Saint Mary's Beacon

JOB PRINTING,

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HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888. NO. 376.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. P. YATES & F. V. KING,

A Dollar a Year in Advance.

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties Charles and St. Mary's and Washington city. Special attention given to Admiralt practice, collection of claims, &c., Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. J. Chaisty & Co., all partie desiring to sell farms in Maryland can place them in our hands. Persons desiring to buy or exchange should call or send for list of property. Money loaned on first mortgage. Jan. 20—y.

DAN'L C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

LEONARDTOWN, MD,

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call

All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention

Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate

Jans'85 1m

JO. F. MORGAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,

LEONARDTOWN, Md.

April 1, 1880—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care.

Jan 1, 85—tf

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,

Attorney-at-Law,

45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.

June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

241 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md;

Jan. 16, 1873—tf.

R. C. COMBS,

Attorney-at-Law,

Leonardtown, Md.

Aug. 12—tf.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Leonardtown, Md

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

(late of the Court of Appeals.)

Has associated himself with B. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address Annapolis, Md.

WALTER I. DAWKINS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 1 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.

HAVING just returned from Baltimore with a handsome assortment of all the latest styles of

MILLINERY and FANCY TRIMMINGS,

LADIES' WRAPS,
CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
MUFFS, CASSIMERES,
double and single width,
TRICOTS in all the fashionable shades,
HOSIERY,
PRINTS,
COTTONS,

Canton Flannels, Repellants in all the favorable shades, Embroidered Kid Gloves, Jerseys; Corsets a specialty,

PERFUMERY,

and a full line of all the popular articles in use.

LAURA A. JONES,

LEONARDTOWN.

Oct 27—tf.

ESTABLISHED 1832.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

☞ Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

March 18, 1886—y.

FOR SALE.

Fresh Clover Seed, Apply to JOHN V. CAMALIER.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from great pain and weaknessin the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the *Shaker Almanac* that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Scigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

W. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street New York.

Jan 19—y.

1888. Notice. 1888.

POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE.

On and after March 6th, 1887,

STEAMER SUE

Capt. W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Pier 10, Light Street Wharf, every TUESDAY and Friday at 5, P. M., for the following landings on Potomac River:

ON TUESDAYS FOR

Cornfield Harbor,	Munday's Point,
Jones' Wharf,	Abell's Wharf,
Brome's Wharf,	Howard's Wharf,
Bacon's Wharf,	Leonardtown,
Cowart's Wharf,	Foxwell's Wharf,
Coan Wharf,	Stone's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf,	Cobrum Wharf,
Lodge Wharf,	Nomini Ferry,

Mt. Holly Wharf.

Leave LEONARDTON for BALTIMORE on Thursday at 7, A. M.

ON FRIDAYS FOR

Cornfield Harbor,	Foxwell's Wharf,
Jones' Wharf	Cobrum Wharf,
Brome's Wharf,	Howard's Wharf,
Bacon's Wharf,	Leonardtown Wharf,
Cowart's Wharf,	Stone's Wharf,
Coan Wharf,	Lancaster's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf,	Chaptico Wharf,
Lodge Wharf,	Liverpool Point,
Munday's Point,	Smith's Point,
Piney Point,	Glymount.

Abell's Wharf.

ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D.C. Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE on Sunday, at 4, P. M.

Freight Received only on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

No Freight received after 4.30, P. M.

No Bills of Lading will be signed except those of the Company.

R. FOSTER, General Manager.
A. NEEDHAM, Jr., Agent.

Feb 23—tf.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Leonardtown. Md.,

UNDER CHARGE OF THE

Sisters of Charity

OF

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

Terms per Session of 5 months.

Board and Tuition in the Common Branches, viz: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Plain Sewing, Marking and Needle Work, $75.00

Board and Tuition in the Higher Branches, viz: History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Chemistry, Botany, Algebra, Composition, etc..... $85.00

EXTRA CHARGES:

Washing.....	$6.00
For use of books for and Stationery	5.00

DAY PUPILS:

Senior Class.....	$15.00
Intermediate Class.....	10.00
Junior Class.....	7.00
Primary Department.....	5.00

Books for day pupils at stationer's prices.

All payments to be made invariably in advance. Charges made from date of entrance.

No deductions will be made unless in cases of protracted sickness or dismissal.

From 7 to 12 year old boys will be taught on same terms.

For further information apply to
MOTHER SUPERIORESS,
Leonardtown, Md.

HAYDEN & TENNISON,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

CANDIES, CAKES, CRACKERS, &c.

Cigars and Tobacco a Specialty.

N. E. Corner Pratt and Light Sts.

GEORGE G. HAYDEN.
WM. H. TENNISON.

Baltimore.

March 24—y.

QUINTOLEO!

