Saint Mary's Beacon.

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

VOL. XX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1882. NO. 8

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specialties, and has immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

H. G. DUDLEY. J. W. CARPENTER. W. J. EDELEN

DUDLEY, CARPENTER & CO

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,

BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

☞ Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Jan. 5, 1882—y

To the Traveling Public.

Having leased the property known as Moore's Hotel, Leonardtown, Md., for two years, commencing the 1st of January, 1882, I respectfully inform the public that its management will now be under my exclusive direction and that no pains or expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation as a public resort it has obtained in the past and to increase it in the future. Thankful for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to the House, I respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of the favors of the traveling public. All parties indebted to Mrs. M. J. Moore on Hotel account are reminded that the accounts due from them to her have been placed in my hands for settlement and that no further indulgence can be allowed them.

HERBERT F. MOORE,
Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 12, 1882—tf.

JO F. MORGAN,

Insurance Agent & Broker,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.

Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool.
Watertown Fire, of New York.
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire.
Mutual Endowment Assessment of Baltimore, Life.
New York Mutual Life.
Connecticut Mutual Life.

Jan. 12, 1882—1y.

NOTICE.

THERE will be a dinner for the benefit of St. George's Church at "Valley Lee," (Thomas's Store) on

SATURDAY, Oct. 28th.

The famed culinary talent and social graces of the St. George's ladies will attract a large patronage. There will be shooting at the mark and plenty of fun. Ice-cream and other refreshments in abundance.

Sept 21, 1882—td.

Valuable Woodland

FOR SALE.

180 ACRES of Woodland, well timbered and watered, lying and being in the 2nd election district of St. Mary's county, within 1½ miles of the Potomac. For terms, apply to

CRANE & HAMMETT,
Attys., Leonardtown, or
JEFF D. LOKER,
near the premises

Aug 24, 1882—1m.

FOR SHERIFF.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please announce GEO. BENNET DENT as a candidate for Sheriff at the election in 1883. Mr. Dent is well-known, and we feel certain that this announcement and his election will meet the approbation of all, irrespective of party.

Sept 21, 1882—te. 1ST AND 2ND DISTRICTS.

CHARLOTTE HALL SCHOOL,

CHARLOTTE HALL, ST. MARY'S CO., MARYLAND,

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 4.

For circulars, address
WM. T. BRISCOE,
Secretary of the Board.

Aug 17, 1882—1m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to me will call and settle.

A. A. LAWRENCE.

Aug 10, 1882—tf.

[*For the Beacon.*]

HARLEM PARK, Baltimore, 1882.

After Three Years.

Messrs. Editors:—We do not suppose there is a soul on earth that does not fully appreciate the words of the poet,

"What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life is spent!"

and does not feel how sweet, after a long absence, is

"The welcome in the eye of ancient friends."

'Tis indeed well worth a long absence, even where life is cheerless and monotonous, to feel the grasp of true friendship and to meet the eye of unchanged love. That grasp is a heart note, that look a poem not to be *written*, only *felt*. The human heart can never grow too old to realize this heart-note, to enjoy this poem. How far more beautiful than of yore seems every object of tender association! How beautiful even the rough places that are near enough to old haunts of pleasantness to be breathed upon by the memory-balmed breezes! How peaceful to be back in the old pew—with what added reverence we approach the truly consecrated altar as to greet a holy mother! How the notes that swell out so sweetly from the old organ thrill us—with what increased faith we follow the voice of

authorities agree that nothing equals the iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will *not* blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively *not* injurious.

Saved his Child.

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.
Feb 12, 1880.

