Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVI. | LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 17, 1879. | NO. 34

THE

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

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PURE

FINE GROUND RAW BONE,

GROUND AS FINE AS MEAL.

Put up in Bags containing 167 Pounds each.

PROF. WILSON'S ANALYSIS:

Moisture (dried at 212° Farenheit),		5 60
Organic Matter,		34 49
Containing Nitrogen 3 88, or Ammonia 4 71 prct.		
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Containing Phosphoric Acid,	24 17	
or Bone Phosphate of Lime,	52 77	
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Insoluble Residue,	2 62	
	59 91	
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Prepared to order, and tested by constant Analysis, and guaranteed to be of the highest grade and purity.

We have the practical tests by Farmers and others for several years, and in all cases there are no failures reported, but in hundreds of cases very large and fine crops, the Grain very large and of the finest quality, and the Grass crops after very fine and heavy.

We have the same PURE BONE Dissolved or Vitriolized, and all in nice dry condition, for Drilling or Sowing.

All we ask is a fair trial, and in all cases there will be good crops.

FACTORY LOCUST POINT.

Use from 200 to 300 lbs. per acre.

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

36 & 38 S. Charles St., Balto., Md.

April 3, 1879—1y.

NOTICE.

To my Friends and Customers.

I have leased No. 98 N. Gay Street and added it to my

STOVE AND TINWAREHOUSE

I now have double the room I formerly had. I have also added several new styles of Stoves to my list.

With these increased facilities I shall spare no effort to make my place popular with all purchasers.

I invite suggestions as to what improvements can be made to make my goods still more perfect than ever.

I desire to express my thanks to the ladies and gentlemen of this State for the noble manner in which they have patronized me in this fight I have been making against extravagant prices and inferior goods. I solicit a continuance of that patronage, assuring you that Price will still be the lowest and Quality the best.

I still sell the celebrated

"TIMES COOK,"

Envious rivals to the contrary notwithstanding.

I guarantee every article I sell.

Do not forget the numbers are—

96 and 98 North Gay St.

(Between the Bridge and Front Street,)

BALTIMORE, MD.

WM. J. H. GLUCK,

April 3, 1879.

FROM

LEWIS KALLING

Cor. South & Water Sts., Baltimore, Md.,

Agent of

WM. MASSEY & CO'S Philadelphia Ales.

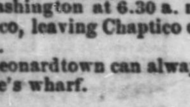
PHILLIP BEST BREWING CO'S Celebrated Milwaukee Lager Beer.

BOTTLER OF

Ale, Porter, Brown Stout, Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Tonic Beer, also Cider and Vinegar in Barrels.

April 3, 1879—3m.

NOTICE.



STEAMER MATTANO, Capt. WILLIAM. H. BYLES, leaves Washington from 6th St. wharf at 7 o'clock, a. m., every SUNDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY as follows: On Sunday for landings as far down as Nomini Ferry, returning on Monday. On Tuesday for Stone's wharf, returning on Wednesday, leaving Stone's wharf for Washington at 6.30 a. m. On Thursday for Chaptico, leaving Chaptico on Friday for Washington.

Passengers for Leonardtown can always find conveyance at Stone's wharf.

April 3, 1879—tf.

NOTICE.

LOOK! NOW IS THE TIME to have your PICTURES framed with neatness and despatch and at very low prices. Parties having four or more in number will save 25 per cent. by sending in their orders to

EDWARD FAGAN,
Charlotte Hall,
St. Mary's co., Md.

April 3, 1879—tf.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Dear St. Mary's, Farewell!

BY F.

Oh! sad are the moments that sever
The ties to the spirit most dear,
Their mem'ry shall linger forever
To waken the sigh and the tear.
The sunbeam all vainly is shining,
All vainly do music and song
Now chide my fond heart for repining
As they float on the breezes along.
Fain on this bright hill forever,
With the friends of my girlhood I'll dwell,
Their mem'ry shall linger forever,
Sweet home, dear St. Mary's, farewell!

Could a bird only dwell for an hour
In Eden's rich garden of light,
Then dear would appear the green bower
Where lately it found its delight;
E'en like that poor bird of the wildwood,
I turn with strange sadness and fear,
From the beautiful Eden of childhood
To the world so deceitful and drear.

