

Saints & Sinners

VOL. XVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, 1879.

NO. 7

THE ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. F. KING & T. P. YATES.

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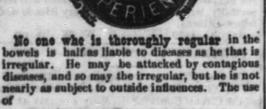
Advertisements.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less of brevity constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged at the same rates as advertisements. Ordinaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author or attention will be paid to them.

Hereafter the cash must accompany all announcements for public office.

New Advertisements.



No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is half as liable to diseases as he that is irregular. He may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as subject to outside influences. The use of

Tarrant's Seltzer Apertent, secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL,

Near Alexandria, Virginia.

The 41st year opens Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1879. Fits boys for college or business. Terms reduced. Five resident teachers, and liberal provision in all respects for the improvement and comfort of pupils. Elevated and beautiful location. Extensive grounds, including an ample skating pond and covered Gymnasium. For catalogue address the Principal.

L. N. BLACKFORD, M. A., Alexandria, Va.

WHAT EMINENT ST. LOUIS PHYSICIANS SAY.

PREVENTIVE OF MALARIA.—COLDEN'S LEMSO'S EXTRACT OF BEEF and Tonic Invigorator is particularly useful when taken as required in DYSPEPSIA, AGUE, MALARIAL FEVER, and every depressing disease. Its use will be attended with great advantage. We have prescribed it with excellent success: J. H. Leasing, M. D.; G. H. Copp, M. D.; S. B. Frazer, M. D.; R. A. Vaughan, M. D.; Drs. S. L. and J. C. Nideker, and others.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Advertisers by G. P. Rowell

and Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York, can show the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers.

See 100-page Pamphlet, 10c.

\$1200 profits on 30 days investment of \$100

Proportional returns every week on Stock Options of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000.

Address T. YUTTER WIGG & CO., Bankers, 35 Wall St., N. Y.

PENNINGTON SEMINARY, Thos. Haslow,

D. D., Pennington, N. J., for both sexes. We excel in healthfulness, convenience, discipline, thorough teaching, home comforts and moderate charges.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses guaranteed to AGENTS. Omit free. Snow & Co., Agents, MAINE.

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Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the name of J. SIMMS FENWICK in this day dissolved by mutual consent. Being anxious to settle up the business as quickly as possible, I will sell the entire stock on hand, consisting of

Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Hardware, Tinware, Queenware, Drugs, etc., at original cost in Baltimore for cash.

All persons indebted to the firm must settle without delay.

Aug. 28, 1879.—J. SIMMS FENWICK.

DRUG STORE,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

DR. CHARLES CONER. HARRY SPALDING.

COMBS & SPALDING,

DEALERS IN PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY ARTICLES, etc.

Respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. Physicians' orders promptly filled and prescriptions carefully compounded.

May 1, 1879.—2m.

J. NED EVANS,

HOUSE PAINTER.

GRAINER, PAPER HANGER, KALSOMINING, FRESCO PAINTER and GLAZING.

References:—Leo H. Hayden, Wm. E. Abell, John Parsons and Joseph T. Gough.

Taxes, \$1.50 per day.

Aug 7, 1879.—4c.

Grand Tournament and Ball

AT

Newport, Charles Co. Md.

On Wednesday, Oct. 22, 1879,

Friday, if not, the first fair day thereafter.

Orator of the Day—Vivian Brent, Orator of the Evening—Eugene Digges.

Chief Marshal—John T. Davis.

Aids—J. H. Gough, Wm. P. Jamison, John B. Willis.

Committee of Arrangements—Robert Johnson, John F. Howell, Geo. N. Simms, Thomas Wood, B. C. Ferguson.

Judges—Dr. H. H. Bush, J. Thomas Colton, John L. Budd, Dr. A. J. Smoot, Dr. F. W. Lancaster, John B. Lyon, Col. Samuel Cox, W. A. Foxy.

Committee of Arrangements—Robert Johnson, R. Payne, James O. Brooks, John T. Higdon, N. A. Thompson, Geo. B. Lancaster.

Committee to Invite Knights—John A. Marlow, Philip O. Budd, Frank Simpson, William Farrall, Richard T. Payne, F. E. Wheatly, James Herbert.

An invitation is extended to Knights of other counties.

