Saint Mary's Beacon.

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

VOL. XX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1883. NO. 44

Spring Opening.

MESSRS. WM. J. EDELEN & CO. BEG leave to call the attention of their customers and the public generally to the new and splendid assortment of

Spring & Summer Goods

just received and opened at their store, embracing all the best and newest styles in the following departments:

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Ladies' & Gents' Furnishing Goods,
DRY GOODS.
NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats,
Queensware,
Hardware,
Tinware,
Cutlery,
Furniture,
Stoves,
Agricultural Implements

ALSO

Groceries,
Wines

and the finest brand of

Old Monticello Whiskey

ever kept in our market. In short, our stock embraces every article usually found in a first-class country store, and our prices will be found to be so low that none can complain.

☞ Call and examine our stock before making your purchases.

FARM MACHINERY.

We are agents for E. B. WHITMAN'S ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, the best plow in America.
The Six FOOT WHIPPLE WHEEL HARROW and WHIPPLE HARROW and CULTIVATOR combined.
These implements have all been tested and approved by many of our best farmers.

Also for C. AULTMAN & CO'S celebrated BUCKEYE MACHINERY, including Twine Binder Reapers and Mowers, MONITOR ENGINE and New Model Thresher, with Clover Huller attached.

☞ Orders solicited and any information asked in regard to the above machinery cheerfully and promptly given.

WM. J. EDELEN & CO.,

May 10, 1883.

New Store!

MRS. BLAIN & JONES are now opening at their store, for exhibition and sale, abeautiful assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CALICOES,
MUSLINS, plain and fancy;
LINENS,
Ulster Cloths, Blankets, Comforts, Spreads,
Furniture Calico,
Shawls,
Cashmeres,
Hoods, etc.

And all kinds of Dress Goods; Also,

Dolls, Work Boxes,
Card Receivers,
Moustache Cups,
Vases,
Fancy Baskets,
Cigar Holders,
Photograhic and Autographic Albums,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, etc.

Ink Stands, Satchels,
Confectionery of all kinds.

Also Plain and Fancy Ginghams, Domestics, Cretons, Cambrics, and all kinds of trimmings, Table Linens, Towelings, Crash, plain and colored ribbons, etc., etc.

Especial attention is called to the fine stock of *Gloves*, Lisle Thread, Plain Silk Gloves. Also, a large and well assorted lot of *Kid Gloves*, black and colored, at prices to suit the times.

Great inducements offered to Purchasers.

☞ Call and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

BLAIN & JONES,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Dec 21, 1882—tf.

NORRIS & CARNER,
BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE undersigned have entered into Copartnership as Builders and Contractors, and are prepared to execute all demands in their line of business in St. Mary's and adjoining counties that may be made upon them with promptness, at reasonable rates and in workmanlike manner.

Notice by postal to Leonardtown or Holywood, will receive prompt attention.

S. E. NORRIS,
A. M. GARNER.

Sept 21, 1882.

G. W. BURROUGHS,
Comfortable Lodgings and Board.
MECHANICSVILLE,
ST. MARY'S CO., MD.

☞ Particular attention paid to commercial travelers.

May 17, 1883—tf.

ROYAL GLUE,
ROYAL GLUE.
For sale by HARRY SPALDING.

J. W. BRADLEY & CO.,
PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GREEN and DRIED FRUITS and COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY.

☞ Consignments solicited and prompt returns.

May 17, 1883—6m.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are prepared to build
BUGGIES,
WAGONS
and JAGGERS.
PAINTING, TRIMMING and general repairs neatly executed.

Undertaking.

We keep on hand COFFINS and CASKETS with the newest improvements. Orders quickly filled. Business promptly attended to. *Charges moderate and all work guaranteed.*

Gravestones, Monuments.

We are also agents for a Marble Yard. Can furnish the above at city prices. Call and see the designs. Select your tombstones and don't let the dead be neglected. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of same.

J. J. JARBOE & SON.

March 22 1883.

UNDERTAKING!

COFFINS AND CASKETS of latest styles furnished at notice and at prices to suit the times.

TWO HEARSES

always at hand.

HORSESHOEING, $1.00 Cash.

I am prepared to attend to
BLACKSMITHING,
WHEELWRIGHTING, &c

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I solicit a continuance of the same.

J. A. DILLOW.

Feb 1, 1883—tf.

NOTICE.

I MOST respectfully inform the public that I have opened at MECHANICSVILLE, MD., SHOPS, where
BLACKSMITHING,
WHEELWRIGHTING,
COACH-PAINTING,
TRIMMING and UNDERTAKING business will be carried on. I hope by faithful work, low prices and strict attention to business I may receive the patronage of the general public.