Though parents and friends fondly cherished
Shall solace my grief with their love,
I'll mourn for the hopes that have perished,
And often in spirit I'll rove
To the scene of life's earliest pleasures,
When joyous and free from all care,
I dwelt amid sweetest of treasures,
Of science, and piety there.

* * * * * *

Farewell, cherished scenes of my childhood,
Farewell to the fount and the glade;
Farewell to the grot and the wildwood,
And the shades under which I have played;
Farewell to the birds and the bowers;
Farewell to the blossoming lea;
Farewell to the shrine and the flowers
That remain, dear schoolmates, for thee!

(From the Chicago Times.)

Keeping Her Marriage Vow.

Walter Watson, who shot Ezra Compton at Highland on the 10th of January last, was hanged to-day in the jail yard in this place. He was 27 years of age. The hanging was attended with what may be called scaffold effects, in their nature almost beyond the power of pen to describe.

Watson shot Compton because Compton, who was a storekeeper, had made an error about a quarter's worth of soap. Watson's wife, a most respectable and Christian young woman, to whom he had been married about a year, suspected her husband's intention when he started to go to the store to wreak his vengeance upon Compton, and implored him to stay at home; but her entreaties were useless.

Just a week ago Mrs. Watson, with her babe in her arms, and accompanied by one of the attorneys for the defence, made a strong personal appeal to Gov. Williams, and begged for the life of her husband. The Governor was deeply moved, but was compelled to regard the sentence of the Circuit Court and its confirmation by the Supreme Court as binding upon him, and he firmly, upon the ground of public duty, refused to interfere.

It was not until yesterday morning that the culprit fully realized that his fate was irrevocably sealed. During the weary weeks of his confinement in jail his wife was a daily visitor there, and during the last twenty-four hours of her husband's life she never forsook his side, except to give him a few hours' needed rest in sleep. She was with him up to midnight on Wednesday, and was at his side again at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and finally she mounted the scaffold with him. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee with her arms about his neck, breathing words of love and encouragement. Then anon she sat at his feet, caressing his hands.

The hanging had been set for 12 o'clock. At 10 o'clock the cell was entered by the Rev. Messrs. Wainscott, Green, and Garragus, Mrs. Ramsey, Miss Anna Merriman, and one or two other Christian ladies. The doomed man prayed fervently for the forgiveness of his sins. His devoted wife knelt by his side, joining her supplications with his own. During these prayers he said: "I feel I have made my peace with God. I feel a strength not of my own. People have been afraid that I would kill myself. I could not do that; that would not bring me forgiveness; it would only add another crime to that I have already committed. I'm ready to meet my fate."

At 11 o'clock the Sheriff told the prisoner that he must make ready. For a moment the little wife was overcome. She fell on her husband's neck in unutterable anguish: but suddenly she raised her flaxen head from his shoulders. There was an almost fierce determination in her eyes, and the lines of her mouth were set. With a tender hand, but without a tear dimming her fixed eyes, she set about to array her husband for his doom. A neat suit of broadcloth had been procured for him. She herself had contributed a pair of slippers and a necktie. The first she placed on his feet, the other she tied about his neck—the neck that was so soon to feel the fatal cord—with a care and attention to details that could not have been exceeded had she been decking him for a marriage feast. She then combed his hair, and having added the last loving touch and made him a really handsome fellow, remarked: "Now you are ready, Walter, and I will go with you." She had announced the day before her determination to accompany her husband on the scaffold, but no one dreamed that she meant to carry it to execution. All the attendants remonstrated with her. One of the ministers said, softly: "Mrs. Watson, this will never do." Quick as a flash she turned on him, replying: "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me."

Precisely at 12 o'clock Sheriff Dallas led the way to the jail yard. About 100 witnesses were there assembled. Holding her husband's hand, the little woman ascended the scaffold. Two chairs were placed over the fatal trap. One was assigned to Watson, the other to his wife. She tenderly took his hand, caressed it, and then fell sobbing on his shoulder. Then the Rev. Mr. Wainscott began to read a carefully prepared prayer from manuscript, and on closing the prayer said: "Brother Watson, be calm and trust in God."

