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THE

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"I WISH I HAD CAPITAL."—We do not know the author of the following, but he preaches one of the best practical business sermons to young men that we have read this many a day:

"I wish I had capital;" so we heard a great, strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office. We did want to give him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him.—You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital? Haven't you got hands and feet, and bone and muscle and brains—and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody?—"Oh, but they are not money," say you?—But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning.—Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, jack-plane or broad-axe that you can find, and go to your work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ah, but there's the rub. You don't want to work, you want money on credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you could not make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have be idle and waste and run out, it would be the same if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for some one to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you be sure to do it as Billy did his drumming—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

AVOIDING SUNSTROKE.—Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it.—It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue.—If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, &c.—see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs the heat,) straw, &c., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvass or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do no go to work, but be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physican give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with, or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth.—If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

Der Drummer.

Who puts oup at der pest Hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauliens cuts a schwell?
Der Drummer!

Who vas it gomes indo my schtore,
Drows town his pundle on der floor,
Und nefer schtops to shoot der door?
Der Drummer!

Who dakes me py der hand und say,
"Hans Pieffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for pizness right avay?
Der Drummer!

Who shpreads his zamp'es in a drice,
Und dells me "look und see how nice,"
Und says I gets der "pottom brice?"
Der Drummer!

Who says der dings vas eggstray vine,
"From Sharmany upon der Rhine,"
Und sheats me den dimes out of nine?
Der Drummer!

Who tells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vat I good imbort,
But lets dem go, as he vas "short?"
Der Drummer!

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers, upon der root,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der Drummer!

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pieffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye coes avay?
Der Drummer!

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

Southern Maryland Scenes.

Southern Maryland, comprising the counties of Prince George's, Anne Arundel, Calvert, Charles and St. Mary's, is a section of the State, hitherto backward, in which progress has begun. Neither the click of the telegraph instrument nor the whistle of the locomotive has ever been heard in Calvert or St. Mary's, although it was in St. Mary's that the Catholic pilgrims first settled. The Baltimore and Potomac railroad has done much to develop Prince George's, Charles and the upper part of Anne Arundel, but while the road runs betwixt the Patuxent and the Potomac to Pope's creek, the telegraph ends at Marlboro', and there is no wire in Charles county, though mail service is daily nearly everywhere in the whole section. I have spent nearly a week in the three counties which lie between the Patuxent and the Potomac, and write from Leonardtown, as the pleasantest village I have found for sojourning.

HOW TO LIVE IN PRINCE GEORGE'S.

Much of Prince George's, now thriving, was before the railroad a wilderness. Marlboro', however, remains in statu quo, and the traders and inn-keepers complain that the railroad takes away too much business from them to the cities. Several years ago an enterprising German built a good-sized inn at the railroad station, and his neighbors in Marlboro' near by thought he was a lunatic; but he gave constant personal attention to business and is now prospering. I met this stranger one morning as he was taking his "promenation," as he called it, and asked him in regard to some swamps near his house if he had ever suffered from ague.

"Oh, no!" he answered, in some surprise.

"But every one else has the ague more or less; how is that?"

"I dells you—these beeples don't know how to live."

"You mean they don't drink beer?"

"No I don't mean to say dot; but they drinks too much water."

This was such a piece of news that I set it down in my tablets, and when I met your old friend, Thos. J. Turner, of the Prince Georgian, I gave it to him for his paper. I had never heard before that water drinking was a vice in Prince George's.

A LONG DRIVE.

From Mattawoman Station on the creek, which is the boundary between Prince George's and Charles, I drove 37 miles to Leonardtown as a day's travel. Then I went 20 miles to St. Mary's City, from which it is 15 miles to Point Lookout, and then leisurely back to this point. The present is the most pleasant, as well as the busiest season, in Southern Maryland. The woods, in full leafage, are at present alive with the seventeen year locusts. The heat of the sun has been moderated by gentle winds and the nights are cool and quiet. All the farmers are busy planting tobacco and working corn. I frequently saw white women in the fields. Wheat is well advanced, and in some parts of St. Mary's the land and farms are prosperous, and the wheat crop is as good as can be grown. Sheep are plentiful and hogs are abundantly raised. Some new land has been cleared and saw-mills have been extensively introduced. The roads are fairly good and there are no gates, as in Calvert. Several of the schools for colored children are taught by colored school marms from the North.

A MILITARY-LOOKING TOWN.