A NEVER-FAILING CURE for CHILLS & FEVER, DUMB AGUE, Bilious Fever, LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and all types of Fever and Sickness arising from moist and unhealthy land. A splendid TONIC for Strengthening the whole SYSTEM.

H. H. Winkelmann & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Subscribe to the Beacon. Only $1

The Old Blandford Church.

Built in 1735 at Petersburg, Va.

The following lines by an unknown author were found written on its walls about 1841.

Thou art crumbling to the dust old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the Ivy to the wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind
Where oft, in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High:
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is over,
And many a weary heart around
Is still forever more.

How doth ambition's hope take wing—
How droops the spirit now,
We hear the distant city's din;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves,
The Zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again;
How would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The light of other days.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"That's just the best glass that ever sailor-man clapped eye to," said bluff Captain Marlin, as, seated in his snug cabin, I took from a rack a big old-fashioned ship's spy-glass, or telescope, bearing a silver plate with inscription.

"The English government presented my old father, captain of the clipper ship Martha Washington, with that glass for saving a British crew at the risk of his own vessel. It's the most precious thing I have on earth except my wife and my ship—and it saved me from dying by the rope on the gallows." The captain took the instrument from me and patted it lovingly as he nursed it in his arms.

"Give us the yarn, cap!"

"Well, I don't mind—maybe you can make a story out of it."

"I was board ship with father until he died—mother had gone three years before. I had no relations and few friends. I thought I'd try a land cruise, so I packs this old glass with my little dunnage and hoofs off to the Yankee States.

"Up near the Canada line I got work with a farmer. I knew nothing of farming, but was tall, stout, strong and willing, just twenty-one, and hearty as a live oak. I was on that farm at Round Lake for over a year, and folks got to like me very well. There was one I liked more than well, that was Jean, the adopted daughter of an old Frenchman, named Bazine, who with his wife and nephew lived in a very lonely old house down on the lake shore. Jean was as trim a built little craft as ever carried tidy rigging. I made chase after first sight of her, and sometimes she showed signs of surrender. She was lightning for work, and old Monseer and Missis Bazine didn't encourage any one that they thought might take her away. Besides, they wanted their sullen, round-shouldered, bad-eyed nephew, Peter Carter to marry her.

"No one knew anything of old Bazine, except that he came there several years before. He would answer no questions. He must have been rich once, for he had a great sideboard covered with heavy old-fashioned silver plate. But he was miserly now and cranky in his ways of farming and in all things else. The people were sure he had lots of money hidden in the house, for he often paid for goods in foreign gold coin.

"Jean and I got to go to meeting in the early evenings, and I was certain she cared for me. But one night, after all day in the harvest field—we used to have whiskey then—what I had drank went to my head—my legs were steady, but I felt the liquor and showed it. The stubborn in me waked up and I walked right to Bazine's house and asked to see Jean.

"The old man raved and tore and gave me a good cursing. I paid him back in the same.

"Finally Jean put in an appearance, and showed me she was mad at me for coming to the house, and also for being half, or more, drunk. What she said riled me, and I turned on my heel and left.

"I felt pretty bad that night, I was mad still, and yet ashamed of myself. I was up at first crack of dawn, and as soon as it was sun-up, I goes with this old spy-glass to a rock from which I could see Bazine's house and all its surroundings, about a mile away. This was the only point about from which such sight could be obtained. I had discovered it by accident, and I used to lay there in the early evening and watch through the glass for Jean to come out of the house and make for our meeting place.

"I watched to see her come out that morning, at milking time, intending to hurry over and try to square matters with her, for I had concluded to leave and go to sea during a little while. But she didn't come out, the reason, as I found long after, that when I left the night before, old Bazine had abused me until she stood up for me, and then he turned on her and struck her, and she had left the house at once and gone to a friend two miles away. I saw some things through the glass that morning, but thought nothing of them at the time. When my boss showed up at breakfast I demanded my wages—going to leave at once—would give no reason. I was paid, and hurried away feeling mad at myself and all creation. I walked to the town, took the stage, went to the railroad and rushed for New York where I shipped at once on a packet bound for California, and we sailed the same evening. This was in '49, mind you.

"We went round the Horn and made port all safe. Then I got the gold fever and struck off for the mines. Four years I worked, and at the end was only about $3,000 ahead. I longed to go back to civilization for a while, and I started for the only place on land where I could hope for a welcome—Round Lake; I wanted to hear something of Jean, too.

"I reached there, surprised my old boss, who said he had heard I was dead. He invited me in though somehow he didn't seem very hearty in his welcome. I sat there an hour when in comes two constables, claps irons on me, and shows me a warrant for my arrest—for the murder of old Monsier and Missis Bazine.

