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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### CHILDREN IN THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Whatever may be thought of the moral status of this community, it must be admitted that on some points their heads are level. The *Sanitarian* publishes a letter from Dr. Noyes, who is in medical charge there, describing their method of rearing children—in which they have been pre-eminently successful—from which non-communitarian families may obtain some valuable hints:

Our system of nursing young children, if it can be called a system, is nothing more than the ordinary one, with some perfection in detail, which is made possible by our combined mode of life.

An infant is cared for by the mother in her own room during the nursing period, and for some time longer. The nursing period varies from eight months to a year or fifteen months, according as the season permits. We do not think it advisable to nurse longer than a year.

When the child begins to drink we sometimes begin giving it oatmeal, boiled two hours and strained through a fine cloth, or pearl barley, with the cow's milk, which is generally from one selected cow. Whether it takes these preparations or not, we get it as soon as we can on a diet containing more or less coarse, unbolting wheat flour, and as soon as possible we come down to three meals a day, with nothing between meals.

We give our children ripe fruit freely after they have learned to eat solid food, and avoid the habitual use of the bland, starchy foods, arrowroot, etc., as much as possible. They eat no meat until five or six years old. At about 15 months old the mothers put their children into a nursery during the day, retaining them nights for some time longer. In this nursery they are cared for by experienced nurses, and at about four years they enter the children's department.

The rooms the children occupy have a south exposure, plenty of light, no trees within one hundred feet. Our house drainage is as good as we can devise, and the entry of sewer-gas in any form is vigilantly guarded against. Slop closets are disinfected every morning after using, and locked the remainder of the day, being connected with a draught chimney. In a word, we aim to give them pure air, plenty of life in the open air, pure food of a plain quality with very little fine flour, with little or no medicine.

### THE HAWAIIAN DEATH WAIL.

The hour when the soul of the patient takes its flight to the Eternal, when the ominous word "make" (dead) is sounded like a knell upon the ears of the survivors—then suddenly all voices are united in singing, or rather chanting, the *auwe* in deep, melodious and pathetic tones that sound like the wailing of the sea in the night time. The contagion, like a magnetic current, spreads through the village. Instantly all hearts are moved, and the *auwe* is chanted from one house to another, until an ocean of sympathy seems to float upon the air.

There is something so touching and pitiful in this wail that foreigners, in passing by during its continuation, will stand as if electrified and listen to it as the sweetest, saddest music ever heard on earth. It is taken up in currents, the silence intervening being solemn—more solemn and impressive than any pathetic oration delivered by the most illustrious orator at the grave of the most illustrious man. A moment's silence, and again the *auwe* breaks forth in its intensity, resounding throughout the village in peals of mournful lamentation.

Thus at intervals, while the corpse is laid out, the wailing is heard in all its sadness. It is not monotonous, for sadness is congenial to the human heart, or at least it is a burden which we all must bear, and hence we like the echoes of our common lot. It is rather enchanting and fascinating; it attracts with a strange, weird power. There are other customs especially noticeable at the deaths of chiefs. To sing the praises of a chief in songs lascivious and accompany them with dances the most unchaste were the highest honors that could be paid to an ally. When Lunatik, the predecessor of King Kalakaua, died, the writer witnessed astonishing levities like those mentioned. *San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Does prohibition prohibit?" asks an exchange. We don't know. Now stand still while we give you one. Does application apply? Or, if you want an easier one to begin on, does emigration emigrate?—*Hawkeye.*

## The Dookey.

The conference meeting through at last, we boys around the vestry walked, to see the girls come tripping past, like snowbirds, willing to be mated.

And one, she blushed and took my arm! We let the old folks have the highway, and started toward the Maple farm, along a kind of lovers' byway.

The moon was crisp beneath our feet; The stars were full, the darkness gleaming; By hand and finger sheltered sweet, Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand entwined her arm; O, what a blissful moment! To feel her hand, to feel her arm, To feel her hand, to feel her arm.

To have her with me, there, alone, To have her with me, there, alone, To have her with me, there, alone, To have her with me, there, alone.

The old folks, too, were almost here, Her dimpled hand the laces fingered; We heard the voices sweetly come, At last we reached the foot-worn stone.