CHAS. R. CLARKE.

May 10, 1883—tf.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.
NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
PILET'S LANGUAGES.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
SCHAFFER'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.
KERAN'S U. S. HISTORY.
Catalogue Mailed on Application.
JOHN B. PIET & CO.
PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

J. BOYKIN LEE & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN & TOBACCO.

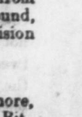
Baltimore, May 24th, 1881

We have engaged the services of Mr. R. H. HYATT, who, with Mr. J. C. ESTEP, of Charles county, have charge of the Tobacco department of our business and will give their strict personal attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us.

J. BOYKIN LEE & CO., 17 Camden Street,
One door West of Charles.

April 12, 1883—y

WANTED.



1000 YOUNG CATTLE in reduced condition. Fair prices and cash on delivery.

JOS. S. ALLSTON.

March 29, 1883—96d

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sigh, and the hills will answer;
Sing, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no one can help you die.
There is room in the hall for all pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Determined Duelists.

In a recent number of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a Forty-Niner gives some interesting recollections of old-time duels on the western coast. Himself an adherent of the code of honor that demanded reparation for real or fancied insult, the details of the duel as related by one ot the participants, is unusually interesting. He says:

The first duel that I was concerned in was between a young man from Philadelphia, named Graham, and Gen. Walker, afterwards of Nicaragua fame. It grew out of a violent attack on the county court, of which Judge Morrison was the head, in the San Francisco *Herald*, by Walker, who was one of the editors. Young Graham was a protege of Judge Morrison, and without consulting him he wrote a very denunciatory letter to Walker, which resulted in a challenge. Graham had the choice of weapons, and he chose revolvers, at eight paces; at the word to advance and fire until either or both of the parties were killed.

At that time I was stationed at Sacramento, and one evening I received a letter from Graham begging me for God's sake to come down on the first boat, that he was in trouble and wanted me at once. I got ready as quickly as possible and caught the evening boat, wondering what sort of a scrape Graham had got himself into, never dreaming of a duel. I arrived at San Francisco late at night and went at once to Graham's room, where I found him in consultation with his friends. I was there informed of what had occurred, and the pleasant news was imparted to me that I had been chosen his fighting second. Here was a row between two men, with either of whom I had but a slight acquaintance, and in whom I had no particular interest.

The terms were unusually sanguinary and the affair would probably terminate in the death of one or both. Under the code if one of the principals showed the white feather his second was obliged to take his place and fight it out. It was a situation that I did not relish in the least. I knew that Walker was a regular fire-eater and would fight to the death, but Graham I was not exactly sure of. His terms were bloody enough, but then he had never been tried, and if the thing went on, he might weaken and I have to take it up.

I labored with him to obtain some modification of his terms. I told him that they were so sanguinary that Walker would be justified in declining them. We sat up all night, and tried our best to bring about a peaceable adjustment, but it was of no use. The fight was to come off at 9 o'clock in the morning, and, finding no escape, I was obliged to make the best of it. We had our breakfast and took a carriage for the dueling grounds. On the way Graham told me that he was a dead shot, and that he intended to kill Walker on the first fire.

I halted the carriage, and told him I would not go a step further if that was his purpose. If he were the expert marksman that he claimed to be it would be little less than murder, and I proposed to wash my hands of the affair unless he would promise to wing his man instead of killing him. At last he agreed to it, and we went ahead. On the ground we found Walker and his second, who was Captain Folsom, of the army. I tried to effect an adjustment of the difficulty, but without success. I had taken the precaution to dress my man in black from head to foot, without a particle of white anywhere visible. Walker was in a blue swallow tailed coat, with buff vest and black pants. His coat was buttoned, and below his breast the light line of his vest could be seen. The impending fight was known to the whole of San Francico, and as it was Sunday, not less than 5000 people were on the grounds.

Among the most interested spectators was Alexander Wells, then Chief Justice of California. The ground was measured, pegs driven, and I won the word. The men were placed in position and the signal given: "Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire! one, two, three, halt!" At the word both wheeled and fired. Walker stood still, but Graham advanced one pace and both fired again. After this I called a halt, and, going to Folsom, tried to bring about a compromise, but no use. Walker had his blood up and proposed to kill or be killed then and there. I went to Graham and told him that all parleying was at an end; that Walker proposed to kill him if he could, and that I absolved him from the promise made in the carriage, as he must fight for his life. I remember distinctly how excited the Chief Justice became as he rushed up and down the line, swinging his arms and crying to the crowd, "Keep out of the line of fire, gentlemen; keep out of the line of fire."