"Of course I objected, t'wern't no good. I landed in the town jail. There I heard the first I knew of the matter. It seems that about 7 o'clock on the morning I left Round Lake so suddenly, Peter Carter had rushed to the nearest neighbors and informed them that the old couple had been murdered, their bodies carried off and the house robbed. He had slept with a friend, he said, a mile away. Jean had left, and the old people were alone. Their beds were covered with blood and the house all turned up.

"Whom did he suspect?"

"Why me—Ben Marlin, who had been there the night before drunk, a quarrelling with the old man, cursing and threatening him.

"I was looked for, my haste in leaving and refusal to tell why, my every action convinced all of my guilt. I was traced to New York, to the ship in which I sailed but in those days there was no way of telegraphing ahead to stop me. There was a Ben Martin also in the crew, and he died of the tremens the second day out. This found its way into the papers and the people interested concluded that Martin was a mistake for Marlin, and that I was gone.

"Well, I was in a pretty bad fix. But I sends for a lawyer and gives him five hundred out of my pile. He was a mighty white chap—even if he was a lawyer—I'd been overhauling my memory and I gave him some points. He went to work on 'em with a will.

"The day of trial came, and it was a big day in that town. Peter Carter swore dead against me, how I cursed and threatened the old man, how I had been seen loitering around near the house afterwards. He believed, felt sure, that I was the murderer.

His friend, a stupid lout, swore that Peter slept with him the night of the killing. He could'nt tell what time Peter went away for he slept until the boss kicked him up.

"Jean, prettier than ever, reluctantly testified that I had returned curse for curse with old Bazine, but not as bad as Peter Carter stated, and that I had made no threats except that I would "take the wind out of his sails yet."

"Other witnesses of little things helped to make the case black for me.

"My lawyer asked that I might tell my story. I was put on the stand. All listened and Peter Carter sat down in front of me with a sneer on his thick ugly lips.

"I told my story thus:

"On the evening I had the words with Monsier Bazine, I had a big stick in my hand, the one shown here today. I did loiter about the house, not very near, for an hour or more after leaving the door-step. I hoped to see Jean. I started in desperation at last, to knock again at the door. When I reached the fence, thought what a fool I was and stopped. The dog came to me, I threw my club at him, then walked away and went to my home. I didn't sleep much, and early next morning I went to a point on High Rocks, with my father's spy-glass and lay there looking for Jean to come out to milk the cows. I wanted to go and make up. I could see all the Bazine farm and the lake from where I was, and the spy-glass made things pretty clear to me. I didn't see Jean, but I did see some things that I thought nothing of then, but can understand now."

"If what you saw has anything to do with this case, you may state it," said the Judge.

I turned my eyes full on Peter Carter as he sat facing me. His brown face was dirty white, his hands trembled; there was no sneer on his lips now. He tried hard to face me and couldn't.

"As I lay on the rock," said I "with my eye to the glass, about a quarter after 5 o'clock, I see Peter Carter coming up the road from Miller Davis' house. When he reached his uncle's he opened a window in the side and jumped in. In about five minutes he came out of the door, looked around, picked up a stick, which must have been the one I threw over and saw again to-day. He stood with it, hefting it, for a little time, then went into the house. It was full twenty minutes, I guess, before I see come out out with a big bag or bundle on his back, and this he carried down to Bazine's boat in the lake, that was tied to a tree. He put this load in the boat, went back to the house and came out with another sack or bundle and carried it likewise to the boat; then he got in, stood up and sculled the boat into the middle of the lake, where he flung the load overboard. Then he came back, went into the house, and in 10 minutes or so was out again with a third or smaller bundle. He laid this down near the fence, went off and got a spade, dug like fury until he made a hole, and in it hid the bag. Then he filled in the dirt, tramped it down, and seemed to scatter rubbish over it. By this time I had concluded Jean was not about. I had heard so much of Bazine's queer ways of doing that I thought little or nothing of Peter Carter's action. I have told the truth, as God is to be my judge. I never harmed that old man nor woman nor saw them after that evening. The man who killed the two sits there, and his name is Peter Carter!

"During all my story Carter had shown symptoms of terror and desire to rush from the court-room. These evidences had an effect upon those present, but my story was so unexpected that none could believe it yet."

"Directly I stopped my lawyer bounced in.'

"May it please the court,' he said, 'it is known that Mr. Bazine had two large, very prominent front teeth; that they were filled with gold that was very conspicuous. It is also known that old Mrs. Bazine, shortly after she came here, fell and fractured her skull, that Dr. Morrow removed the splinters and over the cavity put a silver plate. I have some silent witnesses. The good neighbors here, believing the old fable that Round Lake is bottomless, did not search therein for the bodies. I had it done last night, here are two results,' and opening a valise he poured out on the table a lot of bones; from these he picked two skulls, one with great, projective, gold-plugged front teeth, and the other with a small silver plate on its top held there by a slight bit of scalp.

