

Saint Mary's Beacon

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KELLER'S ROMAN



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Rheumatism.

Time and money have been wasted in fruitless endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance, where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

Neuralgia.

This excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

Toothache.

This painful and annoying complaint is instantaneously cured by the application of the Liniment.

Frosted Feet.

The Roman Liniment has proved effectual in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate relief.

Burns and Scalds.

This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

Ulcerated Sores.

The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

A Stitch in the Back

It is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

Inflammation of the Breast.

This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented, by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

Weakness of the Ankles and Joints.

Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

It is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

- Bleeding, Foot Rot in Sheep, Ring Bone, Foundered Feet, Bruises, Corns, Cracked Heels, Flesh Wounds, Sprains, Galls of all kinds, Scalds or Grease, Poll Evil, Sore, Splint, Colic, Fistula, Lameness, Blisters, and many other Diseases.

KELLER'S Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

NOTICE.

Orders of County Commissioners, Leonardtown, July 23rd, 1878. ORDERS for the second installment of pensions will be issued, on application, on and after the 1st day of August. Reports from Road Supervisors, for the first quarter will be due on the 15th day of August. By order, J. F. MORGAN, Clerk.

Jugglery Extraordinary.

I was smoking my chibouk on the wide veranda of a bungalow, or Government inn, one day in Northern India. It was in January, but the weather was intensely hot, and my Dagahra, with its rough, untrained horses, had stopped here for a midday rest. My Hindostanee servant, with an unpronounceable name, whom I had nicknamed "Handy Andy" on account of certain unhandy ways, and a merry twinkle of the eye that indicated no lack of Hibernian humor, came up the porch and, with a salutation, said: "Would Sahib like to see conjuror make tricks?" "Yes, bring him on." I suspected the fellow was consulting his own fondness for amusement more than mine, but it was too hot to sleep, and I was ready for anything that would kill time.

A tall, fine-looking Hindoo, with a clear-cut, intelligent face, and eyes that looked straight at you, next appeared on the scene. He was dressed in the ordinary long white robe of his race, with a rich cashmere shawl wound round his waist, and his salutation and manners were respectful, without the least shade of servility. He was followed by two attendants, carrying the various implements of his profession, which they spread out before him, and a dozen or two hangers-on of all ages grouped themselves at a respectful distance to enjoy the free show. The ground in front of the bungalow was paved with flat stones, and upon one of these the conjuror seated himself, curling his legs under him in Oriental fashion, and asked in Hindostanee:— "What special trick would the Sahib like to see?" At the same time he bared his arms, long, well formed, but not muscular, and untied his shawl, to open his robe and show me that there was no concealed mechanism about his person. I told him through Handy Andy that I would like him to perform the mango trick—which I had seen once before at Delhi without being able to penetrate its mysteries. He nodded assent, and taking a box about ten inches square, filled it with earth, and in it planted a mango nut about the size of an English walnut, having first handed it to me for examination. He then made a framework, or tripod, of three sticks, six or eight feet long and tied together at the top, placed it over the box, and covered the whole with pieces of white muslin. The only thing that looked like charlatanism was a muttered incantation, rolling up his eyes, with outstretched palms, as if appealing for aid to some higher power.

Again seating himself, not more than ten feet in front of the veranda, he went through the most astonishing performances of sleight-of-hand tricks such as swallowing swords, tossing balls in the air, drawing from his mouth colored ribbons of interminable length, etc., some of which I had seen before, but never in broad daylight. He borrowed my watch, and after smashing it toinders it was mysteriously returned unharmed to my pocket. He burned my handkerchief, then poured from a vial some elixir upon the dishes, and the linen was restored to me without any smell of fire upon it. These and many other equally curious things he did for nearly an hour, with the most intense gravity of manner, and an air of candor that would disarm suspicion. My eyes were wide open, and I watched him so intently as scarcely to wink, and yet I was unable to detect a single flaw or account for one of these transformations.

Some of the tricks he repeated at my request, but the result was the same. At the critical moment his motions were quick as lightning. In all cases where fire was used I noticed that he either poured some liquid or threw a whitish powder upon the flames which produced for an instant a dense smoke, and left a pungent aromatic odor in the air.

