

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1881.

NO. 49



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TRADE MARK

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
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Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
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every tract of land in the county, I will be
pleased to lend parties wishing my services as Sur-
veyor in locating their lines or boundaries. I
can be found in Leonardtown on Tuesdays.

WM. J. WATSEN

* March 11, 1880—4f.

(Written for the Beacon.)
THE SISTER'S TRIAL,
OR
The Golden Thread.
BY WAYFARER.
Watching, Waiting, Praying!
A Gleam of Sunshine!

CHAPTER XIX.
Three months passed away and no
tidings of Morley. Dr. Denny and Judge
Weston had both visited Baltimore and
other places where it was most likely
he would be heard of and Ernest had
made investigations; and though it had
been done with a delicacy of manner
not to offend Lucy or to give undue pub-
licity to the painful circumstances, the
search was thorough, but no clue was
obtained as to his whereabouts. Poor
old Pompey had made a visit to Balti-
more also, saying nothing of his inten-
tions to any one and less about his ad-
ventures on his return, for not knowing
the propensities of the street gamins,
he had in his deference to self-pride and
vanity decked his six feet seven in his
unique company garb, thereby bringing
his ruffles, hat and umbrella into such
imminent peril as to necessitate a hasty
retreat.

Nothing could be gained from Dayton's
movements, which were of the usual ten-
or, as he was absent frequently on busi-
ness or pleasure, or putting in time idly
at home, and no one thought it worth
while to question him on the subject.
He knew too well how to cover his
tracks for suspicions to be of any avail,
and watching him would have proved
of less. Even in hiding him at Next-
dard's he left no traces of the criminal
deed, for, as soon as he arrived in New
York, he despatched at that late hour a
letter, in the name of the firm of which
he was special partner in a shipping
house, to the firm of Mobray and Ash-
ton, his attorneys, authorizing the fore-
closure of a mortgage which they held
on some valuable property in the vil-
lage, and followed it in a day or two,
accompanied by one of his partners, to be
in time for the Court which met in a
few days.

He ventured to call at the cottage
once to offer his condolence, but his
sympathies were declined very prompt-
ly by Mrs. Sloan, who met him at the
door. Another time he addressed a
note to Lucy suggesting the expediency
of advertising for her brother, but this
coarse proffer of his effrontery never
reached her. Without breaking the
seal, Mrs. Sloan tore the note in two
and returned the fragments by the mes-
senger, and as out of place as it may
seem, Mrs. Wolf actually put in an ap-
pearance at the cottage gate and asked
of Mary, who was near by, if the ladies
were at home, but received for an an-
swer, "I spect not when de likes of you
comes," an answer that did not add any
sweetness to Mrs. W.'s temper, and
would not have been approved of by
Lucy as the most polite way of repul-
sion her approach to acquaintance,
but it was efficacious and the maid kept
her sauciness to herself in reporting the
visit.

The maid was growing very woman-
ly, and studied every want and wish of
her mistress with a devotion that at-
tached her to its object more closely if
possible. Something like her old spir-
its returned, yet her mother's memory
was tenderly fostered, mingling with
every day lesson, and she always occu-
pied that mother's place at the shrine
in the little room with Bertha beside
her.

Her activity allowed her much leis-
ure and her mistress encouraged her
to indulge the pastimes natural to her
temperament, and she was seen as of
old out upon the lawn with her beau-
tiful parrot or practising pistol-shooting
under the tuition of Pompey, whose
fatherly care she repaid with a grati-
tude that delighted him. The novelty
of this latter exercise took her fancy,
and on the strength of her old friend's
declaration, that "every guerdon gets
wuss and wuss and 'cessitates shootin'
as one of de branches of education," she
became an apt scholar.

The weapon owned by Pompey—by
right of purchase—had flourished in an
affaire de honneur that had perhaps tra-
veled down from the contest for rights
in that section that raged so furiously
between the Proprietary Government
and the persistent Clarborne in the dis-
tant past. At any rate, the respective
scions of two undisputed toffs fought
as bitter in their antagonisms as the an-
cient houses of Montague and Capulet,

had made fools of themselves and been
laughed at for their pains by the fickle
Juliet, by attempting to settle their fan-
cied claims according to the fashion
among gentlemen! The weapon held
to blame, for the unsteady hand and
waning courage of one of the injured
had been thrown off in disgust when he
hurried away to the retirement of his
Alma Mater, and being picked up by
an Abram, who though loyal to his
house, held bullets in admiration only
as "distance lent enchantment," was
'swopped' for an opossum. It was Pom-
pey's boyhood-day idol, and though it
had been of no special value to him dur-
ing the peaceful tenor of his many
years, he had preserved it among his
relics for a possible contingency, his
favorite maxim being, "We' born'd but
not bury'd."

