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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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Change Partners.

"Change partners" are we dancing a quadrille, and I, smiling, held out my hands to John Loring, who left Lillian to be gracefully led to my place by Rudolph. But the smile died away upon my lips.

Why did Lillian grow so deadly pale, and Rudolph hrown and compress his lips? I made some blunder, for John said, in his grave, sedate way:

"You have made a mistake, Debby, this way!"
Then my hand was clasped in Rudolph's again, and we waited for the side couples to dance. But I could not help watching Lillian talking to John, her cheeks red again—no red—John, her cheeks red again—no red—John, her cheeks red again—no red—

I was glad when the dance was over, and we wandered off to the conservatory. Nobody minded, for Rudolph and I had been engaged for five years, and this ball was one of the many given in honor of his home-coming. He had gone to California to seek his fortune, leaving me plodding away at music teaching to support myself, Aunt Charlotte, and Lillian, who was then only fourteen years old.

We were poor enough in those days, both Rudolph and his betrothed, and for four years there was but little variation in the monotony of money gained for both. Then fortune gave her wheel a sudden, most unexpected whirl in our favor—Rudolph made a successful speculation that lifted him at once to wealth, and my grandmother died and left me an heiress.

It was a little bewildering at first to be mistress of a handsome country seat, a town house, carriages, jewels, and a large bank account, but I had not always been poor, and I soon became accustomed to my splendor.
If I had kept my dear little crippled aunt and Lillian with me, when every week's income had to be divided with painful economy, it was scarcely probable that we would separate when I was able to give them luxuries. And John Loring was still my friend, as he had been when mamma was living and poor papa's affairs were found to be so embarrassed after his death.

There was no mystery about my engagement, and when Rudolph came home we were all making a summer sojourn at Wyde Glen, where my country seat was located. John was at the hotel, but he came over often, and all the neighbors were very sociable. So we had balls, picnics, croquet parties, and every sort of festivity, to amuse Rudolph, while my strouseau was being made in New York, and a wedding trip deferred.
This ball of Mrs. Maitland's was one of the last, for autumn leaves were falling. I had thought when I was dressing for it, that the years of poverty and toil had not left their traces upon Rudolph's face as they had on mine. I was always fair and blonde, but I looked faded, washed out, and my blue dress did not become me.

Or was it Lillian's face looking over my shoulder that made me think so? Lillian was fair, but her rippling hair was a perfect bronze color, eyes brown, and soft as a fawn's, and her lips tinted like rose petals. In her low, broad brow, and sensitive lips, you read genius, for the child was an artist born, with wondrous musical gifts and rare talents. She was tall and slender, the perfection of grace, and her dress of heavy white, with green leaves in her hair and on her breast, suited her charmingly.

And yet I was only twenty-five, certainly not old. Rudolph was five years older, and still, despite his brown beard and manly carriage, Rudolph was boyish in his frankness, his enjoyment of fun, his energy, and love of athletic sports.
He had been heavily burdened, though he had been rich. But I—ah me! I had nursed mother through two years of sickness, after father failed in business, and died soon after. I had gone to Aunt Charlotte's when she fell down stairs, and her busy usefulness left her forever. I had remained with her, taking her pupils with my own, and helping Lillian to get an education.
It was a hard to hand struggle with poverty and heartache, varied by weeks at a time of nursing Aunt Charlotte through weeks of agonizing suffering, and it had left me aged beyond my years. Many a time I would have de-

ferred but for John Loring, one of papa's business friends, and our adviser in all matters of difficulty.
But it was all over. I was rich—Rudolph was at home, and as tenderly as I could I went to my room, as we walked to the conservatory. I wished Lillian had not grown so pale when we changed partners in the quadrille, and Rudolph took her little white gloved hand in his. He talked gently to me as we stood by the plashing fountain—told me of some purchases he had made for our home, and commented pitifully upon my weary eyes and cheeks.

"All this dissipation is too much for you, Debby," he said, and I hated my old-fashioned name as he spoke it. Lillian was softer, more musical. Why was I named for my grandmother?
"I will bring a carriage for you tomorrow," Rudolph said, "and take you to some quiet place to rest for a few hours. Only you and me, Debby, remember!"