No trouble will be spared for the pleasure and comfort of all who may attend.

Refreshments of all kinds will be in abundance, oysters, etc. Oysters will be served with supper and no extra.

A band of music from Washington has been engaged for the day and night.

This entertainment is for the benefit of St. Mary's Catholic Church, (Newport), and the public are cordially invited to attend.

The Knights will be marshalled at 1 o'clock P. M. precisely—dancing will commence immediately after.

Oct. 2, 1879.—3t.

S. C. HILL & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Imported and Domestic LIQUORS,

CIGARS, TOBACCO,

Teas, Coffees and Spices.

We are sole Agents for a Celebrated Pure RYE and BOURBON WHISKEY, which we have our brand for.

"TEN BROECK"

X, XX, XXX, XXXX.

We can recommend these Whiskies to the trade for pleasantness of flavor and for medicinal uses.

934 Louisiana Avenue,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Aug. 14, 1879.—17.

Wiggins' Line of Steamers to the

Patuxent River.

FRUIT SEASON ARRANGEMENT.

On and after WEDNESDAY, July 23rd, the steamers WENONAH, PLANTER and MARY WASHINGTON will run as follows:

WENONAH every Sunday night, at 6 o'clock, for Patuxent River direct, as far as Bristol.

Returning, will leave Bristol every Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, for Baltimore, calling at all the landings below Benedict (except Parker's, Abell's and Planter's) and at Governor's Run and Plum Point for fruit and passengers.

Freight received on Saturdays only at Pier 8, Light Street.

PLANTER every Monday and Thursday at 6 o'clock, a. m., for Plum Point, Governor's Run and Patuxent River, far up as Benedict.

Returning, leaves Benedict every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 9 o'clock for Baltimore.

Freight received on Wednesdays and Saturdays at No. 1 Tobacco Warehouse Wharf.

MARY WASHINGTON every Wednesday Night at 6 o'clock for Patuxent River direct, far up as Bristol.

Returning, leaves Bristol every Thursday at 10 o'clock for Baltimore, calling at all the landings below Benedict (except Parker's, Abell's and Planter's) and at Governor's Run and Plum Point for fruit and passengers.

Freight received on Wednesdays at Pier 8, Light Street.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent, S. H. FORBES, Superintendent, Office 114 Light Street up stairs.

July 31, 1879.

Common Sense Washer.

JOSHUA JONES, Esq., has obtained the Agency for this county to sell the COMMON SENSE WASHER,

patented by the Erie Washer Company of Erie, Pa., and is now canvassing for purchasers.

The inventor was a pioneer in this class of washers and has given to the public several that have gained a world-wide reputation.

In producing the present one, he had the benefit of large experience, which he has skillfully applied, spring no pains to make it as perfect as it is possible to make any piece of machinery for a special purpose. It contains all the good points found in all the others, reduced to the most practical form, and has no weak parts. Mr. Jones also sells the

Walker Washer and the Walker Lever Fringer.

The price of the Common Sense Washer is \$5—the Walker Washer is sold for \$8—the Walker Lever Fringer also for \$8. Persons desirous of making inquiries in regard to these machines with a view to purchase can see the agent personally or communicate with him by letter, addressed to the Oakville Post Office.

July 24, 1879.

St. Mary's Female Seminary

WILL resume exercises on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1st, 1879. For catalogue, information, etc., address

Mrs. JAMES R. THOMAS, St. Mary's City, Md.

Sept. 11, 1879.—1m.

Md. Agricultural College

THE next session commences TUESDAY, September 23, 1879. For catalogue and information, apply to

WM. H. PARKER, President, College Station, Prince George's county, Md.

July 17, 1879.—2m.

(From the N. Evening Post.)

ANECDOTES OF AARON BURR.

There was one New Yorker of a former generation who possessed individuality enough to be remembered by the present, and that person was Aaron Burr. Other famous men of his day were as closely identified with the city's history as he, but their personal memory seems to have pretty much faded from the minds of its citizens. With Burr, however, the case is different, and there are scores of gray-haired gentlemen in the city, and some old ladies, too, who remember him perfectly, and if properly approached will entertain one for hours with vivacious gossip and anecdotes concerning him. Many of these anecdotes were, of course, collected and published by Burr's biographers, but some have escaped their notice, among the latter are several related by an old gentleman occupying a responsible position in this city, and who was an intimate friend and connection of Colonel Burr, which relate some assertions concerning him made by historians, and as tending to help the public to a juster estimate of his character are worthy of publication.