Mrs. Sloan went out sometimes to try
her hand, and once Lucy smiled as she
paused in her walk with Ernest in the
grounds at the "wide of the mark" that
the maid hit in her haste to display her
execution. Life at the cottage went on
in the same routine, Lucy passing her
time in the duties we have seen her
take up, seldom going out except to
church, or a drive with Ernest, a mea-
sure urged by the doctor, who saw the
pallor of her cheeks increasing day by
day.

Her answer to the solicitations to
come to them of the many friends who
clung the closer to her in her sorrow
and missed her gentle presence from
their homes, was, "My duty is here to
pray for and wait for Morley. Come
to me often here as you are wont to do;
your love and your presence are more
grateful to my stricken heart than I can
express."

Like a star whose luster shows more
brilliantly in a midnight sky was this
sister's love. O, what a precious boon is
such a love! It was a bright morning
in the latter part of October that she
drove over, accompanied by Mrs. Denny,
and attended by Pompey, to bid good-
bye to Ada, who was going to visit a
friend in the far South.

A sudden decline—perhaps the "worm
in the bud"—had suddenly attacked her
health. The idling grandfather had
noticed with alarm the paling cheek,
the languid eye and listless manner that
had changed in so short a time the fresh
beauty and bright spirits of his darling,
and perhaps guessing the meaning, de-
termined to try the old remedy of sea-
bathing.

Ah! fond old grandfather! You,
whose love story dates back yonder to
a quiet homestead roof, where soft blue
eyes greeted you coming with the light
of happily plighted vows, you whose
"loving prospered well," how little you
know of the young heart called upon to
crush back its tenderest pulses, to still
the chords strung to the lute of a
voice whose lightest tone is music; to
bid the shadowy forms of hope back to
their "Past and tell them to 'sleep on!'
The "bly crowd" may use its spell, but
hidden under the "smile" the enshrined
name will ever call up the haunting
echo.

Ada passively acquiesced in the ar-
rangement, and responded to the grand-
father's solicitude by trying to rally her
spirits and recall some of her wonted
gayety. The parting between the young
friends was very sorrowful. Ada clung
to Lucy in her farewell embrace as if
losing a part of herself, and Lucy felt
another gleam of sunshine passing from
out of her home. She was very lonely
when she returned and wandered from
room to room like one without a pur-
pose. Finally, putting back the cur-
tains of the parlor window to let in the
bright sunlight, she sat down to the
piano and sang some of her home songs.
They brought tears without the consol-
ation they once gave, and going to the
window she stood a long time looking
sorrowfully upon the beautiful scene
without.

The busy brush of Autumn had tinged
with gold the leaves of the old sycam-
ore shading the spring and put scarlet
tints on the beech beside the dairy. The
grass along the borders was tipped with
gray and the Summer flowers drooped
beneath the browning vines as if to es-
cape the touch. The numerous proge-
ny of the wren and sparrow fitted in
and out of the thick clustering chrysan-
themums, and with perfumed wings
chased one another through the "laugh-
ing" evergreens. Watcher was coiled
up in the wicker-chair beside the Sum-
mer-house and Bertha was playing in
the sunbeams that fell among the dying
leaves that strewed the floor. The mo-
notone of the spring-rills, mingled with
the low sighing of the wind, fell upon
her ear like a dirge, bringing with it a
train of thought which ran thus:

Paradise, shield him with the pitying
love that redeemed it and shadowed
with Thy mercy in my great trial,
and clasping her hands the trusting girl
raised them to Heaven as if to grasp
the boon. "And not a word from Ra-
chel," she continued after a few mo-
ments of silence. "I cannot think he
has fallen under circumstances so in-
natural as to deny her the solace of a
message to her loved ones. No, no, no,
mother would dare anything to get
from her children. Her heart is not
have broken and she is dead. I know
Christian Rachel! I know her 'mansion'
prepared for her, and she is there."

