

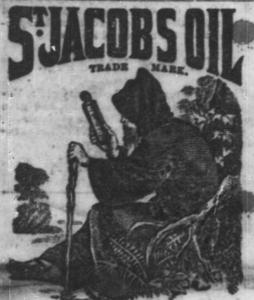
Saint Mar's Beacon.

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VOL. XIX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 16, 1882.

NO. 25



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Scalds, General Bodily
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Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted
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FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors:—Please announce Mr. JAS.
H. ALVEY, as a Republican candidate for the
next Sheriffship and say that he will receive
the cordial support of
Nov 24, 1881. THE PEOPLE

[Correspondence of the Beacon.]
FROM LEONARDTOWN TO WASHINGTON

(CONTINUED.)

The Corcoran Art Gallery, situated near the President's House, was the next and last public building we visited. For those who admire and appreciate works of art, there is no greater attraction in Washington city than this place. In the main gallery of paintings, one may spend hours in viewing and admiring its great number of elegant and varied paintings. They are all works of merit, and are from the hands of the most famous artists of this country and abroad. By means of a catalogue, which can be purchased of the superintendent of the building, one can make a more satisfactory inspection of the building and its specimens of art, as from it may be obtained a description of each work and its subject, etc., and the name of the artist by whom it was executed. The most attractive painting in the main gallery room is "Charlotte Corday in prison." It is, indeed, a masterpiece. At first glance, the life-like features of this beautiful and unfortunate girl might lead one to believe that there was a real animate creature of flesh and blood listlessly gazing from her prison cell. In a corridor leading from the main gallery may be seen, gathered to themselves, the portraits of our presidents and other eminent statesmen. As we stood and gazed upon their faces looking down upon us from the canvas, we fancied ourself in the presence of departed spirits and that no spiritual medium was necessary to enable us to commune with them. But, alas! they were as silent as the tomb in which their bodies lie. Passing out of this corridor into another at right angles with it, our eyes suddenly met the most exquisitely beautiful image they ever beheld. This admirable work of art, which, indeed, seemed to us the culmination of all art, is a statue entitled "The Greek Slave," and represents a female slave of ancient Greece. It fascinates the attention and excites the admiration of all beholders. We cannot imagine anything so perfectly beautiful as this. Words are inadequate to convey an idea of its dazzling beauty. In beauty of features and symmetry of form, it is unsurpassed—unapproached. As we gazed upon it, we wondered how such a conception could be possible—how an image of such transcendent beauty could be fashioned out of a rough and sightless block of marble! And yet it was but a chisel obeying the direction of a master hand that wrought this marvel of artistic ingenuity. With a feeling of regret we turned away, and descending the stairs and passing through another corridor, we found ourselves in the hall of Antique Sculpture. Here may be seen the statues of the most important deities of Greek and Roman Mythology; but we saw nothing comparable to "The Greek Slave"—not even a Venus or a Diana in the least approaching it. After going through this hall and through that of Modern Sculpture, we took our leave, having been highly edified by our visit to the Corcoran Art Gallery.

We are now running to the end of our stay in the city and have no other incidents of any importance to mention. The inclement weather which prevailed during our visit prevented our seeing as much as we might have seen had the weather been fine, but although we spent a very nice time, and our only regret at leaving was that the short reprieve from our duties compelled us to limit our visit to but one week. The thought of leaving was not, therefore, wholly unalloyed with regret. Besides, there were connections to sever, which we wished to remain longer unbroken. There were agreeable friends to leave, and there were bright eyes and radiant smiles to turn away from and forget. Possibly there were other emotions which we experienced and which we do not care to describe if we could. But still we had to leave, and the hour for parting came. About 6 o'clock, A. M., Saturday morning, New Year's eve, we said good-bye and proceeded to the wharf, where we boarded the steamer Arrowsmith to return home. Shortly after arriving on board, the noise and jarring of the machinery and the swaying of our boat reminded us that we had started and were on our way down the river. We were not long on the river before we were impressed with the belief that our trip would not be a pleasant one for the day was cold and the wind was blowing very heavily from the Northwest. All this rendered even a look outside disagreeable. We had, therefore, to resign ourselves to the painful monotony of lounging around the interior. Much to our pleasure, however, we met several acquaintances on board, one of which was a young lady of St. Joseph's neighborhood, Miss G. J.

she, also, had spent her Christmas in Washington and was now on her way home. By this means we were happily rescued from the fate which we had anticipated and had a right nice time. Soon after leaving the city, our attention was attracted to a dense white line of smoke on the Virginia shore, and we soon discovered that it issued from the locomotive of a train bound for Alexandria. The wily monster was slowly pushing his way down the river shore, keeping just opposite our boat, as if to lure her into a trial of speed, only to subject her to a disaster. And our sober old crew continued unheedingly on her way, while the track of the iron monster led him from the shore, and he was lost behind the adjacent hills, and the cloud of smoke which he emitted from his iron throat floated away and disappeared on the distant horizon.

