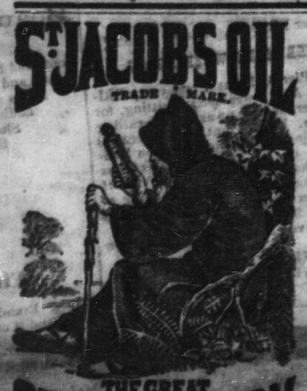
Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1881. NO. 18



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

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple and cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

THE ST. MARY'S BEACON

Is published weekly at

LEONARDTOWN,

St. Mary's Co., Md.

BY

T. F. YATES & F. V. KING.

At $1.00 a Year in Advance.

Advertisements inserted at moderate rates.

All kinds of

JOB PRINTING

Done with neatness and despatch

Terms moderate. Orders solicited.

FRESH BEEF
FRESH PORK!

constantly on hand over the ice-house in rear of FENWICK'S STORE.

The highest market price paid for LIVE STOCK.

I buy for cash and sell for cash. All orders not accompanied by cash will be returned.

I am thankful for past favors and solicit a share of the public patronage in the future.

A. J. BLAIN,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Jan 27, 1881—1y.

FOR RENT IN 1882.

THE House and Lot, known as the Norris property, located on the road leading to Foxwell's wharf, is for rent in 1882—Price, $75 per annum, with acceptable security, or the rent will be made payable monthly at $6.25 per month, if the tenant desires it. Examine the premises and apply to John F. Kings, Agent, Leonardtown, Md.
Sept. 15th 1881.

THE MARYLAND MATERNITE

161 W. Lombard Street,

(Near Hanover) Baltimore, Md.

This Institution is a Home for Women in Confinement. Suitable Rooms can be had at all times, where the strictest privacy prevails. For terms and other details, address

Nov 10, 1881—1m THE MATRON.

[Written for the Beacon.]

As You Make It.

This world is fair and sweet and bright
If you will make it so.
There is no darkness, all is light;
There is no pain, no woe.

If foes are strong and friends are weak,
And all seems trouble here,
God has said that you may seek
And find a solace there.

"Life is short and time is fleeting,"
Oh, be glad while you stay!
Soon your heart will cease its beating,
Soon your life will pass away!

Do not murmur at each trifle,
Drive littles cares away;
Learn all petty sighs to stifle, . . .
Teach your heart to be gay.

Then laugh, my friend, rejoice, be gay!
Enjoy what God has made!
Forget the past, think of to-day,
Let all your sorrows fade.

If your life seems naught but sadness,
If you know only woe,
And your heart's bereft of gladness,
Then you have made it so.

Iota.

UNCLE CHEVEREL'S WILL.

"You mean that you can't put yourself out to give your mother's brother a night's lodging!" said Caleb Cheverel, bitterly.

The bleak March wind, bearing dust, and grit, and bits of flying paper on its restless wings, came whistling around the corner, lifting the old man's faded comforter's ends, and turning his blue nose a shade bluer still, while Mrs. Lew Larkins, his eldest niece, stood in her doorway, filling up the aperture with her ample person in such a way as to suggest the familiar legend, *No admittance!*"

Mrs. Larkins was stout, and blooming, and cherry-checked, dressed in substantial alpaca, with gay gold brooch and ear-drops, which bespoke anything but abject poverty.

Uncle Caleb was thin and meagre, and shabbily-dressed, with glossy seams in his overcoat, and finger-ends protruding from his worn gloves like ancient rosebuds coming out of their calyx.

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stiffly; "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all that I could for you but—"

"I understand, I understand!" said uncle Cheverel, turning coldly away. "I'll go to my niece Jerusha. I wish you a very good evening."

Mrs. Larkin closed the door, with a sigh of very evident relief.

"I dare say Jerusha will take care of him," said Mrs. Larkins, philosophically. "Jerusha has a smaller family than I have. But I don't see why he came up to town, instead of staying peaceably down in Tortoise Hollow, where he belongs."

Mrs. Jerusha Eldertop, Mr. Cheverel's youngest niece, had, it is true, a smaller family than her sister Rebecca, but then she had a smaller income as well. She had just finished a vigorous day's cleaning when uncle Caleb was announced.