Where the delicious journey ended, She shook her ringlets from her hood, And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled, But yet I knew she understood.

With what a daring wish I trembled, A cloud passed kindly over head, The moon was shyly peeping through it, Yet hid its face, as if it said,

"Come, now or never! do it! do it!" My lips till then had only known The kiss of mother and of sister; But somehow, full upon her own Sweet, rosy, darning mouth—I kissed her.

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still, O, listless woman, weary lover! To feel more than that, wild thrill, To feel give—but who can live youthful?

—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

## [From the New York Sun.]

### CIGAR STEAMERS.

A project which, if successful, will certainly revolutionize ocean travel, has for years received the attention of a firm of celebrated engineers, and as it is now, after many vicissitudes and the expenditure of millions of money, approaching maturity, an account of its progress, obtained from entirely trustworthy sources, will be of great interest.

Many years ago, when publicity was given to the experiments of the Winans family, of Baltimore, with what were then, and now, called "cigar steamers," a great deal of interest was manifested in the subject, and there were even found persons who affected to believe that some practical good would come of the project.

The experiments at Baltimore were made under the immediate guidance and supervision of the venerable Ross Winans, the great locomotive builder and inventor of eight-wheeled or double-track cars, and his eldest son, Thomas Winans (the senior member of the three successful firms—Winans, Harrison & Eastwick, Winans, Harrison & James, and Winans Brothers—and accumulated a gigantic fortune through his contracts with the Russian Government in connection with railways); both Ross and Thomas Winans have recently died, and the spindle steamer enterprise is now being prosecuted by William L. Winans, De Witt Clinton Winans, and Walter Scott Winans, three sons of the late Ross Winans, of Baltimore, who reside in London.

The inauguration of the war of the rebellion was deemed by the Messrs. Winans a sufficient reason for discontinuing their experiments at Baltimore, and shortly afterwards Thomas Winans went abroad and soon began, in connection with his brother, William L. Winans, assisted by their younger brothers Murray and F. H. Hammetton, of Baltimore, both engineers of great ability and experience, the building of a spindle 256 feet in length and 16 feet greatest diameter. This vessel was named the *Ross Winans*. She had been the instrument of a continuous series of experiments for many years, having been subjected to almost innumerable alterations, internally and externally, and while the details of the results obtained have never been made public, enough is known to warrant what is given below regarding the construction of four immense ships, and the practical application of the knowledge acquired through twenty years of earnest and skillful effort, and the expenditure of several million dollars of the private funds of the Messrs. Winans.

Prior to the removal of the scene of the experiments to England, Mr. W. L. Winans, who then resided in St. Petersburg, Russia, had constructed a small steamer on the same general principle with which he was conducting a series of experiments simultaneously with those being made at Baltimore. Still another small spindle or cigar ship was built at Havre, France, in order to comply with certain points of French patent law.

Some idea of the amount of money expended in experimenting with different lengths of hull, different boilers, different engines, different methods of propulsion, central screws, forward screws, after screws, and twin screws, areas of displacement, weight of material, &c., &c., may be inferred from the fact that several years since, on the export of the American patent, the late Ross and Thomas Winans made out a bill having expended over \$3,000,000 out of having received \$1 in return. The patent was extended in this country by special act of Congress, but an extension was refused in England. The late Thomas Winans had of late years taken a less active interest in the scheme, and

devoted himself to various inventions, including ventilation, &c., but chiefly to his gigantic organ, a strange and mysterious project, that has doubtless ended with him.

William L. Winans, however, has never relaxed his pursuit of the cigar steamer project, and to what extent he has followed it may be inferred from some recent developments that are both interesting and startling. The later experiments have been conducted at Millwall, under the supervision of his brother, Walter S., and De Witt Clinton Winans, the office of the house being at 12 Beaufort Gardens, London, where its legal and business affairs are under the charge of Major Osmund Latrobe, formerly of Baltimore, and a son of the venerable John H. B. Latrobe, the well-known lawyer.

