Saint Mary's Beacon.

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THE

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Jan 8, 1880.—3t.

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THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he has just received a large and beautiful assortment of GOODS for the purpose of selling suits by sample, which he will guarantee at Baltimore prices. Persons wishing to purchase, will do well by calling on him before going elsewhere. Suits made up in the latest styles and at the shortest notice.

C. W. ARMSWORTHY,

Oct 23, 1879—3m. Tailor.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to Herbert F. Moore on Hotel account are notified that if settlements are not made with him, by cash or its equivalent, on or before January 1st, 1880, said indebtedness will be placed in the way of legal collection, without regard to persons.

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Dec 4, 1879. Moore's Hotel.

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THE STORE-HOUSE and LOT, known as the Herd of the Bay, now occupied by Dominick Mattingly, Esqr., is offered for sale or will be rented. Possession given the 1st of January, 1880. Apply to

T. F. YATES, Beacon Office,

May 29, 1879—tf. Leonardtown

FOR THE SENATE.

Messrs. Editors:—The friends of R. JOHNSON COLTON knowing his sterling worth and representative ability request you to announce him as a candidate for a seat in the Senate of Maryland at the next election (1881) and say, if he will become a candidate, he will be warmly supported by

Nov 27, 1879. THE PEOPLE.

Have you read the prices in Allstan's column?

Original Correspondence.

[COMMUNICATED.

OAKVILLE, JAN. 10, 1880.

Messrs. Editors:—While reading the report of the contested election case in your issue of the 1st instant, I was surprised to find that all admissions of witnesses militating against Mr. Mattingly had been excluded, and much of the rest so warped as to give it an entirely different meaning. In fact, I do not think that a more unfair or partisan report could have been published. Deeming your professions of fair dealing sincere, we are forced to believe that your reporter was interested in the case, and resorted to this petty subterfuge to give his shallow case some show of a foundation.

In reviewing, you have some of the witnesses testifying that tickets were *taken* from colored voters by Judge Milburn, when their admissions show that no force or threats were used. The tickets were simply given to Milburn, and he gave them others in return. One of them testified that he wrote Mattingly's name on thirty or more republican tickets for colored men at their request. You forgot to say that he also testified that he did not displace Graves' but Holmes' from the ticket, as the colored men wished to vote for Graves, who was a republican, and opposed Holmes because he had been a democrat. One witness testified that Judge Milburn showed him several tickets which he Milburn said he had captured at the polls. He thought one or two of them had Mattingly's name on them. Your report conveyed the idea that his name was on all of them.

Concerning those witnesses, who say that standing around the polls canvassing for votes by party leaders, is intimidation or unlawful interference, little need be said. It has been a custom I judge ever since elections were held, and will be until the end of time. Democratic leaders do it, and if lawful for them, why not for others! They can threaten to sell men's property, refuse to allow them to work their land if they do note their ticket—tear up men's tickets, when they do not suit, and give them others. Yet all this is lawful. But republicans must do and say nothing! Colored men are afraid of them! Can they say what they fear? Have any threats been made? No one heard of any. And those men when pressed to name some who were thus intimidated, found their list very limited, not more than two or three, I think, forcibly reminding us of the young foxhunter of an adjoining county and his seven foxes, which a little cross-examination dwindled to an idea that one had crossed the field.

All reasonable and fair-minded men consider the last election a fair expression of the popular will, and this attempt to overrule the will of the people will bear its legitimate fruit. The people are not fools if many of them are ignorant, and there is a love of fair play that will not brook such tricks. The American idea is not to ask if a man is poor or rich, not to ask concerning a man's parentage, but to know if he is honest, faithful and capable. And any other standard by which to judge a man is but a fossil cut from the barbaric rock of feudalism.

We occasionally hear an opinion expressed that colored men have little or no interest in public affairs—that a man who receives most of the democratic votes is endorsed by those whose interest is most involved. Now I would like for some of those men to explain that idea. A man's life, liberty and character are certainly dear to him. Property is but an accessory, the possession of which of course is desirable, but it by no means gives any man the right to control the actions of another against his will. I have been taught to believe that he who earns only his food and raiment in any honest manner, be he white or colored, is infinitely more to be respected and has the public interest more at heart than he who squanders the hard earnings of some ancestor in grog-shops and gambling-hells.