"Oh, drat the man!" said Mrs. Eldertop, wringing her parboiled fingers out of a basin of steaming soap-suds; what sends him here, just now, of all times in the world?"

And she went down stairs, ungraciously enough, to the little entry, where her husband was welcoming the old stranger.

"Come in, uncle Cheverel—come in!" said honest Eben Eldertop. "We're all upside down here—we mostly are, now that the spring cleaning is going on. But there's room for you, if you don't mind the children and their noise, and a little smell of whitewash in the spare-room."

Mrs. Eldertop's welcome was by no means so cordial. She looked, to use a common expression, "vinegar and darning needles" at the visitor, while in her inmost mind she calculated the probability of the cold boiled ham and turnips holding out for one more at supper.

"Come, Jerusha, don't scowl so!" said Mr. Eldertop, when Uncle Caleb had gone up stairs to wash his hands and face. "Ain't he your uncle?"

"A good-for-nothing old vagabond," said Mrs. Eldertop, acidly, "without a cent laid up ahead!"

"For all that, he's your guest," said her husband, "and you must be bound to be civil to him. And here's his overcoat now, with a big zig-zag rent in it. Just mend it while you're waiting for the kettle to boil."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop.

"All right," retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Allen to mend."

Now Miss Allen, the tailoress, who lived in the adjoining house, was pretty and buxom to look upon, and Mrs. Eldertop had nursed comfortably a jealousy of her for the last four years.

"You'll do no such thing!" said she, tartly. "Hand it here!"

And she threaded a needle with black silk, and thrust her finger into a thimble, very much as a determined Crusader of old might have donned sword and shield for some encounter with the Moslem.

"What's that?" said Mr. Eldertop; for a folded paper fell from the pocket of the garment, as his wife turned it upside down.

"Some tomfoolery or other," answered Mrs. Jerusha, brusquely.

"I guess you're mistaken, then," said Mr. Eldertop. "It's the rough draught of a will."

"But he's got nothing to leave," shrieked Mrs. Eldertop.

"I'm none so certain of that," retorted Eben. "Just look here, Jerusha! 'I give and bequeath to my two beloved nieces, in equally divided parts, the sum of ten thousand dollars, at present invested in United States securities, and—'"

"Go on!" said Mrs. Eldertop, breathlessly. "Read the rest."

"There is no 'rest,'" said her husband. "That's the end of the paper. "It's only a rough draught, I tell you. And now, what's your opinion of uncle Cheverel's fortune?"

"He's been a miser all along," said Mrs. Eldertop, her face growing radiant. "Making up poor mouths, and traveling around the country with all this money in Treasury bonds!" A regular old character—just like those one reads about in novels. Put it back, Eben—put it back! We've no business to be prying into uncle Caleb's secrets; but what a blessing it is he came here, instead of stopping at Rebecca Larkins'."

And when uncle Cheverel came down stairs, he was surprised at the sweet smiles with which his niece Jerusha welcomed him.

"Been mending my coat, eh?" said uncle Cheverel. "Thank'ee kindly, Jerusha. I caught it on a nail yesterday, and I was calculating to sew it up myself, when I could borrer a needle and thread."

"I'm glad to be of use, uncle Caleb," beamed Mrs. Eldertop. "Johnny, put on your cap and run to the grocer's for a smoked mackerel, for your uncle's breakfast. I hope you found your room comfortable, uncle Caleb?"

Before she slept that night, Mrs. Eldertop donned her bonnet and shawl, and ran around to the Larkins mansion, to impart her wonderful tidings to sister Rebecca.

"You don't say so!" cried out the astonished matron.

"Gospel truth!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"He must come here," said Mrs. Larkins, resolutely.

"Not if I know it!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "He's my guest, and my guest he shall remain."

"But if I'm to share equally with you," said Mrs. Larkins, I ought to show him some attention, the dear, generous hearted old man!"

"Lest he should alter his will," shrewdly remarked sister Jerusha.—"You always were a wordly creature, Becky!"

"No more than yourself!" said Mrs. Larkins, bristling up. "But it's my family I am thinking of, Jerusha. I'll tell you what—I'll come around and see him to-morrow."

"But don't you breathe a syllable about the will," said Mrs. Eldertop, in a mysterious whisper.

"Oh, not for worlds!" said Mrs. Larkins, fervently.