And I was content again until, passing Lillian's door, long after we returned home, I heard her sobbing.
What ailed the child? For weeks she had been growing pale and nervous or fitfully gay, and never had her music moved me to tears as it had done of late. Aunt Charlotte seemed changed, too, tender to me with an added tenderness, and overscrupulous about leaving me alone with Rudolph.

I wished sometimes that Rudolph was not quite so careless and merry; he jested about all things, and yet I have heard him sigh over Lillian, and say as if he was broken-hearted. It made me feel that so often their merriest jested upon me, for when Rudolph first came he treated Lillian like the child he had left five years before. When we rode they would race their horses, leaving me far behind, for I am not a brave horse-woman, while Lillian, so sensitive and gentle at all times, is fearless on horseback.

They would sing gleeful duets together, Rudolph's clear tenor well supporting Lillian's sweet, low tones, while I humiliated to confess, had become so disgusted with leading childish fingers through scales and exercises, that I never touched a piano when it could be avoided.

I looked upon it all complacently enough, then, thinking to wait at John as he was expected to make merry at my expense; but I did not like to see it all change. Of late Lillian had seldom come into the drawing-room during Rudolph's visits, and Rudolph missed her. I was sure of that; for, while he was always affectionate and kind, he was abstracted often.

John, too, stayed away more than usual, and John was my best friend. I was not even as confidential to Rudolph, for he had been five years away, and was not changed as I was.
It was altogether strangely uncomfortable, when one considered that I was to be married in October, and to go to Europe with Rudolph, whose ancestors were German; and who had a desire to visit his grandfather's home in Munich. Lillian had helped to plan out a most tempting tour for us through England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and Rudolph, complimenting us both upon our German, which was familiar to him, his mother having taught him, to speak it at home.

The day after the ball was stormy, and we slept late. At least I did not sleep, but I stayed in my room. There was some letters to be written, and I was preparing a rough draft of a deed of gift to Aunt Charlotte. I did not want two town houses; and Rudolph had bought a superb mansion that he was fitting up for his bride. So my house I resolved to give to Aunt Charlotte, with a sufficient sum to maintain her, and presently Lillian touched the keys of the grand piano, her fingers gliding into a dreamy nocturne that was one of her late favorites. The curtains were looped so that I could see her, in her white dress, with no ornament but soft lace, and I sighed to see how wan and white she looked, what quivering pain was on her sweet mouth—and in her large eyes.

Some one else saw it, for while we played, Rudolph came in. All the merriment was gone now from his face, and he leaned on the piano, listening, and not noting how her fingers faltered as she fixed his eyes upon Lillian's face.
When he spoke he said:
"I am going away, Lillian."
"You are gone," she said faintly.
"I can make some excuse to Debby, and I will stay in town until you all come to the wedding. I was a miserable coward last night, Lillian, torturing you and myself; but I will not offend again."
"No," she said, gently, "I am sure of that. We must both be brave, for

Debby must never know. Neither you nor I could be false to Debby, Rudolph. Think what she has been to me."
"And to me!" My faithful love!
"The most wonderful friend of my eyes, and I knew the whole secret of what had puzzled me. Rudolph had found the gentle, sympathetic love that united his manly nature, and Lillian, the brave protector that her timidity needed."
"I—Debby—what ailed me?"
"For I was glad. Glad to see my lover fearless in heart—true to honor."
"I had not heard John come in, but when I turned my head he was there, with stern lips and drawn brow, until he saw my smile. Then a glad light leaped into his eyes, and he whispered:
"Oh, my darling, it is so? You are not heart-broken! You do not love him?"
"It must have been a girlish fancy," I said, astonished at myself.
"But the woman's heart! Debby, have you never guessed the torture it was to me to know that you were not free. Do you not know that I have loved you, always, my darling?"
His darling!
"I did not know," I faltered. "I only felt."
"What?" he asked as I hesitated.
"Happy beside you," I said, softly; "lonely without you. John, I know now—why I have not been happy since Rudolph came."
"You are mine," he said, oh, so tenderly. And I put my hand in his and let him press one kiss upon my lips. Then I pushed back the curtains fully, and went into the drawing-room.

Lillian was still at the piano, but Rudolph was standing by the window, watching the rain with gloomy brow. I crossed the room quickly to his side, while John stopped to speak to Lillian.
"Rudolph," I said quietly, "you must not go away."
He flushed, and said:
"Debby? You heard!"
"Yes, I—"
John came to my rescue as usual. Taking Lillian's hand he led her forward, smiling as he said:
"Do you not understand, Rudolph? Change partners."