"Darling Ada! my new-arrived
sister, love, the autumn wind
gem that escaped the wreck of Eden's
a heavenly grant that should bless in-
stead of pain the heart. How gladly
I would make it a blessing for thee as
it is for me. Yes, for stricken me, for
what would become of me in my lone-
liness if I had not Ernest to love?" and
a soft light gathered in her eye and a
tender smile relaxed the mournful face
as she continued in voice toned to
the whisper: "Love him! With what
depth and tenderness I have not half
told him."

She had not seen him approach, and
when he quietly yet tenderly folded her
in his arms as the last words fell from
her lips and looked with love's eyes
into hers, the mute answer almost out-
weighed the whispered confession.

"I have a letter for you, darling," he
said, handing it to her after leading her
to a seat and taking one beside her.
"Centerville, Va! that is in Henrico
county. I know no one out of Rich-
mond," she said, as she broke the seal.

Her eyes ran nervously over the pa-
per several times before she could settle
them long enough to read, and when
she did a great sob broke from her, and
she pressed it to her lips.

"O, Ernest, this brings news of Ra-
chel; it has come in, part answer to the
mercy I have asked of Heaven, and I
know the full answer will come ere
long. I feel so much better since I
read it. Read, but wait! let me call
out and the children."

Bertha was peeping in at the window
hanging on Watcher's neck, and throw-
ing up the sash she let them both in,
giving each a caress. Watcher receiv-
ing his with a frisky demonstration that
dropped him from the supper room was
Mrs. Sloan from the stairs, who was on
her way to see after the tea.

"Now, where is uncle Pompey?"
"Here I is, Miss Lucy," answered
the old man, appearing at the door as if
by magic.

"Listen all; I have news of Rachel!"
"My mammy, Miss Lucy?" cried
Mary, clapping her hands in joy.
"Me mammy, Mit' Ucy?" echoed
Bertha, smacking her little tawny hands
together.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs.
Sloan.
"I hope it is good news, Miss," put
in Pompey, who had not, like the rest,
taken it for granted that it must be good.
Lucy smiled from one to the other,
tears swimming in her eyes. Ernest
holding the open letter in his hand look-
ing gratified, and Watcher wagged his
great bushy tail looking as if he under-
stood it all. Ernest began:

"Dear Lucy—I must so call you,
for your good Rachel has sought me.
After telling you that my dear deap-
sented Rachel—who was never offered
at public sale—out of a large number
to succeed the old 'mammy'—I suppose
you know all Southern homes have these
mammys?—who died a few days be-
fore, after attending on me from my
very birth for fifteen faithful years, that
my grieved heart went out to my new
mammy as soon as I saw her get out of
the carriage, and how very much my
mammy, papa and governess, ALL at
Sunnyside love your Rachel. I most
exceedingly regret. The first is, that
my mammy's illness, which commenced
a few days after mammy Rachel's com-
ing, and which necessitated her re-
moval to the Springs, where a relapse
kept me until the present week, prevent-
ed me from doing the very pleasant
duty of writing to you until now. The
other is that your Rachel wants to come
back to you. You have the best right
to her, but that does not lessen our re-
gret to part with her if called upon to do
so, which, of course, I could not refuse,
and my mammy and papa would en-
courage it for humanity's sake. She
sends very much love to you and 'master
Morley' and fond embraces to her chil-
dren—the little tawny Bertha is so con-
quering—and a message to—I must run
for a reminder, for the name has slipped
me—"

"Dat's me," hurried in Pompey as
Ernest paused only a second to take
breath, the old man being too anxious
to wait with patience the return of the
writer, and which brought a reminder
from Mary that he would "spile the
letter if he didn't hush." "A message,"
continued Ernest—"a movement from
Pompey produced another check from
Mary—this time a vigorous jerk at one
of the skirts of his coat, imitated by
Bertha at the other, said coat being a
swallow tail, an importation from the
wardrobe of Dr. Denny, which did duty
at the debut into patriotic circles when
"Old Hickory" held his first levee, "a
message for Mr. P. Jackson to the ef-
fect that she will remember her promise
to him." Utterly oblivious that he was
guilty of the bad manners of another in-
terruption, Pompey, as this message fi-
nally pushed through all obstacles, pro-
duced a startling sound, nondescript as