I give them very nearly in the words of the narrator, permitting him to speak hereafter, but avoiding double marks of quotation:

When I first met Colonel Burr, he began, he was an old man, and as you know under a cloud, and bowed down and decrepit, as I expected to see him, but ruddy and fair-faced, with the brilliant eye and erect carriage of a man in his prime. Our leave-taking on this occasion most impressed me: "You must come and see me often," said he. "I am an old man, you are young, and my experience of the world and among men has been such that I may be of benefit to you."

That Washington disliked Burr is a matter of history; this was due partly to Hamilton's influence, but chiefly, I think, to Burr's freely-spoken criticisms on his generalship. Burr thought Washington a poor general, and, conceited youngster as he was, was quite outspoken in his opinions. He never sought to impress his peculiar views of the man upon the young, however, as an incident which I can relate will show. In our intercourse—as cordial and unaffected as that between father and son—he was speaking one day of the battle of Monmouth, which he characterized as a succession of mere skirmishes, magnified by fulsome historians into a battle, and which, he said, might have been won for the patriot arms on several occasions had Washington—and here checked himself, and after a moment added: "Let us stop here, for I would on no account destroy the veneration and esteem that you have for the character of Washington."

Andrew Jackson in his younger days was an ardent admirer of Burr, and was to have been the latter's most trusted lieutenant in the proposed Mexican expedition. He also stoutly defended him at the time of his trial for treason in 1807. Twenty-one years after, in 1828, their positions had changed. Jackson checked himself, and after a moment added: "Let us stop here, for I would on no account destroy the veneration and esteem that you have for the character of Washington."

During these last days Burr lay every day in a sort of stupor until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he would awaken active and vivacious, attend to his business affairs, read the newspapers, and receive such visitors as might call. Many did call, and among them the Rev. Dr. Vaupelt, of the Dutch Reformed Church on the island, who was frequently at his bedside. Colonel Burr treated his visitor with the respect and courtesy due his calling, and the doctor was much pleased with him. They conversed freely on religious topics, and Colonel Burr expressed his entire belief in the essential doctrine of Christianity. At the end he died as tranquilly as a child sinks into slumber.

In conclusion, allow me to notice a very pleasant and mysterious story told by Mr. Parton in his "Life of Aaron Burr," concerning the erection of Col. Burr's tombstone in the Princeton College churchyard. Mr. Parton says that this stone was not erected until some time after the Colonel's death, and then under cover of the darkness, and that no one knows to this day whose was the hand that performed this friendly act. But this story is untrue. The facts of the case are these: When Colonel Burr's estate came to be settled there was found a large number of bad debts, and some of these, after the estate had passed out of the executors' hands, were paid, and the executors came to Judge Edwards to know what should be done with the money. He advised them to use it in the purchase of a suitable monument to Col. Burr's memory, which was done, and the stone erected without any pretense of secrecy.

A LESSON FOR SCANDAL MONGERS.—Scandal mongers can learn a lesson from the story told the old woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top and told her to go in various directions to scatter the seed one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he told her to go back and gather the scattered seed; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports she had circulated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and the wisest men cannot gather them again. So the slanderer may scatter seeds of discord that no effort can remove, and the grave can scarcely cover.

Bridget (to caller): "Will ye keep still a minute while I look at ye? No, missis haint to home. She told me if a woman come with a word on the ind as a red nose to say she wasn't home, an' there 'sno mistakin' that wart."

have disposed many of the assertions of biased historians, and that a juster estimate than is common of some prominent characters might have been gathered from his work, especially of Jefferson and Hamilton. Burr was never himself after the loss of the Patriot; he was more affected by it than is generally supposed. I think he was broken-hearted. Often he was urged to reply to the calumnies and contumacious him, as a duty he owed to himself, to his family, and to his country at large. "Ah!" he would say, "of what use are words? All the papers were lost in the same shipwreck that bereft me of my daughter; let them do with the old man as they will."

