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A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

He was a white-headed man, who had passed his fore-score years, and was only quietly waiting till he should be summoned home; though to practical John, his son, or Martha, John's energetic wife, he seldom of late had spoken concerning this, for he had overheard them talking of him to each other, with compassionate pity. "Childish," they said he was growing, "and a little troublesome withal." So he had got in the way of remaining on the sunny piazza in fine weather; sitting there with the open Bible till the rays of the setting sun threw their fading gleam over the rim of the western hill, when he quietly went to his own room.

Not that they were unkind to him—oh no! Only John said that "father's faculties are not what they used to be," and Martha, who was orderly to a painful degree, was "worried" when she found his cane or his spectacles misplaced—and then he often forgot to bring the easy-chair in from the portico, or omitted to hang his hat on its customary nail in the entry.

"I do wish you would be more particular, father," she had said, rather sharply; "you left the west door open twice to-day, and you always forget to wipe your feet on the husk mat."

It was not the words that touched him so deeply, but the tone. As he took his accustomed place, after dinner, on the pleasant portico, he felt a greater degree of languor steal over him than usual; so much so that he said rather feebly to Martha, who was vigorously sweeping the little entry:

"I guess, Martha, if you'll give me your arm, I'll lay down a spell on the sofa in the dining room; I don't feel as though I could get up stairs to bed."

"Nonsense, father," was Martha's careless answer; "dinner's not yet got to be swept and mopped, the furniture dusted and the druggery put down; you'd better still a spell, and, if you don't feel better, I'll come out and help you upstairs."

The afternoon waned; and as the old man watched the shadows creep over the purple hills, a golden ray lingered for a moment on the open leaf of his Bible, by whose softened light his dimmed eyes read:

"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, He increaseth strength. Even the youth shall faint and be weary, and the young man shall utterly fail."

The tide of years rolled back, and he saw himself, young, willful and pleasure-loving, casting behind him all restraint, taking his own path, that led now through flowery meadows, but led on to steep mountains and by the edge of terrible abysses, plucking from overhanging boughs fair fruits which nauseated, and vainly attempting to slake his thirst with bitter waters, always striving to reach a gorgeous city whose palaced domes appeared ever ahead—the city of cloudland. And then he saw a hand outstretched, leading the wayward youth from the road he had chosen, and with a thrill of fullness of joy he saw Him crucified, saying: "Follow Me;" and in spirit he again rose up and followed; leaving the past with its sins in the hand that had first guided him; no tears might avail to blot them out, no remorse could atone for them—only in God's keeping was the past lost to view.

Ohentimes fainting, with feet weary and sometimes bleeding, he followed the divine footsteps through the years; sometimes so nigh that he could almost touch the hem of his garments; sometimes at a distance, when his form seemed indistinct and shadowy, he fainted by the way-side and faint would rest; but even then did the prophecy come true, and asking, his strength was increased.

His way, in the last years, had been through deep rivers; but when at times their waters had almost gone over him and yet had receded, even then had he seen the form of Him whom he followed still beckoning from the other shore, and he had heard His voice saying: "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end."

"They that wait on the Lord." The gloaming of the evening was around him, but he wist not; the words seemed to shine from the page before him. "I have not waited on thee, Lord," was the cry of his heart, "imperfectly and feebly, yet according to the strength which thou gavest me." Lord Jesus, let not my waiting be very long, if so be thy holy will.

It was dark when Martha remembered that he had not yet come in; the tea table was standing and John had said somewhat impatiently exclaimed: "I wish father wouldn't always keep us waiting!"

And Martha, as she laid her hand on the old man's shoulder, had a like utterance on her tongue; but there was no need of it.

His stiffened fingers had fallen on this sentence: "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint."

"Curious coincidence, wasn't it?" said John at the funeral.

And Martha, who was putting away his cane and spectacles in the little back closet, answered with a mechanical sort of sigh:

"Well, father's better off." Beyond all comparison and immeasurably better off.

DECLINE OF POTOMAC FISHERIES.—The Inspector of Marine Products has transmitted his annual report to the Board of Health. The report says:—

The decrease of the shad and herring fishery of the Potomac during the past year has been of a most alarming character. Very few of the large seine fisheries have been continued throughout the season, something unprecedented in these waters. The gill nets and pound nets have continued as usual, though with very meagre results for their labor and investment. The cause of the decrease is without doubt the great amount of fishing done. Within a few years the gill nets especially have multiplied many times. It is not relative to this report to attempt to show the influence of the different kinds of nets in bringing about this state of affairs. Very little of the water coming through the Potomac reaches the Chesapeake without passing through meshes of numerous nets, and it is scarcely possible for fish to ascend the river without capture, especially as there is no general interim, most of the nets being in active use at all hours of the day and night. This is the most probable cause of the decrease in the supply of shad and herring.