During the next week, uncle Caleb Cheverel was overwhelmed with civilities. On Thursday, a suit of clothes arrived, with Mr. Larkins' best love and compliments. On Friday, Mrs. Larkins came with an open barouche to take dear uncle Caleb a drive in the Park. And on Saturday, Mrs. Eldertop burst into tears, and declared she should never be happy again if her mother's only brother didn't pledge himself, then and there, to make his future home with herself and Eben.

Uncle Caleb looked a little puzzled.

"Well," said he, "if you really make a point of it—but I was calculating on going to visit cousin Ezekiel, in Ohio."

"Dear uncle, promise me to stay here, *always!*" cried Mrs. Eldertop, hysterically.

"Just as you say, niece Jerusha," assented the old man, complacently.

"Mrs. Eldertop felt that she had carried her point.

But when Mr. [illegible] Charles M. [illegible]kins of this county, where [illegible]ress sixty years ago, is announ[illegible]ed Mr. Dougherty died in Pla[illegible] La., on the 15th instant, a[illegible] were subsequently conveyed [illegible] City, where his funeral took [illegible] Agnes Hospital on Tuesday last [illegible] erty was a noted man. Comm[illegible] humble circumstances, his enc[illegible] capacity and property of charac[illegible] tained for him the favorable n[illegible] world, and he accumulated be[illegible] life a large property, which he co[illegible] hold, we learn, to the close of his [illegible] was conspicuous for his kindness [illegible] sympathy for the unfortunate an[illegible] almost regal charities. Besides othe[illegible] ble properties, he was the owner at h[illegible] of the fine estate of Bushwood on [illegible] river in this county, the ancient home [illegible] the Plowden family.

received at the [illegible] schedule time [illegible] it is becom[illegible]ence that the [illegible]ng after this [illegible]master to re[illegible] been done?

[illegible]ack at the [illegible]h district [illegible] results. [illegible] the Dr., [illegible] to the re[illegible]eir tem[illegible] or coal [illegible] ignited [illegible] fire to [illegible]se on [illegible] the

said uncle Caleb, fumbling in his overcoat pocket—he had been just starting for a walk when the Larkins party arrived—"here's a bit as is of no use to nobody."

And he produced the "rough draft," and bestowed it on Johnny.

"One side's written on," said he, "and t'other ain't." It was lying on the floor in Judge Watterly's law-office, when I stopped in to see if Joseph Hall was employed there as porter yet. An old chum of mine Hall was, in Tortoise Hollow. I can't bear to see even a bit of paper wasted, so I axed the clerk if it was of no use. He said no—it was only a draught of Doctor Falcon's will. Doctor Falcon made a new will every six months, he said; so I jest picked it up and put it in my pocket. Everything comes in use once in seven years, you know, and this is just right for little Johnny's fox-chase."

Mrs. Larkins looked at Mrs. Eldertop; Mr. Eldertop stared into the spectacled orbs of Mr. Larkins.

Uncle Caleb chuckled benevolently as little Johnny skipped away with the piece ef paper which had been freighted with such a wealth of anticipation.

The Larkises took leave without any unnecessary formula of adieux, and Mrs. Eldertop took occasion to tell uncle Caleb that perhaps he had better prosecute his original design of the Ohio visit.

"Because we're expecting company to-morrow," said she, "and our best room will be wanted for awhile.—And," she added, within herself, "I will take good care it shan't be empty again, just at present."

So uncle Caleb Cheverel went out West, where cousin Ezekiel was as poor and as warm-hearted as himself, and was never invited to return East again. And to this day he cannot understand the sudden variations of the domestic barometer in the Larkins and Eldertop houses.

