

Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY KING & YATES, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVIII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1881.

NO. 34

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for all the ailments of the human body. A trial will convince you of its value. It is the only medicine that can be taken in any form, and every one suffering with pain can have relief and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOEGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., 17, N. E.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Sprains of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for all the ailments of the human body. A trial will convince you of its value. It is the only medicine that can be taken in any form, and every one suffering with pain can have relief and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOEGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., 17, N. E.

CANDIDATES.

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.

FOR SHERIFF.
At the solicitation of many warm personal friends in different sections of the county, who claim that I have made a humane, prompt and efficient Sheriff, I am induced to ask an endorsement for the same position in 1881, and will be thankful to my fellow-citizens for their support.
Sept. 22, 1880. J. FRANK SMITH.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
Messrs. Editors—You will please say through the columns of your paper that if Mr. ISIDORE CANNON, of the 5th District, will consent to be an independent candidate, for a seat in the next Commissioners' Court, he will be warmly supported by the people of
Nov. 4, 1880. Leonardtown District.

FOR SHERIFF.
Messrs. Editors—Announce in the Beacon JOHN F. FENWICK, of Leonardtown, as a candidate for the next Sheriff, and state that he will be supported by a large body of warmly attached friends and by the best ability of the county.
Sept. 9, 1880.

FOR SHERIFF.
Messrs. Editors—You will please say through the columns of your paper that if Mr. JAMES H. ALVY will consent to be a candidate for the next Sheriff, he will be warmly supported by
Feb. 12, 1880. Leonardtown District.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.
Messrs. Editors—You will please announce GEO. R. GARNER, a Democratic candidate for a seat in the House of Delegates at the next general election, and say he will be warmly supported by the people.
Aug. 26, 1880.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
Messrs. Editors—Please announce in the Beacon JOSIAH H. HANCOCK, of Charlotte Hall District, as a candidate for a seat in our next Commissioners' Court and state that he will receive a cordial support from the
March 17, 1881. Second District.

FOR SHERIFF.
We are authorized to announce JOHN H. HUCKLER, of the 5th District, as a candidate for the next Sheriff, and state that he will receive the entire support of his party in the matter.
March 24th, 1881.

FOR THE SENATE.
The friends of HERBERT F. MOORE recommend him to the voters of St. Mary's county as a candidate for the Legislature and state that he is eminently qualified for that position. If he will consent to serve, we trust he will, he will be warmly supported by
March 31, 1881. The Eastern County.

FOR THE SENATE.
If JAMES H. WILSON, Esq., will consent to be a candidate for a seat in the Legislature of Maryland, he will be warmly supported for the position by his party and personal friends in old
Oct. 21, 1880. CHARLOTTE HALL.

FOR SHERIFF.
Messrs. Editors—If JOHN SHADRICK will consent to become a candidate for the next Sheriff, he will receive the entire support of the Democracy of the 2nd District
Nov. 18, 1880. Many Friends.

Races!
Races!!
Races!!!
THERE will be races over the Leonardtown Course about the middle of May next. The exact date and further particulars will be given hereafter.
C. A. SIMMS,
J. SIMMS FENWICK.
March 10, 1881—d.

\$66 a week in your town. Terms and conditions on application. Address H. B. LAMBERT & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE SISTER'S TRIAL, OR THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY WAYFARER.
CHAPTER VI.

"Your conscience hath a thousand evil tongues, And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns you for a villain."

Time sped on, bringing near the wedding day of Lucy and Ernest, and all went as merry as a marriage bell at the cottage, but an unforeseen occurrence changed the arrangements of the bridal trip.

The enterprise which began with so much promise failed, and with most of all who had taken hold of it, Morley and Ernest lost all they had, Dayton being the only one of the stockholders who came out of the wreck with fortune not seriously impaired. The wedding was postponed for a year and the European tour abandoned altogether.