The salt water taylor, or blue fish, has been quite scarce this season off Chesapeake Bay and vicinity. It is one of the most savage species on the Atlantic coast. It not only kills to eat, but striking right and left in a school of more defenceless fish, mangles and wounds only for sport. Whether the presence of this fish on the coast has anything to do with the absence of shad and herring we are not able definitely to tell. The whole question of the causes of the decrease is an intricate one, and requires a great deal of observation and study.

The most evident cause, however, seems to lie in the great over-fishing of the waters of the river. Very many laws have been proposed for the purpose of remedying the evil, by legislative action in general, each line of fishing or different net interest advocating laws which bear upon the opposing interests. The State of Maryland proposed a law during the early spring which, if it could be carried out and enforced, would have largely solved the problem. The reports quotes from "Martin's Gazetteer of Virginia and the District of Columbia," published in 1835, that in a short season 22,500,000 shad and 750,000,000 herring were taken in this river. Without including the rock-fish, sturgeon and other varieties, this would afford about 625,000 pounds of food, which, at present prices, would realize a very large amount of money. It is very doubtful that an equal abundance can ever be restored to the river, but one-half or one-fourth of these figures would be regarded at this time as the return of the years of plenty after the discouraging experience of the past two or three years.

The report closes: "Some legislation or Congressional action, looking to a remedy for this great over-fishing of the waters of our river, is urgently demanded, and one thing is certain, unless some action is speedily taken, the immense business of fishing on the Potomac will soon dwindle away to nothing."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—In one of the largest and most thriving towns of Ohio a well-known hotel-keeper and politician was appointed collector of internal revenue. One morning he found on his desk a letter addressed to him officially, without postmark, containing a five-hundred-dollar greenback, to which was pinned a small piece of paper with "Conscience money" written thereon. Quietly folding up the greenback and putting it in his pocket-book, he remarked: "I always did suspect that barkeeper of mine."

An old pioneer, who believed that "what was to be would be" lived in a region infested by Indians. He always took his gun with him; and once, finding that some of his family had borrowed it, he would go without it. His friends rallied him, saying that there was no danger of the Indians, as any how he would not die till his time came. "Yes," said old Leatherstocking; "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it wouldn't do to have my gun."

A matrimonial wreck—a hulk of a husband.

SUMMER DREAMS.

At last he spoke—"I dreamed no more."

The feminine element predominated, during the month of August, at Milkandegg's farm.

"Predominated!" did I say? Ruled entirely, I should have said. Seven girls were called them all girls, though one was married, her husband being this particular time on the sea—the sea—the open sea—the blue, the fresh, the ever free, and one was a widow and did not know where her husband was—and no boys, young or old.

We were all yawning and yawning and had been yawning and yawning and wishing for at least three weeks, when Mrs. Creamcheese—dear, stout, double-chinned, motherly old soul—announced at the breakfast table one morning that "a young artist would arrive at Milkandegg's farm that evening, to remain, she hoped, a month."

The widow—she was only twenty-three, and it had been a case of "thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother"—waved her napkin above her head, and shouted "hurray!"

Nellie Wall gazed her blackberries with salt, and Amy Teresa dropped her nicely buttered muffin, but I, retaining my presence of mind, I am proud to say, caught it before it reached the floor, and calmly ate it.

For an instant Amy T.'s pretty green eyes rested reproachfully upon me, and then with an appealing look, she turned to the landlady. "Do tell us all about him," she said in her most persuasive tones, "what is he like?" a question the other girls had already asked in chorus.

"He's as handsome as he is clever, and as clever as he is handsome," said the aggravating thing with a good-natured smile, making dimples in her round rosy cheeks.

"Blue eyes or black?"
"Tall or short?"
"Fair hair or dark?"
"Funny or serious?"
"Landscape or figures?"
"Does he sing?"

Maybe we didn't fix our hair that evening, and maybe our prettiest dresses didn't come out of trunks, where they had lain undisturbed for four long weeks. One would have imagined we expected to sit to the artist for our portraits the moment he arrived. We were at supper when he came.