Like Port Tobacco, in Charles county, Leonardtown is built around a central plaza after the fashion of a garrison town in New Mexico. A flag-staff rises from the centre of the ample plaza of Leonardtown, and I caught myself looking for the commandant's house, the barracks, and the soldiers on dress parade, as it was then toward sunset. The town is on Briton's bay. The locality affords good salt water bathing, and a steamboat landing, with oysters all the year around, and at this season soft crabs and strawberries are in plentiful supply. Half an hour on the shore at sunrise any morning will reward the early riser with a fine catch of crabs which have just thrown off their old coats and are inert, helpless and soft almost to pulpiness. They harden very rapidly, but there are such myriads of them undergoing the change that the supply is inexhaustible. The inns are among the best in Maryland. I observe that here the innkeepers try to give their guests things in season, which the country produces—which is the true thing to do. Every summer a number of visitors who like quiet and comfort, spend the season here.

BOOK AND BELL.

The inns are long, low, whitewashed houses, with thick brick walls and long piazzas, having a Southern air quite in keeping with the surroundings and sentiments of the locality, where there are very many blacks who were formerly slaves. On Corpus Christi, which was Thursday, May 31, the blacks kept the holiday of obligation, whether they were Catholics or not. I was informed that the colored people of St. Mary's always regard a holiday as an obligation to be kept. On this occasion, though it was in the midst of one of the busiest weeks of the season among farmers, the colored folk forsook the field, and putting on their store clothes and finery, flocked into town, to church early in the morning, and to visiting and frolicking the rest of the day. Another institution of Leonardtown is the "curfew bell," which in the old slavery days was rung for the colored people to get into quarters. The "curfew" is still kept up by one of the hotels as a custom, by which the village regulates its evening hours, for the aged to retire and the young to seek the shadowed corners of the porch and say "good night."

A RAILROAD HISTORY.

The great subject of interest in Southern Maryland just now relates to the Southern Maryland railroad, which has had an eventful history. This road has figured in the newspapers and in the Legislature of Maryland for five or six years. At first there were rival roads, and we had the war of Suit against Smoot for the $163,000, which the State apportioned to St. Mary's for internal improvements, and which the county commissioners subscribed to the stock of Smoot's Railroad Company. The line was graded chiefly on this sum and the proceeds of a few other partly paid-up stock subscriptions, but owing to its involved condition the work has been a long while suspended. Within a few months past some Philadelphians, who have bought Point Lookout to restore it as a seaside resort, also look toward finishing the Southern Maryland railroad and building up a coaling station at St. Mary's City, as well as developing other interests in the section.

HUNTING UP DATA.

During my visit I have driven over the route in part, from Brandywine Station, of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad, with which the Southern Maryland connects at that point. The roadbed is in very good condition, and is used to some extent for driving. I found no surveyors or construction parties, and no one who could say anything positively in reference to future movements. Finally I had an interview with Mr. J. M. Moyer, one of the directors of the company, who is also its legal adviser, and resides in Philadelphia. Mr. Moyer says that the Southern Maryland Railroad Company, as recently organized, comprises Chas. J. Harrah, president; Joseph S. Fisher, Geo. P. Elridge, Benj. Frishmuth, Wm. T. Ladner, A. W. Fellows, J. M. Moyer, Dr. John M. Brome, Alex. Rickey, M. D. Wheeler and S. S. Smoot. These gentlemen, except the four last named, also comprise the "St. Mary's and Point Lookout Land Company," which is separate and distinct from the railroad concern. Of the railroad directory Dr. John M. Brome is of St. Mary's county, and the only Marylander in the organization. Mr. Smoot, formerly president, lives in Washington. Mr. Harrah, now the president, and the other Philadelphians, are active business men and reputed capitalists.

CLEANING UP THINGS.

After organizing the railroad company several months ago irregularities and a complete tangle were encountered at every step, though Mr. Moyer says the end is pretty nearly reached. The money needed for the work has been arranged. There will be a new issue of bonds for a very much reduced sum, and on a better footing than the old bonds, which will be called in and cancelled. All the old bonds have not come in yet. These bonds are considered worthless, and very few of them were ever negotiated, but they must be all destroyed and the old mortgage cancelled, when the company will be ready very soon to proceed on a new basis. The company, it is said, is disposed to recognize all fair claims for work done or material furnished, but creditors will not be put in a better position than the company. It is considered that they ought to make concessions, and Mr. Moyer says he has found all bona fide creditors showing a good disposition and a liberal spirit. It is given out as a sine qua non that all indebtedness must be cleared up and a straight thing made of the old wreck and everything put in safe and good condition before a dollar will be paid out on the new basis. When once affairs are straight and work begins actively it is considered possible to finish the road in ninety days.