The failure did not reach the comforts of the cottage, but one fact disturbed Morley which foreshadowed serious consequences. The friend who held his note for one thousand dollars was totally ruined and forced to sell it, before it was due, to meet the necessities of his family until he could look around him to secure some means of living. Dayton became the purchaser, and through this circumstance a communication was re-opened that Morley had sought to effectively close since the enterprise had failed.

The matter was kept from Lucy as fearing to excite her apprehension and Morley, though he saw no way to meet the note if the demand should be made at maturity, had no serious misgivings as the time drew near, for Dayton without inquiry had assured him he need not give it a thought, and his continued friendliness of manner, toned down from its usually intrusive character, seemed to testify to the faith of the assurance. And so it might have proved for a longer time at least but for an untoward circumstance which occurred some few weeks later when Lucy, accompanied by Morley and attended by her mother, was on her way to Baltimore to make some purchases.

Dayton was a passenger also, and while he wished to make himself agreeable to Lucy, he did not betray it in any rudeness, and seemed satisfied with the passing notice she gave him at dinner when she could not well avoid his courtesies.

There was some difficulty of getting the steamer close enough to the pier upon its arrival at the city to land the passengers, and a gangway plank had to be thrown out to obviate the difficulty. Before it was fairly settled, however, the passengers began to rush forward, and before the danger could be arrested, it parted from the boat, just as Morley was handing Lucy out, and who would have fallen into the water had not a timely hand grasped and lifted her back into the boat. Morley barely escaping a similar fate by a like act of duty from a gentleman who hastened him to the pier.

Some moments elapsed before the gang-way was adjusted, and in the meantime Lucy had recognized her rescuer in the person of Dayton, who saw the shudder that swept through her body as she released herself from the unnecessary clasp in which he held her—though only for a minute—she shrank from it as from a deadly adder, and placed Mary between herself and him while she awaited the coming of Morley. In that moment, the feeling that had hitherto burned as a fierce flame in his heart for Lucy, now leapt up to a height of intensity that in the future would brook neither prudence nor patience while his life lasted.

This incident marred the satisfaction of her pleasant errand, and she hurried through it in order to return in the second day's boat instead of making a week's stay as she had intended. His presence was disagreeable to her afar off, and utterly unbearable to her when near enough to accept or extend any civility, and having stopped at the same hotel with them, she felt his presence more annoying than she could endure, though under Morley's protection.

circopacted, he would have been willing to die then and there rather than see his pure young sister the wife of such a man as Dayton was, and even had she not been the promised wife of another, he would not have tolerated a more intimate acquaintance than was now between them, and Dayton was made to understand this, let the consequence be what it might to himself.

All hope gone, Dayton cared not how soon the cruel blow was struck that he knew would rend the heart of more than one innocent victim. Nothing was said of the note for some time after the final interview with Morley in reference to Lucy, and Morley had two cases upon his brief that would cover the full amount if the note were not presented before the next Court, which would sit in a month. They were removed cases from Baltimore, and his clients would gladly have advanced him the full amount, and Morley would doubtless have availed himself of the privilege had he anticipated Dayton's villainy.

At length, at a moment most unexpected, Dayton called upon him at his office and told him he needed the money at once, and if he would come to his house at a specified hour that afternoon he would meet a gentleman with whom probably he could make arrangements to get the money on easy terms. There was no time to communicate with his clients; he knew he would be asking too much of any of his friends who had been placed in a like pecuniary strait, and there was no local bank.

The time due on the note was some months passed, and he acceded to Dayton's proposition and went to his house according to the invitation. He was introduced to a Mr. C., of Baltimore, whose loud toilet of conspicuous plaid in coat and pants, buff vest of stiff and large dimensions, fiery necktie and flashy jewelry, formed a respectable contrast to the bloated eyes, vice-stamped face and burly form, the entire tout-ensemble presenting as dark a libel on the idea of gentleman as could possibly be made under any circumstance, no matter how libelous and by what protest.

Morley acknowledged the presentation with a scarcely perceptible nod, so disgusted was he with the appearance of the "gentleman," and peremptorily declined to negotiate with him on any terms. Dayton, wishing to detain Morley to supper, which had been already announced when he came in, and seeing the effect of the presence of this "libel" on him, dismissed Mr. C. with a timely excuse, saying he would see him at the hotel later in the evening.