And in conclusion, Messrs. Editors, will say, that it sounds absurd to hear such men prating about colored men having no interest in public affairs, their ignorance and the liberality of the whites in educating colored children, when a little scrutiny will reveal the fact that these very men owe what education they have to the labor of the colored race. And after we deduct what the class of whites, whom some of our would-be political leaders affect to despise and deem unfit for any position of profit and trust, we can safely credit the balance of the wealth, progress and material interest of this county to the colored man's labor.

M.

[COMMUNICATED.

FREELAND, PA., Jan. 5, 1880.

Dear Beacon:

Old Sol has made his daily round,
And dropped into the West,
Darkness floats about the streets,
And bids us take our rest.

And while I dream over my pipe, and watch the smoke ascend in circling clouds, and float off on the wings of the wind, my mind runs back on the thread of time, to the days of yore. How pleasant it is to retire to some secluded spot, or nook, where silence reigns, away from the noise and bustle of the world, and retrospect the past? Methinks I see myself a boy again, with puerile hopes, fears and aspirations, treading the fertile soil of dear old St. Mary's.

The Old Year has flown from us, and doubtless, bears on his golden pinions moments we would live over again; but he speeds on, and while we would linger on the brink to contemplate his retreating form, the New Year bursts upon us, and shouts, to arms! to arms!

With the impression that a few lines from these mountain peaks would interest some of your readers, I have ventured to address you, hoping that you will view the imperfections and inconsistencies through charitable glasses.

Doubtless, there is much to write about, in this section, that would interest and please one who has never visited this part of the globe. But to present it in an acceptable form and engaging style requires thought and a trained pen.

Situated on a mountain, in the centre of a vast coal region, (the extent of which is unknown) Freeland enjoys many advantages, and is destined to figure prominently in the municipal world. At present it is a nucleus, around which the malcontents and superfluous growth of all climes gather and worship at the shrine of Bacchus. Such a mingling and commingling, if you please, of all nationalities! I would say one, with all the eyes of Argus, might travel pole to pole and never see.

The weather on these mountains is very changeable indeed. Pedestrians are chased indoors one moment by a driving, sweeping, howling, rushing, crushing snow storm, and the next Old Sol unveils his face and looks down with a bright, cheering, animating and reassuring smile, and they sally forth again, determined to satiate their perambulatory propensities. Rocks and mountains vie with each other for the ascendency; and methinks, were they to roll against each other, mother earth would shake to the centre. Trees grow on solid rocks, but don't attain a large size. Goats browse on the slopes, ramble over the mountains, and slake their thirst in the clouds. Towns dot the country for miles around, with a population running from one thousand to ten: They spring up like mushrooms, and some have but the life of the ephemeral fly. The soil is very fertile, but rocks enter largely into its composition and render it difficult of cultivation. Coal is the chief product, and engages the muscle and brain of the land. Coal-breakers loom up before you like black monsters from the pandemonium, and cast their unsightly shadows over the land. Standing at the mouth of a passage that leads down into the mines, whose dense, sulphurous smoke darkens the skies, one is struck with the resemblance they bear to Charon, as drawn by the pen of Virgil. And the mines might be termed the infernal dominions. For many enter them and never return to this world again.

In conclusion, I venture to state that the inhabitants of these mountains would be as much surprised, and as badly frightened, at the sight of a negro up here, as the Romans were at the appearance of the comet, supposed to be the ghost of Julius Cæsar, armed with fire and vengeance.

MARYLANDER.

PERTHSHIRE STORIES.—Many stories long current in and about Perth appear in Mr. Drummond's book. Thus we have the story of the presentation of a claret jug to a gentleman who had helped to keep up a corps of volunteers. There was a dinner—not a mere "service of fruits and cake," such as intervenes between two "diets of worship," but a real dinner—and the jug was in the centre of the table. The chairman had well studied his subject, and was prepared with a great speech; but at the critical moment the speech failed him, and he could but utter the words, "Yon's the joog." The proud recipient stood up in turn, in turn cast about for a speech that had made itself wings, and sat down with the words, "Is yon the joog?"

The Laird of Macnab supplies Mr. Drummond with some quaint stories. This is that Highland chieftain who over-rode his pony one year at Leith races; and when a wag asked him next year whether it was the same pony, exclaimed, "No! but it's the same whup!" and knocked him down therewith.

Every one has heard how the mother of David Baird, when she heard that her son with some other British soldiers, had been captured and chained together two-and-two in India, exclaimed: "I pity the puir chiel that's chained to our Davie!"