After passing Alexandria, we took a seat at a window and cast our eyes in the direction of Washington, now all ways facing from sight in the distance behind us. The tall white dome of the Capitol was still discernible. Silent and thoughtful we sat and gazed at the receding city fading, slowly fading away—becoming smaller and fainter in the dim distance—till, at length, our straining eyes could only discern a faint white speck wrapped in a cloud or hazy mist. Still we watched, until a bend in the river completely hid the fading speck—then, and not till then, we bade adieu to the magic scene, and regretfully turned away our wistful gaze from the beautiful city of "Magnificent Distances." It was not long before we were down to Mount Vernon where lie the remains of Washington. On passing this place, we noticed a departure from the usual custom of tolling the fog bell of the boat in honor of the illustrious dead that resides here.

There was about a dozen passengers aboard, half of whom were ladies. They spent the time chiefly in reading, but even this was rendered difficult by the tossing of the boat. Often at the landings, some would venture to go out on the open deck to take a look at the proceedings below, but they would be met at the door by a gust of icy wind that would invariably cause them to turn back with a shiver. Thus the day wore on, without any unusual incident until late in the afternoon, when we were summoned to the stairs leading to the saloon to listen to Gen. Bailey, of Leonardtown, who regaled us with a couple of speeches, the first an oration on lovely "Woman," and the other a political stump speech. At the close of his speeches the General was justly applauded. We must not forget to mention that the General was particularly attentive to the ladies throughout the day. He knew and could point out every notable locality on the shore.

The wind blew a gale all day, but we made good progress down the river, arriving at Colton's just before night. While lying at this wharf, we witnessed the last sunset of 1881. The sky was immaculately cloudless, and in the crimson and glowing West the ruddy face of the sinking sun could be seen in all his golden splendor. He threw upon the dying year his brightest smiles. His rays fell in golden hues upon the waves, painting them with gorgeous rainbow colors, while across the rippling waters they were reflected in a long, bright sparkling line, seeming a golden pathway to heaven. Slowly this faded away, and the last sun of 1881 sank below the horizon to rise upon a new year. Soon the moon came out with her attendant train to kiss the waters with her silver light. We will not dwell longer on this theme, for we are drawing out this article to a weary length.

After going over to Currioman and stopping at Abell's wharf, which occupied a considerable time, we arrived at Leonardtown about 8 o'clock, at least three hours ahead of the appointed time. About an hour's ride brought us home and our trip was ended, with nothing to remind us of the pleasures we had seen save a heavy cold contracted from exposures while seeking them. Thus it is all through life—each joy has its correlative sorrow. A summary of our visit is, that it was highly enjoyed. It filled our mind with happy memories which we do not wish soon to forget.

"I shall never forget her last words—her last sad, sweet words," said the sorrowing son-in-law as he turned away from the grave and followed the procession of mourners to the little cemetery gate. His friend tried to comfort him but felt how inadequate is all earthly consolation to a heart bereaved of a mother-in-law. "What were her last, sweet words?" at length he ventured to inquire. The poor sufferer raised his tear-stained eyes to his friend's face and answered: "Take good care of Mary, you freckled faced galoot!" What is home without a mother?

Disappointment in matters of pleasure is hard to be borne in matters affecting health, it becomes cruel. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds, irritation of throat and lungs, etc.

THE POLLEXFEN PARTY.

"We owe it to our friends, my dear," said Mrs. Pollexfen.
"Our friends be hanged!" said Mr. Pollexfen, crustily.
"Oh, Pollexfen, how can you talk so?" said the lady, dissembling, Nicke-like, into tears.
"Truth is truth!" said Mr. Pollexfen, with both hands in his trousers pockets, and his suburn mustaches bristling fiercely.
"And the invitations were accepted all winter long!" bewailed Mrs. Pollexfen.
"Well, my dear," said Mr. Pollexfen, "I suppose our friends wouldn't have invited us if they hadn't wanted us."
"But of course they'll expect to be invited back again."
"Let 'em expect," said Mr. Pollexfen.

