 'I will go then.'"

Up the cool, wide matted stairs he led me, into a chamber oriental in its furnishing and chaste in its magnificence. There, half reclining in a wide easy chair—a costly shawl of lace cast over her attenuated shoulders, the rich dressing gown clinging and followed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty and once gentle gifts made the light and loveliness of a sacred home. The eyes only retained their luster; they were wildly sunken. The cheeks were kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks—more fiercely, more hotly, as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger; I could only say to myself, "Oh, how sorry I am for you!" She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

The first question was: "Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulcher. I told her that it was not my intention to go at present. "Oh, who then will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying and she must go back to him. It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough for the bitter wrong I have done them." "I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir, tell him my story. Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

"Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours these many years—ah, God only knows how deeply!" "Mary, you must control your feelings, and my host gently. 'Let me talk while I may,' was the answer. Let me say that since the day I left my home I have not known a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. Oh, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me, oh, my God, forgive!"

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join, or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope and feeble faith. Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I can not tell, but wherever it is there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear, "Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn, everybody!"

EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE.—I believe, writes a veteran, no two good soldiers will widely disagree as to their sensations during a battle. I take it to be a piece of bravado in any man to assert that he had no fear during the progress of a long and severe engagement. A battle is a veritable hell upon earth; not to be in serious apprehension while it lasts is to be either drunk, crazy or insensible. The highest type of bravery is that of the man who realizes the full extent of the peril, but sticks resolutely to his duty. It was my experience, and that of all those about me, repeated a dozed times, that shell firing is not ordinarily nearly so demoralizing as that of musketry. It is not often that shells are thrown so that their fragments scatter death and wounds, and their loud humming overhead does not cause that nervous tingling which follows the sharp zip of the rifle bullet. The peculiar cutting of the air made by half a dozen of these at once is apt to give the soldier the idea that the whole air is filled with them, and that he is certain to be struck by one of them. All I believe, will agree as to the sensation first caused by the impact of a bullet. It is a stunning, numbing feeling, which for a long time overpowers the local pain of the wound. In my experience, a single buckshot near the ear knocked me flat, and for two days after gave me such acute pains and such muscular disturbance from knee to shoulder that I could not stand erect. Soldiers have frequently been prostrated by spent balls. A curious effect of shell wounds is that they do not bleed; the hot fragment sears the torn blood vessels and stops the effusion. A Minie ball extracted from the human body presents a remarkable sight. I have seen them where the resistance of the flesh had turned back the pointed end on all sides with such regularity that the ball resembles a saucer or a flower.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace and to regain grace, as always to be found before God, not otherwise, but to fear, and happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears,—a fear for grace received, a greater fear for grace lost, and greatest fear to recover grace.—St. Bernard.

Those who rise to eminence suddenly are very apt to come back by the next train.

THE THERMOMETER MAN IS DEPARTING.—A wayward man from the East, with thirty-seven years in a basket on his back, descended the steps and pulled a door.

"Nothing for the day," said the lady as she opened the door.

"I am not selling for the poor—I am selling for the rich," he replied in balmy voice.

"Don't want anything at our stock in the fall," she said, waving in her hand.

"I said that," he said, "I am called in a desperate case."

"I know it, but I don't want anything at our stock in the fall," she said, waving in her hand.

Going into the saloon on the corner the man addressed the proprietor with a sweet smile, asking:

"Would you like a thermometer this morning?"

"By de pushel!" inquired the saloonist.

"No—a thermometer—it records the weather. When it is warm this little bulb runs up; when it is cold it ticks down."

"Umph! When it's warm I dakes my coat off; when it is cold I put more wool in der stoaf. Go and sell that to some shabby poy as knows noddings!"

The thermometer man entered a card-peddler's and a bow-backed man nodded kindly.

"Accurate thermometers for only twenty-five cents!" said the peddler as he held one up.

"Zero? Who was Zero?" asked the weaver, reading the word behind the glass.

The thermometer man explained, and the weaver, after trying with his thumb and nail, asked:

"Where does the blame thing open?"

"Thermometers are not made to open, my friend."

"Well, I don't want no thermometers around me that won't open!" growled the weaver, "I thought it was a new kind of stove-handle when you came in, or I should not have looked at it!"

The thermometer man next tried a dwelling-house. The door was swiftly opened by a red-faced woman, who hit him with a club and cried out:

"I'll learn you, you young villain!"