Another man well known in Perthshire, James Moray, of Abercairney, provides some good stories. On one occasion he chanced to see two sawyers on his estate measuring the planks they had sawn. They measured across one side of a plank, turned it over and measured across the other side. Abercairney bided his time till they appeared in his business room with their bill. He took out a coin, put his thumb on it, and counted "One," then turned it over, put his thumb on it again, and counted "Two;" and so an with other coins till he had brought out half the amount charged, when he sent the sawyers about their business.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says the poet. Yes, and our neighbors lie about us when we grow up.

"No! Algernon, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at his grandpa's nose"

My Friend.

Two days ago, with dancing, glancing feet,
With living lips and eyes;
Now pale, dumb, blind, she lies;
So pale, yet still so fair.

We have not left her yet, not yet alone;
But soon must leave her where
She will not miss our care,
Bone of our bone.

Weep not; O friends, we should not weep
Our friend of friends lies full of rest;
No sorrow rankles in her breast,
Fallen fast asleep.

She sleeps below,
She wakes and laughs above;
To-day, as she walked, let us walk in love;
To-morrow follow so.

The Edison Electric Light.

Mr. Edison has on exhibition at his residence the electric lights, which are kept constantly burning. The New York *Sun* thus describes the scene on New Year's Day:

So many people visited Menlo Park on New Year's Day that fears were at one time entertained that their weight would break down the second floor of the frame building, which is Edison's laboratory and workshop, where they all congregated. And some of them behaved very badly. Eight electric lamps were stolen. One clumsy fellow got his feet entangled in the rubber hose constituting a part of the delicate apparatus for obtaining a vacuum in the bulbs, and, in blundering his way out, tore down and destroyed the apparatus. A malicious rascal was caught trying to destroy the current and put out the lights by putting a piece of metal across the exposed connecting wires. When he was bounced out, he or other fellows of his kind tore down some of the connecting wires outside and stole the lamps. Even kind, patient, and good-natured Edison was angry before the day ended, and perhaps his ill humor was slightly helped by the knowledge that an inebriated pseudo scientist was in the crowd vilifying him and belittling the result achieved. Yesterday Edison's good humor had returned, but there was much greater care and prudence in admitting visitors to the laboratory. The lights yet glowed steadily all day and night. Some of them have now been burning 218 hours, and are as bright as when first lighted. It is not in any degree true, as have been publicly said, that some of the lamps are burning less brilliantly than when first set up. Some are less brilliant than others, but what they are at the beginning they continue until the end. The explanation of the variance is very simple. Thus far the processes of carbonizing the little paper horseshoes has been necessarily inexact, and, consequently, imperfect. They are made by hand, and practically carbonized by guess. It is intended that each shall have a resistance of 100 ohms, but they may be 95 or 105 ohms without making any material difference. When, however, the resistance rises to 120 or 130 ohms, as it easily may because of imperfect carbonization, a more powerful current is required to produce the desired incandescence than that regulated for the lamps having the lesser quantities of resistance. Out of ten carbon horseshoes made by present processes, six only are good. All this will be remedied in a few days, as soon as some machinery, now being made, is got to work.

After Mr. Edison had given the foregoing explanation, he was asked about a further affirmation that, inasmuch as one-millionth part of atmospheric air remained in the glass bulbs, the destruction of the carbon horseshoes was inevitable. He laughed at it and said: "Mr. Crooks, the London scientist, the discoverer of the radiometer, is the father of high vacuo, and it is from reading his experiments and adapting to our uses the valuable knowledge he gained, that we have been enabled to get this result. Our air pump is a combination of the Geister and Sprengel apparatuses. All the difference is that we have made changes which reduce the time down from forty hours to one hour and a half to obtain a vacuum so nearly perfect that only one-millionth of atmospheric air is left. If we kept on we could get it down to one-half that, but it is not necessary. It is ridiculous to say that in that proportion of air there is enough oxygen to cause the destruction of the carbon.

The process of making the lamps is very interesting. Each is blown in two parts, one a small bulb and tube, the other a large bulb and tube. In the first, two platinum wires, each with a minute vise on the end, are hermetically sealed by means of the blowpipe. Then the large one is, in like manner, sealed over the small one, after the carbon horseshoe has been clamped in the vises. Two are connected by tubes about three inches long which join in a single tube, through which the air is extracted from both. Then each is sealed off while it is yet attached to the air-pump and is afterward finished up in the glass house. Notwithstanding the great amount of skilled hand labor now required on these little lamps, Mr. Edison says that so much about them can be made by machinery that he confidently expects to produce them at a cost of not more than 25 cents apiece.