And that told the whole story. There were two weddings in October, and Lillian went with Rudolph to Europe, while John and I settled down in my old home with Aunt Charlotte for guest until her own child returns to her.

TRUST A BOY.—During the session of an Episcopal convention in Boston, the bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the Common met a boy whose face he fancied, and calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said so. "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head and replied, "I am not a very good boy. I am a little, sometimes." That candid answer inspired the bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address, "I want you to take a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of \$8 here in the money to pay it, and a half dollar which you may keep for doing the errand."

On his return to the hotel the bishop's friend laughed at him for his credulity telling him that he would never see the boy or bundle or the money again; but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for \$8.50, the bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half dollar?" he inquired.
"I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew you would make it all right."
And "all right" it was made, and no doubt the confidence that was reposed in that boy because of his trustfulness, will do him good as long as he lives.

The Spectator thinks that George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for the humor alone, and quotes such sentences as these: "A maggot must be born in the rotten cheese to like it." "If you could make a pudding with 'it' of the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating when the favor of the meat lies 't the crusts." "There's folks as make bad butter, and 't rusten to the salt 't hide 't." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: "It's but little good you'll do a water-logging last year's crop." Or this: "I know the way of wives; they set on one to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em." "If old Harry's a mind to do a bit of kindness for a holiday, like who's got any thing against 't?" "As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality of the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of concealed efficiency ever put into words: "You might fond o' Craig, but for my part, I think he's wellly like a cock as hanks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

A young lady hesitating to a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said, "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—'Dogmatic,' suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupnic would convey my meaning admirably."

Comfort for Star-struck Homes.

A New York gentleman who has visited Europe sixteen times was interviewed by a correspondent on his return this season, and he very conclusively stated that it is not of joy to go to Europe, nor all of sorrow to stay at home. He said:
"One conclusion I have come to in that the United States has the advantage in every point except history. Historical associations is the only general compensation an American has for living in Europe."
"Well, cheapness isn't that in favor of Europe?"
"No means. Living in the city of New York is more expensive than in London. There is more variety of food in our market than in the assembled markets of the Continent. What have you in Great Britain? A monotonous round of mutton chops, steaks and joints. Their game market is limited; they have not the variety of pork dishes we possess—sausages, pig's feet, etc. For side dishes and tit-bits Great Britain is a barren provider. It is scarcely better on the Continent, where mutton and chicken come in the same routine. And as to fruits and vegetables France is poor indeed beside this country. I like dairy eating and a choice of dishes; the Trois Freres, or Philippe's always failed me on woful occasions, and I pined to get back to Delmonico's or the Cafe Brunswick, or even our abundant German restaurants down town."
"You concede grapes, I suppose, to France and the Continent as more profuse than ours?"
"That is a popular error. There is but one general variety of grapes in France, the grape of Fontainebleau, which is planted every where through the Seine and Oise region. We paid in Paris one dollar a pound for that crude wine grape, a higher price than I have to pay in New York in winter. In the United States we have the Malaga grape, the Black Hamburg from the hot-houses, the Catawba, the California Muscatel and many poorer varieties, and cheaper than in France. You cannot find green corn, nor succotash, nor the superb versatility of apples, pears and peaches, nor sweet potatoes, nor butter beans. The fish market of the continent is so poor that they fry the gudgeons and market the eels high. The cheapness of bananas and West India produce at the door of New York, of turtle and salmon, lobster and oysters, crabs and clams, are all sadly missed on the other side."
"But wines?"
"Well, there is little good wine to an American taste outside of France. The Moselles are very heavy; the Hungarians earthy; in England it is nothing but sherry and port; a good claret can be had for a cheaper price in New York than in any city over there, not including Paris. We get the best of every thing. I maintain, too, that the skies of the United States are clearer than in France. Look out of the window on this day. There is not a spot on the blue air—perfect transparency. The church spires are cut against the heaven like a head in a case."
"Are the hotels not greatly improved?"
"There is no reasonable comparison between the comforts of our hotels and theirs. We went to Homburg while the Crown Prince of Prussia was there. The landlord at the main hotel by the Kursaal was strutting up and down with his thumbs in his vest-holes immensely important. He said he was very full—very full indeed; that he had the Crown Prince of Germany, etc. After a day or two I asked him how many chambers he had for guests. He said, 'Eighty, and very full—very full.' Said I: 'Here is an advertisement of a hotel we have near New York, called the Manhattan Beach. It might interest you to see it.' He took the circular, which I happened to have, and read: '1,600 chambers, 16,000 bathing-suits, 3,000 bath-rooms, dining accommodations for 16,000 persons.' 'Heavens!' exclaimed the landlord, 'what a stupendous people! He took his hands out of his armpits and behaved with respectful meekness as long as we were there.'"