Mrs. Creamcheese went to the room door to receive him. My dear Mrs. Creamcheese, I heard him begin as he grasped her outstretched hand and stepped into the room, and then meeting fourteen eyes—female eyes of all shapes, sizes and colors, bent intently upon him, (never shall I forget the blank look of amazement, almost of horror, that over-veiled his handsome face,) he turned and fled.

But that one moment sufficed to show us that he was as beautiful as Venus—I meant to say the other fellow, Adonis. He was six feet, at least, with broad shoulders and well developed chest, and his eyes were the sunniest—his complexion the rose and creamest—his hair the goldenest I ever beheld.

The widow, throwing her black eyes up to the ceiling and clasping her slender hands, was about to exclaim when a crumb went the wrong way she choked instead. The faithful sex flew to the rescue and pounded her upon the back with such vigor that the poor dear was black and blue for a week after.

Mr. Noel Summer sent word that he would like his well and coffee in his own room. That he went abroad to sketch, and returned to sleep, we all know; but how he got in and out of the house without meeting one eye of the fourteen remains a mystery to this day.

"What is to be done?" we asked in despair. "How can we ever let him know that we want to love him for his sisters?"
"And kiss him for his mother," interrupted the married girl.

Miss Brown begged the loan of a pen. She received three—my dear Mrs. Creamcheese, a gold pen, a gold one and a quill. Amy Teresa wrote a dainty little note, requesting a needle and thread. Her messenger brought her a pretty needle box plentifully stocked, and a ball of darning cotton. Well, day by day went slowly by, and one by one the girls departed. The widow left first. She had heard that the bride of another, was at Saratoga and still unmarried.

Then Miss Brown followed, soon by her cousin, Miss Green. And at last, after repeated summons from her mamma, Lily Pray too herself away, and only Amy T. and myself remained behind. Each of our friends, as she took her leave, said solemnly to those remaining: "If ever you do see him again give him my dearest love." And the day after Lily's fearful charge, A. T. and I actually succeeded, after much walking on tiptoe, and hiding behind bushes, in surrounding the artist, as he sat in front of an old tree, sketching another old tree which stood in front of him. Amy Teresa came upon one side, and I on the other. He started to his feet and grasped his easel which shut up in an instant in the most extraordinary manner, seized his paint-box and with a hurried nod—he could't take off his hat, as both hands were full—fled like a startled deer, or frightened fawn, or something of that sort.

We had seen him again, but we hadn't given him the five tender messages.

I loved Noel Summer, for he was the thought that turned to me. I thought of him by day, and night, but of him I dreamed. I dreamed of him, and the pretty scene which I had shamelessly stolen from Amy T., who, thinking she had been kissed and sent him a much prettier note in the stead, lay, beneath of his kisses, of course, next to my husband's bed.

Amy T. went of course, and as we stood on the porch of our front porch, she said to me in a sepulchral tone: "Agatha, I am the last of seven. To you, my dear, I give the best chance. If you wish to see me, I will be glad to see you, and I will carry them with me. They are—"

"Not in the lunch basket with the cold chicken, I hope," I murmured. "I might spoil it." A. T. glared greenly at me and vanished. I glided up stairs. As I said before it was early dawn, and passing by the hall window opposite his door I looked out at the dawn. Aurora, fresh from her morning bath, was flinging her rosy smiles all over the eastern sky, and the little birds began to welcome her with sweet trembling trills and tiny chirps, when another sound softly blended with their music. His voice—a bass, a thorough bass. He was singing merrily to himself something about "letting the clannikens clink, boys."

Suddenly the door opened. I started, but did not move. I knew his modest, sensitive nature so well. If I remained silent and allowed him to recover from his confusion before I turned my gaze upon him, he might take courage and speak to me—he might ask to join me in my morning walk, and the ice once broken, oh! rapturous thought, my love-dream might after all come true. "Ah! Mary, Sarah, beg pardon, what's your name?"

"Agatha," replied I in a low voice, still without turning toward him.

"Agatha! duce pretty name, too," my heart beat fast. "Well, Agatha, bring me a jug of water, cold from the well, and as you pass through the kitchen please tell your friend, the cook, I like plenty of onions in my hash."

The door closed, and "the clannikens clinked" again.

He had mistaken me for Ellen, the chambermaid.

I left Milkandegg's farm that very afternoon.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—A Detroit boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The Pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a lake schooner. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case into consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deck, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the lumber trade.

Mr. Noel Summer, came down and crossed to Toledo and next day he appeared in Detroit, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut, and a feeling of humbleness running all through him. "What! back again?" cried the old man, as he boy entered the house.