Yachtsmen and tourist who visit the Isle of Wight or Southampton have often been puzzled by a strange craft that cruises in those waters, and which invariably slows down to ordinary speed when approached by our vessels. She seldom appears to have anything more serious on hand than a party of gay pleasure-seekers, but watermen and others who have watched her closely tell of bursts of speed in which she flies through the water like an express train. She is the vessel with which all the later experiments have been conducted, and the results to which these experiments have led are as follows: One spindle-shaped steamer 508 feet longer than the *Great Eastern*, or 1,200 feet in length, is already designed and to be built. It will have engines of 100,000 horse power, and will be propelled by twin screws under the after quarter of the vessel. The mean speed of this vessel is expected to be over twenty nautical, or twenty-three statute miles an hour.

She is to have a tower 150 feet high, containing in part state-rooms looking out on circular balconies, but having within a hollow cylinder extending vertically throughout its entire length and traversed by an immense weight susceptible of being adjusted at any desired height. This is an invention of Mr. William L. Winans, and the effect that it produces upon the motion of the vessel is precisely the reverse of that which one would most readily infer. When "scalded" to a proper height, in proportion to the "beat" or motion of the rollers, the great length of this steamer will prevent pitching, so that, presuming it justifies the claims and expectations of the inventors, it should be very advantageous for purposes of ocean travel. It is designed for the transatlantic mail and passenger service, and their port of entry in this country will be New London, Connecticut, of which a special survey was made three years since with this view. Milford Haven is expected to be the port of entry for Great Britain. That will revolutionize ocean travel is the conviction of the Messrs. Winans, and on that conviction they have expended millions, and are about to expend still more, it being their intention to construct three other similar vessels as soon as that described shall have been successfully operated.

The estimated cost of construction of these vessels is one million sterling each, and it is confidently believed by the Messrs. Winans and many of their friends that they will accomplish the passage of the Atlantic in less than six days at all seasons and in spite of any weather which has been known as yet on that ocean.

### "ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS."

Desperate Wife.—(1) My husband is not only false to me, but treats me very unkindly. He knocks me down with a chair or something every few hours, and last week locked me up in the cellar while he went shooting. When he returned, after five days' absence, he released me with the remark, "Gret Scott! ain't you dead yet?" Yesterday I detected him putting arsenic in my tea. What shall I do about it? (2) Are under-skins cut (1) You must win your husband by kindness. Hiding behind the door or under the bed will only make him worse. Plait your hair like a trunk handle so that he can drag you around the floor more easily, and work him a satin-quilted clubholder to hang on the bed-post. The great thing is the proud consciousness of having performed your duty. Do this and all will be well in ten or fifteen years. (2) We'll find out this evening.—*San Francisco Post.*

### HOW THEY WRITE.

—Joaquin Miller writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swinburne does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also writes a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a ladylike, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Frood's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's is square and bold; George MacDonald's is large and manly, and William Winter's like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easy" read, a decidedly literary hand, as though he was trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so. He also decorates his letters with hoisely curly queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.—*Courier Journal.*

### OBEDIENCE.

—How possibly we are all afraid of that word, obedience, ever striving to shake off the yoke God has put upon us. "Woe to obey your husbands; children obey your parents; servants, obey your masters." It is a divine command, and down from age to age, reverberating through the corridors of all time, it is the hardest lesson a wife learns, and one may never learn it. They do not recognize it as a divine command, they only regard it as a social usage, and a love of authority. Obedience signifies inferiority, they think, and that is what no woman cares to acknowledge herself. No law which comes from Divine authority has the force of degrading the one on whom that law is imposed. Obedience does not necessarily imply inferiority, nor is subordination to one in authority degradation. If rulers were not necessary in the household and the State they would not have been appointed by Him who is wiser than man. If rulers are not obeyed, anarchy and riot ensue, and, if only for the sake of insuring order and peace, obedience should be cherished as one of the most important of household virtues. There can be but one dominant power in the house, and both revelation and nature teach us who that one is. In the short sentence, "The husband is the head of the wife," we are told into whose hands God has placed the regal wand of household power.