In the mean time the mango tree was growing. Four times at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, he raised the muslin cover to report progress. The first time a sprout, three or four inches long, appeared, at which he expressed satisfaction, and carefully watered it from a small sprinkling pot. The next time it was a foot high, and the leaves seemed just forming. The third time it was fully two feet in height, and appeared to be growing most vigorously. At the close of his other performances he tossed aside the enveloping cloth and tripod of sticks, and lo! there was a mango tree, or bush, about five feet high, with perfectly formed leaves and branches. He brought it to me, and I satisfied myself beyond question that it was a real live tree by breaking off a branch, which I kept for a souvenir. He then pulled it up by the roots, to which was attached the nut, partially decayed and covered with fine fibrous sprouts. He then emptied the earth from the box to show that nothing was concealed within it.

Through Handy Andy I offered him twenty rupees if he would disclose to me the secret of the mango tree. I doubled and trebled the offer, but he only shook his head, and I presume a thousand rupees would have been no temptation. I rewarded him with a generous "tip," and for the moment regretted that I was not a showman by profession.

The learned class of Buddhists repudiate and despise the grossest exhibitions of common magic and charlatanism, but, as the common people will not dispense with these marvels, every great

monastery keeps a conjuror who does not belong to the brotherhood of the convent, and is allowed to marry. The practitioners possess no literature, but hand down the secrets of their art by tradition. In India, conjuring as well as snake charming is a hereditary profession, and the mystic practices are transmitted from father to son.

A very learned friar, who is spoken of as a perfectly truthful, says that among the Tartars there are certain men who they honor above all others, who are idol priests from India, persons of deep piety, well conducted, and of the purest morals. They are acquainted with the magic arts, and depend upon the conjuror and his art. They can sit in the air without any visible support, first on a tripod of three sticks, then one stick after another is removed, and still the man remains, not touching the ground. He further relates that with a long cone he felt all under the suspended individual, and found nothing upon which his body rested. This last performance was professedly exhibited in Madras during the present century, and is minutely described by writers.

And now comes the most astonishing trick of all, which has a touch of tragedy to give it a more poignant flavor. I shall tell it in the quaint language of the old chronicler, somewhat abbreviated. After describing very vividly the basket murder trick, which is well known in India, he says: "I am now about to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands under my own eyes. One of the party took a ball of cord, and, grasping one end, threw the other up in the air with such force that its extremity went beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and was soon out of sight. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this, when, lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up, and threw it into a basket. A moment after a hand came down, and immediately on that another leg. And in a short time all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all we saw come down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground than he who had snatched the head returned them all, again topsy turvy. And straight-way I saw with these eyes all the limbs creep together again, and, in a short time, form a whole man, who stood up and walked about without showing the least damage! Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it with the help of the devil. I had an attack of palpitation of the heart like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India when he showed me something of that kind. He gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi Akbarudin was next to me, and quoth he, 'Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus pocus!' which was a very wise conclusion to come to."

HOW THE FARMER IS TAXED.—As showing how the farmer is taxed to support somebody, we present the following little travesty gotten off not long since in the House of Representatives by "Sunset" Cox. Verily, the farmer is a much taxed individual. It is a strong argument in behalf of Southern manufacturers.

"The farmer starting for his work has a shoe put on his horse with nails taxed 67 per cent., driven with a hammer taxed 54 per cent., cuts a stick with a knife taxed 50 per cent., hitches his horse to a plow taxed 50 per cent., with chains taxed 67 per cent. He returns to his home at night and lays his weary limbs on a sheet taxed 55 per cent., and covers himself with a blanket that has paid a tax of 80 per cent. He rises in the morning, puts on his humble flannel shirt taxed 80 per cent., his coat taxed 50 per cent., shoes taxed 35 per cent., and hat taxed 70 per cent., opens family worship with a Bible taxed 35 per cent., and kneels to his God on a carpet taxed 100 per cent., sits down to his humble meal from a plate taxed 40 per cent., with a knife and fork taxed 35 per cent., drinks his cup of coffee with sugar taxed 70 per cent., seasons his food with salt taxed 130 per cent., pepper, 297 per cent., and spice 397 per cent., he looks around on his wife and children all taxed in the same way, takes a chew of tobacco taxed 100 per cent., and leans back in his chair and thanks his stars that he lives in the freest and best government under heaven."—Rural Messenger.