Gents:—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required;" and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

ADORAM PHELPS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering with chronic wasting diseases as Con-

amaze of human art, our thoughts rest for a moment upon the mighty things man is capable of, the very great bestowments of happiness his powers are able to bring forth from the material given by a kind creation. This little Park—the one of the greatest natural beauties of the many that deck the interior of our city—with its fountains and birds, its shady walks and bright flowers, is a source of inestimable blessing to the surrounding people, especially to children, who never answer so nearly the divine benediction, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," as when in their pure white robes in guileless sport among the flowers. What bright, happy eyes meet ours as we sit and watch their glee at this beautiful sunset hour, with the young harvest moon—like a smiling Hebe upon some errand of love—lighting up the orient. The scene seems too lovely ever to fall into decay or know any change. The very devices which the flowers are planted to form contain lessons of value to the grateful heart that breathes the perfumed air. The cross of garnet colors and scarlet geraniums with a center of white lily bloom—figurative of the pure, sacrificial soul—its perfect beauty and fragrance, so emblematic of the glory and benediction of that cross that regained us Paradise, readily carries the heart to the contemplation of Calvary's mighty deed of Love and the powers it develops within us to receive and enjoy the wondrous beauties sprung from the breath of the Father. And the Masonic emblem of flower-woven ingenuity, though of subordinate expression, turns us to that Order encompassing the virtues and charities taught in the lessons the cross reads us. The necktie, another ingenious arrangement, we will not dwell upon, sufficient to say, young gentlemen of æsthetic proclivities linger about it, and from the increased bouquets we notice upon the promenade adorning their coat button hole, we infer their idea of emulation. The first floral necktie adorning the human green-form—we will report.