LUNAR DAYS AND NIGHTS.—WONDERFUL EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD.—Dr. Klein, a German astronomer, has recently called the attention of astronomers to a lunar crater, some three miles wide, which had not before been observed, and which he feels sure, was not in existence two years ago. Astronomers have long since given up all hope of tracing either the signs of actual life upon the moon or traces of the past existence of living creatures there. But there are still among them those who believe that by sedulous and careful scrutiny processes of material change may be recognized in that seemingly inert mass. In reality, perhaps the wonder rather is that signs of change should not be often recognized, than that from time to time a new crater should appear on the walls of old craters all over the moon's surface. The moon's surface is exposed to variations of temperature compared with which those affecting the surface of our earth are altogether trifling. It is true there is no summer or winter in the moon.

Sir W. Herschel has spoken of the lunar seasons as though they resemble our own, but in reality they are very different. The sun's midday height at any lunar station is only about three degrees greater in summer than in winter, whereas our summer sun is forty-seven degrees higher in the sky at noon than our winter sun. In fact, a midsummer's day on the moon does not differ more from a midwinter's day, as seen from the earth, than the sun's actual path on the sky is concerned, than with us the 17th of March differs from the 25th, or the 19th of September from the 27th. It is the change from day to night which chiefly affects the moon's surface. In the lunar year of seasons, lasting 346 2/3 of our days, each lasting twenty-nine and three-quarters of ours. This day lasts more than a fortnight, and is followed by a night of equal length. Nor is this all. There is neither air nor moisture to produce such effects as are produced by our air and the moisture it contains in mitigating the heat of day and cold of night. Under the sun's rays the moon's surface becomes hotter and hotter, until at last it exceeds that of boiling water; but so soon as the sun has set the heat thus received is rapidly radiated away into space (no screen of moisture-laden air checking its escape), and long before lunar midnight a cold exists compared with which the bitterest weather ever experienced by Arctic voyagers would be oppressively hot. These are not merely theoretical conclusions, though even as such they could be thoroughly relied upon. The moon's heat has been measured by the present Lord Rosse (using his father's splendid six-foot mirror). He separated the heat which the moon simply reflects to us from that which her heated service herself gives out (or, technically, he separated the reflected from the radiated heat) by using a plane screen which allowed the former heat to pass, while it intercepted the latter. He thus found about six-sevenths of the heat we receive from the moon is due to the heating of her own substance. From the entire series of observations it appeared that the change of temperature during the entire lunar day—that is, from near midnight to near midday on the moon—amounts to fully 500 degrees Fahrenheit. If we assume that the cold at lunar midnight corresponds with about 250 degrees below zero (the greatest cold experienced in Arctic traveling has never exceeded 140 degrees below zero), it would follow that the midday heat was considerably greater than that of boiling water on the earth at the sea level. But the range of change is not a matter of speculation. It certainly amounts to about 500 degrees, and whatever way we distribute it, we must admit first, that no such life as we are familiar with could possibly exist on the moon; and secondly, that the moon's crust must possess a life of its own, so to speak, expanding and contracting unceasingly and energetically.—London Times.