As a certain head medicine is spoken of as "The only hope for the bald and gray." It would be interesting to know when the blonde buxurlesque and opera bouffe troupes failed.

The Galveston News says sadly: "Every department of industry suffers from the general depression. Even the El Paso stage has not been robbed for a whole week."

Contentment is better than money, and about as scarce.

The Colorado Beetle.

Just within sight of my veranda in the garden, a family named Doryphora, from the West, have prospered, and have prospered so rapidly that it is very doubtful whether we shall be able to support them until the end of the Summer. In fact, it is a serious question whether they or we abandon the place. If they stay we shall have little or nothing to eat, and shall have to bring our supplies from a distance. This family emigrated here two years ago from the Rocky Mountains, and in spite of all the devices that they have contrived to escape from us, they have confessed the truth, I induced my gardener to put arsenic into their food, but with little or no result. They have most voracious appetites, and have a good many mouths among them to be fed. They make no noise, but seem to devote themselves entirely to satisfying their appetites. With this exception they are entirely inoffensive, attending exclusively to their own business; but we cannot possibly afford to keep them any longer, and I intend to contrive some effectual method to induce them to go elsewhere and live. The way they happened to migrate to our part of the country was this: Their home was in the Rocky Mountains, where the family has resided for many years; and if it had not been for the discovery of gold in those regions, and the rush of miners to the gold fields, they would have remained in the mountains where their ancestors were born, and would never have come East at all. They were poor out there. The family is comparatively small, having few relations and no friends. In fact, the food they lived on in the mountains was scarce, and only sufficed for a few of them. It was uncultivated, and they had to gather it in its wild state, in which condition it was not very nourishing. Their principal food was what is known as solanum—a kind of wild potato, not very abundant nor nutritious. Under such circumstances it may readily be supposed that the family did not increase very rapidly in the West. But after the gold-seekers began to move in that direction in such numbers, a stage route was established, and subsequently a railroad was built across the plains, where for five hundred miles there was little or no vegetation, and nothing whatever for a traveler to eat except what he took with him. As solanum was the miners began to cultivate the ground in order to provide themselves with food, this poverty-stricken family found an opportunity to get something more to eat, and as the land began to be cultivated at the stations along the route, this family, fortified by the additional food with which they had been furnished by the miners, seemed to have made up their minds to come to the East, taking passage in the railway trains, where, on account of their utterly insignificant appearance, no one seems to have noticed them as they were taking their free ride toward the Atlantic. Some of them, since coming here, have actually taken the steamer for Europe, where their arrival has caused the utmost consternation, giving occasion to special edicts to be issued for their instant arrest and execution. In short, the Colorado beetle (Doryphora), or potato-bug, has become the scourge of one continent and terror of another. The Goths and Vandals in their fierce onslaughts on the Southern nations were not more greatly feared. The great power for evil which it possesses is due to its enormous capacity of propagation. As we descend the scale of animal life, their capacity rapidly increases, and in the minute microscopic forms it reaches incredible proportions. The female of the Colorado beetle will lay over a hundred eggs at one sitting. I have counted 121 in one nest. Under a magnifier they bear the form and appearance of hens' eggs, being translucent and of a deep saffron color. Invariably deposited on the under side of a leaf, the eggs are hatched out in forty-eight hours, if the weather is favorable, the voracious little creatures beginning their attack at once upon the green chlorophyll of the leaf, gorging themselves incessantly until they can scarcely maintain their hold on the plant. When they first emerge from the shell they are totally black, but gradually bright saffron spots appear as they increase in size, which they do very rapidly. They soon drop to the ground, into which they burrow, and in ten or fifteen days emerge therefrom with striped wings, in full beetle form. If the season is favorable, two broods are developed into active force during the Summer, and a third brood goes into the ground to hibernate, coming out in the Spring in time to attack the shoots of the young potato. Some idea may be formed of the potentiality of this little insect from the fact that one thousand of them can produce a hundred thousand, and these in turn can produce ten millions. The European governments have become justly alarmed at the appearance on the Continent of this great destroyer of human food, and stringent measures have been taken to stamp it out, with what success remains to be seen. The natural food of this insect is the plant known to botanists as solanum, which includes the tobacco-plant, egg-plant, tomato, potato and a number of other species. The potato is a native of the Cordilleras, so that these insects also originated; so that in cultivating the potato for food, we have in turn come also to cultivate the potato-beetle.—Harper's.