She apologized and explained that several bad boys had been ringing the door-bell and he forgave her and said:

"I have some accurate and handsome thermometers. Would you—"

"We never have hash for breakfast," she interrupted. "My husband detests hash, so I don't want to buy."

"Hash! A thermometer has nothing to do with hash!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I can't help that," she replied, slowly closing the door. "We haven't any lamps to mend, and you shouldn't track mud on the steps that way."

There was a portly man crossing the street, and the thermometer man beckoned to him, halted him, and when he got near enough asked:

"Can I sell you an accurate thermometer to-day?"

"What do I want with a thermometer?" exclaimed the portly man, raising his voice a peg.

"Why, to note the weather."

"You blamed idiot! Do you suppose I run the weather?" roared the fat man, growing purple.

"But you want to know when it's hot or cold, don't you?"

"Am I such an old fool that I don't know when it's summer and when it's winter?"

"We all know, of course," replied the stranger, "but every respectable family has a thermometer."

"They have eh! I never had one, nor I wouldn't have one, and do you dare tell me that I ain't respectable?" screamed old portly.

"I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did, and you made me miss the car, and I'll cane you!"

The thermometer man waded across the muddy street and made his escape, and at dusk last night was backed up against the soldiers' monument, his basket between his feet, and was squinting sadly at the clock on the City Hall tower.—Detroit Free Press.

BYRON ON MARRIAGE.—A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion I give as coming from myself; it is that of a very excellent, agreeable and sensible lady who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered ostensibly any extraordinary misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, etc.—She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this I am convinced a man can not be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact. It is strange, too, what real liberty of choice is exercised by those who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bonds of Hyman as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident. In this respect men have less the advantage than is generally supposed.

A nose paper—a marriage certificate.

DE TOQUEVILLE ON LIBERTY.

We publish below some fine observations from Alexis De Toqueville, Democracy in America, the profoundest and most philosophical of all the works that have ever been published upon free institutions:

The phenomena which the intellectual world presents are not less deplorable.

Zealous Christians may be found amongst us, whose minds are nurtured in the love and knowledge of a future life, and who readily espouse the cause of human liberty, as the source of all our happiness. Christianity, which has declared that all men are equal in the sight of God, will not refuse to acknowledge that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law. But, by a singular concurrence of events, religion is entangled in those institutions which democracy assails, and it is not unfrequently brought to reject the equality it loves, and to curse that cause of liberty as a foe, which it might hallow by its alliance.

By the side of these religious men I discern others whose looks are turned to the earth more than to heaven; they are the partisans of liberty, not only as the source of the noblest virtues, but more especially as the root of all solid advantages; and they sincerely desire to extend its sway, and to impart its blessings to mankind. It is natural that they should hasten to invoke the assistance of religion, for they must know that liberty cannot be established without morality, nor morality without faith; but they have seen religion in the ranks of their adversaries, and they inquire no further; some of them attack it openly, and the remainder are afraid to defend it.

In former ages slavery has been advocated by the venal and slavish-minded, whilst the independent and the warm-hearted were struggling without hope to save the liberties of mankind. But men of high and generous character are now to be met with, whose opinions are at variance with their inclinations, and who praise that servility which they have themselves never known. Others, on the contrary, speak in the name of liberty, as if they were able to feel its sanctity and its majesty, and loudly claim for humanity those rights which they have always disowned.

These are virtuous and peaceful individuals whose pure morality, quiet habits, affluence, and talents fit them to be the leaders of the surrounding population; their love of their country is sincere, and they are prepared to make the greatest sacrifice to its welfare, but they confound the abuses of civilization with its benefits, and the idea of evil is inseparable in their minds from that of novelty.

Not far from this class is another party, whose object is to materialize mankind, to hit upon what is expedient without heeding what is just, to acquire knowledge without faith, and prosperity apart from virtue; assuming the title of the champions of modern civilization, and placing themselves in a station which they usurp with insolence, and from which they are driven by their own unworthiness.

Where are we then?

The religionists are the enemies of liberty, and the friends of liberty attack religion; the high-minded and the noble advocate subjection, and the meanest and most servile minds preach independence; honest and enlightened citizens are opposed to all progress, whilst men without patriotism and without principles are the apostles of civilization and of intelligence.

Has such been the fate of the centuries which have preceded our own? and has man always inhabited a world, like the present; where nothing is linked together, where virtue is without genius, and genius without honor; where the love of order is confounded with a taste for oppression, and the holy rites of freedom with a contempt of law; where the light thrown by conscience on human actions is dim, and where nothing seems to be any longer forbidden or allowed, honorable or shameful, false or true?