HOW A MOSQUITO BITES.—At this time of the year the mosquito goes about its business very quietly, but attacks as viciously as ever. Those of our readers whose finger joints are yet swollen from its attacks, may be interested in the exact mode of its operations. The bill of a mosquito is a complex instrument. It is admirably calculated to torment. An exchange says: "We were permitted to examine one of these tormenting bills under a microscope. The bill has a blunt fork at the end, and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove, and projecting from the centre of the angle of the fork, is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand saw. On either side of this lance two hand saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp and the teeth well defined and keen. The backs of the saws play against the lance. When the mosquito alights with its peculiar hum, it thrusts in its keen lance, and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play with its capillary arrangement for pumping blood can be inserted. The sawing process is what gratifies the voracity of the victim and causes him to strike wildly at the swayer. The penetration of a mosquito bite is unaccounted for by owing to these saws. It is hoped that the mosquito keeps his surgical instruments clean, otherwise it might be a means of propagating blood diseases."

A QUEER DELUSION.—Lord Lytton, it is related, once told an odd and entertaining story of his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, who for some months fancied himself affected with paralysis of the limbs and who refused to put foot to the ground, but was wheeled in a chair by his servant. At last, one day, the Rhone steamer, on which he was traveling, caught fire, and the captain having run the boat ashore, a plank was thrown out by which the passengers might land. The first person observed on this new bridge, and stepping safely down, was Sir Henry. When fairly safe upon the shore he remembered himself, and called out to his servant: "Carry me, Forster." But it was too late. Forster refused to hear more of his master's folly, and Sir Henry had to walk, and he walked very well to the day of his death.

Only a man receiving the sentence of death can appreciate the feelings of a healthy turkey as he reads the President's proclamation.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The President has named the day. Now, whom are you going to invite.—New Haven Register.

THE RULERS OF LAWYERS.

Out of the 293 members of the last House of Representatives, 239 were lawyers. In the Senate, the proportion of the lawyers is probably even larger. Go to Albany, or any of the other State capitals, and we will find the lawyers controlling the State's legislature, and a lawyer in the executive chair. We are ruled by the lawyers. That single profession constitutes the privileged class which runs the governmental machine. With all our talk about popular sovereignty, this country is practically ruled by an oligarchy, and that oligarchy composed of lawyers. We have seen that the lawyers numbered 70 per cent of the members of the last House. The beggarly balance was distributed among farmers, merchants, manufacturers, professors, editors, doctors, bankers and business men generally. But the lawyers, of course, had things entirely their own way, just as they always have in all our legislative bodies.

What is the result of this lawyer monopoly in the ruling bodies? Just what might have been expected; the laws made more and more intricate, more and more past the understanding of laymen, more and more promotive of litigation, more and more in the interests of the legal profession and against the interests of everybody else. We are not blaming the lawyers; they are human like the rest of us. They live by litigation, and it is perfectly natural that, with the entire law-making machinery in their hands, they should frame legislation with a view to making as much business for their guild as possible, and making their fees for doing the same as large as possible. Self-interest leads them to complicate the law as much as possible, where simplification might be fatal to their business. While the prices of all other commodities have been going down, lawyers' charges are higher than ever.

The lawyers have been trying their hands at running this government for many years. All other professions and trades have stood aside while the lawyers experimented with the great questions of finance and currency and tariff. We see now what a botch they have made of it. Is it not time for a change? Let the lawyers call in the counsel and aid of the business men, and see what the result will be. We have reached the practical stage; the great question of the hour is how to regain property—how to revive our depressed business. Shall we send lawyers to settle such questions, or shall we send men of business to work out the problem? In matters of business, business men are generally thought to be the best authority.

There are, as we have seen, altogether too many lawyers in Congress. They are our ruling class. As rulers they have not made a very brilliant success of it. They are getting us deeper and deeper into the mire—and thereby increasing more and more the demands for the services of themselves. Give us a little sprinkling of business men in the next Congress—men whose action will be guided by the lamp of experience, men with a practical knowledge of the wants of the country and what is required to meet those wants.—Syracuse Courier.

A NEW POLAR ISLAND.—The discovery of a new island in the Polar sea is announced by the following telegram from Tromso: "E. Johannessen, who has just returned there, reports that he penetrated a considerable distance to the east beyond Novaja. On September 3d, in longitude 68 deg. east and latitude 77 deg. 85 min. north, he discovered an island which he has named 'Ensomheden' (loneliness). It is about ten miles long and level, the highest point not exceeding one hundred feet. It was free from snow, with poor vegetation, but an immense quantity of birds. The sea was free from ice toward the west, north and south, but drift ice was seen toward the southeast. There was evidence that the Gulf Stream touched the west coast of the island; the stream runs a strong current round the north coast toward the southeast. Everything about the ice was favorable for navigation so long as the vessel did not go too far the mainland of Siberia." The newly discovered island lies, therefore, somewhat to the southeast of the region visited by the Austrian expedition of 1873-4.—London Times.