It is a dear pastime indeed to us to sit in this beautiful spot and read such happy lessons of peace, purity and blessing. At the head of the hill from which this Park slopes, stands a new church edifice, which seems a part of this gem-spot, so prettily does the simple architecture blend with it, and from this point there are a dozen handsome churches which can be reached in five minutes and less, among them our own, an attractive yet modest structure, fronting on Lafayette Square, so fitly typical of the winning and modest virtues of the late orator and divine, the lamented Bishop Cummins, of whose useful and spotless life it is a memorial. Bishop Latane, the present pastor, a preacher of cultured powers and truly an example of the Christian Shepherd, has endeared himself to his flock by the faithful exercise of this duty, which some, alas! think well done by simply performing the ceremony. Truly Baltimore may be called the city of churches. They stand on the choicest spots, and in localities where means and often disposition are not adequate to the expense and necessity of a building—tents are set up, which have proved successful missions in spreading the Gospel and edifications in the great cause of reformation. These missionary temples gather in the humble and the poor, the wanderer and the straggler, the profaner of the Sabbath and the drunkard, and that the results are wonderful we had an opportunity to judge on Sunday last, when taking advantage of the fine afternoon, we strolled to the church of The Highways, meeting in a tent, where the Temperance Crusaders held a meeting. A little while ago and this locality was a dreaded one. Liquor saloons, those accursed carbuncles that cling so tenaciously to society, reared their inflammatory fronts at every few paces and an added force of patrolmen was necessary to preserve the peace of the neighborhood. If we had not been told this, we never should have made such an inference, for the quietude and respectability of an enduring Sabbath covered the locality, as with a garment, and the *nobby* policeman, who was cosily leaning against a shady corner, seemed only there as a decoration. We spent an hour much to our edification. The earnest notes of the singers, "Rescue the perishing," had more than the grandeur of the costly organ peal and the tear that stole down the bloated, rough cheek of the reclaimed attested the comfort he felt. "The Drunkard's Child," effectively sung by the daughter of the officiating clergyman, and the reading by same of "Over the hills *from* the poor house," brought forth sobs from the whole of the large audience. How much better is this in the Eye that never slumbers than the careless amen from lisping *form* to the hasty reading of a prescribed prayer! Wherever a church is seen, the vicinity wears a look of protection that another cannot have, without a spire in view at least. In sight of our chamber window is a fine structure nearly completed. When the click of the hammer ceases for the day and the still twilight-rest settles over the spot, suggestive of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," rising from behind the tall spire, with its back ground of luxuriant oaks, comes "Love's white star," as if in tutelar duty, and reverting to that Star that rose long ago over the first Christian church, we enjoy a contemplation worth many hours of the careless day. And look where you will, the outstretched hand of that grand figure which crowns the lofty shaft on Mt. Vernon Square, seems to cover all as it should, but for the hand *that* represents, perhaps instead of the pageant, that made resplendent the principal streets of our city a few nights ago, as a spectacle only, some one part of it might have been a reality, and this day we might have had to fall beneath the wheels of a Juggernaut's chariot to appease the wrath of a false god or implore the mercy of Brahma or Vishnu and be delivered only in trials of fire and water; or be living under the absolute decrees of an Isabella or Elizabeth and doomed to encounter Ravennas of terror and oppression as formidable as the monster represented in the epic of India so grandly portrayed in the magnificent Oriole pageant; or what would, to our idea, have been the more agreeable alternative, be supporting the state of some worthy heir of the peerless Josephine. Who does not love a Napoleon? For a government, other than a republic founded by Washington, is subject to any startling change. It would be an act of supererogation to describe the grand Oriole to you, Messrs. Editors, even had you not seen it—we take it for granted you did—for as far as words can do it your exchanges from here gave a faithful representation. We will only say, never have we seen anything so magnificently grand, and we have witnessed many other spectacular displays. There is more poetry in the throng than we wot of. It was curious as well as instructive to notice the expression of the vast crowd that swayed to and fro along our streets like the high waves of the ocean stirred by a strong wind. It was not all eager curiosity that satisfied the gaze, for the eye of those that did not understand the meaning of the mystic representations, would kindle with a love for the beautiful and weird, and we saw rough forms stand with bated breath and labor-hardened hands clasp as if in homage to such grand results of human brain, and half of our exquisite pleasure was derived from the satisfaction those around us received. "Well, is I lived to see dis night?" was the question that literally burst from the bewildered colored sexton of the church from the steps of which we viewed the pageant. He had with open mouth and distended eyes watched each scene as if dumb, until Ravenna's magic chariot came rolling through the clouds, bearing off the beautiful Sita, and then he gave expression to his uncertainty as to his existence. "Look you'er, old man, who you fink kis efforde to keep up a parlor like dat for dere oxen?" was the exclamation of an aged colored woman, who with her "worser half" had elbowed herself to a stand on the pavement in hearing of us as Apis appeared in view in his gorgeous and comfortable quarters, and to our cursory explanation when the last float had passed and we were waiting for space to step down, "Whereas, we was onct blind we kin see; thank de good Massa he put me where no sich thing as dat is worshipped," and not our thought been intent on the easiest way out of the hurrying crowd, we might have indulged the speculation arising from the old woman's cause for thanks, and might, without deviating from facts, have deduced from the general practice of society, worship of idols, that fall far short of that of Apis in salutary effect. Apropos of Egypt's old tutelar deity, we are reminded of the superbly beautiful horses that drew the splendid apparatus of one of the fire companies. Decked with glittering harness, hung with rare flowers, they trod as proudly as emperors, as if conscious of the noble duty for which they had been chosen. We clasped our hands in intense admiration.—How much more sensible it seems to us would the deifiers of Apis have been had they chosen a horse—provided they could have found one as beautiful as any of the many beautiful ones used in the Fire Department of Baltimore? Our imagination does not clothe the White Horse of the pious King Dasaratha, which was slain to perpetuate the throne with a tithe of the value with which our fire horses are enshrined. If necessary we go out of our way to look at them, when in full run, as on a mission of mercy, in answer to the alarm bell. They seem endowed with soul—and who knows but what they are—as they strain every nerve and dash on with the noble burden of rescue. In passing we cannot refrain from giving expression to our feelings when the tones of the Stonewall (sacred name) band fell upon our ear. "Dixie" seemed to have brought the blue sky with its illimitable worlds, in contact with this bright spot of earth with its thousands of voices, so intense was the encore. Never did standard bearer, hold aloft banner so proudly as did the strong arm of him who carried the Virginia State flag in the military procession. In his magnificent physique, flashing eye and lordly step, was concentrated the spirit of a whole solid South. We let many scenes pass on unheeded while memory showered her "gleaned wreath" into our heart, nor did we repress the tears that welled up, for they were as holy oil dropped on a sacred altar. O beautiful, noble South, how much we love thee!