ODD THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN FOUND ABOUT THE WRECKS OF VESSELS.—The Coast Wrecking Company has in its office, in this city, a curious collection of relics from old wrecks and other odd bits taken from the sea. The collection embraces quaint pieces of furniture, explosive shells, and shells of the ocean, shreds of ladies' dresses, rude weapons of savage races, huge starfish, and many curious things, the use and purpose of which are still unknown. The collection contains the broken bell brought up from the ill-fated steamer Atlantic, of the White Star line, which was wrecked on Golden Rule Rock, on the Nova Scotia coast, on April 1, 1873, with a loss of 557 out of 1,007 souls on board. There is also a rusty, hiltless sword, dug out of the sand eight years ago, near the hulk of the British bark Thistle, which was lost on Squan Beach, N. J., in 1811. There are also several bottles of sweet oil, holding a pint and a half each, with the original corks intact, and the oil as clear as crystal, taken in November, 1877, from the wreck of the British bark Robert, which went down in 1844, with a cargo of lead and oil, and five of her crew, off the place where Atlantic City now stands. There is a South Sea Island canteen, ingeniously constructed of cocoanut shells, which was fished up from a wreck in seventy feet of water on the coast of Maine; also a mussel shell firmly embedded four inches in depth in a well which was found one hundred and forty feet above the sea level on the Jersey; also a pelican's skull and bill, measuring two feet from back to tip (making an excellent though wide dipper) which was found near the wreck of the bark Robert Fletcher, on the south beach of Long Island, and which is said to have been used to bail out the boat by the crew when endeavoring to escape. The jaws of a shark, killed on the South Carolina coast, which have been preserved, can easily be passed over the shoulders and down the body of a full-grown man. One of the most curious relics is a lamp chimney taken from the remains of the ironclad Merrimac. Oysters three inches long were found attached to the glass, and four large oysters which had grown about the brass base of the chimney, form an irregular square. The hilts of several swords and some old firearms are also incrusted with oyster shells.—*New York Sun.*

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Ira Brown, the enterprising real estate man states that he could and would say a good word for the St. Jacobs Oil, which had cured him of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism that all other treatments had failed even to allay.

☞ "Is Pat Flannigan on board this ship?" roared Nelson, during a lull in the firing at the battle of the Nile. "I'm here, my Lord," said Erin's son, showing himself on the deck. "Then," said the gallant Nelson, looking satisfied, "let the battle proceed." That story is Pat's.

☞ A certain young lady up at Norrisville finally admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" asked the old lady in a tone of indignation. "Mother," said the young lady, "I cannot tell a lie, I turned the other cheek."

☞ True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and do that which is best worth doing.

The Bread of the Nations.

We copy the following curious article from the *Christian Union:*

Bread is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, and was evidently highly esteemed as that which "strengtheneth man's heart." The shewbread, twelve loaves of which was one of the sacred offerings, placed in the outer court of the Jewish sanctuary, to remain there untouched one day and the next to be eaten by the priests only. If the people were disobedient and stiff-necked, the Lord threatened to break the staff of their bread. This shows how important this part of their provision was in the estimation of the Jews.

Of all food to which civilized or even the semi-barbarous nations have turned for support none has been so universally in use and thought so indispensible as this, from whatever made or however rudely manufactured. Many things were used that we should decidedly object to if offered to any of us in place of the wheat, rye or corn bread that we are so well acquainted with. To this day, in countries where our grains cannot be raised or easily procured, the people find some substitute which they make into bread.

Earth bread is made from a white earth in Upper Lusatia, formerly a part of Germany, but now under the rule of Prussia, and the poor of that region to this day use this bread in times of scarcity. The earth is dug from a hill where saltpetre was once manufactured. When laid in the sun and heated it cracks and globules, like meal, exude from it. These are mixed with a little flour and soon ferment, and it is then baked. Probably there is some saltpetre or soda in this earth which gives it lightness. Something similar to it is found in Catalonia and also used for bread. It is affirmed that in cases of extreme need many have lived on this bread for weeks without experiencing any injury.

Fish-bread is still used in Iceland, Lapland, Crim-Tartary and other places far north. The fish is dried, then beaten to fine powder, and sometimes the inner bark of some of the trees of that region is mixed with it, and then wet and made into bread and cakes.

Moss-bread is much used in Iceland, and is considered very nutritive. The lichen or reindeer moss contains a good deal of starch. The moss is gathered in the summer, thoroughly dried and ground into meal, and bread, gruels and pottage are made from it. It is sometimes boiled in milk or whey till it becomes a jelly.

Banana-bread. All classes of people in the West Indies are fond of bananas, and particularly when made into bread. The ripe fruit is rubbed through a seive and then formed into a loaf and baked in hot ashes or dried in the sun. Before baking it is wrapped in some banana leaves. It is always provided by the people for long voyages.