Wedded Life. It is to be presumed that you have chosen a wife after mature reflection, and not alone from selfish impulses. Nevertheless, do not MORALLY CAT your possibly by en all the duties, responsibilities, even trials to be met in the relationship. You and your wife are to be each other in an entire and exclusive manner, and she is to be properly met by you, and that in mutual confidence. Strive to see which can exercise the greatest leniency toward each other. The secret of happiness in married life is mutual confidence. Trust one another. Have no secrets from one another. By all means never call in a third party to interfere in any way in any family jars. You will be more than human if you and your wife can always perfectly agree; but while you cannot prevent differences, you can prevent any evil consequences arising from them. If you have trouble, keep it to yourself and wife. Compromise will secure you undoubted happiness. By all means never allow a quarrel to last over night. There is mischief in brooding and pouting. Don't be ashamed by yielding when you are in the right. There is no sacrifice or self-denial in yielding only when you are in the wrong. You must consult your wife's whims and caprices as well as her reasonable desires. Mankind is generally governed by the passions, not by the reason. There is no excuse for tramping upon a wife's desires because you think them unreasonable. Women have at times the privilege of being unreasonable. Avoid personal habits which are offensive to your wife; or if you cannot avoid them altogether, avoid them in her presence. Keep clear of your wife's relations and have her keep clear of yours in all business matters, if possible. If either of you should form antipathies to the relations of the other those antipathies must be respected, and if not removed must be respected, or else your family jars will be numerous and irreconcilable.

Let your married life begin with systematic frugality. Devote a specific proportion of your income to the future of your family. Your savings will in this way augment almost imperceptibly, and place you above asking favor.

Live within your means and nobody will know how much you have ahead; but the moment you borrow a cent people know how poor you are. Go it while you are young. The duties of a house and family will come soon enough. Take it easy while you may in your early married life. Be patient, and watch and wait—pray. Just previous to the birth of your first child you will possibly find your wife fretful, cross, peevish, pouty and troublesome, just as many good, kind, amiable and loving women have been before. If such should be the case don't get mad, don't expostulate, don't rebuke or reproach her. The best thing you can do is to grin and bear it. The first smile of the baby will stop it and pay for all you have endured.

Don't think yourself immaculate and set yourself up as a pattern for your wife. If she wants to go to church and you don't, remember that it may not do you any harm to go to church. Don't scold your wife, and don't beat your children, if you have any. Teach your children by example. Be copy for them. Excuse them for such of your faults as they inherit. Don't bequeath them a hasty temper and then whip them for it. Don't gossip before them and punish them for gossiping. Don't prevent them from romping or having minds of their own. Don't frighten them with ghost stories. Don't lie to them. Don't neglect to give them anything you promise them—even punishment. Don't forget that you were a child once, and do as you would have others do to you. Don't get crazy if you have a few buttons on your shirts. Remember all the time that you are a poor, weak mortal, liable to err, and in all probability no more perfect than your wife. Bathe often, look to your health, and never go home drunk.

Turkey's Losses.

Bosnia, which hitherto has formed the extreme northwestern buttress of the Turkish empire, is by the treaty handed over to be administered and occupied by Austria. This disposes of an area of 30,000 English square miles and a population of upwards of 1,000,000. Austria also receives about thirty square miles of territory at the southeastern angle of Montenegro, so as to leave a sea divided, one portion lying at the northeast and frontage of only about seven miles to that principality.