Obedience lies at the very root of domestic life: it is the chief corner-stone in the temple. "Children obey your parents," is a divine injunction, but one which the modern child is unwilling to heed. Shaking off the parental yoke, like the wind he "goeth where he listeth;" and by his contempt for home authority he places another element of discord in the household, for confusion must follow in the train of disobedience to law.

"Servants, obey your masters," comes from the same Divine source. Wife, children, servants—the triple wreath of home—bound and made secure by the husband (or house-band), who is head over all—the dominant power invested with authority by Him who is ruler and governor over an entire universe. The thought of the power and place God has bestowed upon man should not fill him with arrogance and conceit; on the contrary, he should ask himself the question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" It should inspire him with tenderness, love and consideration for those who have been placed under him; and, while wearing the purple royalty, he should never loosen his grasp on the sceptre of justice.

### HIS GARDEN.

—Four or five city-hall officials were sitting on the steps on the Woodward avenue side on Saturday afternoon, discussing politics and the weather, when a small man, seeming to be in considerable mental distress, approached them inquired:

"Gentlemen, is there a scientific man here?"

"Certainly there is," they replied in chorus.

"And you must be familiar with the laws governing storms?"

"We are," was the prompt answer.

"Well then," continued the stranger, "I wish to relate what may seem like a singular occurrence. I live on Division Street, and though it began raining the other night at midnight, and continued for twenty-four hours, not a single drop of water fell on my garden."

"Is that possible!" gasped one after another.

"It's the solemn truth, gentlemen, and I'd like to know by what law of nature you can account for it? It was a long continued, drenching storm, yet not one drop of rain fell upon my garden."

There wasn't even room for a suggestion. The crowd were astonished and silent.

After a long minute one of the gentlemen turned to the stranger and asked:

"You must have a theory, haven't you?"

"I have."

"And what is it?"

"My theory, gentlemen, is that I rent rooms on the third floor, and had no garden for the rain to fall on!"

Five men rose up in chorus, brushed off their coats-tails, and followed each other into the hall in Indian file.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### POLICE PHILOSOPHY.

—A badly frightened stranger, whose dress betrayed the fact that he hadn't much ready cash, called at a police station and complained that two men had been following him around for several hours with a view to robbery.

"Well, you'd better leave your money here until you get ready to leave town," suggested the captain.

"But I haven't got any—not a dollar," was the reply.

"Then how can they rob you?"

"That's so—never thought of that," chuckled the man as his face brightened.

"After they've gone to the trouble of knocking me down and dragging me into some alley, they won't find a red in my pockets—ha! ha! ha!"

He went away delighted, declaring that a great burden had been taken off his mind.

A bit of sand paper in the house will keep needles sharp and save annoyance.

### HOW TO MIND A BABY.

—First, a man must have one to take care of. It isn't every one who you know that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to a neighbor's only five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she carries him, and oftener she says sternly:

"John, take good care of the child till I return."

You want to remonstrate but cannot pick up courage while that awful female's eye is upon you, so you prudently refrain, and merely remark:

"Do not stay long, my dear."

She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth, also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub and sing an operatic air; he does not appreciate it, but yells the louder.

You try to bribe him with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use; he spits it out. You get angry, and shake him. He screams another, when, good heavens! he sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate, your hair stands on end, and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if that luckless child should have a fit!

You try baby talk; but "litty litty amby" has no effect, for he stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid on his spine, and still he yells. You are afraid the neighborhood will be alarmed, and give him your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though he throws down a handful of your cherished mustache to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down stops the costly watch on the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache, and muttering a malediction on baby kind in general, and on the image of his father in particular, vow never to take care of a baby—until the next time.

### A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.

—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an "excellent thing in woman." Indeed, we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of our crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lacks a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tones seem to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady. In the sanctuary at home how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly its cadence floats through the sick chamber and around the dying bed; with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul! Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly "an excellent thing in woman."

### A CHANGE IN FUNERAL FASHIONS.

—The gradual change in mortuary customs is a matter of occasional notice. For several years the floral fashion continued to increase until it reached a climax at Stewart's funeral. The expense of decorating the coffin, with other displays suitable to that occasion, was \$10,000. This excess brought an immediate reaction, and since then flowers for mortuary purposes have almost fallen out of use.