The conducting wires are copper, a little smaller than ordinary iron telegraph wire, and one pair of such wires now run one-fourth of a mile from the generators, support eighteen lamps, and would supply a number more, if desired. Copper is used because it is cheaper for the purpose than iron; but should its price go above thirty cents per pound, iron will be substituted.

"Crack one of these glass bulbs in which a light is burning," says Mr. Edison, "and in less than an appreciable space of time the light would have vanished. The carbon would be consumed as quick as the oxygen of the air had reached it. You may break it in powder or nitro-glycerine and its fire will do no harm. I will give fire hundred dollars to anybody who will set fire to anything with it."

Even when the little horseshoe was glowing most brightly one could handle the bulb around it without discomfort.

Visitors are warned not to enter the room where the dynamo-electric machine is at work, but they go in all the same. Several valuable watches have already been spoiled by the electricity reaching their works; and one lady, on New Year's Day, stooping down to look at something near the machine, was horrified by seeing all her hairpins darting from her head to the generator, beside which she was.

An Irish Breach of Promise Case.

In the Queen's Bench, Dublin, last week, a case was heard in which Miss Annie O'Dwyer, a young lady of prepossessing appearance, aged 23 years, sued Mr. Patrick Macguire for damages, laid at £2,000, for alleged breach of promise to marry. There were no letters, the courtship being between two next-door neighbors, was carried on verbally. Miss Annie O'Dwyer, the plaintiff, deposed to the circumstances and proved the making of the promise. In reply to Mr. Heron, Q.C., witness said she was constantly in the habit of passing her evenings in company with her five sisters at defendant's house, and dancing with him. Did you ever ask him to dance the Highland fling? I never did, but my sister might have done so, because he said he had been taught by a professor to dance it. (A laugh.) Did he never kiss you?—Yes. Did one of your sisters ever push you towards him in order that he might kiss you? No. I believe you got his photograph? Yes. Miss Kate O'Dwyer, a sister of the plaintiff, stated that the defendant often stayed on a ladder or on the top of a wall from nine o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock in the evening chatting to her sister. Patrick Maguire, the defendant, stated that he never invited the Misses O'Dwyer into his house. The gate between his premises and the O'Dwyers' was closed by a latch and a spring lock. Once he found a cork placed so that the spring lock could not act, but that people could come from O'Dwyers' into his house. He never asked Miss O'Dwyer to marry him. He never kissed her. He recollected one of her sisters while they were in his kitchen pushing the plaintiff over towards him. He did not kiss her on that occasion. Did not ever put a ladder against the wall as described by Miss Kate O'Dwyer. The wall was too narrow for a person to stand on it.

Cross-examined by Mr. M'Laughlin. Never had any particular liking for the girl. Did often ask girls in to play on his piano. Mr. M'Laughlin read the following letter: "Mr. Maguire regrets having to decline a meeting with Miss O'D., as he believes their last meeting was a final one." Witness further stated that he owned thirteen houses in various parts of the city. He never kissed a young girl in his life.—Mr. William Griffin, examined by Mr. M'Laughlin—Did you ever think that Mr. Maguire tampered with the affections of Miss O'Dwyer?—No, nor did I expect it. You are a friend of Mr. Maguire's?—Yes, of fifteen years' standing. There was a "tiff" between you and him about the pinning of a handkerchief to his tail?—To his coat skirts, sir. I never knew he had a tail until I heard it in this court. (Loud laughter.) He was made a perfect hare of. (Continued laughter.) How did Miss O'Dwyer come to walk out with you? She and her sisters several times ran after us. Was not your conduct very like giving them encouragement?—I think not. But you said they ran after you?—Oh, they never ran after me.—I am a married man. (A laugh.)