"Oh, Pollexfen!" remonstrated the lady.
"Now look here, Louisa," said Mr. Pollexfen. "I've chalked out a plan, and I'm going to stick to it. And this is what it is: We shut up the house on the first of July, and you and the children go to Haystack Farm."
"A horrid place—all frogs and mosquitoes, and whip-poor-will!" groaned the wife.
"A healthy place," enunciated the husband—"where you don't have to take a Noah's Ark of dresses and furbelows, and board is down to six dollars per week. As for me, I shall stay at Fortunum's Hotel, and stick close to my business."
And so that beatific vision of Mrs. Pollexfen's summer party faded into black nothingness.

For a little while, at least. But Mrs. Pollexfen was a lady who was generally accustomed to have her own way, and she intended to have it in this instance.
"It's all nonsense thought she, 'about Pollexfen's business, and economy, and that sort of thing."
So she pondered the question in her mind, and decided that she wouldn't abandon her guns.
"Pollexfen," said she, one Saturday night, when Mr. Pollexfen and his carpet-bag arrived from the city, "I should like to go up to town, next week, for a few days."
"Then you can't," said Mr. Pollexfen. "The house is shut up."
"You can open it, please!" the lady. "No, I can't," said Mr. Pollexfen. "I'm going to Milwaukee on business next Monday."
"But there's Sarah Ann's teeth," said Mrs. Pollexfen, pitiouly, "and my new bunting dress."
"They'll keep," remarked the husband, callously.
"Pollexfen," said the lady, with acerbity, "if I'd have known what matrimony was, I'd never have married you!"
Mr. Pollexfen laughed and lighted his cigar.

Mrs. Pollexfen secretly vowed that she would be quite yet with her lord and master.
"I'll have my summer party," thought Mrs. Pollexfen. "I'll ask the Joneses, and the Browns, and the Robinsons, and every living soul in town, and I'll have it while Pollexfen is gone to Milwaukee. I won't be buried alive here all summer under the tamarack trees and wild black-berry bushes!"
So on Tuesday morning Mrs. Pollexfen took the train to Philadelphia, and sent out her invitations.

"Quite an informal little summer gathering, you know, my dear," said she to Mrs. Fenwick Foxglove, who was her dearest friend and confidant. "Two or three violins and a French horn, creams, water-ice and pate de fois gras."
She ordered her refreshments from Du Poulrier, garrisoned the house with confectioners and waiters, and tried on a new dress, all white puffings and blonde lace over lemon-colored silk, from Madam Elisette's, and flattered herself that she was quits with Pollexfen at last.

"He'll be a dreadful way when the bill comes in," thought she. "But, dear me! one must pay one's debts to society once in awhile, and he can't eat me, when all is come and gone."
In the meantime, Mr. Phineas Pollexfen himself, instead of being stealing across the continent in the direction of Milwaukee, was quietly bargaining for cold roost fowls, oysters on the half-shell, and an unlimited supply of cigars and Rhine wines, at the commissary department of the Fortnum Hotel.
For the little fiction regarding Milwaukee had been set afloat by Mr. Pollexfen merely to keep his wife out of town until after a certain entertainment which he proposed giving to his bachelor friends and the members of a club to which he belonged, a club which was yelet "The Lively Crickets."
If Louisa were to hear of it, she'd be tormenting me to death to let her give a party too," thought Mr. Pollexfen. "And business is slack and times are hard, and altogether it's just as well to keep a close mouth about it. These women are so unreasonable!"
The eventful Thursday evening at last came, and so did the Lively Crickets.
"Ladies, eh?" thought these gentlemen, viewing the fair and fluttering crowd who were already beginning to

assemble. "That's a new dodge of Pollexfen's. We never had ladies at a meeting of the Lively Crickets before. Wonder what Mrs. P. would say if she knew?"
"Dear me, ma'am!" said Betsy, the maid, as she fastened the yellow laburnum blossoms into her mistress's ebony tresses, "there's such a many 'gentle-down stairs' flocking in, ma'am, just like a swarm of bees."
"Is there?" said Mrs. Pollexfen, nervously. "Do help me with this glove-button, Betsy. I told Kate Lee and the Miss Mungletons to invite all the young gentlemen they knew."
"Yes'm," nodded Betsy; "but these gentlemen ain't young. They're mostly bald and middle-aged, ma'am, like master."
"Never mind—they're gentlemen, all the same," said Mrs. Pollexfen, preparing to hurry down stairs.