Morley accepted the invitation, as the business was pressing and he wished to have it over without further delay, and they sat down to a tempting supper alone, Mrs. Wolf not making her appearance.

"What do you mean, Dayton, when you introduce such an individual in a community like this as a gentleman? Did you think that I could so far forget myself even for a single moment as to become debtor to a gambler and a rogue? Whatever proposition you have to make, let it be done at once; I have but little time to spare this evening."

"Mort, old boy, don't be so hard on the poor fellow; he doesn't show much taste in the selection of dress and his ornaments are rather beyond the limits of delicacy, and nature was not very partial to him in the matter of form and feature, but he's a monied 'aristocrat' and pays per cent in a 'boss' church; he's the rich negro dealer of—street, Baltimore. He's got mints of money, and Brown and Williams of our collapsed enterprise both borrowed of him. But you are letting your cutlets get cold; let me help you to some of this venison steak," answered the host, assuming a condescending tone and manner that he knew so well how to practice when it suited him.

"Thanks, no venison; the cutlets are very fine. A negro dealer, ha? That is worse than even a gambler and a rogue. I believe I would prefer to deal with the latter class; but I must be in a hurry, sir. What is your ultimatum in the matter to which I owe my presence here this evening?" said Morley, who, having finished his cutlets, drew back from the table with a movement to rise.

"The fact is, old boy, C., in a way I can hardly understand myself, got me into his debt to the tune of a thousand and he's pressing me hard, and I thought I might trade with him by your note with safety to both of us," answered Dayton, with as serious a face as if he was telling the truth.

from Morley's gaze the finish delight that actually shot out from his wicked eyes. His directions to Wolf had been strictly obeyed, and he chuckled over the anticipated result.

"I was not aware, sir, that my friendship had been of any particular benefit to you, and I hardly hope it can avail me in the present instance, and I may as well inform you that you cannot wheedle me into putting my faith in its strength as to shut out the subject you had in view in getting possession of the note," said Morley, somewhat nettled by the insultingly patronizing manner Dayton suddenly began to assume, and beginning also to feel the effect of the wine Mrs. Wolf had administered.

"Well, sir, if you are to forgo my I'm your man. I see a way to make that claim if you do not and will pursue it; hear and be—in the bargain," and brandishing his fist over the head of his guest, Dayton announced his ultimatum.

"No, by all the powers of earth that shall not be," and extended by the position he had swallowed and with the pain that seized him as he heard the villain's proposition, Morley arose hastily and confronted him with a dangerous defiance flashing from his eyes, which caused the daunted host to put his hand upon the bell as he placed the table between himself and his defiant guest.

Seeing this act of cowardice, and remembering that it was entirely in the power of his enemy to accomplish what he proposed, with a motion of disgust for the one and a groan of pain at the thought of the other, Morley turned to leave the room, groping his way like one dazed in darkness towards the door, but ere he got half way, he fell heavily into a chair, overcome by the combined effects of the pain and the drugged wine in a few moments, while Dayton watched him with the diabolical joy of the Serpent when he beheld the ruin of Eden. His victim had fallen into that maudlin condition which subdues the will and leaves the man the obedient machine under the control of a master.

Dayton rang the hand bell, and Mrs. Wolf, accompanied by Mr. C., who understood for "hotel" the housekeeper's sitting-room, entered the room and the trio rejoiced over their work. Dayton ordered pen and ink, and drawing a written paper from his inside coat pocket, unfolded it and handed it to C. to read, who pronounced it legally drawn up, nothing wanting but the signatures. In Morley's condition, this was easily obtained, and the heartless wretch accomplished what he afterwards saw he never could have done but for that glass of wine. Having no further use for his victim at present, he conducted him to the door and closed it upon him with a triumphant laugh. Down fell the floorboard downward—downward was the seal upon every footstep.