"Yes, father, I want to saw all the wood for winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar, and paint the barn, and you needn't give me but two meals a day." "Don't you like sailing?"

Father, you don't begin to realize anything about it. The captain sailed right along on Sunday, the same as any other day, and I believe he never set his foot on land. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up all night, and two or three times he called me up at midnight and made me haul on ropes and drag old sails around. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at 9 o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he didn't boss us around and break in on us every time we got to reading anything good! I like land, father, and I wished you owned a farm!"

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are yet constantly accumulating, and growing richer and richer every day? Be content; so far as concerns money, you are doing well.

Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night; this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge.

Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep your good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last week. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little, fortunes are accumulated; little by little, knowledge is gained; little by little, character and reputation are achieved.

THE GALLANT BACHELOR.

The gallant bachelor! Let us introduce him to our readers. He is tall and portly. His age may be anything between thirty and forty. His countenance is smiling and self-satisfied. The garments which he wears are perfect in cut, and the quality of their material is excellent. There is money in his pockets, and there are rings on his fingers. A massive gold chain dangles in front of his waistcoat, and diamond studs glitter upon festive occasions in his shirt front. He haunts the most fashionable theatres. At his club he sips the best wine and smokes the choicest cigars. Perhaps you would like to have an explanation of all this. The explanation is simple. When we repeat his oft-reiterated declaration that he is not a marrying man, we have given it.

He has successfully steered his bark amidst the shoals and quicksands of society, and is now so completely a marine that no one supposes that he will ever suffer shipwreck. The feat which he has performed is a great one, and he is proud of it. He dwells upon his cleverness and prudence with unctuous satisfaction. He holds himself up an example for young men to imitate. He laughs contemptuously at the poor fools who have yielded to feminine fascinations and burdened themselves with the care of wives and household.

As he puts it, his object in life is to make himself completely comfortable, and he does so. On the other hand, married men, as he also puts it, don't. You cannot nullify him with the argument that it is easier for a man to keep himself and a wife than himself only, and he tells you so with many scornful laughs. It must not be understood, however, that he holds the female sex in contempt. The gallant creature dotes upon it. He follows it from place to place. There is scarcely a ball-room in which he does not put in an appearance in order to worship it. At bazaars he shines with a brilliant luster in his efforts to pay it becoming homage.

Of many a velvety couch he is the champion and hero, and willing slave. He addresses ladies in tones as gentle as a summer zephyr. He conveys to each favored one that he has never loved but once, and that she is the object of his adoration. He hands them ices with perfectly bewildering grace, and helps them on with wraps with the most charming elegance. But, notwithstanding the ardor of his nature and the extent of his devotion to them he does not commit himself. Nor does he through his delicate attention to them deny himself those little luxuries, which he imagines are necessary to the proper sustenance of his extremely sensitive organization.

He never goes without a good supper, however crowded a party may be; it is simply useless to attempt to satisfy him with a makeshift. He always finds out where the best bottle of wine is to be found, and waters know that it is a waste of time, any attempt to humbug him. He is also careful not to injure his sensitive organization by overwork.

His partner at a ball is plain and does not dance well, he is above putting himself in a perspiration in order to gratify her. Of course he is aware that he is a great man. Of course he is cognizant of his wonderful powers of attraction. In bursts of confidence he will inform you that old Mrs. Moneybags is working with all her might and main, to entrap him for her dear little pet, Florry, who has been in the market these six years, but that he is above falling a victim to such pretty wiles as hers. As he has these bursts of confidence pretty frequently, it is to be presumed that the number of his conquests is correspondingly great. The pain that his indifference causes does not hurt him. The fact that he is considered to have behaved with abominable meanness in half a dozen cases does not concern him. Indeed he thinks it the finest thing in creation to flirt with a girl until the chase becomes too hot, and then, when she has succumbed to the magic of his influence, to suddenly drop her and betake himself to other sweets.

Such is the gallant bachelor. Is it worth while for the rising generation to imitate his career? Let us glance at the latter scenes. Even he has his day. When people find that he will not marry, and that he is getting on in years, they gradually "drop him." He ceases to be asked to parties, and haughty beauties turn up their noses when he supplicates for their favor. He may not lose cast at the same time that the bloom of youth is robbed from him, but when he begins to enter upon the regions of the sere and yellow leaf, his batteries drop away. He sees young rivals upon his heels, and has to make room for them. The old ties that rendered life dear to him snap, one by one, and none form to take their place. Not being engaged in any work of usefulness, he has to fly to his club for companionship, and he has no difficulty in discovering that the "friends" whom he makes there do not care a straw about him. People feel that he is in some respect a social failure, and they feel further that this is his own fault. They laugh at him because he is vain, and selfish and continues to banker after admiration; they hold his little follies up to ridicule; they use him when it suits them, and forsake him when it suits them.