In the design and artistic work of the decorations of the Sun Office in honor of the Oriole, which showed above all others, we recognized the superlative spirit of the Nestor of the Press, whose sun-rays to the moral world are as those of the day-god to the material. While we were waiting at the Academy of Music to witness the arrival of Lord Baltimore and his royal court, finding we had an hour or more to spare, we used the opportunity to take a peep at the Natatorium. We found a miniature sea, appropriately heated, with fifty or more lasses, ranging from eight to twenty-five years splashing about in the clear water like so many Nereids, all with round dimpled arms and cheeks. Their mode "of going out to sea," is by a broad gang-plank inclining from the edge of the gallery, a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, over which a constant flow of water is running. In pretty swimming costume they rush out of their dressing rooms on the gallery and gracefully and fearlessly launch themselves on the plank to be driven swiftly by the dashing water adown it and forced with a "swish" into the waves. The plunge takes them under for a moment but they recover themselves with a necessary snort and strike out for their practice. The novices are helped down cautiously by the urbane Narayda from little stairways on the "shore" and after being secured by a belt around the waist to a hook fastened to the ends of a rope attached to a wheel moving on a "railroad" across the ceiling of the room, their lessons begin. The revolution of the wheel moves the rope carrying the swimmer along with it, regulated with the view of safety and the necessary time to profit by the lessons. One of the Nereids, worthy of the power of her Uncle Proteus, put herself in so many attitudes as to call forth much admiration of her skill. One moment with graceful strokes, showing off the dimples of her arms, she sported with the tide as with a kitten, the next she dived with all the expertness of a hunter after the treasures of the sea, again, she paddled as against a rolling sea, as if for life, then floated, face upward, upon the surface as if being rocked to sleep. Whether these accomplishments would be of much advantage amid the rough billows of an angry sea, let us pray she may never have the necessity to test.

Amid our other pleasures of "After Three Years," and not the least, is a visit to a real, live Editor. His cosy sanctum sanctorum, conjured up a world of thought, which we will put in form at our leisure. The ladies of our city, so proverbial for beauty, grow handsomer with every generation, and the style of costume was never so fascinating to the eye. But we cannot say the same of the gentlemen in the last respect for they have certainly degenerated in taste—we mean such as worship fashion—that is ludicrous to say the least of it, for tight pants can never be made to be admired, only by the wearer. To see a weight of two hundred pounds, as we did lately, no less than four times in the space of five minutes, for he seemed to have business in the same direction as ourself, encased thus, with an obtrusive shirt front, curtailed coat skirts, a boy's hat on his bra—, no, we'll not finish the adjective, for it might be a mistaken judgment—head and a cane, *a la petit maitre*, in one gloved hand and a cigarette in the other. Without being too harsh, we think he might add to his exchequer by sitting for Puck. Folly in costume, though somewhat excusable in women by custom, is something not to be looked upon with equanimity, in the lords of creation, at least in this land of heroes. It is absolutely astonishing what amount of self-possession they showed in the loud habiliments they vied with each other in displaying at the seaside. It takes a large amount of individualism to face a crowd of critics in tight pants and a coat of material something on the order of window awnings. Truly, the tables are turned, but it is to be hoped the teachings of Oscar Wilde in this respect will not be of permanent endurance. Sunflowers are on the decline already.

After getting thus far in this random letter, where we meant to conclude, the rain storm prevented us from mailing, and now after the lapse of nearly a week including market-day and Sunday, finding a few lines of foolscap remaining, we will add an item more.

Yesterday afternoon, bright and beautiful as the weather-god could create from fair sky and genial atmosphere, we attended the interesting exercises of the dedication of the Sunday School chambers of the uncompleted edifice before alluded to. It was a sweet picture of the great Sabbath School Work being done in the city and we could not think it possible that a boy or a girl in that audience of attractive children could ever wander from the path pointed out to them by the noble laborers for their welfare. The cornet and flute, in master hands, mingled melodiously with the organ in rendering the sweet simple hymns of the "Long Ago" and gray heads and bending forms swelled the chorus. When men, whose daily business is to handle bonds and stocks and regulate the onward rush of trade, add their voices to the stirring notes of "The Old Ship of Zion" then indeed the Renaissance is near. At night we heard from the pulpit of our own church a consignment of all Atheists, Pantheists and Deists to the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone" and with an earnest amen, turned us to our slumbers with an added thankfulness for a home in a Christian land.