Plantain bread is made from the fruit of the plantain tree. The fruit is about a foot long, two inches wide, has a thick, tough skin, containing a soft pulpy flesh, quite sweet and soon becomes agreeable to all. The fruit is gathered green, the skin taken off and the pulp roasted on a clear coal fire a short time, then grated and made into loaves and served up as bread, or used dry like grated cheese. The plantain is very largely cultivated in Jamaica, and is a native of Asia. No kind of provision, it is said, could supply the place of plantain-bread. The natives think it far preferable to wheaten-bread or the prepared bread-fruit from the bread tree.

Cassava bread is made from a root called Jatropaniat, found in the Carribbee Islands. The juice is deadly poison, and used by the Indians to poison their arrows; but the bread from the pulp of the root after the poison has been extracted is much used by the natives, and also by many others, where the root is raised. We have eaten it at the South, and found it quite palatable. The root is well cleaned and scraped, finely grated, and then put in a sack made loosely of rushes. This is hung from a cross-bar over a tree, or two forked sticks, and a heavy weight put upon the grated pulp, with a vessel beneath the sack to receive the poisonous juice. When the pulp is pressed dry it is like starch, and placed over smoke to dry it becomes harmless. Then it is passed through a seive, and kept dry till needed. It is now called cassava. When made into bread or cake it is baked by laying it on hot iron plates, or on hot earth. Tapioca is made from the finest part of this root collected into irregular globules or tears, as the natives call them by straining the whole mass while yet moist.

Sago-bread is made from the roots of the sago tree, which grows in the islands of Banda and Amboyna in the Malay archipelago. The sago tree is cut into small pieces, which are bruised and beaten in a mortar; then water is poured over it, and left undisturbed for some hours, while the pithy matter, which is the meal or sago, settles. When this is accomplished, the water is poured off, and the meal dried, then formed into cakes, or fermented and made into bread. Those who have visited these islands, and eaten of the bread as made by the natives, pronounce it almost as good as our wheaten bread. The trunk of a single sago tree will yield 600 pounds of sago, and 430 trees can be planted on one acre of ground, producing 120,500 pounds.

The Hottentots make their bread from another variety of the sago tree. They collect the pith from the wood, and tie it up in a call or sheepskin that has been well-dressed, and bury it for several weeks in the ground. This makes the pith tender and mellow, when it is made into cakes or thin loaves of bread, and baked under hot embers. Sometimes this pith is roasted, and then made into a porridge. The pith of this variety of sago tree is that used in commerce—granulated by being passed through a siere while still moist.

The bread-fruit tree grows in the South Sea Islands. The tree is about the size of a well grown oak; the leaves are of oblong shape, sometimes a foot and a half long, about as thick as a fig leaf and of the same color, though not the same shape, and veined or marked like it. The fruit is wrinkled something like the truffle and is about as large as a good-sized egg-plant. The skin is thin. There is a core inside about the size of a finger. The part used as bread lies between the skin and the core, is very white and very like new bread in appearance.

To prepare the fruit for use as bread it is roasted whole or cut into pieces. When baked in an oven it becomes soft and is something like a boiled potato, though not as good as a first-rate mealy one.

The Otaheitans have three modes of using the bread-fruit. When ripe they put milk or cocoanut milk to it, and beat it to a paste with a stone pestle. It is then mixed with ripe plantains, or bananas, or mahie.—Mahie is a preparation of the ripe fruit kept on hand to make or use as bread before another crop is gathered. The natives seldom eat a meal without it. Europeans, however, find it as disagreeable as pickled olives usually are when first eaten.

Chestnut-bread is much used in Southern Europe, particularly in Italy and the islands of Corsica. It is made from horse-chestnuts, seldom, if ever, used as food in this country.

The skins are removed from a peck of horse-chestnuts, and the meat bruised to paste, which is then covered for a short time with water to destroy the bitter quality of the nut. Then it is strained through a sieve. A milky liquor is thus separated from the mass, which, after standing a short time, deposits a fine, white powder. When dried and ground into flour it is without smell or flavor. This flour is then made into bread without any other article added.

Millet-bread is also much used by the Italian peasantry, and if eaten warm is good, but becomes dry and crumbly when cold. When boiled and used without baking it is nutritious, but in bread, unless eaten immediately, it is very astringent and unhealthy.