Meanwhile the culprit sat on his chair, unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbed, but the man about to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation.

Then the Sheriff said, "Stand up, Walter Watson."

Mrs. Watson arose with her husband. She threw herself on his breast, and said, "Good by, Walter," kissed him passionately on the lips, turned her white face, full of bitterness and reproach, on the multitude, stepped back, and fell into the arms of good Christian ladies who stood near to receive her, and was led away. The ordeal was a terrible one for the doomed man. For an instant his face relaxed as his wife pronounced the last good-by. A tremor passed over his frame, but in another moment he recovered himself, and stood up as unmoved as a block of stone while the Sheriff read the death warrant. Following this, the Rev. Mr. Wainscott said: "Walter, I have done the best I could for you. May the Lord have mercy on your soul. Farewell." The Sheriff and his deputies then approached with a long strip of cloth. His hands and feet were firmly tied, the fatal noose was passed over his head, and adjusted to his neck, and then a white cap drawn over his face. Now for the first time since ascending the scaffold Watson's lips were unsealed. A fervent prayer was muttered underneath the cap. "God have mercy on my soul. Jesus save me. God help my poor wife." The minister stepped up, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said: "Walter, this is your last moment." The next instant the drop fell. In thirteen minutes the physician pronounced Watson dead.

In the Sheriff's residence the widow, who had been weeping bitterly, suddenly dried her eyes, and approached the coffin with a firm step, looked longingly at the face, kissed the lips, eyes, and brow, arranged the hair and necktie with a tender hand, and then said, very quietly: "Now please close the coffin and let none see my Walter again." Her request was complied with. She turned away with a look of woe, and said, in a voice full of strange meaning: "I can cry no more. I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my little baby."

An hour later the coffin was in an east-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richland, a bleak station seven miles from this point, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other person beside the widow was in charge. The face that broken-hearted woman turned up to the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, will haunt many in their dreams.

THE DESERT OF COLORADO.—The San Francisco *Argonaut* says:—For what purpose the Colorado desert was made is one of those mysteries which have so far proved past finding out—so utterly barren, so apparently worthless, so dreary and desolate, so scorched with a blazing sun, so blistered with burning winds. The rocky hills that bound it are more forbidding than the dreary desolation of the sandy plains. The hills are absolutely destitute of verdure—treeless, soilless, colorless. Through the centre of the plain, and parallel with the railroad, runs a mountain range of shifting sand, like snows piled up in banks, drifting and moving with the winds. The plain is not entirely destitute of vegetation, but the vegetation is worthless as the sand in which it grows. There runs midway between San Bernardina and Yuma one small, beautiful stream of clear sweet water, properly named the "Whitewater," but along its pebbly margin there grows no flowers, shrub nor tree. This beautiful stream in the desert suggests the irreverent reflection that this part of creation is a badly planned and badly executed work, reflecting upon the Divine Mechanic who spake it into existence. The mountains should have been clothed in primal forests; the plains should have been grassy meadows. Along the hillsides should be leaping cascades of sparkling water; brooks winding amid flowers and grassy banks; a fruitful land, where fat kine, lowing herds, bleating flocks and singing birds, mingling their voices with the thanksgiving of well-fed humanity, should be a constant psalm of adoration to him who must ever lack an altar in the desert of the Colorado.

The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him, can find out by sticking a cambric needle into a millpond, and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Rose To The Dead.

BY ASOLITA.

I plucked a rose for thee, sweet friend,
Thy ever favorite flower
A bud I long had nursed for thee
Within my wintry bower;
I group'd it with the fragrant leaves
That on the myrtle grew,
And tied it with a silken string
Of soft cerulean blue.

I brought them all to thee, sweet friend,
And stood beside the chair,
Where sickness long thy [illegible]
But yet thou wert not [illegible]
I turn'd me to thy curtain'd [illegible]
So fair with snowy lawn,
Methought the impress'd pillow said,
"Not here, but raised and gone."