At last the word was given, both pistols cracked, and Walker spun around on his heel and fell into Folsom's arms. They tore open his clothing and found that the ball had entered the body just where the white line of vest showed below the coat. It was supposed, of course, that it had passed through the bowels, as it came out on the opposite side, but it afterward ascertained, upon a careful examinafion, that by a most fortunate accident it had glanced and run around the lining of the abdomen, just under the skin, so that the wound was in reality but slight. Both were satisfied and became warm friends. Graham accompanied Walker on his Nicaragua expedition and was killed there.

ELI PERKINS ON UNCLE HANK.—Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. There were other ordinary postoffice liars in the beautiful village of Eaton, N. Y., where I was born, but Uncle Hank could lie like a gifted metropolitan. Every night Uncle Hank's grocery was filled with listening citizens, all paying the strictest attention whatever the good old man spoke. When Charley Campbell or John Whitney lied nobody paid much attention to them because they were clumsy workmen. Their lies would not hold water like Uncle Hank's. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic that, while listening to them, you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories.

One day they were all talking about potato-bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. First, Charley Miles remarked casually that he thought it was going to be a potato-bug year.

"Talk about its going to be a potato-bug year!" exclaimed Dr. Purdy. "Going to be? Why, they were so thick in my garden this morning that I could not see the stalks. I counted 962 strong, healthy bugs on one hill. Twenty-eight bugs on one stalk!" and the doctor struck the air with his fist.

"Twenty-eight bugs on one stalk! Only twenty-eight?" said Charley Campbell, contemptuously, "Why, they ate up my first crop of potatoes two weeks ago, and they are now sitting around the garden on trees and fences waiting for me to plant them over again."

Old Hank now scratched his head thoughtfully, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravenous nature of them potater-bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potater-bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potaters right out of the oven. Waiting around the potater patch for the second crop!" exclaimed old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up to Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potater-bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potaters for next year. I did, by gosh!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer, and was not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank, he exclaimed:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand he inquired with a puzzled look:

"When did you get acquainted with me?"

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.—An old proverb says:—"Never judge a man by the coat he wears;" and I think there is some reason in it. A man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate, should always be suspected, for it bespeaks a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose of craft or design cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are of this description—as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, so that they may hide the cunning of the serpent which they have.

☞ He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only of our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

☞ A correspondent asks: "What time of the year do the days begin to shorten?" When you have a note in bank. A note in bank is the great annihilator of time. The days are crowded together in thin layers and the nights are like a smear from a blacking brush.

HOW TO DEAL WITH MINOR INJURIES.—The old proverb "accidents will happen," is exemplified daily in every household, and every child should be taught how to take prompt and proper measures to remedy the mischief, and to keep perfectly cool no matter what may happen, preserving self-control and presence of mind. When accidents occur, it will only add to the confusion if you rush wildly about, and scream. Prompt action and perfect quiet are then called for. Every mistress of a house should have a basket, or a bureau or closet drawer filled with necessary articles with which to remedy the every-day injuries to which all flesh is liable, and learn how to apply them. There should be rolls of old linen and cotton, parts of old flannel garments with the buttons cut off, a pair of scissors, three or four needles of different sizes threaded with cotton, a little lint, some with tape for ligatures, some old gloves to afford "cots" for sore fingers, a bottle of arnica tincture, a roll of sticking plaster, another of belladonna plaster and arnica plaster, some court plaster, a box of vaseline, a bundle of ground flaxseed and oil meal for poultices, some ground slippery elm, and a box of simple cerate (made by simmering beeswax and sweet oil together,) a bottle of aqua ammonia, one of camphor and one of laudanum. With these articles close at hand, any one who possesses self-control and decision of character sufficient to control the nervous system will be able to dress—at least temporarily—wounds of all kinds, cuts and bruises, burns and scalds, or stings of insects.

Cuts must be treated according to their position and severity. If a finger or toe is cut bathe or immerse it in cold water until the blood ceases to flow, washing out all dirt or bits of foreign substances that have entered the cut. If it is deep, notice how the blood flows; if it is dark and oozes slowly from the cut, only a vein is severed and it is not serious, but will soon heal if kept from the air. But if it is of a bright scarlet hue and spurts out in jets, an artery is severed and a doctor must be called at once. Meanwhile a ligature must be tied above the wound, and the thumb pressed down and held upon the artery to prevent loss of blood. If the skin gapes from a cut, draw the edges together, apply a piece of sticking plaster over the whole surface, and put the finger or thumb of a kid glove over the finger if it is the injured part. If in a little while the wound throbs painfully, cover it thickly with vaseline with a few drops of laudanum stirred into it, and if needful, from severe inflammation, put on a poultice of flaxseed boiled in a little water with a few drops of laudanum. But vaseline alone possesses great healing powers for all kinds of wounds, boils, inflammations and abrasions of the skin.