SUITS AND DIFFICULTIES.

For some time a suit has been pending in Marlboro' at the instance of the Washington City and Point Lookout road, (Suit's,) and other creditors of the Southern Maryland [illegible] for an aggregate claim of [illegible], on which it is sought [illegible] the property and distribute [illegible] among creditors. But [illegible] nothing to sell. There is no[illegible] of the road but the [illegible] the road-bed and the right [illegible], and some piles of cross-ties. [illegible] Moyer says this suit don't amount [illegible] anything, and he has advised the [illegible] to go on regardless of it. [illegible] estimates the actual indebtedness [illegible] in the neighborhood of [illegible], but as the road stands to-day [illegible] security for the payment of [illegible]. Whatever [illegible], however, the county stock ($163,000) will be issued to it and the State will not lose anything.

Individual bona fide subscribers will be respected also, though beside Dr. Brome, of St. Mary's, few others have paid up anything actually. Dr. Brome has paid up fully his subscription. Among the claimants are some who canvassed for subscriptions under the old management, and who got a great many names for the total amount required by law, but little or no money was paid up. One of these canvassers was paid 2 per cent. and received $10,000 in stock and a like amount in bonds and now sues for money because the bonds are worthless. Indeed the history of the road in the past is replete with humbuggery, trickery, irregularities and all other modern devices as thick as barnacles on a wreck, and it will be some time before the end is reached. But the Philadelphia people express every confidence in the ultimate and not very distant consummation of the object in view.

THE NEW PROGRAMME.

By its connection with the Baltimore and Potomac railroad it is expected the Southern Maryland road will give: First, the shortest route from New York by steamers to Norfolk; second, it will be an aid to Point Lookout as a watering place; third, it will be an oyster and produce route in the winter when the rivers are frozen; fourth, it will furnish a mid-Atlantic coast coaling station for government steamers and a shipping point at St. Mary's City.

The length of the Southern Maryland railroad line is about fifty-four miles. The nearest point of the line to Leonardtown is six miles. In Charles county Hughesville will be a station, and in St. Mary's, Charlotte Hall, through the midst of which the road passes, Mechanicsville, St. Mary's City, Point Lookout and a number of stores at different points. "St. Mary's City" is the beautiful estate of Dr. John M. Brome on St. Mary's river. Adjoining it is St. Mary's Institute for Young Ladies, a college under the patronage of Maryland. This locality is historic as near the site of the original foundation of the Catholic pilgrims under Leonard Calvert. Chancellor's Point in 1634 was the locality where the Maryland colonists first landed, and walking a mile or more on the bank they came to a region the beauty and fitness of which satisfied them that here was a proper site for the future town which they intended to build on a bluff rising from the banks of St. Mary's river. An Indian village was already on the site. On the highest point of the bluff a large mulberry tree spread its ample shade, the decaying trunk of which still lies on the ground near a Protestant Episcopal Church which stands in front of the college. Under this tree Leonard Calvert made a treaty with the Yeocomico Indians, and purchased for cloths, trinkets, &c., the site of the town, the accommodating savages agreeing to remove elsewhere. On the 27th of March, 1634, Calvert took possession and named the first village of Maryland St. Mary's.

A LOVELY SPOT.

The situation is one of the most beautiful in the world. St. Mary's river looks like a succession of broad and beautiful bays, with water as bright as the bay of Naples. The banks are all high and bluff; the land is rich and under the highest cultivation, stretching out in a broad plateau. No vestiges of the original settlement remain, except some crumbling brick foundations buried under thick clover. The site of the "governor's house" is plowed over; some dead were interred in the churchyard near the mulberry tree, but the graves are not distinguishable. Even the graves of more recent years, except where marked with stones, are not to be discovered, except in digging for present interments. A spring which will never fail is yet called "the governor's spring," which was near the first house of Leonard Calvert. The green bluffs, bright blue water, white sandy points, and the thin lines of white shore combine to make with blue sky overhead and extended view a most charming and delightful locality.

Dr. Brome's plantation is assuredly one of the most beautiful spots on earth. The dwelling is on the grass crowned bluff from which Wood's Island can be seen, with the mouth of the Potomac and the sea beyond. The air is salt and invigorating. On the land side he has a magnificent plateau stretching to the base of a ridge of hills, and clover waist high, and the highest cultivation in the fields and garden.

IN SIGHT OF THE SEA.

The river is the nearest harbor to the sea, and at "St. Mary's City" is land-locked on every side. The water at Dr. Brome's wharf is 20 feet deep, and the largest navy could ride at anchor in the harbor. A branch from the main stem of the railroad will be constructed to bring the Clearfield coal and the anthracite coal from Pennsylvania, via Baltimore and Potomac railroad, to this point, working in connection with the Pennsylvania railroad system. I asked Mr. Moyer if any assurances had been given by the government in aid of establishing this coaling station, and he said only that the place was considered very desirable and would prove a great convenience. It is thought the government would use it when established.

POINT LOOKOUT RESTORED.

In regard to Point Lookout, which is only 15 miles distant by land, and a [illegible] 350 acres of the tract is owned by the St. Mary's and Point Lookout Land Company. All the old buildings left since the burning of the hotel recently have been demolished. The tract has been surveyed and laid off into streets and lots. A contract has been signed with the company by Thos. Banks & Co., of Alexandria, Va., to build a new wharf, which will be finished in 30 days, so that passengers (excursionists) may land on the 4th of July. It is not contemplated or desired to interfere with the lighthouse, as has been rumored. A new and extensive hotel and other buildings will be put up in time for another season after the present, and temporary conveniences will be provided this summer.

Point Lookout is one of the best seaside resorts in Maryland, and overlooks the track of the world's commerce, along which, night and day, vessels of all kinds pass and repass. The enterprise which connects it with building a new city on the St. Mary's river and developing this part of old St. Mary's county, and connecting it by wire and rail with Baltimore and Washington, will be hailed with delight by the people of this section of the State. But they have been disappointed so much that nothing but deeds will now restore their confidence in any representations that may be made. We will all see.

THE LOUISE HOME.—Relative to the Louise Home, Washington, with its superb appointments and endowment of $10,000 per year for expenses, "Fay," correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, says: There are two Massachusetts ladies now in the home, and several Roman Catholics, to say nothing of every denomination of the Protestant faith. Mr. Corcoran is an Episcopalian, and has contributed liberally to the support of students and the erection of churches; but he has also steadfastly refused, when urged, to make the Bishop of the diocese the presiding officer of the Board of Managers of the Louise Home. He says it shall not in any wise become sectarian.

Among the ladies now in the home is Mrs. Lynch, the widow of the officer who commanded the Dead Sea expedition. The ladies all have moved in the highest circles, and are ending their lives amidst the refinements and culture that once blessed their own homes.

Who but a man that could appreciate the feelings of such ladies would have conceived of a home for all such, where they are made to forget that the luxuries they enjoy are gifts, and all that is asked in return is that they will henceforth, as long as they live, be happy and rejoice. There is no institution like this in the world, for not a single restraint is put upon the freedom and independence of the ladies, who can even go out and give lessons in French, music or painting, if they wish to earn money for their clothing, which is the only expense they are subjected to. Mr. Corcoran plans excursions and amusements for these guests of his, as he delights to call them.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—Years ago Mme. Ristori was playing in the city of Madrid in the Royal Theatre. She had carried the audience away in the act by her great power. The curtain had fallen on the first act, and unusually long applause occurred. The time came and passed when she would have resumed play. What was the meaning of her absence? As she was passing from the stage, in the wings stood a poor woman, who caught her garments. "Madam," she said, "do you hear that bell tolling?" "Yes." "That bell tolls for the death of my husband; he will die at sunrise to-morrow.—Won't you," implored the woman, "plead for me? The Queen sits in yonder box." The great tragedy queen went to the royal box and begged for the life of that man—a man she had no particular interest in, but simply because he was going to die. Mme. Ristori pleaded so well with the Queen that with a pencil she wrote his reprieve; and he was saved. Meanwhile the truth had crept out among the audience, and when the curtain rose again every person sprang to their feet. Tears ran like rain, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and shout after shout went up from the multitude. Why was this applause? Not for the tragic queen, but for the woman that pleaded for a life, and not in vain.