UNGRATEFUL PARROT.—Henry VII, that King of England who was the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, had a parrot, which he kept in the palace at Westminster, in a room overlooking the River Thames.

The parrot had learned to repeat a large number of sentences. One day while he was sporting on the porch he fell into the river. The bird no sooner discovered where he was than he cried out:

"A boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!"

A boatman near by hearing the parrot's cry, as he floated, picked him up and returned him to King Henry, claiming the reward promised. The King at first refused, but afterwards agreed that, as the parrot had mentioned a price for his rescue, he should be brought in and allowed to state the amount his benefactor should receive. This was done, and the parrot screamed as loud as he could, "Give the knave a groat."

[COMMUNICATED.]

MARCH, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—Dear Sirs:—A volume of brevities, each with its necessary dressing, might still be consistent with the aphorism—Brevity is the soul of wit. Fortunately I have but one brevity to offer, and that on the tobacco question. Your able editorials on the subject apprise me that it is of late gravitating more rapidly to an issue in the courts than I suspected. So far as I recollect Governor Hamilton's expressed intentions, he shows a far willingness to take prompt action upon reliable evidence of corruption. This topic is a sample of the debatability of the

And Gen. Chapman warned us at Charlotte Hall, during the recent campaign, as to the late record of the Legislature on this head, and as the result of closer inspection of the system, its history and the rights of the tobacco growers who created the property of the warehouses, that we were in danger, by injudicious haste, of fleeing "to things we know not of." Mr. Bond, of Calvert county, has lucidly shown in your paper, that the very nature of the Maryland tobacco supply furnishes the basis of all the erroneous opinions upon the inspectors.

Now, whereas in Ohio and other States, such large quantities of tobacco are turned to the local factors, who make a specialty of preparing it for the market, as to justify the outcry for firing it, and as sorting it so that no hoghead shall contain more than one grade, in the few tobacco-counties of Maryland each farmer must prize and ship for himself his few hogheads, in which he must necessarily mix all grades. This makes inspection here an expert business. Each hoghead being allowed but one sample to represent it in the market, the inspector must find this one that shall contain leaves of the different grades contained in the hoghead. This passed into the hands of purchasing agents—of Vienna merchants say—is no longer under the surveillance of inspector, or commission merchant even, and is open to all manner of manipulation and fraud. The foreign agent may, and no doubt does, since retaining his visible means of support depends upon his satisfying his principal for his investments, pull out all leaves representing inferior grades, thus, by manufacturing circumstantial evidence against the inspectors, covering his own tracks. And why not the commission merchant, independently contribute to this circumstantial evidence by the carelessness with which some of them allow all comers to tussle over the bundles? The hogheads are not open to this tampering before reaching their destination, being shipped from the warehouse by warehouse officials, each hoghead numbered and branded, like a maker's watches. When these reach the purchaser and are not found to correspond to the samples received from unofficial parties, this circumstantial evidence, as far as regards the inspectors, is worthless, pro or con, while it may be presumptive evidence against the travelling agents, on the east-iron principles of business, which assume that every fraud that is possible is practiced. The Prince of Denmark of this communication is simply this:—to allow the inspector to extract a duplicate sample from every hoghead sold, and forward this sample to the purchasing principal. If it differ appreciably from the sample sent by the purchasing agent, and correspond to the contents of the hoghead, it convicts the agent. *Au converse*, if it differ from the contents of the hoghead, which the merchant can forward to the Governor, and this will have all the weight for conviction against the inspector that any testimonial evidence would be entitled to in the case. But since the two classes of evidence have relatively different weight in different cases, and since neither can ever have as much weight as both combined, the Governor can convert it into evidence of this last character by sending a deputy to examine the hoghead and the official sample in the merchant's hands, where this shall be practicable.

I am aware that a kin idea has been promulgated in print, but it is not identical. It proposes to allow the inspectors to retain duplicate samples in the warehouse for future comparison, to be disposed of, by auction or otherwise, after reasonable time. But this has its objection in that it retains indelible evidence in interested hands, whereas my plan dispenses the samples among many supposed disinterested parties, thus creating evidence to criminate or vindicate the inspectors not under their control; and even if individual merchants have political reasons to vitiate this evidence by tampering with the bundles, it would require concerted felony and co-operative spite on their part, an unappreciable thing on its face.