Thy book of prayer lay open wide,
And 'mid its leaves were seen,
A flower with petals shrunk and dried,
Last Summer's wither'd queen.
It was a flower I gave thee, friend,
Thou lov'dst it for my sake;
"See here a fresher one I bring"—
No lips in answer spake.

Then from the sofa's quiet side
I rais'd the covering rare,
"Sleepest thou?" Upon the forehead lay
Unstirr'd the auburn hair;
But when to leave my cherished gift
That gentle hand I stole,
Its icy touch! its fearful chill,
Congeal'd my inmost soul.

Ah friend, dear friend! and can it be
Thy last sweet word is said?
That all too late my token comes,
To cheer the pulseless dead?
Here, on thy cold unheaving breast,
The promis'd rose I lay,
The last poor symbol of a love
That cannot fade away.

But thou, 'mid your perennial bowers
Where angels footsteps roam,
Among the ever fragrant flowers
That deck the spirit's home,
Rememberest thou the mourning friend
Who nightly weeps for thee,
And wilt thou pluck a thornless rose
And keep it safe for me?

(From the New York World.)

A Portrait of the Present Pope.

"Le Pape Leon XIII., sa vie, son avenement, ses ecrits" is the title of a recent book by the Abbe Vidieu, vicar of Saint Roch and a member of the Academy of Rheims, bearing the imprint of Plon, the well-known Paris publisher. It is an intimate and exhaustive work containing all that the most curious Catholic can desire to learn concerning His Holiness, and it is written in a spirit which is all that the most devout Catholic can ask. It is dedicated to His Holiness with a reverent fervor which only Catholics will be able wholly to appreciate, perhaps, but from which every one will be able to judge at once of the tone of the work. The Abbe begins with a charming description of the native country of the present Pope and an account of the Pecci family.—The early studies of Joachim Pecci and his brilliant success at the Roman College and at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics are narrated, and his life is then followed from the beginning of his ministry to the present time. Nothing is omitted that in any way relates to his career as priest, nuncio, archbishop, cardinal and camerlengo. Minute descriptions are given of the ceremonies attending his elevation to the Papacy. The concluding chapters deal with the modification made by him in the usages and personnel of the Vatican, his relations to the press, the kingdom of Italy and to foreign governments, and a general outline of his policy. It is, however, of those portions of the Abbe Vidieu's book which relate to matters not already matters of history and recounted so often during the year just passed that we design to give our readers some idea in a running paraphrase and summary—secrets of the sacred Conclave which chose the Pope last year heretofore not divulged or only incorrectly given, the writer says, and the intimate personal life of the Pontiff.

In the last conclave, says the Abbe, the Sacred College was divided into two parties—the one, more ardent in the defence of principles audaciously attacked in these days, believing that the more truth is contested the more important it is to affirm and uphold it; that each Pope, working for the future as well as for the present, should concede nothing, but stand firm prepared to suffer, to die if necessary, before acknowledging defeat, in order to accomplish the triumph of his successors; the other, equally immovable in its convictions, as firm in its resolves but more moderate in its expressions, believing that prudence should be added to zeal and that patience is a mighty power.—The first contained men who had devoted themselves to the study of the sciences and of theology, and who had become more inflexible as they had acquired more certainty in their beliefs. The second comprised those who, having lived more among men, had necessarily more experience. The former saw men as they should be, the latter as they are. The first, called "the zealots" by the Romans, were led by the Cardinal Bilio; the second, called the moderates, by Cardinal Pecci. But the difference between the two leaders was of small importance. The members of the Sacred College were united on points of doctrine and of discipline, had one common interest and were divided only on the question of expediency, which could occasion no serious discord. Each Cardinal was prepared to renounce his own preferences for the general good.

The three ballotings, as given by the Abbe Vidieu (the first one having been thrown out because of irregularities in form,) are as follows:

First Ballot—Cardinal Pecci, 17 votes; Cardinal Bilio, 6 votes; Cardinal di Lucca, 5 votes; Cardinal Ferrieri, 4 votes; Cardinal Franchi, 4 votes; Cardinal Monaco de la Valetta, 4 votes; the rest scattering.