As long as the first dressing of a cut remains firm, and it does not throb or burn, it should not be touched. An outer clean cloth can be added, but let the inner one alone until the wound is healed.

Cuts on the head are apt to be dangerous and require much care. The hair should be cut off all around, and arnica plaster put directly over the wound.

A burn is usually more serious than a scald; it is more likely to prove dangerous on the chest and body than on the limbs and face. Common cooking "saleratus" (bicarbinate of soda) is a specific for burns and scalds. Wet the powder to paste, and spread all over the injured surface, cover with a damp cloth, and keep it moistened until all pain has disappeared. It will rarely blister if this is applied at once, and the inner wrapper is not removed for twelve hours or more. A six months' old baby once dipped its fingers into a cupful of boiling tea, turning over the cup upon the hand. Saleratus was at once applied and the scald kept tightly covered, and the cloth moistened for hours, the following morning there was no soreness in the hand and only a little redness to be seen.

If the clothes catch fire, wrap a coat, a rug, a tablecloth, or a blanket—any woolen material—immediately around the person, who should be made to lie on the floor, and let the flames be smothered by the wrappings. There would be few fatal injuries from the clothes catching fire, if the person would lie down and press out the flames with any woolen material. Exclude the air and the flames must die. If blisters are formed by burns or scalds, dress them with vaseline, and keep them from the air, not opening the bandages oftener than once a day.

It is estimated that the wheat product of the United States is likely to be twenty-three per cent. short of the great crop of last year. But short crops are also predicted for Europe, so that the farmers may get good prices that will fully make up for losses in quantity.

☞ Alexander G. Daley, Ellicott city, Md., says: "My customers esteem Brown's Iron Bitters as a first-class medicine."

☞ A man never knows what genuine poverty is until he has to shave with soft soap.

SOLID CONTENT.—Farming is a slow way to make money, but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. The farmer belongs to nobody. He is the freest man upon earth and the most independent. He has more latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country, with plenty of pure air and good water. If he makes but little in the field, he has occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs and sheep and cattle and chickens. His wood costs nothing, and the luxury of big backlogs and blazing fires in open fireplaces all winter long is something that city people long for, but cannot afford. My own farm costs me $7,000. I have one hundred and twenty acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average about five dollars an acre over all expenses. Say nine per cent. upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little, considering my own labor and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around, and they have to be fed from the farm.

There are little leaks all round, but still we are happier on the farm than we were in the town, and feel more secure from the ills of life. We fear no pestilence or disease, no burglars or thieves. We lock no doors, and Mrs. Arp has quit looking under the bed for a man. I love to hear the churn-dasher splashing in the buttermilk. I love to hear the roosters crow and the peacock holler, and see the martins sailing around the martin gourds. I love to hear a neighbor stop and talk about the growing crops. I love to take the children with me to the water-mill and fish below the dam amid the roar of falling waters, or paddle around the pond in a leaky bateau. I love to wander through the woods and glades, and wear old clothes that can't get older or dirtier, and get caught in a shower of rain if I want to. Old man Horace remarked about 2,000 years ago that the town was the best place for a rich man to live in, and the country was the best place for a poor man to die in, and inasmuch as riches were uncertain and death was sure, it becomes a prudent man to move to the country as soon as he can get there. Farmers have their ups and downs, of course, but they don't collapse and bust up like tradesmen. They don't go down under a panic.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR FOR HIMSELF.—Job lived in the little village of Parr, Genesee County, N. Y. His neighbors always said, "Job's a leetle queer," but even they were not prepared for his most eccentric freak.

One night Job was startled out of a restless sleep by a pain in the stomach. He had been reading the day before an article in the paper about the Asiatic cholera, and the pain frightened him. Jumping out of bed, he pulled on his clothes and hurried to Dr. B——'s house, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The family were all asleep and it was some time before Job could waken the doctor, who finally thrust his night capped head out of the window and sharply asked:

"Who's there?"

"I am."

"Who are you?"

"Job Calder; and I want you to come right down to our house at once."

"Why, what's the matter? Any one sick?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Why, I am. And you'll come just as soon as you can, won't you doctor?"

"You old fool! Can't you come in and let me see you here?"