She made her appearance, rather red and flushed, among her guests, just as Mr. Pollexfen's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, bawling out: "Smithers, old fellow, I'm delighted to see you! Walk up, walk up, Fotta! Make yourself at home, Dawson!—You'll find cigars in the little room off the parlor, and I'll never forgive any man who spares 'em!"
And Mr. Sempronius Smithers, the president of the honorable society of Lively Crickets, stumbled into Mrs. Pollexfen's presence, with a face of blank amazement.
"Your servant, ma'am! I'm sure," said Mr. Smithers, who was not at all in ladies' society, "Pollexfen never let on as we should 'ave the pleasure of meeting you!"
And just then the band, which Mrs. Pollexfen had engaged up in the back verandah, like so many disconsolate mice in a trap, struck up the Beautiful Blue Danube.

"Music, eh?" said Rackett, the honorable secretary of the Live Crickets, poking the host under his ribs. "Pollexfen, you rogue, what does all this mean?"
"I'm blessed if I know!" said Mr. Pollexfen, staring around, with bewildered eyes. "I never ordered those fellows here!"
And springing up stairs, two steps at a time, he found himself vis-a-vis with Mrs. Pollexfen, in lemon-colored silk, with tulle puffs, and all the while of West Brownson Street and its vicinity gathered around her.
"Louisa!"
"Phineas!"
"What does this mean?"
"I thought you were in Milwaukee!"
Like tangled threads of electric fire the words of Mr. and Mrs. Pollexfen crossed one another—a Babel confusion.

Mr. Pollexfen turned scarlet.
"I—thought I'd just have the Lively Crickets here while the house was empty! I flattered he, feeling the full disadvantages of his position."
"And I," said Mrs. Pollexfen, rising superior to any momentary embarrassment, "concluded to invite a few friends while you were—gone to Milwaukee!"
Mr. Pollexfen wheeled around on his heel.
"Tell 'em to strike up a reel—a jig! Yankee Doodle—anything!" shouted he. "Gentlemen, take your partners for a quadrille, and let's begin to spend the evening in earnest."
Never before had the Lively Crickets partaken of so elegant and recherché a collation as that which was spread before them that night in the Pollexfen dining-room. Never had Mrs. Pollexfen's young lady acquaintances enjoyed themselves so heartily.

"Such a lot of gentlemen, you know!" said they. "Two or three partners for every girl! And dear Mr. Pollexfen had ordered oysters, and Rhine wine, and all sorts of delicacies, with the ices and lemonade. Such a delightful original thing, you know!"
So that, upon the whole, the Pollexfen party was a success.
Mr. Pollexfen paid all the double bills without a word of murmuring, and Mrs. Pollexfen observed, graciously, "that really that club of 'Phineas' was far superior to what she had imagined."
And they were both satisfied, and neither of them ventured to find any fault with the other.

"John Rouse, why wilt thou do so?" said a New Bedford Quaker to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrates, and that, not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? Thou always get caught."
"Why, Mass Hazard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."
(Logansport, (Ind.) Daily Journal.)
I sell more of St. Jacobs Oil remarked Mr. D. E. Pryor, 112 E. Broadway, to our reporter, than of any other article of his kind, and I consider it the best liniment in use. It has to my own knowledge cured severe cases of rheumatism in this community.
Here rests his head upon the lap of earth: a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Too much for him crept underneath his girt, and played the mischief with his temperate zone.

STRATGY VERSUS STRENGTH.

The sand hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds that I know of that care to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is so very hot that even the butcher bird does not hanker after him. The food will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightening he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim.

Considering these characteristics, it was of special interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.
I had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I spied the hornet in question at my feet. He immediately took wing, and as he flew ahead of me I observed a long pendant object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight. A rod or so in advance of me, I overtook him, and on close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutched tightly to the hind-foot of his captive, while with its two hind-legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant would tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring thicket of pine tree forest moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape by flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky assailant had now laid hold of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a small branched stick also went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight, and as the ant still yelled for reinforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vice-like grip upon the hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but his second passenger was too much for him; he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything in its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles to escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it lively for his captors; and the thrusters of that lively dagger were wasted on the desert air, for whether or no those ants knew his searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impediment to the burden of his body.
Practically the ants had won a victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant in their hands seemed a problem. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprized of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of reinforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was only a question of moments.—Gibson, in Harper's for December.