HOW TO REMAIN PRETTY.—Lovely woman, if thou wouldst always be lovely, listen to the counsel of the Comtesse de Basanville in the *Almanach du Savoir-Vivre*. "When you are past twenty-five," she says, "never let more than five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time—say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to repose the muscles of the face. Every movement and play of the face necessarily tends to fatigue these muscles—either it be a smile or the expression of surprise or of fixed action. The closing of the eyelids at intervals is, therefore, recommended as a 'beauty rest.' The muscles, reposed, lose their tendency to that nervous contraction which translates itself into wrinkles."

On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, he replied: "My liabilities were large, my inability numerous, and my opportunities unpropitious; and so I just thought I'd do as my neighbors do; you know."

COURTSHIP SIMPLIFIED.

In a comparatively new country like this we cannot, of course, expect all the complete appliances of an older and more perfect civilization. In most things requiring enterprise and energy, we are fully abreast of the best civilization of Europe, and can hold our own without any difficulty, but we are reminded occasionally that there are things which we have yet to learn. There is nothing which more forcibly illustrates the perfection of our English civilization than the science of, which matrimony has been reduced in the English market. Americans are still decidedly primitive in this matter. They go on choosing their partners for the dance of life in the same old-fashioned style that their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers pursued.

In London, however, they do things of this sort in a more advanced way. In the columns of the *London Matrimonial News*, a journal that has reached its ninth volume, and four hundred and forty-fourth number, may be seen abundant evidence of the superior matrimonial facilities enjoyed by our English cousins. Ladies and gentlemen can enter into the pleasant paths of matrimony through the kindly assistance of the *Matrimonial News*, at the ridiculously low figure of "twelve stamps for fifty words." Old-fashioned prejudices have given way to right notions on the subject of marriage, and in London if a man wants a wife or a woman a husband of a particular description, and can't get hold of the article in any other way, they naturally make known their wants by means of an advertisement, just as they would if they wanted a horse or a carriage of a special kind which could not be obtained through ordinary channels.

In the matter of cost, men at least, the system is really an advantageous one. Under its beneficent workings it is not necessary to be constantly indulging in stylish attire, or presenting the object of your affections with expensive confections, or taking her to fashionable places of amusement. All that is necessary is to insert an advertisement describing the kind of goods you want, a dollar or two for the advertisement, a modest fee to the editor, and the thing is done—and you are probably done too. Every system, however, has its defects, but if the English method of matrimony has its disadvantages they are not apt to be discovered until after marriage.—Bulletin.

"Save me, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars." The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out: "Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for a hundred dollars!" In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked: "Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill!" When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said: "Six doctors, and in your bill the first of the month." When six months had been gathered in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and after so doing, he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

One of the best campaign caricatures this year is published in Boston. It represents Butler as a stableman, endeavoring to catch the colt "Labor" in his left hand in a wooden measure filled with "promises," "blarney" and "cheat." The bride is held concealed behind his back, and Kearney, in the form of a small bull-dog, stands between the stableman's heavily bogged feet. Under the picture are Hosea Bigelow's lines: "This 'a knowin' kind of entle 'tude That is ketched with moidy corn."

A QUESTION THAT IS CLEARLY IN ORDER.—There is one thing about the ciphers which the *Tribune* fails to explain: Who got the returns, and how they got them. If the Democrats offered \$50,000 or \$100,000 for a State, and somebody else got it, the inference is pretty strong that somebody else is easily deluged, and if there were any doubt it would be removed by the appointment of all the Returning Boards to lucrative Federal offices.

"I saw dreamed last night," said he to her, whom he loved, greatly for his attentions, "that I laid in wait for a man with an immense sum of money and knocked his brains out, and then would-a him of his wealth." "There would-a been some merit in that if you had stolen a brass," replied she. "Grown heavy, what would I have done with it?" "I gave it up."

A celebrated person advertised that he would supply "lines" for any occasion. A fisherman sought him soon after, and ordered a "line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

The less real turkeys have, the more they get ready to give.—N. Y. Graphic.

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