"No, I can't, I ought to be in bed this minute, and that's where you'll find me." And off the obstinate Job trudged groaning. Back to his house he ran, and there the doctor, who had learned to put up with the conceits of his country patients, found him half an hour-later—a very sick man. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing him recovered from a severe illness, and that, too, in spite of his "going for the doctor for himself," at the dead of night.

☞ The colored youth, John H. Alexander, who has been admitted to the Military Academy at West Point, is a native of Virginia, his parents having gone to Ohio after the close of the war. Young Alexander was appointed as alternate by the Hon. George W. Geddess, the democratic Congressman from the Mansfield district, and the principal having failed to pass a satisfactory examination, Alexander stood the test and came out with flying colors, being well up in grammer and standing 98 in arithmetic.

☞ "It is said that the greatest dread of a gambler is that he will be paralyzed." And one of the times when he is "paralyzed" is when he bets $1,000 on four kings and an ace and the other fellow throws down four aces and a king.

BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSE ALONE.—Much has been written, and very properly, too, about the necessity of sufficient ventilation in the bedchamber, sitting-room and shop, and very little of the need of perfect nose ventilation; and yet the latter, always and persistently active, has a more marked influence on the health than the former.

Man in a savage state and all the lower animals breathe through the nose in repose of sleep; in fact, some animals cannot breathe through the mouth. Civilized man, while he may rejoice that he has surpassed his savage brother in the nobler things of earth, can well envy him his freedom from lung and throat diseases and impaired voice and hearing, which are so often due to the vicious habit of breathing through the mouth.

The nose is designed, in the economy of nature, to prepare the inspired air for the lungs as it passes through the winding nasal canal and pharynx of warming it, charging it with moisture and filtering or purifying it from foreign substances. The nose is also the organ of the sense of the smell, and has a direct influence on the voice, playing the same part the curves of the cornet does in enriching the tones; it is also closely associated with the sense of hearing.

The effect of mouth breathing is to bring the cold, dry, dusty air directly in contact with the delicate mucus membrane of the air passages, after producing irritation, which results in sore throat, swollen tonsil, hoarseness and lung troubles. Snoring, the pleasant little trick of causing the soft palate to vibrate, can only be accomplished by breathing through the mouth.

Sore throat, hoarseness, lung troubles, deafness, snoring and impaired voice, flow as naturally from breathing through the mouth as blood from an open vein.

And now, in the language of the famous American traveler, George Carlton: If I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto, which human language can convey, it should be in three words, "shut your mouth."

☞ During the seige of Petersburg, Va., one of the Confederate generals bought a cow and a number of turkeys. The men, who had very little to eat, thought the general hardly entitled to such luxuries. One day a ragged and hungry Georgian procured a fish-hook, baited with corn, and tying it to a long string strolled toward the general's headquarters. The general and the members of his staff were sitting in front of the headquarters tent; but the Georgian boldly approached, as if he were just sauntering by. Watching his apportunity, he dropped the baited hook, which a fat turkey seized. The soldier continued his walk, the turkey naturally following.

The general noticed that the turkey was walking off. He suspected that something was wrong and hallooed. At that the soldier darted away over a hill. The general and his staff followed, and there was a long chase. When at last the Georgian had escaped with his prize, the general turned to the officers and said:

"Wasn't that man a coward to let my turkey chase him off so? To think of a soldier in my command running from a turkey!"

Before long, all the general's turkeys, and his cow as well, were captured by the hungry soldiers. The general gave orders that the man who had stolen the cow be arrested; but the only thing the search revealed was a pair of horns.

THE EFFECT OF AGE ON THE EYE.—It is found on an average of observations, that at ten years of age the crystalline lens in the eye may be rendered so convex as to give a clear image of an object three inches away. At twenty-one it will only accommodate itself to an object four and a half inches from the eye. Anything nearer will be obscure, because the lens will not assume a form sufficiently convex to refract to a focus on the retina rays of light so divergent as any nearer object will radiate. At forty years of age the "near point" has reached to a distance of nine inches, and at fifty, to thirteen inches. At sixty years of age the lens has so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its power of responding to the muscle, that it cannot ordinarily give a clear image of any object less than twenty-six inches away. At seventy-five the power of accommodation is wholly lost; light still passes through the eye, and is focused on the retina, but only when it comes in parallel rays. Parallel rays it can converge on the retina, but divergent rays require that extra refractive power which the aged eye has lost by the hardening of the lens. Not as a matter of disease, then, but in the ordinary course of years, and in every eye alike, is the bodily sight gradually weaned from the scrutiny of near objects around, and permitted to turn a clear vision only upon the things far off.

☞ Mrs. L. F. Griffin, Baltimore, says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters the best medicine I ever heard or knew of."