Respectfully, CRAYON.

A MODERN INSTANCE.—A New Jersey miller who had become old and rheumatic, one day called his sons about him and said:

"Boys, I am growing stiff in the knees and faint at heart My liver is out of order, and I can no longer distinguish between a peck and a half bushel when taking toll. This mill is worth ten thousand dollars. In order to form a stock company, and render my own burdens the lighter, I shall give Reuben two-tenths, Samuel the same, and Henry, who is my first-born, three-tenths. Bless you, my children, bless you. You may now go a-fishing for half a day"

The three sons took the papers which the old man had made out, and instead of going a-fishing, they went down to a lawyer's office, called a meeting of stockholders, and proceeded to business. The first-born was elected president, Reuben treasurer, and Samuel secretary, and the following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That we bounce the old man, and run the mill after our own ideas!"

A NAUTICAL EXPLANATION.—In a dancing-saloon one night a sailor was asked by a messmate to explain to him in a few words and as quick as possible the third figure of a quadrille. His description was as follows:—"You first of all heave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arms; then in a jiffy regain your berth on the other tack in the same kind of order; slip along sharp and take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, and then fill on your keel, and bring up with your craft. She then manœuvres ahead off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board; cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place out of the melee in the best manner you can, and let go your anchor."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR OF HONOR.—Speaking of Dick Winship, says the San Francisco *Post*, recalls his famous duel with the Frenchman at Marseiles. Dick was then Second Lieutenant of our Scorpion stationed there at the time, and as usual kept the whole fleet and half the town on nettles through his endless practical jokes.

The slang expression for Frenchmen in those days was "frog eaters," and the wife of a French Captain of militia having presented her lord with twins, Dick had the "nerve" to tender the happy father, at a public banquet, a stuffed group, consisting of a big frog holding on its knees a couple of smaller ones. Of course there was a challenge, and when the Captain's seconds appeared, Winship, as the challenged party, gravely insisted on the duel being fought in the dark, with pistols, one shot only being allowed to each man. This new addition to the code made a terrible stir, but as Dick held firm, the Frenchman was finally forced to submit.

On the appointed day, after dinner, the principals were placed, blindfolded, and pistol in hand, in a room at a hotel from which every particle of light had been excluded. At a given signal on the closed door, the antagonists removed their bandages, to find themselves in absolute darkness, listening to the beating of their own hearts, and each afraid to fire first, for fear of exposing his location to the other.

Dick quietly took off his shoes, and feeling for the chimney—in front of which he had taken care to be placed—he crept up the flue, descended through a trap-door in the roof, slipped into a carriage and rejoined his dinner party, which at once devoted itself to making a night of it, in the highest glee possible.

The next morning they returned to the hotel and opened the room, which had been as silent as the grave all night. Kneeling in his corner, every muscle quivering with the unbearable suspense, was the militia Captain, his auburn hair turned as white as snow by the horrors of that interminable night.

KEEP CHERRY.—One of the most delightful sights we know of is that of sunshine in human faces. How much a man draws us to himself. See his large, sunny nature. Nothing seems to cloud his face. While others are gloomy and discouraged he is full of hope and full of courage He looks on the bright side; he laughs at adversity and snaps his fingers in the face of discouragements. He tones up all around him. Soldiers on the march feel the invigorating effect of such a man's presence. Tired workers everywhere are cheered and strengthened by the sight of such faces and the sound of such voices.

This is a priceless possession to a mother, wife, teacher, minister or any leader of men. Think of the discouragement and weariness of working on, day by day, by the side of one or under the authority of one who is always gloomy and morose. It were as pleasant and as easy to labor in darkness and in shadows.

Cheery men and women are stronger men and women. They are aged less, carry no useless burdens and avoid much fiction. Their faces are known and read by all men, and what a joyous, health-giving tale they tell.

Do you say this is all beautiful and true, but those we speak of have no trials? No ill-health, or broken fortunes, or crushed hopes have ever come to shadow and embitter their lives? Stay, friends, this supposition of yours is all wrong. These things have not prevented them, need not prevent any one from living in the sunlight.

Oh, how we need such men and women now. We need them in every home and every church. Are you one of these? Then you are doing good continually; doing it as the sun shines in heaven or the rain falls on the earth. God bless you in your helpful ministry.

Are you not one of these? Then you miss much of the great sweetness and joyousness of life. Get out from under the clouds. You were never meant to live in tears continually. Rejoice! Cheer-up! Whistle, sing, do something to brighten yourselves. Live honestly before God and man and do good. Cheer up others and thus fill your soul with sunlight. "God bless us every one," and fill our souls with the sunlight of His presence, and our daily life with sunny faces, kind words and unselfish acts.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.—Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

During this interview with the African chief two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay; the other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son," and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married and the tresure given them as a dowry."

Alexander looked astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon the herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah!" said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

MRS. JOB.—The world has been sympathizing with Job for two thousand years, and pitying his sufferings and tribulations but hardly a thought seems to have been taken of Mrs. Job and her trials which must have been of no ordinary nature. True, she didn't have any boils, her husband with true masculine selfishness, appropriating them all to himself, but she had to wait on him and listen to his complainings day and night. It would have tried the patience of a saint to have been compelled to live in the same house with a man burdened with such a wealth of afflictions as Job was, and it is hardly to be wondered at that, goaded to desperation, his wife one day advised him to throw up the game and pass in his checks. Almost any woman would have done the same thing under the circumstances. There seems to have been a constant stream of people coming to see Job, to condole with him. Not only did the neighbors drop in continually to see how he was getting along, each one with a different remedy for boils, but relatives came from long distances and of course they had to be entertained and fed. This made a great deal of work for Mrs. Job, who on account of her husband's extraordinary losses, couldn't afford to keep a hired girl. Had she not been a remarkable woman, she never could have gone through with it.

THE SPECTRE OF THE VICKSBURG SIEGE.—I remember to have been standing on a knoll in front of my headquarters on a beautiful night, listening to the fire of batteries. The moon was out in all its splendor, and flashes that gleamed from the mouths of a hundred-guns could be seen for miles to the right and left. Standing upon an adjacent hill to my right a tall figure was seen clothed in white. It seemed to be that of a man at least seven feet high, but the uniform was not that of a soldier In tones never to be forgotten and that echoed from hill to valley and from valley to hill, the words "Cease firing" were heard from this unearthly-looking figure, as though he was commanding the world and giving the order, "By kingdoms, right wheel." Summoning up all the courage at my command, I hailed him with the inquiry, "Who on earth are you?" The prompt and emphatic response was; "I am General Burbridge's orderly in my night shirt."—*General Landrum.*

THE RETORT SARCASTIC.—Judge Tarbell tells the following joke on himself. A short time after his retirement from the bench, he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for some time. The Judge, all smiles and heathfulness, effervesced over his friend in such a way as to provoke the inquiry:

"What office are you candidate for now, Judge?"

The Judge made a deprecatory movement with an outward turned palm, and said:

"For none at all, my dear brother; I'm simply a candidate for the Kingdom of Heaven."

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more wit than politeness, and more profanity than either, said:

"I'll bet you don't carry a d——n township!"

Doubtless the Judge lost sight of the man's profanity in admiration of his sublimely truthful candor.

JUST A LITTLE.—It is related that a Buffalo man who had been in the coffee business for several years was led to believe that he was a sinner, and to come out on the side of religion. The morning after he had taken this step he reached his factory to find business suspended, and upon demanding an explanation, his son replied:

"Well father, I didn't know what to do. I didn't suppose after what you had said last night that you would mix any more beans with the coffee. I presumed it would make a difference."

"Yes, it will make just a little difference," calmly observed the old man. "We have heretofore been mixing one barrel of beans to four of coffee, haven't we?"

"Yes"

"Well, take out a few of the beans—about two quarts, I guess!"—*Wall Street Daily News.*