The accession to Montenegro is the other portion forming a long narrow strip on the southeast, and reaching to the sea, with a small sandy landing place called the harbor of Antivari, fit only for small boats and fishing vessels, and forbidden to ships of war of all nations. The area of Montenegro was 1,600 English square miles, and its population about 100,000; the area of this accession is nearly 1,500 square miles, and the population is probably 40,000. Serbia receives the greater part of the basin of Upper Moravia, or Soudjak of Nisch. This, although a valuable acquisition, is not nearly so much as was transferred by the San Stefano treaty. The area of Serbia was 17,000 English square miles, and her population 1,367,

000. The area of this accession is upwards of 3,000 square miles, and the population is about 200,000.

Roumania receives the Dabrujia, and gives Bessarabia to Russia. The area and population of Roumania before the war stood thus: 46,800 square miles and 5,100,000 inhabitants; her accessions amount to 5,000 square miles and about 300,000 inhabitants, but her loss in Bessarabia is an area of upwards of 3,900 square miles, and a population nearly equal to that of the Dobrujia, which she receives. It will thus be seen that Roumania gains less than either of the small principalities. Russia acquires the portion of Bessarabia which was taken away from her by the treaty of 1856, and thus once more extends her frontier to the Pruth and the Danube.

The new tributary principality of Bulgaria extends from Sophia and Widdon on the west to Varna and Silistria on the east. The area is about 28,000 square miles, and the population is nearly 1,800,000. South of Bulgaria, and running in a long parallelogram extending from near the Little Kara Su to the Black Sea at Burgas Bay, is the new province of Eastern Roumelia. For Greece nothing has been done actually, but the Porte is recommended to rectify the frontier on a line foreshadowed by the Congress, although not embodied in any article of the treaty. The Powers, indeed, offer their good services in the event of the non-agreement between Greece and the Porte that appears to be expected. This frontier will probably be advanced to a line running from the Adriatic shore near the southern end of the island of Corfu, across Mount Pindus, a little to the north of east, to the mouth of the Salomira, which, coming from the slopes of Mount Olympus, falls into the Aegean sea.

On the Asiatic frontier at the eastern end of the Black Sea, Russia is to receive an accession of territory with an area of nearly 9,000 square miles and about a third of a million of people. Batoum, although annexed to Russia, is to become a free port, essentially commercial, and all the fortifications are to be razed. The Alashker Valley and the town of Bayazid, which were annexed to Russia by the San Stefano treaty, are at the instance of England restored to Turkey. This frees the principal trade route from Trebizond to the Black Sea by the way of Erzeroum to Persia, from the domination and monopoly of Russia. The town and valley of Kotur, which lie to the east of Lake Van, are restored to Persia, a restoration which was recommended by the Turko-Persia Boundary Commission some thirty or forty years ago.

From what precedes it will be seen that the territory alienated from Turkey by the treaty of Berlin is, roughly, 71,500 square miles, or considerably more than the whole area of England and Wales, and the population lost to her is more than three and a half millions, or somewhat more than the entire population of London.

Fishing on the Potomac.

In the Philadelphia Sunday Post a writer, signing himself "Brother Van," describes the "Fishing on the Potomac" and makes mention also of a visit he paid our "pleasant old-fashioned Southern village." We make the following extracts from the letter:

It was the writer's pleasure to be at Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md., a pleasant old-fashioned Southern village, situated on the lower waters of the Potomac river—a place noted for the variety of sport offered to the lover of either the gun or the rod. My time, however, was chiefly devoted to the latter and right royally was I rewarded for my preference. Arriving there a few minutes previous to supper, per boat from Baltimore, and making myself presentable, mine host Moore sat me down to a good old-fashioned meal, with the strict injunction to pitch in and make myself comfortable. Full justice was done to the supper. After which, pipe lighted, I was generally introduced to the town, and made to feel at home—in fact, I was under the impression on going to bed that night that I had lived there for years, instead of a few hours. Among the many pleasant acquaintances was one Col. Blakistone, a genial, whole-souled gentleman, and a sterling lover of the gentle art. We, in short order, struck up a "fellow feeling," and the result was a fish for the following morning, the first gleam of which found us heading down the bay under a stiff breeze from the Colonel's favorite fishing ground, some three miles below Leonardtown. The spot was soon reached, another dropped in thirty feet at water, and stowed away, rods and lines adjusted, and we settled down to business.