Second Ballot—Cardinal Pecci, 35 votes. No other Cardinal exceeded six votes. Cardinal Martinelli gained two votes, making three for this ballot.

Third Ballot—Cardinal Pecci, 44 votes. The remaining votes were distributed as follows: 11 were given to Cardinal Franchi; 3 to Cardinal Mertel; 2 to Cardinal Simeoni; 1 to Cardinal Bonaparte, and 1 to Cardinal Ledokowski.

At the end of this ballot Cardinals Franchi and Bilio rose and with their adherents knelt before the Camerlengo. Every one followed this example, and Cardinal Pecci having already received two votes beyond the necessary majority was unanimously elected Pope.—From the day of his coronation, and even from the day of his election, the new Pontiff has given numerous audiences, both public and private, to the clergy, to the faithful and to all those who wish to testify their respect and filial love. Among others General Grant and his family were presented by Cardinal "Mac Closquey," of New York. "The illustrious American appeared profoundly touched by the marks of kindness and distinction given him by Leo XIII.,' says the Abbe.

The new Bishop of Rome is tall and spare, with a grand patrician air. He has a magnificent head crowned with white hair, strongly marked features, the aspect of an ascetic, with something marble-like in the general appearance of the figure. His face is lighted by a piercing look, and his amiable and paternal smile goes straight to the heart of those whom he addresses. His voice is sonorous and very pleasing, though less mellow and more powerful than that of Pius IX. Pope Leo has "the double eloquence of the head and of the heart." Though he is moderate, he by no means lacks firmness. The Abbe tells the following anecdote to illustrate this latter trait of character: "The day after his election, 'Why,' asked a Cardinal whom we could name of the new Pope—'Why have you taken the name of Leo?' 'Because,' answered he, 'Leo XII. was the benefactor of my family, but also because Leo signifies lion, and the virtue which seems to me the most necessary of all is the force of the lion.' The Roman people are well aware of the meaning which the Holy Father attaches to the name that he has taken. A sturdy Trasteverian was heard to cry in an energetic and somewhat menacing voice: 'The liberals ask what will be the programme of the new Pope. He calls himself Leo; that tells them all. Like Leo XII., he will be a lion, and he will have sharp claws and a powerful jaw.'" Another story illustrating the same characteristic is told as follows: "A rich American amateur, desiring to possess the bust of Leo XIII., engaged the services of the celebrated sculptor Tadolini. The latter, not content with a simple portrait of the Holy Father, went to the Vatican and ask permission of Leo XIII. to reproduce his features from the original. The Pope consented. The work finished, Leo XIII. congratulated the artist, who asked him to have the goodness to trace a word on the still fresh clay. His Holiness took the burin that the sculptor handed to him and wrote with a smile: 'Leo de tribu Juda!'"

Leo XIII. rises very early, and after his devotions and the celebration of mass he gives himself up to study till the hour set for audiences or the assembling of the congregations over which he presides. Although in delicate health, he works hard and makes his household work. Like the majority of Italians of Southern Italy the Pope has but one regular repast a day, about 1 o'clock. He is an enemy to the delicacies of the table, and his *menu* is much more meagrely composed than that of many curates. He eats boiled mush, which takes the place of soup, a little boiled or roasted meat, rarely vegetables, cheese made of goat's milk, and drinks ordinarily only the wine of Velleri. Even on the day of his election to the Papacy he sent back the roast beef that was given him and asked in its place a second plate of soup. It was said on this occasion by those intimate at the Pontifical Court that Signor X., the *chef* of the Vatican, would have to buy no more wines.

"I have never eaten so badly as at his table," said a well-known Perugian, the Abbe relates; "he offered you for breakfast a tough mutton chop and a miserable pike, with an occasional glass of a white wine from the borders of Lake Thrasymene, followed by a cup of black coffee. It is true that the worthy man himself drank only water and ate his boiled meat left from the night before, made over into a salad. But no one complained of his frugal table, on the contrary every one was delighted to sit at it. All Perugia knew where the revenues of the prelate went: the poor especially were not ignorant on that point."

Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the Pope takes his walk. At this time no one unconnected with the court is admitted to the gardens of the Vatican. An eye-witness, however, who had the good fortune to make friends with the gardener, Salvatori, was placed by him so as to be able to see the Pope on one of his daily rambles. Leo XIII. advanced with long strides, his imposing figure becomingly dressed in the simple and majestic Pontifical robes.—The Pope preceded most of his suite, as if he wished to rest in solitude after the long day of his public duties. To the great disappointment of Savatori, who had prepared some rustic seats, the Pope did not profit by them. He stopped a moment before the lattice of the aviary, smiled at the golden pheasants, at the fan-tailed pigeons, with the benevolence of a St. Francis d'Assisi; then resumed his walk, penetrating the thicket which occupies a large part of the garden, "His Holiness," Salvatori explained, takes a rapid walk of an hour and a half every day till the Ave Maria." In the middle of a large square, carefully trimmed, the arms of the Pope, with the legend, "Leo XIII. Pont. Max.," the cypress, the star and the lilies of the Peccis being very carefully outlined. Leo XIII. did not pay much attention to the work of Salvatori, but one need not therefore conclude that His Holiness does not care for art. He has just ordered all the tapestries which are in the Vatican to be collected and placed in chronological order and according to the schools to which they belong, a collection which will be of exceptional importance, and in many ways he shows his interest in things not ecclesiastical but relating to general culture.

THE FITZ-JOHN PORTER CASE.—The official report of the board of inquiry in the Fitz-John Porter case has been approved by the President and the Secretary of War, and the general will now be restored to his old rank and position in the army. The report of the board, which consisted of Generals Schofield, Terry and Getty, gives a narrative of the events which gave rise to the charges against General Porter, omitting unessential details and limiting themselves to a plain statement of essential facts established by positive proof.—Concerning the charge of which General Porter was found guilty—not having moved his command on the night of August 27, 1862, in obedience to an order from General Pope—the board report that it was a manifest physical impossibility to march over that road that night; that nothing would have been gained by the attempt, and that it would have been wiser if General Porter had delayed the attempt still longer than he did; that he exercised the very ordinary discretion of a corps commander, and that it was his plain duty to so exercise it. The report closes as follows: "General Porter was, in effect, condemned for not having taken any part in his own battle. Such was the error upon which General Porter was pronounced guilty of the most shameful crime known among soldiers. We believe not one among all the gallant soldiers on that bloody field was less deserving of such condemnation than he. The evidence of bad animus in Porter's case ceases to be material in view of the evidence of his soldierly and faithful conduct. But it is our duty to say that the indiscreet and unkind terms in which General Porter expressed his distrust of the capacity of his superior commander (General Pope) cannot be defended, and to that indiscretion was due in very great measure the misrepresentation of both his motives and his conduct and his consequent condemnation. Having thus given the reasons for our conclusions, we have the honor to report, in accordance with the President's order, that in our opinion justice requires at his hands such action as may be necessary to annul and set aside the findings and sentence of the court-martial in the case of Major-General Fitz-John Porter and to restore him to the position of which that sentence deprived him, such restoration to take effect from the date of his dismissal from the service."

PREDICTIONS FOR THE FUTURE.—A number of young ladies will marry well and die ill.

An epidemic of colds will set in next winter.

The potato bug. Paris green. Scientific reports as usual.

Many hundred new doctors will be turned loose to kill the first year of practice, and to cure the second.

Seven hundred old, overloaded and badly-manned ships will go down and be never heard of during the next seven years.

Bank failures will struggle along one by one; bank presidents and cashiers abscond, and the community will enjoy its usual astonishment.

People will continue to say this is the hottest summer I ever knew. *Vice versa* in winter.

Several old rich men's wills will be disputed.

Numerous houses will burn down next year.

Several great people will die and a number of smaller ones.

There will be several railroad accidents, a long and searching investigation and the usual gradual simmering down and dying out of the whole affair.—*New York Graphic.*

☞ A refractory Irishman in jail named Dennis McGinniss, refused to work. The keeper said to him: "McGinniss, you go to work or to the pump." "Niver," replied the Irishman. A second time the keeper ordered McGinniss to work, but he refused to budge an inch. "Now, for the last time, McGinniss," exclaimed the keeper, "you go to work or the pump." "Niver, sir," said McGinniss, straightening up to the full dignity of a man. "Bedad, sir, I'll lave the jail first."