☞ The nest of a humming-bird is thus described by a Californian. "It is about as large at the top as a half dollar, and is made of spider webs, downy feathers, with fibres of bark and shreds of cotton, all interwoven. The eggs, two in number, were about the size of small white beans, and the young birds, before they were fledged, resembled bumble-bees."

"On Their Graves."

Again the lily and the laurel leaf,
With rose and fadeless immortelle, we twine,
And yield the wedded garlands of our grief
And unforgetting love at valor's shrine.

While sunset's melancholy glories burn,
And pensive twilight's votive tears are shed,
We lay on pale memorial shaft and urn
Our floral tribute to the honored dead.

The great disbanded—who to glorious arms
Shall leap at war's reveille never more—
Whose peaceful camps no rude surprise alarms,
Whose silent tents are pitched on hill and shore.

Their sweet repose no earthly strife can mar;
Here all unholy feuds and discords cease;
[illegible]
Hath ripened to the golden harvest—peace.

Unwept they lie; above each quiet breast
The daisies whiten and the grasses creep;
No clang of arms disturbs their utter rest—
No shock of battle breaks their solemn sleep!

In vain the hollow winds at even fall,
Or morn, their ghostly muster-roll repeat;
The muffled drum, the wailing bugle call,
For *them* have sounded the last, long retreat.

The busy din and tumult *we* call life—
The restless waves of human joy and pain—
The troubled tides of *time* and change and strife
Beat at their marble gates of peace—in vain.

They will not hear or answer; on their lips
And listless ears the seal of silence lies,
Till angel hands shall burst their moldering crypts
And lift the vail from their unseeing eyes.

Defenders of the nation's solemn trust!
Honor to the brave hearts that rest below!
Keep green the graves that shrine their hallowed dust,
While spring-time wakes and summer roses blow.

Keep green their names, their deeds are deathless; here
Where valor sleeps, the sacred task be ours
To crown and consecrate from year to year
Their altars with the nation's solemn feast of flowers.

Strew myrtle, heartsease, tender violet,
Heap rose and lily on the ruthless scars,
Till we in nobler memories shall forget
The record of our ancient feuds and wars.

So shall we know these did not die in vain,
When one united people standing forth,
Clasp hands across the altars of their slain,
And link with flowery fetters *South* and *North!*

Strew lily, rose and fadeless immortelle!
Heap their low roofs with eglantine and bay,
After life's fitful fever they sleep well
Whose tombs are freedom's holiest shrines for aye!

Honor and love shall keep with sacred ward,
The lonely outpost of each hero's grave,
While yon eternal watchfires burn to guard,
The silent bivouac of the fallen brave!

DOING ERRANDS FOR HIS WIFE.

The wife of the man across the way had a dressmaker all of last week.—When he got home Tuesday noon he saw a little woman with brown eyes sitting demurely back of a pile of dress goods, while his wife with a loaf of bread in one hand and a knife in the other, as if she was about to slice the former for dinner, stood close by, her face beaming with exultant anticipation.—After dinner his wife said to him:

'John, Mrs. Sanford wants you to go to Neal's and tell them to send up a spool of silk twist, blue, just like this sample, showing him a piece of the silk, about an inch square; 'don't forget to take it with you—and two spools of silk, A, and a yard of black cambric.'

It is noticeable that a wife on those occasions carefully shuns the pronouns 'I' and 'we.' It is always the dressmaker who wants the material.

'You won't forget, will you, John?' added his wife, pleadingly. 'She'll be put back seriously if she don't have these things this afternoon.'

'I won't forget,' said John. 'Now what is it you want me to get?'

The articles were again enumerated, sample carefully tucked away in his vest pocket, and he started.

When he reached home at tea time he was tired, but hopeful. The first salutation he received came from his wife and was not noticeable for its tenderness.

'You are a nice one to do an errand, ain't you? What did I send you after?' she tartly inquired.

Of course he knew what she had sent him after, but, being confronted so unexpectedly with a demand for information he was completely confounded.

'Here that man came here,' she went on, 'with a yard of canvass. Who said anything about canvass?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' he vaguely answered.

'Nor nobody else. I said cambric just as plain as I could say it, and if you'd had your wits about you there would have been no mistake. That man didn't get here till four o clock, and then he had to go back after the cambric, and when he got here with it, the afternoon was gone. I might've known better than to have sent your after anything. I might better have left my work and went after it myself. But I thought you could have done that much to help me.'