At this place there is a natural curiosity, in the shape of a fresh water spring, about half a mile from the shore, bubbling up in the midst of the salt water. The natives resort to the following novel method of procuring fresh water: They take a jug, which is loaded to make it sink, a line being made fast to the handle, and a cork lightly driven into the mouth, to which also is attached a light cord. The jug is then allowed to sink. Upon reaching the bottom the cork is drawn, the vessel allowed to fill, and then brought to the surface.

The place literally abounds in fish—rock, taylor, sea trout, sheep-head, and

innumerable smaller grades. We used for bait the soft-shelled crab, which are obtained in large numbers along the shores. The residual fishermen use the hand-line exclusively. Your humble correspondent confined himself to his rod, which weighed about nine ounces. Fifty yards water-proof line, a ten-foot double leader, one medium size Virginia hook. Baiting up, and I waited for the fun to commence. It had hardly touched the water when, with a rush and swirl, my first fish was hooked; a careful play of fifteen minutes with a four-pound rock as the result. My companion was beating me two to one, having the advantage of heavier tackle, and pulling in his fish as soon as hooked.

It would only tire your readers to tell of the fish caught, and of the big fish we failed to catch. My heaviest was a rock, weighing over eleven pounds. The principal run were taylor, which I believe, are generally called blue fish; weighing about four pounds. The sheephead fishing is very excellent at times, to which, however, I paid little attention, confining myself principally to the first-named kinds. The best time for general fishing is in September, when the bay is fairly alive with fish. Excellent gunning can be had here in the fall. Duck, woodcock, quail, and snipe of all kinds are found in large numbers—in fact, I know of no place in Lower Maryland that possesses a better field for general sport. The hotel accommodations are excellent; \$1.50 per day, \$30 per month. Boats can be had for the asking; help abundant among the fifteenth amendments, who are thick as blackberries in berrying time. Leonardtown is reached by boat, via Baltimore, leaving at 4 P. M., reaching destination next morning; fare \$3, which includes berth; meals, 50 cents. The living is generally good. Mine host, H. B. Moore, at Leonardtown, will make you feel at home in a moment. Colonel Blakistone, Judge Ford, and many others will take you in hand, and will fully instruct you as to the favorite fishing points.

A POETIC LICENSE WANTED.—He was a tall, square man, with a sharp, unsharpened nose, and an unsharpened face. He wore a ship hat, well steered through in front, with a rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His buttoned pants were neatly tucked into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the arm holes of his vest. He entered the Mayor's office with the air of a man of business, and, marching up to his Honor, said, inquiringly: "Be you the Mayor?" "Yes, I have that honor." "Well, I want a license for my daughter, Maria Jane."

"Ah, I see; your daughter is about to get married and you wish to procure a marriage license. We do not issue those papers here. You must go over on the north side to the county building."

"No, 'squire, you are mistaken—as much mistaken as if you had burnt your last shirt or had accidentally got into the wrong pew in meeting; but Maria Jane doesn't want a license to get married, not by no means—not by more than considerable. She is a darned smart girl, if she is my daughter, and if I do say it, as I hadn't ought to. She has been keepin' school and boardin' round up in the prisonum district and writing verses for the Summerfield Weekly Bugle. She thinks now of 'gittin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary persuits and, 'squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through to the sea with Sherman—'squire, and I want to do the business for the girl on the square, and so I called to take out a poetic license for Maria Jane. You see, Will Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that anybody must have a license before he write much poetry."

Here the Mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal emotion, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed absently out upon the trees in the tubs, whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The former fixed his curious eyes upon the Mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say: "My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever she pleases, and it will be all right."

"Won't it be agin the law to do it without a license?" inquired the man. "She has heard that Byron and Mrs. Hemans used a good many poetic licenses in their writings, and she thought she'd better do as the rest of 'em did. But if it's all right without, it's probably owing to the freedom of our institutions and such like."

"Exactly," said the Mayor. And the satisfied rustic walked out of the office picking his teeth with a straw.

Robeson, Shepherd, Belknap, and five others have already declared for Grant. It only wants thirty-two more to make up the historic number.—(Boston Post.) This is a delicate way of hinting at the "Forty Thieves."