I cannot, however, believe that the Creator made man to leave him in an endless struggle with the intellectual miseries which surround us; God desires a calmer and more certain future to the communities of Europe. I am unacquainted with his designs, but I shall not cease to believe in them because I cannot fathom them, and I had rather mistrust my own capacity than his justice.

THE LION AND THE ASS.—On one occasion Mr. Burke had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-brown member, who had no ear for eloquence, rudely started up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the hon. gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so enraged as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely made for the door to run out, when George Selwyn stopped him with the remark that "it was the only time in his life he had seen the fable realized of a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."

Carvers of their own fortunes—the Butchers.

WOMEN IN AMERICA.

Success is the rule, and failure the exception, when ladies take interest in a public enterprise, or lend their assistance to an object of charity, utility or patriotism. Whatever cause they aid is next to sure of ultimate prosperity. Failures, and even repeated failures, seem to become but the foundation of success. There are substantial reasons for this strength of female influence. That condition of society is always the most satisfactory in which, in serious fact, as well as in mere courtesy, the maxim is recognized—Place for the Ladies! One source of woman's power is the deference with which she is regarded by the other sex. Foreign observers have remarked with admiration the large proportion of female teachers in our public schools, and the perfect discipline which they maintain over the lads, many of whom are accustomed to obedience nowhere else. The secret of this is that the ruler the boy the more perfect his submission to a young lady placed over him as a teacher. He regards it as a fact that needs no demonstration, that he could set her at defiance, if he chose, and, therefore, there exists no occasion for him to try such an issue. With a young man as his teacher he might be rebellious. With a young woman, as young, perhaps, almost as himself, he is bound by a rude but just idea of magnanimity, to be quiet, and even respectful. Probably female pupils are not quite so well inclined towards female teachers. But girls have a natural sense of order which does not stand in need of forced control. At any rate, and for girls, as well as boys, women, as teachers, are eminently successful.

The power which woman has, as a teacher, over boys, is only a marked illustration of the control which every true woman has over men. The exercise of authority is not offensively displayed, and in the exercise of it woman herself is almost unconscious of her rule. She avoids instinctively the parade of power as something unfeminine, and her requests have the greater force, for being presented as requests and not as demands. Thus the wise woman rules her household. And her authority has this further element of strength that it is seldom of her own choice exerted in a wrong direction. A woman's judgment may be wrong and her knowledge imperfect, but her motives are usually good, for the reason that they are unselfish. The welfare of her husband, her children, her parents and other objects of her affection are, with her superior to all personal considerations. There are of course conditions in which woman falls below this standard but generally speaking it is the standard of the sex.

In the work of religion and charity, in the formation of public opinion in great crisis, and the support of the flagging spirits of men who meet the actual brunt of life's battles, women are the "power behind the throne." In their retirement and freedom from observation they control and to a great degree supply the strength which averts social disaster and promotes social improvement.

In Spenser's beautiful fable of Una and the Lion, and in Moore's pretty fancy, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," an ancient poet and a modern, have presented in verse the idea which we are laboring to set forth in prose. And when occasion requires that woman should emerge from the family shelter the success of Una in her over difficulties, and she enjoys the gem of "safe conduct" as certainly as Moore's maiden. These natural immunities and pledges of success are woman's so long as she preserves her natural character and trusts to the defenses with which her sex surrounds her. The position of woman in America is honorable, both to woman and to man. The callings and pursuits which are open to woman, without derogation to her sex, mark the advance in true civilization which has grown out of freedom of thought and of action, unimpeded by the conventionalism of past ages. In the old time, and not so very long ago, a woman trusting herself abroad with no man in her company was a wonder. Moore's maiden might now take a through ticket from Philadelphia to San Francisco, or from Portland to New Orleans, and find herself "all right" at the end of her journey, and her baggage "to the fore" on presentation of her checks.—Phila. Ledger.