far as human pen is able to express it,
but it sound can be looked upon as com-
ing nearest to it, given with that peculiar
'camp-meeting' uncontrollable fervor
fervor invariably aroused by the active
chorus of the favorite melody 'What
great big ship is dat I see,' and judging
from the expression of the notable 'bas-
ket of chips' that brought into full play
the tangled furrows of his face for some
hours subsequent, it meant a gratifica-
tion that no ordinary interjection was
adequate to convey. Ernest read on:
"This is only a hasty note to relieve
the solitude you naturally feel in regard
to the situation in change of homes and
to bring certain things from that one
pictured upon her heart as a fragment
of Eden untouched by the fall. My
next shall particularize as she may dic-
tate. I close with happiest wishes and
hoping to hear from you soon.

"Affectionately yours,
"LUCY CARTER."

SUNNYSIDE, Saturday morning.
Lucy's eyes had brimmed with tears,
but she kept back the sad notes that
mingled with the glad, and entered into
the happy feeling that pervaded the lit-
tle assemblage at the conclusion of the
reading of this kind letter. In her sat-
isfaction of hearing of the probability of
Rachel's return, Mrs. Sloan put her
arms closely about her neck and kissed
her. Mary snatched up Bertha and Pompey,
catching the contagion, was forced to
bestow his ebullition upon Watcher, who
stood by in expectancy and received it
as his meed, while Ernest sat silent,
with letter in hand, his handsome face
wearing a look of tender sympathy with
the sad notes he felt to be moaning
along the closest heart-strings of her he
loved.

"How fur did dat letter come, Miss?"
asked Pompey, who had retired to the
outside of the door, and like Oliver
Twist, wanted more.
"It came from near Richmond, where
I think you went in your younger days
as confidential serving man to your mas-
ter on the occasion of his marriage,"
said Lucy, "feeling that the old servant
was entitled to some little pleasure
from her."

"Jes so, Miss, and a jolly time we
had; de ladies is most as purty down
as our Eastern Sho ladies," he an-
swered with a respectful bow. "But I
don't remember de date of de letter."
"The most direct route is by boat
from Baltimore, and the fine new
steamers that have been put on the
route since you travelled it make it a
much more expeditious trip. But by
the time your fondness is revived for
travel, probably the quicker facilities
furnished by rail will be at your ser-
vice. You are actually beginning to petri-
fy, Pompey, under love for the Eastern
Shore," said Ernest, jokingly.

"I think the contractors will have to
make haste then, for Uncle Pompey's
fondness for travel has been awakened.
He starts to-night for Baltimore the
second time within two months and thinks
he may go as far as Philadelphia," said
Lucy.

When the old man walked away, his
hands were clasped against the back
buttons of the short waist of his coat
and his head bent in the attitude of con-
templation.
"I am sorry Pompey will be absent
until I am gone," said Ernest. "He
has had the trip so long in anticipation,
and the errand seems to have pressed so
hard for the past week, I would not like
to put an obstacle in the way of it,
which a request from me to remain,
would certainly do. He has been kind
enough to secure for us Judge West-
on's Samson, whom his master 'left
free' until his return, and Mrs. Denny
is coming to spend the week with me
in the doctor's absence, so I shall be
well protected," said Lucy.

"And you need apprehend no annoy-
ance from Dayton as he is in Chicago.
He behaved so shabbily in that affair of
the mortgage, I was glad it was his last
case with us. I am counsel in a suit
against him of much importance, and I
had an interview with his attorney to-
day who had just received a letter from
Chicago, where he has business to de-
tain him until next week or longer,
and there is a rumor that he is making
preparation for a trip to Europe," said
Ernest, drawing her nearer to him as
she turned a shade paler at mention of
the dreaded name.

Taking the letter from his hand she
looked at the date of the postmark, and
said:
"It came quickly; it was mailed on
Saturday and this is only Monday; how
short the distance seems and Sunday
intervened too."
"Yes, dearest, Rachel is only a little
way off, and the sentiments contained
in the letter are very cheering," re-
turned Ernest.