Mr. Maguire said he did not want them, and he asked me, as an old married man—(laughter) to tell them so. I did tell Miss Benjamin—. Who is she? She is called "Benjam" after Mr. Benjamin Disraeli—I beg your pardon, the Earl of Beaconsfield—(loud laughter)—because she is such a clever diplomatist—(loud laughter)—and the plaintiff was called "Gladstone" as being a good stateswoman. I asked him what he thought of Miss O'Dwyer? And now if your Lordship will permit me, I will tell you what Mr. Maguire said.—Mr. Justice Barry—Well, let us hear it. Witness (with some solemnity)—Well, my lord, he said she was a little too hard in the jaw for him. (Loud laughter.) The defendant was recalled at the request of the jury, and in reply to a question said—On some occasions when the plaintiff was at my house there was dancing, and I used to dance with her and her sisters as well. A juryman—Did you ever dance the "Highland Fling?" I did to the best of my ability. (A laugh.) Mr. M'Robbie—And what did they say? Witness—They said I could not dance it correctly—(laughter) and one of them said she would show it to me, and she attempted to do so and ran a tilt against me, and bobbed her face against mine. (Loud laughter.) The jury after a long absence returned with a verdict for the defendant.

Shoe-Throwing.

The custom of throwing a shoe after a departing and just wedded couple is of very ancient origin. We find it prevailing among all nations that are not habitually bare-footed. The ancient Roman father was accustomed to take off his sandal and hurl it at his daughter and her new husband as the chariot bearing them departed from the front door and took the road to Baiæ. In the Middle Ages the paternal boot was too heavy to be thrown without endangering the lives of the bride and bridegroom, and hence the slipper of the bride's mother came into use as a substitute. In modern times still another departure from the original custom of throwing the paternal sandal has been made, and, as a general rule, a spare shoe of the bride herself is thrown after her. There is, however, no strict and invariable rule as to the matter, and any sort and sex of shoe may be thrown without affecting the general luck that is believed to be inherent in the ceremony. Thus, where shoes are scarce and costly, old india-rubber over-shoes have been thrown with excellent results, and occasionally an old horseshoe has beed pressed into service, doubtless with the hope that the occult virtue notoriously belonging to all horseshoes would unite in a cumulative manner with the luck inseparable from ordinary shoe-throwing.

Antiquarians have labored to ascertain the real origin of this curious custom, but without much success. By some it has been maintained that, as barefootedness is a symbol of poverty, shoes are thrown after brides and grooms as the expression of a wish that they may never be in lack of shoes, or, in other words, in a state of poverty. This is evidently a far-fetched and unsatisfactory explanation, and it hardly deserves refutation. Shoe-throwing is unquestionably symbolic, but how the Roman father, when he threw his number ten sandal after his daughter, could thereby indicate that he hoped her private supply of sandals would never run low, it is difficult to see.

When we remember that in the earliest ages it was always the paternal sandal or boot which was thrown, and that the use of the female shoe or slipper was merely a matter of convenience, we at once gain a clue to the meaning of the custom. Beyond any doubt, in ancient as well as modern times, the lover who was displeasing to the stern father lived in dread of the avenging sandal. Many a young Roman has shot suddenly into the evening street, urged to that swift retreat by the right sandal of the strong-limbed father, who from his front step surveyed with sardonic smile the result of his exercise of paternal rights.

Thus Augustus Cæsar probably hinted to the gilded youth of Rome that the fair Julia was not permitted to sit up and burn gas after 9 o'clock; and perhaps, with like arguments the solemn Pompeius pointed out to Claudius that he could not visit Pompeia without first joining the Young Men's Christian Association and abandoning his dissolute courses.

When the Roman father finally consented to accept a suitor for his daughter's hand and permitted them to marry, it was eminently proper that he should, in some public and significant way announce that he had kicked that particular young man for the last time, and that thenceforth the natural relations between his sandal and his son-in-law were forever at an end. In what way could he do this more conspicuously than by taking off his sandal and throwing it after the son-in-law as he departed in company with his bride to spend the honeymoon at Baiæ? This, then, is the meaning of shoe-throwing in all its varied forms.—The father proclaims that for the last time his foot-covering seeks in haste the person of his son-in-law, and that, having cast far from him the sandal or shoe—as the case may be—he will never resume it for offensive purposes.

With the substitution, for reasons already mention, of the comparatively light female shoe for the heavy masculine boot of the middle ages, the meaning of the custom was soon forgotten. People assumed that in some vague way the flying shoe brought good luck to the wedded pair. The antiquarians, when investigating the custom have forgotten that originally only the paternal sandal was thrown, and instead of inquiring why the Roman father threw his sandal, have tried to find why the modern father, mother, sister, or friend of the family throws all sorts of shoes. Of course, they have failed, as all scientific inquirers must fail who do not first of all reduce the equation which they are investigating to its simplest terms.