Of Colonel Burr's politeness and courtliness much has been said, and he probably excelled in these qualities all other men of his day; courtesy and grace were innate qualities with him, and he had opportunities for acquiring polish denied to most public men. I think, however, that it was his personal magnetism which gave him great power with women. In this connection let me relate an incident which occurred some time after his death.

I was passing the office of Fowler, the phenologist, in Felton street, and in whose window a plaster cast of Burr's head had just been placed, and noticed two ladies, richly dressed, standing before it; one was young, the other old. As I passed the young lady said triumphantly: "Grandma, what is there here to interest you so?" "Why," said the other, "here is a cast of Col. Burr."

"And what of that?" was the reply. "Ah! my dear," said the old lady, in an indescribable tone, "You never knew Col. Burr. I met him often in society, and I am sure he was the most lovable man I ever met."

Some assertions in an article on the death of Col. Burr, which appeared in the New York Times during last Summer, are prejudiced and untrue. This article speaks of his terrible outbursts of profanity while on his death-bed, and asserts that he died deserted by his friends and bereft of human sympathy. Now I happen to know that the reverse of this is true. Col. Burr died, as you know, at the Continental Hotel, Port Richmond, Staten Island. His disease was paralysis, a comparatively painless malady. Judge Ogden Edwards and wife, own cousins of Burr, were then living in the old Douglass Manor House on the island (which, by the way, has a history), and devoted themselves assiduously to the care of our aged relative, and his friends in New York were unremitting in their attentions.

A SHARP-WITTED JUDGE.—A sculptor had sent a marble Venus to some international exposition or other, and when it reached its destination, lo! one of the hands had been knocked off! The furious artist brought suit against the railroad company for damages, and the judge (who was the brother of the railroad company's president) decided as follows:

"If a work of art is one of transcendent merit its value is not impaired by mutilation. Thus, the Venus of Milo, though both arms have been broken off, is nevertheless of priceless worth. On the other hand, a statue of a commonplace and inferior character is robbed of most of its value by such an accident. It remains for the artist, therefore, to aid the court in appraising the value of this statue."

"Oh, the statue!" said the artist, hungering for gain than for glory; "the statue didn't amount to much—it was what you have called a commonplace and inferior piece of work—in fact, I may say it was almost worthless."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, the plaintiff swears that his statue was almost worthless, consequently I will allow him five francs damages, which on his own showing, is very liberal, the judgment to carry costs. I thought I had him either way. Call the next case."

A VERY NATURAL MISERE.—A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl one day last week. His wondering gaze being transfixed by the grotesque display in one of the dry goods windows, he entered the store and bashfully stepped up to a pretty young lady behind the counter.

"How much are those?" pointing to a pair of handsomely wrought nickle-plated garters in the window.

"Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady, smilingly, and the young man, in a question, and blushing slightly.

"I think they are kinder pretty, don't you?" Inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion.

"Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style."

"Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man.

"Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air.

"I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?"

"I should think she might—I—I—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again.

LIFE IN HOTELS.—A gentleman, who has boarded for years in one of the leading New York hotels, said that the general public has no idea of the kind of life that is led by fashionable women who board at hotels and have nothing to do but kill time. "Any hotel barkeeper can tell you," he said, "that the orders for wine for rooms occupied by these women are enormous. They are generally sent in the daytime, when husbands are attending to business downtown, and the wine is always paid for at once. Who pays for it? Well, the women."

Oh, you don't understand. These women have a great many visitors, mostly men about town, club men and others with money to spend and nothing to do. They call when the husbands are away and make themselves quite at home. The woman usually receive them in the parlors, and it is afterwards an easy matter to invite them to their rooms. Orders for wine and other refreshments are then sent down, and there is a high-toned carouse for a couple of hours. Of course the visitors are careful to be out of the way when the husbands get home to dinner, and the women are equally careful to see that no trace of the pleasant dissipation remains, though, if they have been too free with the wine, they don't always succeed in hiding that."

"Why don't the hotel men stop it?"