Very respectfully,
Geo. S. King, M. D.

The economical habits of George Washington are held up and flaunted in the face of the modern statesman. How could a man who has kept ten thousand body servants be economical? And not all dead yet.

"After a recent wholesale flogging of boys at school, a boy who was one of the victims was questioned as to the severity of the punishment.

"Did he whip any of them so as to leave them black and blue?" was asked.

"No," replied the boy, "but he made some of them yell-oh!"

A Vivid Battle Picture.

Here is the position. Three guns of a divided battery are stationed on the crest of an old orchard, which surrounds an ancient farm house. The other three are on the right of the orchard, and the six pieces point at the meadows below—meadows broken by fences and haystacks and low trees until they are lost in the edge of the woods a mile away. The eye ranges over the fields in front and sees nothing to fear. The ear listens to sounds in rear of the battery and hears ominous preparations for a bloody struggle. Cavalry are swinging away to the right to get a position, infantry are marching here and there—guns

rolling along a gallop, and other guns from point to point with orders. In ten minutes a deep stillness begins to settle down over the left wing. The doves fly down from their cotes, the hens hawk in search of food, and the gray-headed farmer stands at the door and shades his eyes with his hand and looks curiously about him. Twenty minutes ago he sat rocking on the porch and the bees flew lazily in the June sunshine, the birds sang in the orchard, and afar down the meadow he heard the voices of his sons as they swung their scythes.

Ah! what's that? Down there where meadow and fence blend we can see quick puffs of blue smoke, and here comes the sound of muskets. A blue cloud just begins to gather and rise down there, when we catch sight of men. They are retreating back—coming towards the orchard. They fall back slowly, halting at every fence to fear it down and deliver a fire from behind the scattered rails. Now we see a long, thin line of skirmishers emerge from the woods and occupy the ground as the other line loses it. Back! back! Forward! forward! and you might think it pantomime if men did not fall out of the lines here and there and drop heavily to the earth.

There is a stir around us. The silence has been so deep that the jingle of a shoe or the rattle of a spur has made men nervous. Out from the edge of the woods, by the broad highway and across the peaceful fields, pours a host of armed men. Regiment after regiment and line after line, sweeping forward like mighty waves—now undulating, like the course of a serpent—now marching as steadily as the stride of Time. One—three—five—ten—you cannot count the flags. Silk and fringe and gold and bunting stream over the heads of the men whose eyes are fixed on the orchard and the hillside.

The stir deepens. There is a tramping of feet, orders are given in quick, sharp tones and three companies of infantry come up at a double-quick as a support and fling themselves down under the trees. Just a moment now to listen to the notes of the blue birds and robins—to see the blue smoke creeping lazily from the farm house chimney—to note that the marching lines are almost within musket-shot, and down over men and guns and sabres and shot and shells falls a shower of pink and white apple-blossoms—emblems of purity and peace! Aye! a rough hand brushes them off a cannon which a moment later is carrying a horrible death to a score of men.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Now the fight has begun. Men raise their voices from whispers to mad shouts. The smoke leaps up and stains the pure blossoms. The flame springs forward and scorches the green grass to yellow, and then burns to the roots.

Are the lines advancing?
You cannot see ten feet beyond the guns, but you can hear. Heavens! but how they shout and scream and shriek and curse! The guns are using grape and canister, and the murderous missiles cut men into shreds and scatter flesh and blood over the living far behind. We are driving them back! hip! hip! hur-rah!

No! here they are! Through the cloud of flame and smoke they rush at the guns—spectres of death bursting through and over the vapory barrier which has reared itself between the living and the dead. They shout in fury. They shriek in despair. They fight the very flame which dissolves them and they pass the muzzles of the grim monsters. Here on this acre of ground—here beneath the apple-blossoms—is a hell in which smoke and flame and curse and wail and blood and wounds and death are so mingled that those outside of it only hear one terrible and appalling roar, as if some fierce beast had received its death wound.