It is a question whether it is worth while to keep up a custom concerning the meaning of which such profound ignorance prevails. There is at least one man—colored gentleman, Knoxville, Tenn.—who is decidedly opposed to shoe-throwing.

On the occasion of his recent marriage, a spare shoe belonging to the bride was thrown at the carriage in which she, her husband, her married sister, and three children were seated. The shoe, which was fifteen, and one of enormous weight, struck the bridegroom on the nose, glanced from that slight elevation and hit the bride in the eye, and, pursuing its devastating career, smote the three children with terrific force. The indignant bridegroom threw down the reins, sprang from the wagon, and, drawing a large and heavy whitewash brush from under the seat, "cleaned out," to use the expression of the local reporter, the entire wedding party, including the bride's father and mother. The event cast a gloom over the colored society of Knoxville, and the Louisville press, in commenting upon it, urges the danger that must accompany the custom of shoe-throwing among Chicago and St. Louis people of every shade of color and rank in society, when the shoe or slipper of the bride is used.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE DREAM AND PROBLEM.—A well known and esteemed Edinburgh advocate, now dead, used sometimes to relate the following:

While at school, one of the studies in which he was most successful was mathematics. During the last sessions of his school-life he was trying hard for one of the mathematical prizes. Another youth and himself were running a neck-and-neck race for the coveted honor. On regular recurring days the boys in the class were set problems to work out in a given time. Each of the rivals had done all the exercises correctly up till almost the end of the term. At length our boy was fairly baffled by one problem—the last that was required to be done. By no amount of labor and pains could he succeed in solving it. On the evening before the day on which the exercises were to be given in, he had puzzled at the obdurate problem late into the night. At last, still completely baffled, and mentally and bodily wearied by his long work, he gave way, boy-like, to a flood of tears of vexation and mortification, and in this state went to bed. During the night he dreamed that he was again engaged in solving the problem, and that he worked it out rapidly and easily to what he felt sure was the correct result. Then a deep and dreamless slumber succeeded, which lasted till morning. When the boy rose, instead of there remaining to him only a confused recollection of having dreamed about working at the problem, he sat down, and there and then solved the exercise without the slightest difficulty. The sequel of the story was, I think, that the two boys were bracketed equal, and that each, therefore, received a prize—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE DISTRAINT LAW.—A memorial has been prepared in Charles county, to be presented to the Legislature, in relation to some of the hardships of the present distraint law. It proposes to amend the "law so as to compel the landlord upon making a distraint to leave with the tenant a schedule of the property levied on, and let the tenant have the right to take said schedule before the nearest magistrate and have it entered on his docket, and if the tenant wishes, to supersede for six months. Such an arrangement could work no injustice to the landlord, while it would save the tenant from utter ruin." The petition says "the law could be so amended as to let the distraint be alien on the property until the expiration of the supersedeas or its payment."

In Speaking of the petition the *Independent says:*

"We have long had doubts about the wisdom of our system of distraints, which has come down to us with all the hardships and barbarisms of the feudal ages, when tenants were but little better than slaves, and were bound not only to work the lands of the Lords of the Manor, but to render personal service in time of war. In our professional experience we have seen so many cases of hardship that at times we have been almost prepared to advocate the abolition of the whole system, as a relic of barbarism, not suited to our age or institutions. Perhaps this would be too radical. But we are certain something ought to be done to mitigate its severity."

SHE DISCRIMINATED.—X., traveling through Britainy, asks an old woman who is peddling crosses and medals at a church-porch the price of a certain trinket.

"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she asks.

"For my sweetheart," replies X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question.

"Ten francs."

"Ten francs—phew!" says X., turning on his heel.

"Come back, come back," cries the woman; "take it for three. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart—if it had been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to the prices."

"I'll take it—here are your three francs."

"You haven't a wife either—if it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to two francs. Oh, you men, you men!"

☞ Last night's mail brought a poem, beginning:

Why doth Julia hide her face
Within her 'kerchief' waite?
What sorrow doth the tear-drops send
To dim her eyes' calm light?

Of course we can't decide this question until after writing to Julia, but the chances are that she is going to sneeze.

☞ The air of Taxes is said to be a sure cure for rheumatism. Steal a mule the day after your arrival in the State, and you will never have any more pains in your bones.

A physiogomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.