Is the GRANGE a GOOD THING?—What does it matter, if the Grange in its incipency, was managed by men who sought their individual interest, not the farmers'? What if their motives were unworthy, the ritual weak, the ceremonies tiresome, the regalia "cheap," the numerous officers unnecessary, and the secrecy ditto? Admit all this for argument's sake, and what remains? Why the glorious fact that farmers, with their wives, their sons and their daughters, have flocked to it as an ark of refuge, not because certain gentlemen had started it in Washington, but because farming don't pay and they want a just remuneration for their labor. It may not be the organization its founders intended, but its strong arms encircle the farming interest of this great country. Through the Grange all needed reforms are possible and probable. In the Grange farmers of both sexes stand shoulder to shoulder, and in the battle for the right it is our duty to subject ourselves to like rules as govern an army with

banners. All honor to the men 'who builded wiser than they know!'

Like other secret organizations, the Grange has a head centre from which emanates the laws and ceremonies of the order, to which is paid a liberal reverence. This head centre is elective; its funds and its actions are under control of all the members of the order through delegated powers, and the Patrons, having declared against life memberships, and having re-distributed a large portion of the funds, have proved that it is a democratic institution. While partisan and religious reference is prohibited in the Grange, it has brought farmers into more intimate relations, which must result in greater unity of political action, and without religious discussion good morals and charity are promoted. The Grange asks for no peculiar favors for itself, only equal and exact justice for all. What it requires for its members it is willing to grant to others.—Such being its aim and actions, it is not wonderful that its members desire the co-operation of all respectable farmers, and wish those who are to profit by its action, to assist in its labors. If farmers prefer to organize in clubs, let them confine their attacks to the common enemy, and not give assistance to political sharks and piratical commercial monopolies, by making war on the Grange. In conclusion I would say that since all Churches permit its members to join the Grange, it would seem that no one need be so theologically hid-bound as to fear its secrecy. We invite all farmers to take an inside view of the Grange, and thus assist in making it what it ought to be. The Grange is in the farmers' hands; what we make it that it will be.—Edge, Western Rural.

A LATENT INCIDENT.—Miss Clara Morris in a letter to a friend in Washington gives this lively reminiscence of two well-known actors: "They were boys then; one tall, blonde and lazy, the other short, dark and active. It was Sunday night; every one had gone to the Quaker meeting-house a few doors above. They were alone without cards or checkers or books, but Satan came to the rescue. A certain proposal was dangled by the lone chap, and eagerly accepted by the short one. They then put on their hats and coats, armed themselves with a broom, a pail of water and a dipper and went forth into the still bitter cold of the night, and worked diligently. They swept a broad path over the sloping sidewalk quite free from snow; over this they poured a dipper of water, then waited. In a few minutes it had frozen, then another dipper of water, and another wait, until the path was glazified in its icy smoothness. A whick of the broom sent a light covering of snow over it; the work was done, and the goddess laborers, gathering up their tools, strooped themselves down on the door step and conversed pleasantly. Presently the doors of the meeting-house opened, and two lines of Friends—one made up of males, the other of females—came out. These lines, coming down the steps separately, met and mingled in a crowd on the pavement for a few moments, then broke into two and three, and came gravely down the sidewalk. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a whack, whack, and two snorts that were as one. A female Friend fled to the rescue—whack! The whole congregation filled with wonder came ambling down to the scene of disaster—whack! whack! whack! groans and snorts; 'thees' and 'thous' filled the air, and with cheeks stained with tears of laughter, they sat on the step and 'took it in,' those sons of Belial, since so well known to the world as Joseph Jefferson and John Ellsler."

BEEF TEA, AND HOW TO PREPARE IT.—First let us take that probably most valuable of all invalids' preparations, viz: beef tea. The quickest and best method of preparing good beef tea is as follows: Take a pound of good lean gray beef, cut it up into little pieces, pour over them a pint of cold water and add a little salt. Then take a fork and squeeze these pieces in every direction, in order, as much as possible, to extract the juices out of the meat. Next place it all—i. e., both water and meat—in an enameled saucepan, and put it by the side of the fire, not on the fire, and gradually heat it taking the greatest care that it does not boil. Having continued this process for an hour and a half or two hours, during the last half hour keeping the tea hot without even simmering, strain the whole off through a strainer, pressing the meat again with a spoon, so as to squeeze as much as possible all the goodness out of it. Then remove all the fat. This can be done by carefully skimming it, or, if time will allow, by letting it get cold, when the fat will harden on the top. Now to my mind good beef tea is one of the nicest things we can take when sick, but sick persons tire of it and loathe it. When this is the case, very often by adding a little sherry and allowing it to get cold (when, if properly made, it will be a jelly), patients will take it in this form when they could not in the liquid state.

An author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That is true, particularly at the knees and elbows.