Another feature in funerals is the choice of evening as the time of service, after which the remains are taken away for interment. The escort to the grave on which occasions is limited to the smallest number that may be required. It would be well if another point could be brought into fashion—that is, an abatement in display of mourning, which indeed were a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

The present depression is seriously felt among the undertakers, who find it very difficult to make collections. Hence they are changing their policy, and instead of encouraging expensive funerals they advise the contrary, unless in cases of known wealth. This arises from the above-mentioned difficulty in getting their pay whenever the bill reaches an excessive amount. Let a reduction in the cost of mourning follow and the public will not be slow to acknowledge the relief.—*N. Y. Troy Times.*

A Boston school-boy being asked what Rhode Island is celebrated for, replied: "It is the only one of the New England States that is the smallest."

### GOING TO ALBANY.

—The players sit in a row, and the first says: "I am going on a journey to Albany." or any place beginning with an A. The one seated next to her says: "What shall you do there?" The verbs and nouns in the answer must begin with the same letter, and so on through the alphabet, the one who asks the question: "What will you do there?" continuing the game. But as an example is better than any directions, we will relate to you how a party of children played it:

Ellen—"I am going on a journey to Albany."

Louis—"What shall you do there?"

Ellen—"Ask for apples and apricots."

Louisa (to her neighbor)—"I am going to Boston."

Frank—"What will you do there?"

Louisa—"Buy beans and bun."

Frank—"I am going to college."

Susan—"What will you do there?"

Frank—"Cut capers."

Susan—"I am going to Dover."

Sarah—"What will you do there?"

Susan—"Dress dolls."

Sarah—"I am going to Erie."

Susan—"What will you do there?"

Sarah—"Eat eggs."

Russel—"I am going to Fairhaven."

Grace—"What will you do there?"

Russel—"Feed fawns with frogs."

Grace—"I am going to Greenbush."

Howard—"What will you do there?"

Grace—"Give gold to girls."

Howard—"I am going to Hanover."

Grace—"What will you do there?"

Howard—"Hunt with hounds and horses."

The party goes through the alphabet in the above manner. Whoever cannot answer readily, after due time is allowed, must suffer some penalty.

### THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.

—For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours' night is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowances occasionally and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. If you can get to bed early, then rise early; if you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be rung by at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulses. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children to land on the center of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before you leap.

### TWO PICTURES.

—There is a lime in the life of every boy when his spirits are buoyed on waves of undulated felicity, and that time is on a fine bracing morning when the circus comes to town and is giving its pagent.

In the country the boy who is compelled to go to school on this eventful day feels what he considers a punishment more keenly than does a forger his well-merited five years in Sing Sing. As he sits and cons his hateful lessons he feels as mean as does the man who buys a dollar and a half new silk scarf by gaslight and discovers on the following morning that it is grass-green.

His melancholy is not soothed by the soul-melting strains of "Lanigan's Ball" or "Grandfather's Clock." The happy boy is the one who can follow the highly-colored wagons from street to street and marvel at their contents.

It is one of the happiest moments of his life. He drives his hands into his pockets, pushes his cap back on his head, and marches along as proudly as though he were Alexander wading up to his neck in human gore. His thoughts will never be known, but they are pretty respectable in regard to flight and general symmetry.

Then he goes to learn the occult mystery which surrounds the creation of man. His spirits are now the scene of human bliss. That afternoon he goes to the circus, and the junk-man gets three stove-hds and a copper-bottomed preserve kettle for twenty-five cents.—*San Francisco Post.*

Say, some of you lawyers, we were just wondering, how is it, if a man's wife runs away with and marries an insurance agent, and never comes back to him, what relation is the bereaved man to his mother-in-law yet? As she has not run away, as she still his mother-in-law? And if so, is she also the insurance man's mother-in-law? In what relation, in fact, does a man stand to his wife's relative, when, as in the instance just cited, his wife is "not dead, but gone before?"—*Hawkeye.*

Let only those with blameless records post the ledgers of human frailty.