Perhaps there is no man more hopelessly alone in the world, than the gallant bachelor who has outlived the pleas-

ure of youth, and turned fifty. Nor is this all. As his digestion fails him, he cannot sate himself with the delights of the table. As strength fails him he cannot keep up his courage in defiance of the world's opinion. Often at the last he has no alternative but to marry a woman, who is no sooner his wife, than she wishes him dead; in order that she may have his money, or else to surround himself with a crowd of hungry nephews and nieces, who almost from the day of their birth, have been taught to regard him as their lawful prey.

On the whole, young men will do well not to imitate the gallant bachelor. If they love, let them marry; if they do not love—well, let them hope that they may be so fortunate as to do so in good time.

MR. HUXLEY'S VISIT.—We are not among those who deprecated Mr. Huxley's visit to America, and certainly not among those who regret that he came. There was an indefinite dread of the man among many religious circles, as if he were not only an enemy, but a very powerful enemy, who was pretty sure to do mischief. The result, we are sure, not only disappointed them, but failed to give the expected support to those who have been inclined to favor the Darwinian hypothesis.

The first lecture introduced a trick quite unworthy a fearless man of science, viz., that of making Milton bear the odds of the Mosaic account of Creation. To whip the Bible around the shoulders of the great poet, and assume to fight a man, when, in truth, he intended to fight what all believers agree in regarding as a sacred book, and most of them as an inspired and authoritative book, was not a pretty or a manly thing to do. It was a cunning performance, we admit, but it was the performance of a pettifogger, and detracted very materially from the popular respect which had been accorded to the man and his utterances.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Darwin's principal apostle would present his facts and his arguments in the most convincing way possible to him. He took three evenings for the task, and had the field all to himself; but we do not hesitate to say that he failed in the "demonstrative evidence" offered in his closing lecture to fulfill the promise made in the first two. Had he demonstrated the soundness of his theory, people would have believed in it. That the most of them did not, ought to be regarded by Mr. Huxley as evidence—

at least, of his consideration—that his "demonstrative evidence" demonstrated nothing. For, let it be remembered, the religious mind of the country is not as much afraid of the theory of evolution as it was, and is not proof against conviction, as it might once have been. It has apprehended and accepted the fact that it takes a great power to originate an order of beings through evolution as by a direct act of creation, and that to bind up all the possibilities and potencies of life in protoplasmic masses, or ascidian cells, is as marked an exhibition of Almighty power and infinite ingenuity as it would be to speak into existence the perfected creatures which we know, and which we are. We do not hesitate to say that the audiences which assembled to listen to Mr. Huxley were tractable audiences. They were not only tractable, but they were capable. They were fully adequate to the understanding of his theories, and the weighing of his evidences and arguments; and we have yet to learn that he largely, or even appreciably, increased the number of his disciples.

Men went away feeling that, after all, the theory of evolution was nothing but a theory—that it is still so much a hypothesis that it can lay no valid claim to a place in science. Certainly, Mr. Huxley shook no soundly reasoning man's belief in God as the author of all life. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." When that beginning was,—how many ages that beginning covered,—nobody pretends at this day to know.

Everybody knows, however, that a stream can rise no higher than its fountain. If the conduits and receptacles into which that stream has been poured are capable of retaining it, and incapable of conducting it further, it may not rise so high. It seems to us repugnant to human reason that a low form of life, uninformed by a higher life, has the power to evolve a form of life higher than itself. There is not an analogy of nature which does not militate against such a conclusion. There are none of the lessons of science which do not lead directly away from it. God may work toward creative ends through processes of evolution, or he may not. A horse may have been derived from a three-toed animal, one of whose toe-nails spread into a hoof, with its wonderful tarsus and metatarsus, or he may not. A man may have descended, or ascended, from a monkey, or he may have been created by a divine fiat. It matters very little, so long as God is recognized as the author of life, and the designer of its multitudinous forms.

COST OF FENCES.—We find by compilation of reports to the Department of Agriculture, that the cash value of the annual farm products of the United States is over \$4,450,000,000, while the value of all the live stock, including horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, was on the first day of February, 1875, \$1,659,211,933, or about \$5,000,000,000 less than the value of the annual farm products.

To protect this \$2,450,000,000 worth of growing crops from being destroyed by the \$1,659,211,933 worth of live stock, we have built 1,619,130,430 rods of fence, enclosing 250,503,614 acres of ground with an average of 6.64 rods per acre, costing \$1.08 per rod, or \$66.98 per acre, making a total cost of \$1,748,526,185, or about \$60,317,192 above the value of all the live stock.—

The annual decay and cost of repairs cannot be less than ten per cent. of the original cost of fence, or \$174,852,918, interest at 7 per cent. per annum \$134,319,811; total annual cost \$309,172,729. But this is not all. A fence occupies and wastes an average of one-half rod wide, or one acre for every 50 enclosed, making a total for all the fences of 50,101,123 acres. The gross proceeds, per acre, for the cultivated grounds in the United States for the year 1871, amounted to \$9.78. Call it \$9 per acre and taking two-thirds as the cost of cultivation, we have \$3 as the net proceed per acre, which would show an annual loss of \$160,308,367, which, added to the annual cost of fence, would develop the country, and who have the heaviest burden of taxes to pay to expend more than all the stock in the country is worth to fence in their crops, and give free range to the stock owners, who need not own or improve, or pay taxes upon a single acre. But people are beginning to believe that when they have a piece of land, and paid for it, and pay taxes upon it, they ought to own the land, and the crops growing thereon, and be protected in their rights to do with it as they please, providing that nothing which they do, or grow, or keep, shall interfere with the rights of others.

FOOD, WORK AND SLEEP.—The things that man most need in this world are food, work and sleep. He does not need riches, honors or office to live. He needs society because he is made for it. He must love and be loved; his life and happiness are promoted by companionship; mutual dependence and counsel enlarge hope and stimulate courage.—

Yet after all he lives of his friends die. There is no grief, no form of bereavement, but it has its consolation. The best preserver of a man's life is contentment. Nor is work destructive of strength. Men look forward to rest, to a life of ease, which to them mean cessation from toil and from the cares of business. They mistake the cares of business. It is not work; it is care, it is over-exertion, it is ambition and desire after gain that bring worn and weary feelings. All we possess we possess in life. The sooner we get things with life, the sooner we relinquish our possessions. The faster a man lives the quicker he reaches the end of his life. There are three ends to life, and death is the last and least desirable of them. One end is to live. That is why we were created—to live, and live as long and well as we can. Some go murmuring and groaning on their way, as though life was a burden, and that it is pious to put a low estimate on it.—

The opposite is true. A man should seek to live out all his days and he cannot accomplish it in a better way than by using every means to prolong his life. Among the means are the three things mentioned at the head of this article. When a man denies himself sleep and food and the exercise that work gives brain and body, he robs his life of its full term. Let him be cheerful also. He is like an engine—it will run well and long if it is well oiled. Contentment and cheerfulness are the oil which keep the nerves from wearing out.—

Busy men and women think that time taken from toil for sleep and recreation is time lost. It is really the cement put in to fill up the joints, to keep out the weather and preserve the building.

A BORE OF GENIUS.—Shelley's voraciousness as a reader did not, it appears, make him always an attentive listener when other persons read their works to him.

"Southey was addicted to reading his terrible epics—before they were printed—to any one who seemed to be a fit subject for the cruel experiment. He set his eyes on the man, and one day, having effected the capture of Shelley, he immediately lodged him securely in a little study up stairs, carefully locking the door upon himself and his prisoner and putting the key in his waistcoat pocket. There but it was so high above the ground that Baron Trenck himself would not have attempted it. 'Now you shall be delighted,' Southey said, 'but sit down.' Poor Byss—he sighed, and took his seat at the table. The author seated himself opposite, and placing his manuscript on the table before him, began to read slowly and distinctly. 'Chained with his own composition, the stammering author read on, varying his voice occasionally to point out the finer passages and invite applause. There was no commendation; no criticism; all was hushed. This was strange. Southey raised his eyes from the neatly-written manuscript; Shelley had disappeared. This was still more strange. Escape was impossible; every precaution had been taken, yet, he had vanished.— Shelley had glided noiselessly from his chair to the floor, and the insensible chump, Vandall lay buried in profound sleep underneath the table. No wonder the indignant and injured bard afterwards enrolled the sleeper as a member of the Satanic school, and inscribed his name, together with that of Byron, on a gibbet!"