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterwards and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red hot, too.
"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," but if the fellow happens to be feeling in our pocket for a roll of bills or stray coins we don't feel kindly toward him.
"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."
Josh Billings says that although \$10,000 insurance on a man's life will not exactly cause his corpse to smile on the widow, it has a powerful influence in causing some other man to smile on her.

EMATHERED FRIENDS AT SEA.—Birds at sea, whether wild in the air or tame on board, are of far more value to man than too many care to think.

For myself, apart from all feeling against unnecessarily destroying anything that has God's life in it, I have ever arrested mere wanton sport at sea. If, however, for any usefulness, the case is different. But the mere killing for sport, or for the sake of thoughtless or reckless whim, is to me distasteful. The pleasure of watching birds at sea, whether in the air or skimming the ocean wave's crest, is to many men very keen. And there is something more, too, to be considered. Mariners can often tell their way by these birds, especially when nearing a coast.

I well remember how I used to watch for them on approaching certain coasts, such as parts of Patagonia, too low to be seen at the ordinary distance. Once, when coming from Montevideo, with a mail and important Government despatches on board for the Falkland Islands, I was able to run on my course in safety owing to a particular bird having joined company with us. On the occasion I refer to, we were approaching the land in thick misty weather with a strong fair breeze. It had been clouded over for a day or two, so that my solar observations were somewhat doubtful. I was anxious, for it was drawing toward evening, and I wished to get into Port Stanley with the mail that night. It was, however, so thick that we could not see a mile ahead. Presently, a shrill noise was heard, a flapping of wings made us look round and above, and soon we saw what we called the "pilot" bird. I knew my distance now, for these birds never fly beyond so many miles from land. Therefore, we cautiously ran till I caught a glimpse of a bluff cape, that steered more easterly, till after dark. With a clearer night, I sighted Cape Pembroke light, and knowing the passages well worked my vessel up Port William, then shot through the "Narrows" and anchored in Port Stanley nearly opposite Government House, about one o'clock in the morning. Next day I was thanked by his Excellency the Governor—himself a high naval officer—for the quick trip made, and the despatches, beside long-wished-for correspondence, we had brought. But to this day I thank God for feathered pilots, who had then and often shown me the way.—Chamber's Journal.

MANNA.—Botanists and travelers have been rather unsuccessful in attempts to ascertain the origin of different kinds of manna known to commerce.
In the valley of Gohr, to the south of the Dead Sea, sixteen hours onward which leads into a long valley, Burchard found what he called manna dropping from the twigs of several kinds of trees.
According to his representations, Arabs collect it and make into cakes, which are eaten with their nauseous butter made from the milk of sheep. They claim it thus: A goat skin is filled with milk and suspended between two poles, swung to and fro by pulling an attached cord till it assumes a new character—a greasy, soapy mass—and that is Arab butter.
Mr. Turner found a grove of tamarack trees near Mount Sinai in the valley of Farrah, which furnish what the monks called manna. They were bushy, about ten feet high, from which drops of a sweetish thick fluid oozed. If taken early in the morning before the sun is up, it may be kept in earthen pots a considerable time. It is used in lieu of sugar in the convent.
Commercial manna, principally in the hands of druggists, is a product of the punctured stem of the ornus Europe, growing in Calabria. An article very similar in appearance and medicinal properties is procured in Sicily by the same kind of process. Both have sweetish taste, are soft, of a pale, yellowish color, and used for their mild laxative quality rather than food.

From the foregoing facts, it is very clear there is not the slightest resemblance to that extraordinary nutritious article which was miraculously provided for the children of Israel in a barren wilderness on a memorable occasion while in their forty years' peregrinations toward the promised land.
"Young man," said the doctor sternly, "no wonder you are unwell you loaf around street corners, drink bad whiskey, chew worse tobacco, and make a fool of yourself generally. Let me feel your pulse." It was a very vigorous pulse; it beat with a pressure of about five hundred pounds; and when the doctor sorted himself out and replaced his nose, he reflected that perhaps he had spoken too harshly.

A reporter who has attended twenty-five hangings says he had not much desire to go to Heaven as all the murderers he has seen were sure they were going there and he never wants to meet them again.
"Will the coming woman shovel the snow from the sidewalks?" is a question for debating societies. If she is not more of a success at it than the present man, the outlook for the future is a little dark.