"And what a sweet, warm-souled
child is Lucy Carter! When Morley
comes back we will go to see her," said
Lucy, struggling to steady her voice.
"Darling!" and the lover drew the
beautiful head to his breast and softly
stroked the dear, sad face. He re-
minded with her to the latest hour the
rules of etiquette permitted, little dream-
ing how and where he should next
meet her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
A celebrated lawyer once said
that the three most troublesome clients
he ever had were a young lady who
wanted to be married, a married wo-
man who wanted a divorce, and an old
maid who didn't know what she wanted.

A Word to School-Boys.

Whenever I meet a party of you on
your way to school, I am strongly
tempted to stop and have a little chat
with you. Possibly you might call what
I would say very much like preaching.
Well, it might start earnest thoughts,
and we are apt to call words which do
that preaching. I wonder, boys, if you
realize what it costs to get an educa-
tion? Have you ever heard how much
your own city or town annually devotes
to the schools? Have you ever consid-
ered how much your parents must ex-
pend to keep you clothed and in school
for ten or twelve years? How much
parents often deny themselves, how
many pleasures and luxuries, that the
boys may have a good high-school edu-
cation, and then, perhaps, go to col-
lege? Then how much labor you your-
self must give, how many years of la-
bor it costs you to obtain even an ordi-
nary education to fit you for business
life, and if you study for a profession
there must be three or four years more
of hard work?

So you see it costs a great deal in
money, and in that which is of more
value than money—in time, self-denial
and close application to acquire an edu-
cation; but let me tell you a secret. It
costs much more not to have one! For
without it how helpless you are! For
all your life long you will have to be pay-
ing others for the use of their brains,
and are at a disadvantage at every turn
in life. If you have capital and go into
business, you must pay a high-price
man for doing much which you ought
to be capable of doing, and even then
you are in a measure in the power of
another. If you are so unfortunate as
to have a dishonest book-keeper or
cashier, he may swindle you out of
half of your profits, and you will never
be able to discover it.

I remember years ago a janitor em-
ployed in our school building who could
neither read nor write. He frequently
hired the boys to add up a small bill
for him, or write a letter, and they in-
variably charged him ten or fifteen
cents for their service. It was not
very large-hearted for the boys to ask
payment for such a small service; but
that is not the point I want to make.
The ignorant man had to pay for the
and if the same the world over, all busi-
ness men will tell you that knowledge
and judgment are hired only at a great
expense. In any profession or trade
you will find (other things being equal)
the man of the best education has the
advantage.

And lastly, the lack of knowledge
will cost you the society of cultivated
people, for of course you cannot asso-
ciate with the educated if you are ig-
norant; they would not enjoy your soci-
ety, nor you theirs. Ignorance will cost
you much mortification and many re-
grets for lost opportunities, so when
you grow disheartened that you are
giving up so much for your education,
remember it will cost you much more
not to have one.

If you will carefully observe men you
will find that most of them have an am-
bition; by that I mean a fixed determi-
nation to possess something, or to suc-
ceed in some undertaking. One man
longs to become learned, and will spend
his days and nights in study, giving up
many pleasures that he may have more
time to spend over his beloved books.
Another wants to be famous as an ex-
plorer, so he turns away from all the
comforts of a quiet home, and wanders
over strange countries, suffering untold
discomforts that he may become noted
as a traveler or discoverer. Another
has set his heart upon riches, and toil-
ing early and late turns his heart and
mind from much that is ennobling, be-
coming old and worn in his pursuit for
gold.

Now, do these win the object for
which they are striving? Invariably,
if they are persistent in their efforts;
there are few things within the bounds
of possibility that you cannot possess if
you patiently and perseveringly work
for them. Thus how important is it
for your ambition should be a noble
one? Have you ever asked yourself
the question, "What is my aim in life?"
Probably you will say that you are now
too young and inexperienced to deter-
mine what trade or calling you will fol-
low. That is true, but if you are old
enough to be in school you can under-
stand that you may work for some ob-
ject, and this should be clearly defined.
You want to get the most thorough edu-
cation possible. Your advantages may
be limited, or may be very good; in
either case you want to make the most
of them. Having set your heart on this,
do not look far ahead and expect to ac-
complish great things when you take
up advanced studies. Do not expect
algebra and geometry to make you ac-
complished mathematicians unless you
have first conquered arithmetic. Re-
member the duty which is of first impor-
tance is the one which lies nearest.