John looked very much distressed, and sat down to tea with scarcely any appetite.

The next morning, as he was starting away, his wife suddenly overhauled him with—

'Now John, I do wish you would try to do an errand right this time. Mrs. Sanford wants two more spools of that twist, a roll of half-inch tape—be sure to get the half-inch—and a whalebone. Now, will you be sure to attend to it right away?'

The unhappy man promised, and started forthwith at a lively pace, repeating over and over again the articles desired. Half way down town he was stopped by a friend who wanted to know what he thought of Louisiana, and, this engendering a desire on his part to learn his friend's opinion, some ten minutes were consumed in the interchange of views. When he got started again he was aware that the thread of his mission was somewhat entangled, but trusted to the presence of the store and the inventive faculty of the clerk to help him out.

Both props failed him at the critical moment. To save his life he could not tell a single one of the articles he was sent for. In vain he searched his pockets, and rubbed his ear, and started about—not a ray of light came to him. [illegible] back home for information, and returned a half-hour later, fully heated but triumphant.

He was starting to his work after dinner, when his wife pleasantly observed:

'You did so well this morning John, that Mrs. Sanford is encouraged to try you again.'

John winced.

She wants you to stop at Morgan's and get a whalebone, two sticks of brown braid, a spool of basting cotton, and—'

'What's that?' ejaculated the unhappy man, with an expression of indifferently concealed apprehension on his face.

'A whalebone, two sticks of brown braid—here's a sample—a spool of basting cotton and a yard of twill. You can get them when you go down, and bring them home with you to-night.'

He bolted away at once, not even pausing to close the door. The spectacle as he rushed through the streets, with no thought but of the errand, would make Mrs. Livermore less concerned than she is about 'what to do with our girls.' He skipped into the store and cried to the clerk:

'One brown whalebone just like this—'

'Brown whalebone!' ejaculated the clerk in astonishment.

John stopped to ask if there was no brown whalebone, and the hesitation ruined him. The rest of the articles, excepting the twill, of which he had forgotten the quantity, fell back from the position he had placed them into a chaotic mass.

With an exclamation of pain and anger, he gallopped back to the house for a renewal of the particulars.

'Maria,' said he to his wife, in a tone of great confidence, 'I thought it would be a good plan, in order to save money, to hire a part of Morgan's store for your dressmaker until she got your work done, but, as the expense is more than I can possibly stand, I have got a week's vacation from the shop instead, and now I am able to devote my entire time to her.'

The grateful wife burst into tears.—*Danbury News.*

MARY ANN.—Mr. Disraeli, in his "Lothair," frequently refers to the Red Republicans drinking their favorite toast, the health of "Mary Anne." The following is given as an explanation of the term:

"The Red Republicans of France, though bitterly hostile to all recognized forms of worship have a sort of religion of their own, and render homage to an idol called a *Marianne*, which is a statuette of the Republic, wearing the red Phrygian cap. This idol is sold by many earthenware dealers and village grocers clandestinely, because under the present Conservative Republic, as under the Imperial *regime* which preceded it, the prefects, like modern Neros, maintain a cruel persecution against 'Mary Anne' and her devotees. It is illegal for publicans to expose her statuette in rooms to which their customers have access. In the Radical clubs, however, 'Mary Anne' is enthroned in all her glory. On great occasions she is carried in procession to the strains of the *Marseillaise*, the ceremony being prudently celebrated indoors in localities where the Conservatives are in the majority. The red flag usually waves over her and her devotees, but where the oppressor is strong and persecution ranges, the tricolor, with a spring of thyme, takes the place of the Radical banner. The sweet-smelling thyme is the symbol of the Radical Republic and is as sacred to the partisans of that form of government as was the mistletoe to the Druids."

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—The *Journal of Chemistry* publishes a receipt for destruction of insects, which, if it be one half as efficacious, as it is claimed to be, will prove to be invaluable:—Hot alum is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, chinch bugs, and all the crawling pests that infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears; then applying it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and alike. Brush crevices in the floor of the skirting or mopboards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin.

☞ Benevolent Clergyman to Jo—Why are you standing there, little man? Jo—'Cause I've nowhere to go to.—Clergyman—Where are your father and mother? Jo—dunno. Gone away, this ever so long. Clergyman—Poor little fellow! Well, well, can you answer me this question! When your father and mother forsake you who is it, that will take you up? Jo—The perliceeman.