"Well, some do. There are hotels in which nothing of this kind can be repeated, and no impropriety of any kind can take place a second time; but the matter is a delicate one to touch, and the hotel men prefer to keep clear of it if they can. There are some hotels, though, where no notice is taken of it. Visitors may come and go as they please, and wine orders are filled without a question. 'We are not a moral police,' say the managers of these hotels, 'and it is not our business to keep our guests under surveillance. I tell you, a young wife whose husband is absent during the day should never board at a hotel, and it surprises me that men of experience, who know the world, and the sort of people in it, don't keep their wives away from hotels altogether. They are in danger all the time, and many of them fall into habits and company that ruin them for life.' This gentleman could have spoken further if it were necessary, but he said quite enough to suggest more—a few chapters, for instance, of a high-flavored French novel."

HE ADMITTED ITS TRUTH.—Secretary of the Treasury Cobb one day accidentally overheard a Pennsylvania clerk remark that he had injured his prospects in the South by entering Buchanan's cabinet—that Cobb was a poor financier and unfit for the secretaryship, had he remained in Georgia he might have been a possible candidate for the presidency.

"The secretary tapped his bell and requested the Pennsylvania to step into his room.

"Well, young man," said he, eyeing the clerk askance, "I heard you remark a moment ago that I was no financier and unfit."

"The clerk interrupted him with a stammered apology, but he was waved aside.

"Never mind, sir. I don't know but what you were right. I have myself come to the conclusion that I spoiled a good lawyer by becoming a cabinet officer. You may go; but let me advise you not to talk quite so loud in future."

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST ENGAGEMENT.—Gen. Gordon, who commanded the last effort of the Confederates against Grant, gives this incident of the advance: "The hour had come, and when everything was ready I stood on the breastworks of Colquitt's salient and ordered two men to my side with rifles, who were to fire the signal for attack. The noise of moving our own obstructions was going on and attracted the notice of a Federal picket. In the black darkness he was very near our post."

"Halls here, Johnny! What are you doing?"

"The men were just leaning forward for the start. This sudden call disconcerted me somewhat; but the rifleman on my right came to my assistance by calling out in a cheerful voice:

"Oh! never mind us, Yank; lie down and go to sleep; we are just gathering a little corn; you know rations are mighty short over here."

There was a patch of corn between our lines some of it still hanging on the stalks. After a few moments there came back the kindly reply of the Yankee picket, which quite reassured me. He said:

"All right, Johnny; go ahead and get your corn, I won't shoot at you."

"As I gave the command to 'forward,' the man on my right seemed to have some compunctions of conscience for having stilled the suspicions of the Yankee picket, who had answered him so kindly, and who the next moment might be surprised and killed. So he called out to him:

"Look out for yourself now, Yank; we're going to shell the woods."

This exhibition of chivalry and of kindly feeling on both sides and at such a moment, touched me almost as deeply as any minor incident of the war. I quickly ordered the two men to 'fire.' Bang! Bang! The two shots broke the stillness, and 'forward men!' I commanded. The chosen hundred sprang forward, eagerly following the exhortation, and for the last time the Stars and Bars were carried to aggressive assault.

THE LONGEST BEARD IN THE WORLD.—In Norwich, Connecticut, there is a man who probably wears the longest beard of any man in the world. His name is Henry C. Cook, a tailor by trade. He never makes a display of his beard, but wears it concealed in a little bag under his shirt bosom. The beard is six feet six inches in length, and when allowed to fall its length, it will reach to his toes and stretch out on the floor ten inches, and looks like a large skein of brown silk. It was six inches longer than at present, but a short time ago he trimmed it off to its present length. Mr. Cook says it has been growing about twenty-one years. A year ago F. T. Barnum called on him and tried to induce him to travel with his show, but Mr. Cook's modesty, and the desire of his wife that he should not accept Barnum's liberal offer, induced him to reject it. In speaking of Cook in connection with the man with a long beard in Michigan, Barnum said Cook's was by far the longest and finest of the two. Mr. Cook often shows his beard to visitors, but is not in the habit of making a great parade over it.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The glory of Summer has gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosoms of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The seasons of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully as before—the trees will again toss their ambrosial heads of greenness to the winding rivulet, the coming blossoms will start up at the bidding of their guardian. But the human heart has no change like that of nature. "It has no returning spring time." Once bleached in its hour of freshness, it bears forever the mark of the spoiler. The days of sympathy, the seasons of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully as before—the trees will again toss their ambrosial heads of greenness to the winding rivulet, the coming blossoms will start up at the bidding of their guardian. 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