Do you remember the legend of the
man in pursuit of the four-leaf clover?
When a boy he was told that if he could
find a four-leaf clover it would be to
him a talisman of good fortune, and
with it in his possession success in any
undertaking was sure; so early in life
he started out to search for this little
token of good. He left his home and
friends to wander alone in this pursuit,
traveling across continents and oceans
in his search, but all in vain. At last,
a disappointed and worn-out old man,
he returned to the old homestead to die;

and as he tottered up the familiar path-
way, lo! close beside the doorstep grew
a four-leaf clover. It may be that your
assurance of success lies hidden be-
tween the leaves of the despised school-
book; it surely is somewhere among your
school books.—*Golden Rule.*

A Chinese Banquet in Chicago.

On Saturday last each of the Chinese
residents of Chicago received a neatly
written in Chinese chirography as fol-
lows:

Translated into English the note
reads:

"Youself and ladies are requested to attend
at Greenbaum's Hall on to-morrow afternoon a
grand sacred concert and feast."
About four hundred gentlemen re-
sponded to the invitation. There being
but one Chinese lady in town, she was
hardly enough to go around, and did
not appear. In company with a police-
man a *Times* reporter dropped into the
banquet hall at about 5 o'clock on Sat-
urday afternoon. The scene was cer-
tainly a queer one. Huddled about a
dozen tables were the feasting Celestials.
Nearly all of them had their
square-crowned hats on, and most of
them were seated with their feet resting
on the front rungs of their chairs.
The viands were served in capacities
tin pans, and everybody was helping
himself out of whatever dish suited his
fancy. There were no individual plates,
and the chopsticks were lying with the
greatest rapidity. In the gallery at
one end of the hall was the orchestra.
It sounded like Thomas' orchestra.
Reference is made to Mr. Thomas Cal-
derone, one of the musicians kept up a
sustained tone on his one-stringed fiddle,
the body of which rested on his knee,
that resembled closely the squeal of a
bagpipe. This was the most noise-
making instrument in the band, beside
yellow clarionet on a drunk would be
a circumstance. Another wanted
away on a big-bellied Chinese bag,
while another thumped a tom-tom, and
still another at regular intervals would
produce a noise in some mysterious
manner that sounded like a ladder
performer being more previous than the
others. The reporter, standing in the
doorway, only had time to take in the
scene and stop his ears, when there was
a buzz throughout the hall which was
heard above the racket in the gallery,
and one of the Chinamen beckoned to
the policeman to come in. He did so,
the reporter following. Immediately
there was a cessation of the movements
upon the part of the banqueters and all
eyes were turned upon the intruder—
The one who had called the policeman
in tendered him a tiny cup filled with
Kentucky sour mash, which the police-
man refused, and then explained what
the reporter was, but the almonder-
master of ceremonies said, in good
English: "Had better go." By
this time a dozen or more pug-tails had
surrounded the reporter, and that in-
dividual acknowledged at once the wis-
dom of the English-speaking son of
Confucius, and went. The cooking for
the feast was done on the floor below.
The dishes seemed nicely prepared and
scrupulously clean. There was no
bread to be seen, but there were a dozen
different dishes; comprising almost
everything that enters into the diet of
the terrestrial Melian man. A half-
bushel of tea grounds attested the hospi-
tality of the banqueters.—*Chicago
Times.*

THE UTILIZATION OF WORN CLOTHES.
Horses.—The utilization of horses not
fit to eat and too old to be of working
service, in France, is said to be as fol-
lows:

It is first shown of its hair which serves
to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is
slaughtered and skinned; the hoofs serve
to make combs. Next the carcass is
placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam
at a pressure of three atmospheres; a
cock is opened, which allows the steam
to run off, then the remains are cut up,
the leg bones are sold to make
knife handles, etc., and the coarser ribs,
the head, etc., are converted into
animal black and glue. The bones are
calcined in cylinders, and the vapors
when condensed form the chief source
of carbonate of ammonia, which consti-
tutes the base of nearly all ammoniacal
salts. There is an animal oil yielded
which makes a capital insecticide and
a vermifuge. To make glue the bones
are dissolved in muriatic acid, which
takes away the phosphate of lime; the
soft residue retaining the shape of the
bones is dissolved in boiling water, cast
into squares, and dried