Approps of the Ocean.

In the heavy coach, as we roll out of Leadville, are seven men. One is an army officer who has half a dozen scars to prove his bravery. Cut off from his command, on the plains last Summer, by a score of Indians, he intrenched himself and fought the band until help arrived. Two of the others are desperadoes, who have killed their men. Three of the others are stalwart miners, each armed with two revolvers, and they look as if they would prove ugly customers in a row.

The seventh man might do some shooting on a punch, but he hopes there will be no punch. In the crowd are ten revolvers, two daggers, two repeating rifles and four or five bowie knives, and there is perfect good feeling as the stage rolls along. It is tacitly understood that the army captain is to assume command in case the coach is attacked, and that all are to keep cool and fire to kill.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning. The windows are down and the passengers are smoking and talking and seeking for comfortable positions. The coach has just reached the top of the hill, when every horse is suddenly pulled up.

"If it's a b'ar we'll have some fun," growled one of the miners, as he put his head out of the window.

"If it's a robber, gin me the fust pop at him!" whispered one of the desperadoes.

No one could say what the trouble was when a wiry little chap about five feet six inches tall, with black eyes and hair, clean face and thin lips, appeared at the left-hand door with a cocked revolver in each hand, and said:

"Gents, I'm sorry to disturb you, but I've got to make a raise this morning. Please leave your shooters and climb down here, one at a time!"

It was sudden. It was so sudden that it took ten seconds to understand the drift of his remarks. Then every eye turned to the right hand door and the two revolvers held by a second robber were seen at the open window. It was a trap. The rats were caught, and would they fight?

"Gents, I'm growing a little impatient," continued the first robber, "and I want to see the procession begin to move!"

Let's see? The captain was to lead us, and we were to be cool and fire to kill. But the captain was growing white around the mouth, and nobody had a weapon in hand. The rats were not going to fight. One of the miners opened the door and descended, and the other six humbly followed. The seven were drawn up in line across the road, and while the robber held his shooter on the line, he coolly observed to his partner:

"Now, William, you remove the weapons from the coach and then search these gentlemen."

As William obeyed every victim was ordered to hold his hands above his head, and whatever plunder was taken from his pockets was dropped into William's hat. Four gold watches, two diamond pins, a telescope, a diamond ring, a gold badge and \$1,200 in cash changed hands in ten minutes. Not a man had a word to say. The driver of the coach did not leave his seat and was not interfered with. When the last man had been plundered the genteel Dick Turpin kindly observed:

"You are the most decent lot of men I ever robbed, and if times weren't so blasted hard, I would make each of you a present of \$10. Now, then, climb back to your places and the coach will go on."

The crowd "clumb," and the vehicle resumed its journey. Not a weapon or a time-piece or a dollar had been saved. Seven well-armed men had been cleaned out by two and not a shot fired or a wound given. Each man took his seat without a word. Mile after mile was passed in silence, and finally the seventh man, the one who might fight on a punch, but didn't, plaintively suggested:

"Can't some of you gentlemen think of a few remarks which would be appropos to the occasion?"

No one could, and the silence was renewed.

A good story is told of a gentleman from Ashaway, R. I., who visited the inauguration. Between New York and Philadelphia, while looking for a seat, he saw a portly gentleman who had a whole seat to himself. The Rhode Islander being a thin man thought there was room for him, and squeezed in. Soon conversation began. The Rhode Islander said he was a Republican, and thought last fall that it would not be well for the country to have a change, but that he had a brother who was a Democrat. Soon the train stopped at a station and the Rhode Islander friend stepped to the platform and met an acquaintance, who, after a little space, remarked, "General Hancock is on this train, and as I am acquainted with him, perhaps you would like an introduction." They entered the car, and approaching the portly gentleman just left, the Rhode Islander said: "I will shake hands with you for your brother's sake."

"Don't you think," said a husband, mildly rebuking his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the quick reply; "as soon as they are married."