Bean flour is often made into a thick batter with water, and baked in a hot kettle. It is somewhat used in parts of Scotland.

Ragwort in times of great scarcity has been prepared for bread. The root when first dug up is soft, but soon hardens, and can be kept in that state for years without injury if left in a dry, airy place. The root is easily ground and reduced to flour, is then made into bread, and when baked has an agreeable nutty flavor. It is easily digested, and when made into bread is said to be more nutritive and exhilerating than wheaten bread.

Salep is used for bread in the East Indies, Syria and Turkey, and it is said that one ounce of bread a day made from it is sufficient to sustain a man. The taca in the South Sea Islands, the bread-nut in Africa, the lotus in Africa and Barbery are used for bread. Bread is made from the bark of the pine, from the seeds of the stone-pine, from fern-roots, and a learned professor in Tubingen gives a singular account of wood which, prepared in a certain manner, which we have not space to give in detail, makes a palatable and nutritious bread, closely resembling corn bread.

☞ What shall I get you to remind you of me while I am away?" asked a fashionable Austin young gentleman of his intended.

"Do you want to get me something that will always make me think of you, when I look at it?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then buy me a monkey to play with."

☞ The following inscription is to be seen on a tomb in the cemetery at Sterling Castle, Scotland, dated 1809:

"Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and pass away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed,
Larger is his debt that lingers out the day,
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."

☞ "Have a place for everything, and everything in its place." Somehow or other this won't work; we have a big place for our wealth, but we'll be hanged if we can put it there.—We haven't it!

☞ If we would share in divine joys, we must carefully follow the divine conduct.

NOTES ON LIVE STOCK IN WINTER.—The farm animals at this season are directly dependent upon the care and attention of the farmer. To pass the winter with profit they must be well kept. Animals are very complicated engines, and must be run by careful engineers. The food they receive is the fuel, and the daily rubbing, cleaning, etc., may be likened to the inspection, cleaning and oiling of the engine. The fuel must be equal to the demands made of the animal engine, else the machine will be run at a disadvantage, and therefore with diminished profit. When the water is low and the fire almost out, the engine is a source of loss to the owner. On the other hand the fire may be brisk, and the boiler well supplied, but some screw is loose, or a part rubs another too closely and the friction thus produced neutralizes much of the force. So in the animal machine, all the parts must work harmoniously together, or in other words there must be perfect health to obtain the best results. An animal may have the best of food in sufficient quantity, and still pass a hard winter, and without profit to its owner. Food of the best kind without shelter, is in the animal economy like fuel in an engine that is rusty and loose and out of order. Both are expensive methods of arriving at desired results. It takes too much force to run the machine in both cases. As it is cheaper to have a good engine kept in good order, so it is to have an animal in health and comfort. The thoughtful farmer will see many other points of likeness between the animal machine and the one constructed by human hands, but this is enough to suggest the importance of keeping farm animals in a healthful and comfortable condition by the means of warm stables with clean floors and pure air.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

PERILS OF THE DEEP.—The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incident in his experience:

Reporter.—"Captain Boyton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Capt. Boyton.—"Yes sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life Saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders and societies."

Reporter.—"Were your various trips accompanied by much danger?"

Capt. Boyton.—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus in Spain, I had to "shoot" one hundred and two waterfalls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat,—(the Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.)—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action on the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would benefit me, until I got hold of this Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of St. Jacobs Oil, and we left him citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

☞ A prominent citizen of Austin was being propelled homeward by a faithful servant late one night last week, when they suddenly came to a halt. "Whassher matter, now?" asked the prominent citizen. "Dar' a man dead drunk on de sidewalk." "Gimme a lamp post to hold up, and you dragsh off misherable drunken beast by hish legsh.—*Texas Siftings.*

☞ "Does your sister Annie ever say anything about me, sissy?" asked an anxious lover of a little girl.

"Yes," was the reply; "she said if you had rockers on your shoes they'd make a nice cradle for my doll."

☞ "Farewell" was the title of a poem sent to a newspaper; and the cruel editor, in acknowledging its receipt, said: "It is a good thing the gifted authoress bade it good bye, as she will never see it again."