Marriage and Divorce.

A French doctor, Bertillon by name, a person with a taste for figures, mitigated by an appreciation of the popular preference for what concerns the personal life and experience of mankind in the concrete, has made some curious studies in the statistics of matrimony with a view to extracting therefrom such practical suggestions as they may contain.

The first question which he undertakes to throw light upon is whether it is healthy and conducive to long life to marry. Those who are married already and propose to "remain as they are" will be gratified to learn that he reaches an affirmative conclusion, while those who are wedded only to themselves will be likely to cast cynical slurs on the correctness of his calculations. He finds that those who share their joys and sorrows, and perhaps multiply them at the same time, will stand "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" much better than those who attempt to bear the burden of life alone. There is a single exception which should convey a wholesome warning. There is an altogether abnormal rate of mortality among those foolish people who marry under the age of twenty. But, taking a thousand married men from twenty-five to thirty years of age, he finds that only six die yearly, while of a like number of bachelors ten drop off. Perhaps some of the latter perish on account of persistent and unavailing efforts to get married and the misery which their future entails. Perhaps they blaze out their lives to a greater extent than husbands in dissipation and are every way more careless of themselves. But whatever the cause, the vivacious figures attest the important fact. The disparity continues, however, during the soberer days of manhood, slightly diminishing with the decline into the vale of years. Thus between the ages of forty-five and fifty, of 1,000 Benedicts, eleven die yearly, and of an equal number of the single men who survive their wretchness that long twenty give up the struggle every twelvemonth. The same thing is true of women as of men, though to a slightly smaller extent, owing, possibly, to more regular habits and better care of their health. But those who have been married and lose their partners in life fare worst of all. Of widowers between twenty-five and thirty years of age twenty-two in 1,000 die annually. Whether this alarming mortality is due to grief does not appear from the doctor's statistics, but another part of his calculations show that if such is the case a large proportion of the victims of the malady seek for a speedy cure.

The inquiries that furnish the basis of these latter calculations were directed to ascertaining what proportion of the bereaved marry again and what relation the number bears to that of celibates of the same age who assume the blissful bonds. The above-mentioned considerations of health and long life appear to have nothing to do with the result. At all events, the learned doctor makes an entirely different application of his figures. His purpose is to indicate the effect of experience on the inclination of those who have once ventured, with happy results or otherwise. What he expected to prove is not altogether clear. He finds, after assiduous ciphering from carefully concealed data, that of 1,000 bachelors between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five about 110 enter the state of matrimony in the course of a year. Of 1,000 widowers of the same age 356 is the yearly number that take the yoke. Now this may indicate that the happiness and the advantages of the married state exceed in actual experience the anticipation and belief of those who have not made the trial, or it may not. Doubtless it shows that at least wedded life loses some of its terrors for one who has had experience of it. Possibly the widower who made a mistake for the first time in the blindness of youthful ardor is conscious of an ability, acquired by sober observation, to do better a second time. He may or may not have found matrimony all that his ardent hopes had pictured it, but he very likely reaches a sober and unromantic state of mind in which he feels that he can make a choice on good common sense principles. Then there is the fact that in many cases he has children that need the care of a mother, which may exert a powerful influence over his action. And here again it is shown that the same rules applies to women as to men, but not to the same extent. Another class to which Dr. Bertillon extended his inquiries is that of divorced persons. One would suppose that in such cases marriage having manifestly once proved a failure there would be more reluctance to try it again, but the figures show that from the age of twenty-six to forty divorced persons marry, in smaller proportion than widowers indeed, but more readily than bachelors, while after forty they even excel widowers in their readiness to re-enter the connubial state.

☞ A Boston man calls his baby Macbeth, because it murders sleep. The story is something like that of the Irishman who called his pig Maud, because she would come into the garden, and a farmer called his favorite rooster Robinson, because Robinson crew so.

☞ The best time for a man to speak is when he has something to say. And silence often passes for sense.