### A PRINTER'S BLUNDER.

—Napoleon II is one of the faintest of figures in French history. In point of fact, he never reigned and was never recognized by that title save once—by the executive committee of the chambers before the accession of Louis XVIII. He was known as the King of Rome and latterly as the Duke of Reichstadt. His life, after the six years of royal babyhood in the Tuilleries, was spent in Austria with his mother's family.

In 1832, at the age of twenty-one, he died at Schoubrun, many said of poison. A weak and effeminate creature, it was absurd to give him place among the reigning monarchs of France. When the Second Empire was established many wondered at the title assumed by the Emperor "Napoleon III." It was explained then that he desired to be considered a sovereign by legitimate heredity and had thus recognized the claim of his cousin, as that of the poor prince, the Temple was recognized by the Bourbons after the restoration.

But appears now that, upon the authority of the historian Kinglake, that the intention of Louis Napoleon was to call himself simply Napoleon, and that a printer's blunder was responsible for the change. Just before the *coup d'etat* a minister of the Home Office, busy preparing provincial sentiment, wrote: "Que le mot d'ordre soit Vive Napoleon III!" The printer took the exclamations for "III," and so the proclamation went out, was copied by the press and incorporated in public speech. It was no time for explanations, and so the nephew of his uncle adopted the title.—*Utica Herald.*

### SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR WARTS.—1.

Take cobwebs; roll it into a pill the size of the wart. Take a match and light the cobweb pill. It will burn clear like charcoal. When the pill is consumed the wart can be picked out with the finger. 2. Take good indigo and soak it in water; pare away the surface of the wart so as to cause the blood to flow; wipe off the blood and prop the indigo water upon it. Very large ones may require a second application. The indigo produces no pain. 3. One of my neighbors had his horse's nose covered with small warts, and tried many different means to remove them, but could not do so, until some one said to him: "Why don't you try treacle?" This was tried and the warts, after being dressed a few times, were completely removed in a few weeks. 4. Take ashes made from burnt willow bark, mix with sweet cider, and apply several times, and they will soon disappear. 5. Use a strong solution of alum several times a day, and let it dry on. If that does not cure, use sal soda in the same way. 6. Lunar caustic, carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will surely destroy warts. 7. Oil of cinnamon dropped on the wart three or four times a day will cause their disappearance, however hard, large or dense they may be. The application gives rise to neither pain or supuration and is a pleasant perfume.

### PNEUMONIA.

—There are few diseases in which special treatment adapted to individual cases is more important than pneumonia; for the measures that would be salutary in one case would be injurious or even fatal in another. In the belief, therefore, that such general directions as could be given in the limited scope of this article would be likely to do quite as much harm as good, the few remaining remarks shall refer to the office of nurse rather than to that of doctor. The patient should lie with his shoulders somewhat elevated. In protracted and debilitated cases, his position should be changed occasionally, in order to prevent the setting of the blood in any part of the lungs. Care should be taken to expose the chest and body as little as possible. The air of the sick room should be of a uniform temperature, and warm, yet purified by sufficient ventilation. In early stages, what little diet the patient can take, should be farinaceous drinks, such as gum water, barley water, thin gruel, to which may be added a decoction of ripe fruit, or the juice of oranges or fresh grapes, the indigestible portion being carefully rejected. As the fever abates, give tea, with toasted bread or crackers, or a little rice; then Indian milk, milk, broths, lighter meats, eggs, oysters. In this, as in other diseases, nature powerfully aids a sound constitution, and with good nursing, and a little medical treatment, will often suffice.

### QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE'S DISTAFF.

—An historical heirloom, the silver-mounted ebony distaff of Queen Marie Antoinette, which was seen at the Paris Exhibition, has been restored to the Emperor of Austria. It is the same distaff with which the unfortunate Queen beguiled the long hours of her captivity, and after her execution it was given as a memento to one of the ladies in attendance. It then passed into the family of Brassy Rancin, the last representative of which, Mme. la Douairière de Rancin, has just died. The spindle is of ivory, and the hemp still on it is that from which the unhappy Queen spun during the last days of her life. By the decease of Mme. de Rancin, the relic passed into the hands of a Hungarian lady.

A blister is not the only thing a man has at his tongue's end when he puts the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth.