Saint Mary's Beacon.

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

VOL. XX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 31, 1885. NO. 16

A YOUNG HERO.

In June, 1860, the brig Polly Deems, Captain Job Payson, sailed from Boston, for a port of Turkey, laden with cotton goods. She was a new, taught little vessel, with plenty of storage room, and had accommodation for two passengers.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate, four sailors, a black cook and a cabin-boy.

Captain Payson was a conscientious, just man, who treated his crew neither to jokes nor grog, but who lodged and fed them better than would five out of the six of the masters sailing from New England ports.

"Old Job," the mate, who was from the West, used to say he was "a hard man, but one you could tie to, in fair weather or foul."

His crew were picked men, and, with the exception of Dan, the cabin boy, had been with him for years. This was Dan's first voyage, and he felt that captain and crew eyed him with suspicion. He was on probation, and he felt that not a grain of favor would be allowed him.

Dan was a farm boy, who knew nothing of the world beyond the village in which was his mother's church. Shipboard, the sea, Europe, Turkey, here were bewildering ideas to burst at once on his narrow experience, scarcely wider than that of the house-dog sleeping at the barn-door.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready to see the work of the moment and do it before the moment is over," was his mother's last advice. "For the rest, Daniel, ask the Lord's help. You'll find Him just as near to you in Turkey as in your own home here."

Dan, in the hurry and excitement of getting under way, and of his new duties, repeated the advice over and over to himself. It seemed to keep his mother near him. Several days after, while he was carrying the dinner dishes into the cabin, he overheard the mate say:

"That boy is clipper enough for a raw hand, captain."

"Ay," grunted Captain Payson; "turns out better than I expected. I took him for his mother's sake. Widow. Old friend of mine."

"Rather gentlemanly fellow, this passenger?" ventured the mate, finding Captain Payson in an unusually talkative mood.

"He is a gentleman, sir, one of the Farnells of Springfield. Ill-health. Doctor prescribed a long sea voyage. A gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Briggs!"

Dan while waiting on the table at dinner could not help noticing the passenger. "Some of these days," thought the true-born Yankee lad, "I too, shall be a gentleman and a scholar."

Doctor Farnell was a tall, lean man, carefully dressed, with sandy hair and moustache, but with eyebrows and lashes almost white. His eyes, too, were large and pale. They never met the eyes of any other man fairly. Once when Dan happened to look at him he turned quickly away, and he glanced furtively and suspiciously at the boy at times during the rest of the meal.

"Don't like him," thought Dan. "Looks sneaking and tricky, and not like a gentleman."

But Dan, of course, kept his opinion to himself. Even Job, the cook, snubbed the "raw hand," and tolerated no remarks from him.

Fortunately, the lad was not seasick. He learned his new duties quickly; was alert, neat, and always good-natured. In the course of one week Captain Payson had twice grunted approval.

Dan worked harder than ever, and between times for recreation, when the passenger was on deck, he watched him.

Doctor Farnell talked fluently and brilliantly, as even Dan's uncultured view could perceive. But his talk was levelled far above the heads of either the captain or Mr. Briggs, who listened with half comprehending admiration.

But there were days when the doctor was absolutely silent, ate nothing, and paced the deck wrapped in a profound gloom, his light eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side.

On one of these days Dan, going down just at twilight to find something he had left in his berth, saw a tall figure, which he could not recognize, with a candle groping about among the chests of the sailors.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

The man came quickly toward him. The candle threw a yellow glare over his set face and glaring eyes. He was the passenger. He caught Dan by the sleeve.

"Here, boy—what do they call you?"

"Dan."

"You're surprised to see me here, Dan?" with a guilty laugh. "Took me for a ghost, eh?"

"I beg your pardon; I oughtn't to have called to you. But it took me aback, sir."

"Naturally, you need not be surprised at seeing me in any part of the vessel. I am studying its construction as a scientific man. Captain Payson has been good enough to give me admittance to all parts of the vessel. You need not shout in that disagreeable way again. It startles a nervous man." And with a vague smile he blew out the candle and went upon deck, leaving Dan staring after him.

"It's not all right; or, why should he, being a gentleman, make such a long explanation to me, being a cabin-boy?" said Dan at last, shaking his head.

That night Captain Payson was alone on the quarter deck when Dan presented himself before him and saluted. His voice shook a little, for he was terribly scared. "Old Job" was a bigger man in his eyes than any king or potentate.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" growled the captain.

"The—the passenger, sir."

"What have you to do with the passenger?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you sure he isn't a thief or worse," gasped Dan, forgetting, in his terror, the respectful speech he had planned in which he meant to state the fact of Dr. Farnall's visit below deck.

The captain seized the rope's end. "Take that for your impudence," he shouted, aiming a blow at Dan, who dodged it, and then blurted out the whole story.

"Searching among the bunks—Dr. Farnall?" muttered the captain in astonishment, dropping his weapon; and then he walked thoughtfully up and down. Suddenly he stopped before Dan. "It is well you came to me and nobody else with the story," he said. "It is of no account. Dr. Farnall is an eccentric man. If he wishes to examine the ship in any part he is not to be watched or spied upon. So keep your eyes open to yourself, and your tongue, too. If you go blabbing the story about I'll flog you."

Dan crept off to his work feeling as if he had a sound drubbing.—Tears of rage and mortification stood in his eyes.

"Mother's rules do very well on land, but they won't work on shipboard," he muttered; "but there's something that needs watching in that man, and I'll watch him."

Nothing of moment happened, however, for a week. Then Dan observed that the passenger's days of fasting and depression grew more frequent. There were whole nights when he paced the deck until morning.

The crew joked together about him. One declared that he was a murderer; another that he escaped from a lunatic asylum; but the common opinion was that he had run away from a termagant wife.

"D'ye mind," said Irish Jem, "how he eyes every ship we hail as though she might be aboard?"

Dan alone never joined in the gossip below decks about the mystery.

One day a little incident occurred which suddenly strengthened his suspicion.

Just before nightfall, when passing the after hatchway, in the covering of which was a slide that could be opened and closed at will, Dan met Dr. Farnall coming up, covered with dirt and dust. There was an unsteady glare in his eyes. He seized Dan by the shoulders. "Do you know where I have been?" he said hoarsely.

"In the lower hold, sir, among the boxes."

"What d'ye think is down there, boy, for you and all of us? Death! Death! But tell nobody—nobody—" He dropped his hold and staggered on.

"Mad as a March hare!" muttered Dan.

But half an hour later Dr Farnall was seated at the supper-table, gay, self-possessed, keeping the captain in a roar with his good stories.

About the middle of the second watch that night Dan turned out of his bunk. The boy was really too anxious to sleep.

"Death in the hold, eh? Death in the hold?" he repeated to himself.

He did not dare go to the captain or crew with his story. Yet he was sure some peril was at hand. He sat shivering for a while, then pulled on his clothes. "If death's in the hold, I'll find him," he said.

He groped his way to the after hatchway unquestioned; for the mate, who had charge of the deck, was reclining listlessly against the rail further aft, where the hatchway was hid from view by the cabin. The slide was open.

His heart beat quick with excitement; but noiseless as a cat, Dan crept down to the lower deck and groped for the hatchway that opened into the lower hold.

He was so certain danger was afoot that he was not startled when he saw a faint, reddish light, and found the lower hatchway open.

The whole was not so closely stowed but what one could move about in it quite freely, and on lowering himself carefully Dan

Nobody could hear him. Dan remembered that, and became suddenly silent. Horror and fear only made thought more vivid.

Death was just at hand. There was nobody to drive it back but himself, and he was in this madman's hold.

He stared into the fierce glassy eyes with an agony of hesitation.

Farnall laughed back at him.

"I thought of burning, but this is quietest. I want to go calmly into the great hereafter. We shall go together in a few minutes," glancing at the stream of water gushing out of the opening.

"O mother, mother!" cried the saw that the light came from a lantern, and that it cast a glare directly upon the face of the passenger, who was kneeling and working at something upon the floor.

"So that is the way Death looks, hey?" thought Dan. "He couldn't well look worse." And he eyed the haggard, ghastly face.

"What grating noise is that?" he asked himself, and in the same instant he sprang forward with a cry of horror.

The passenger had an anger in his hands, and a saw lay beside him.

He had bored a hole through the side of the vessel below the waterline, and the water was already coming through.

The boy clutched Farnall and shook him like a wild beast. "You are sinking the ship. Help! help!"

The madman turned upon him quietly and nodded.

"Yes, we'll all go down together. Don't make that outcry. Nobody can hear you."

He had caught the boy's wrist and held him with the unnatural strength of the insane.

shivering boy.

"We'll all go together. Kings among the ancients went across the Styx attended by the slain on their burial. I will be followed by the Yankee captain and his crew."

A sudden flash lighted Dan eyes. "Not by the captain," he said.

His own voice startled him, it was so calm, and in a tone so very different from any in which he had ever spoken before. "The captain and Mr. Briggs will escape," he cried.

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Farnall. "Escape! How will can they escape?"

"Because they are not in the hold. They will take to the boats."

"I never thought of the boats."

Dan felt a chill run over him. He tried to speak, but his voice failed. He had but one chance, and he must try it.

"I will go and bring the captain and Mr. Briggs down if you like. Then they can't get away."

"Ha! ha! pretty good joke. Well, go bring them; and be quick," loosening his hold and pushing Dan away.

Dan walked slowly to the ladder, then he made one wild spring up.

"To the hold! to the hold! A leak!" he shrieked, and then fell to the deck.

Within another hour the madman was in irons, the leak had been stopped, and the water was pumped out of the hold. The danger was passed and all snug and taut.

The crew made a hero of Dan. Even Captain Layson spoke out his heavy praise.

"The lad saw what was to be done and did it. He had courage and, what is better, good sense. Who taught you to use your wits, my boy?"

"My mother, sir," said Dan.—*New York Tablet.*

WILL READ EITHER WAY.—Our young friends have heard of palindromes—words or lines that read and spell the same backward or forward. The following sentences, printed in the London *Truth*, simply make sense read word by word either way:

"Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold—things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

"She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

"Man is noble and generous often, sometimes vain and cowardly.

"Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable."

☞ Visitors returning from abroad as well as recent emigrants, will find Ayer's Sarsaparilla helpful in avoiding the hardships of acclamation, and in removing the boils, pimples and eruptions consequent upon sea diet. Its blood-cleansing qualities remedy such troubles promptly.

☞ Concerning the insane Rochester girl, who gets out of bed at midnight and goes to work sawing wood in the back yard, it is said that her father deeply deplores her insanity, but always leaves the wood-pile handy for her get at.

☞ "Boy, I'll teach you to tear your pants," said an irate Austin parent swinging a strap, "I'll teach you."

"Don't hit me, I know how already. Just look at 'em."

☞ In the way of thanks: young lady, writing a love letter for the kitchenmaid. "That's about enough, now, is it not? Kitchen maid: "One thing more miss; just say please excuse bad writin' and spellin'."

Uncle Pete's Address to the Tobacco and Cotton Co[illegible]

Attention to yer, gentlemen, I'am de club
ter order,
And wish ter call [illegible] ter what I'm
gwine ter say;
I'm come ter de [illegible] I hope you'll kind
ly sorter
Feel bit sint no use in [illegible] if de white man
gits de pay.
Now, I's gwine ter gib [illegible] farmer, I finds bit
didn't pay;
Bit sint no use in [illegible] corn and 'baccer
day by day,
And when de yeah [illegible] around and yer
goes to long [illegible]
[illegible]
de horn.
I tells yer now pazzun [illegible] and yer'll find bit am
a fac,
You can make yer calculations and add bit
up and back,
Dat dere is stiles made as farmers, work as
best you can,
So I'm gwine ter gib de bisness up and be a
jurryman.
Now, heah me what I tole yer, and I knows
what I'm talkin 'bout,
De dem'crats in dis county yer kno am dun
played out.
And as we holds de balance power in dis part
of de State,
Yer kno that we can hab a say in fixin up de
slate.
And nex yeah, if I'm livin, as sure as you are
born,
I's gwine ter run for office (dat's better'n bein
corn),
For us ter do de yoten and de white man git
de pay
Sint fair play.
Now, that is Mr. Griffin, gentlemen, he's a
mighty smart young man,
We'll put him as a 'lator and elect him if we
can—
And as two men men are required ter travel
on dis track,
We will send wid him a white man to stand
behind his back.
Then dat an lots of offices in the Commissioners' Court,
'Twould be better that these candundates from
the whites and black a-sort,
For if a question then should come up and yer
couldn't see yer way,
Why then dis course you'll have to vote just as
the head man say
Of course I sint no candundate, and that you
all does kno,
But if my friends insist, I will before the people
go,
And as I likes de widows and de children and
holds agin no man a grudge,
I'll be glad if you appoint me in the Orfans'
Court a Judge.
In de Constitution, I am tole, provisions am
laid down
For the cullud people, but it seems none am
yet been found.
So as I was tellen of yer, bit only seems fair
play,
For de white man ter do some voten and de
nigers git some pay.

POTOMAC.

HIS PA "NISHIATED."—"Say, are you a Mason, or a nodfellow, or anything," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you to thinking of that," asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk, and charged the boy's father with a half a pound of cinnamon.

"Wall, do the goats but when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a fellow Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"O, nuthin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers did, and said we aught to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishate, and pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds, and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable. Say, did you know they keep a goat in a livery stable so the horses won't get sick? They get used to the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. I wish my girl boarded in a livery stable, then she would get used to the smell. I went home with her from church Sunday night, and the smell of the goat on my clothes made her sick to her stummick, and she acted just like an excursion on the lake, and said if I didn't go and bury myself and take the smell out of me she wouldn't never go with me again. She was just as pale as a ghost, and the perspiration on her lip was just zif she had been hit by a street sprinkler. You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, and he blated so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Gosh, how frowy a goat smells, don't it? I should think you Masons must have strong stummix. Why don't you have a skunk or a mule for a trade mark. Take a mule, and annoint it with limburg cheese and you could initiate and make a candidate smell just as bad as with a gosh darn mildewed goat. Well, sir, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could but a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man, and hung it on the back of a chair. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nolidge. Then my chum asked pa if didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps. We went up stairs, and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who there, he must say, 'a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, 'cause a woman can't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you initiate a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his buck was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones, if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for bear, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole biziness, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: "Bring forth the Royal Bumper, and let him Bump!" Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the larger beer goat raring up, and he started for it, just like a cow catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he new he had got hit, and he grunted, and said: 'Hell's-fire, what you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters ma and ma and the goat were all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder, and ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting, and sneezing and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat stared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated, too, and gave him one, for luck, and then went down on the sidewalk, blatting and sneezing, and the minister came into the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and told the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seems as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His people, and none of them set down but ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they was talkin' religion with their mouths, and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, and I hain't been home since. But I don't believe pa will lick me, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences.—He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't back on me, cause the goat was not loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the grocery man said to his brother odd fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum."

THE MARQUIS SHOT.—There is a good story told of the Marquis of Waterford (Lord Charles Beresford's uncle) and the way he served a young fellow whose indifference to the lives and limbs of other people when out shooting with them had gained for him somewhat of a reputation. The young man, though he ought to have been deprived of his gun license by special act of parliament, was the son of a duke of such high standing in the political world that nobody ventured more than a mild remonstrance with him for his carelessness, and while few cared to join a shooting party of which he made one, his position got him invited where men of more caution but less blood would have been excluded. It so happened that one October both the marquis and Lord Joceline Clinton—the young man in question—found themselves staying for the shooting at Walterton park, Lord Oxford's place in Norfork. There was a large party staying at the house, and more than one fortunate escape from Lord Joceline's reckless gun was the nightly topic in the smoking room. Several of the men had already been grazed on one or two occasions by shots fired at close quarters, and one who had been his nearest neighbor one morning had one of his whiskers and eyebrows singed off by a flash from a muzzle heedlessly placed within an inch of his cheek. Lord Joceline paid small heed to the remarks he heard, and laughingly treated all that was said as a joke. But Lord Waterford smoked his pipe in silence, only joining in the talk so far as to confide to a friend, who sat near, his determination to put an end to the young man's exploits should it come in his way to do so. It is said that Lord Joceline overheard the remark but said nothing.

At all events, next day the party went out as usual, and, as chance would have it, when shooting an outlying cover, Lord Waterford and Lord Joceline stood a rod apart. In the midst of an exciting battue a rabbit started out of the bushes and ran between the two. Lord Joceline, disregarding all orders to the contrary, leveled and fired at it. The rabbit got safely away, but about a dozen of the shot intended for it lodged in Lord Waterford's legs. His back happened to be turned at the moment, but wheeling around without a sign of pain, ere the reverberation had died away, he called out in a loud tone: 'Whoever fired that last shot hold up his hand!' Lord Joceline, in the bravado of the moment, held up his hand with a laugh. Hardly had he done so when Lord Waterford raised his gun and let him have the contents of one barrel in his palm. Fortunately it was a defective cartridge, from which most of the shot had fallen, else it would have been a bad day for Lord Joceline. As it was, he carried away enough leaden pellets among his finger joints to make a sadder and a wiser man of him, and cure him effectively of the peculiarity that had made him a terror in the shooting field. No one after that had ever cause of complaint against him.

A SNEEZING TIME.—When Gallagher packed away his fur overcoat last year, he resolved the moths should not destroy it, so he put about four pounds of pepper into it. When that cold morning struck us, he got the coat out in a hurry and, without stopping to brush it, put it on and skipped for a horse-car. In he jumped and sat down. As he went down, out fluffed a little lot of pepper and he inhaled it. The pepper made him sneeze. The convulsion of sneezing agitated the coat further, and the pepper kept coming up on him. So instead of stopping sneezing, he sneezed harder. He sneezed so hard that he attracted general attention. His eyes filled with tears. Every sneeze made things worse. He gasped for wrath and tried to stop, but could not. People didn't understand it, and thought the man would die. A benevolent gentleman went to the rescue. He patted Gallagher's back, and a little fluff of pepper arose to him. Katchoo! He was sneezing, too. And his effort had so spread the pepper that not only did Gallagher go it worse, but the people next to Gallagher began to sneeze. The violence of Gallagher's sneezing meantime increased. He shook so that the pepper came out of the coat in a cloud. Soon everybody in the car was sneezing. "What—catchoo—sort of a—catchoo—man are you?" asked one man of Gallagher. But the latter could not reply. The thing was getting serious. The conductor came in to rectify matters, but he got to sneezing, too, and could do nothing. Some of the passengers were furious at Gallagher. Two of them attempted to put him out of the car. They clinched him. Of course the more they shook him the worse things got. Everybody in the car was shedding tears and sneezing frightfully. Consternation prevailed. Finally somebody made a break for the door. They all fled, all but Gallagher, and the men fighting him. Finally they were got off, and Gallagher arose to get out.—The car had been stopped. Those who had got out had recovered from their paroxysms and wanted to lick Gallagher. But as they started for him, the thought struck them that they'd get to sneezing again if they meddled with him. So they let him go. And he went home and was so mad at the coat, he took it off and sailed in to kick it and got into another sneezing-fit that lasted fifteen minutes.—*Boston Post.*

FRA DIAVOLO.—Last week two young men, modest and green from the country, were in town, and they thought they would hear the opera, so they could tell the folks about it when they went back home. They selected the 'Fra Diavolo' night, and were at the Grand in their best clothes to enjoy the music. All went smooth until the red room scene, when they began to show a little nervousness as they gathered from the singing that the fair diva proposed to retire. When the diva stood before the glass and began taking out her earrings as a preliminary, they became still more excited, and one of them said:

'Dang my buttons, Bill, she's goin' to take her clothes off!'

'No, she ain't,' said Bill, 'she dasn't do it right here before everybody.'

'But she is though, for there goes the second ear-bob, and nobody knows what these show-actors will do.'

'I tell you she dasn't do it,' again replied Bill.

'Look at her now, excitedly said the other, 'there goes her breast pin and collar.'

'She dasn't do it I tell you,' said Bill.

Then the diva made another motion.

'There, Bill, see her, what's she's doin'; she's yanked her corset off, and she's reachin' for the strap that keeps her dress on.'

'She dasn't do it,' said Bill again, more excited than his friend.

Then another motion by the diva and the first speaker blurted out:

'By gravy, Bill, if she ain't got off her dress, then I'm a fence rail!'

'But she dasn't go no further,' said Bill, twisting around in his seat.

The diva, after admiring herself in the glass, and singing her pretty little love song, stepped to a chair and sat down to take off her shoes.

'Bill,' said his friend, 'there goes one of her shoes!'

'Well, I'm damned,' said Bill, now wild with excitement. 'There goes the other one, too. The next thing will be the white thingamagig she's got on, then the devil will be to pay, sure, and I don't want to be around when they take up the collection. Let's mosey out af this!'

And they mosied just as the fair Emma, in her white *robe de nuit*, hopped into bed.—*The Drummer.*

A BIG GOURD.—Some people are very sensitive about their names, particularly if they happen to own a name that is susceptible of being hoisted and distorted out of shape by the humorist who plays on words. Such persons, even when they were originally very good humored, become morose and crabbed. From the time they go to school until they are wheeled out to their open sepulcher, they have the same atrocious puns perpetrated on their names, and as continually hammering on one spot is apt to ultimately make a sore place, sooner or later, the victim of his own name becomes dangerous to fool with.

An Austin gentleman tells us the following good story about a man who refused to allow anybody to take improper liberties with his name which was A. Gourd. He belonged to a Virginia regiment, weighed about two hundred pounds and would fight a cross-cut saw at the drop of the hat. He had been badgered so much in early life about his name that it was not safe to mention it, even respectfully, in his presence. His fellow soldiers knew and appreciated his weakness, or rather his strength, and governed themselves accordingly; but when a new recruit who was given to putting on airs, and whom it was desirable to take down a peg, was mustered in, Gourd was utilized for the purpose. The soldiers would discuss gourds in general principles, and the following conversation would take place:

"I say, Mr. Recruit, how big was the biggest gourd you ever saw?"

"I saw one once about as big as a watermelon."

"We have got a gourd in this company that is as big around as a barrel."

"O pshaw!"

"But I tell you we have. Our gourd weighs two hundred pounds."

"Yes, I suppose so. That is another of those soldiers' yarns."

"Well, our big gourd is over there in that tent."

The soldier would at last be overcome by curiosity to take a look at the big gourd, and would stroll into private A. Gourd's tent, who would ask the stranger what he wanted.

"Nothing, only I heard there was a big gourd in this tent, and I—"

Before the recruit could finish, A. Gourd would be busy fanning the ground with the green recruit.—*Texas Siftings.*

☞ Mrs. M. E. Cadwell, Baltimore, says: "I have received great benefit from Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of appetite and weakness."