"There was an unearthly yell from Carter, the first sound he had uttered since I began to speak; he threw himself upon the floor as the two terrible objects were thrust under his eyes, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' 'Kill me!' 'Hang me!' were his cries."

"The confession thus given was so complete that he was carried to jail in the irons I had worn from it. He died of terror and remorse before being brought to trial. The third bag, buried at the fence, was dug up by the authorities. In it was all the fine, heavy, silver plate.

"Carter, as the only relative of old Bazine, had administered and taken possession of his entire estate. But in looking into a tea urn, among the recovered silver, a will was found in which Bazine acknowledges Jean as his actual, not only adopted, daughter, and he leaves her all his property after the death of his wife, except $1,000 to his nephew, Peter Carter.

"As all between her and the wealth were gone, Jean came in for a nice little fortune. It helped me buy an interest in the first ship I commanded, and has fixed me so snug that I never fear the future. If you'll come up to my house on Sunday night you'll meet Jean, my wife.

FOR YOUNG MEN WHO ARE THINKING OF MARRIAGE.—Select the girl.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower keep two eyes on him.

Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in your after years, when your wife has some especial purpose, of inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to married men.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul in to a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, you sit down on some molasses candy that little Willie has left on the chair, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

If on the occasion of your first call the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections looks like an ice-berg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you in out of the cold.

Don't be too soft. Don't say "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "you shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that style; and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

HOME DOINGS.—Tew freshen a salt mackerel,—tow him one summer behind a steam bote.

Tew make a man good mad,—starch hiz stockings a leetle too stiff.

Tew be one ov the "oldest inhabitants," remember very well, when Nebudkenezzer was a babe.

Tew be happy,—eat molasses, and swing on a gate.—Josh Billings.

☞ Walking advertisements. Every man, woman and child who has once tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cannot say enough in its praise.

The wonderful cure by Salvation Oil of Mr. M. S. Culp, a chronic rheumatic, 229 George St. Baltimore, Md., has awakened wide-spread interest.

A visitor to Ireland was bidding farewell, and said to an attendant: "Good-by, Pat." "Good by, yer honor. May God bless you, and may every hair in your head be a candle to light your soul to glory." "Well, Pat," he said, showing him a bald pate, "when that time comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."

A RECIPE FOR KEEPING A GOOD HUSBAND.—Take a door knob and polish it, and use it as a mirror, and the reflection which you then see of yourself is the jolly way you used to look when he came a courting. Take a bright teaspoon, turn it lengthwise and look into it, and you will see the way you look when he comes home now, if you feel like it.

And yet you love him, and want him to love you. Take care? Men will stay at the feet of one woman always if she is forever charming to them, but no man ever loves the same woman twice, even if she is his wife. Therefore, try to be what you used to be, what he chose.

A woman marries with a general idea of having some one to go out with. A man always thinks of having some one to stay home with.

If your husband goes out often and stays late, ask yourself whether you tempt him to remain at your side. Do you make a bright sitting room for him? Or do you economically live in a basement smelling of mutton fat, and dimly lighted by one kerosene lamp? Do you tidy up, dress your hair, pin on a bright bow, and look as if you expected somebody, at his coming-home hour? Or do you tie on a soiled apron over your Mother Hubbard, stick your feet in his old slippers, wear long crimp pins in your front hair, and explain that as nobody is likely to call you didn't think it worth while to "fix up?" If so, do you wonder he stays out the next evening?

Do you keep a store of the dreadful things said about you by your mother-in-law, and refuse to believe you are misinformed? If so, as he has been the old lady's baby, you need not wonder if he ends the conversation by taking his hat and "going to see a man."

Do you keep all the revelations as to the servants' evil deeds and the misery of shopping on a small income, along with the statement that if his salary is not raised very soon you do not know what will happen, for the dinner table, when he cannot get away? If you do, reflect that he can arrange to escape that sort of thing by not coming home to dine at all. There are restaurants.

The ordinary man, who works for some other man, has not too jolly a life at the best. He is ordered about and found fault with by his superior, angered by the airs of some manager, and tormented by some comrade who does all he can to get him into disfavor, with an eye to his own promotion. His birthdays arise before him as so many chances lost; he desires to climb, but knows not how. His home is nothing to him if he does not find peace and rest there, if he does not there find a woman who loves him, who values his opinion, and above all, who believes that he loves her. A doubt of that makes a true-hearted husband furious. Nor does he wish to find, in the dear little beauty he married, either a superior being who who knows more than he does on all subjects, or a forlorn Niobe, all tears. If she is usually cheerful, he will comfort her and sympathize with her in real trouble; but dismal sighs over other women's sealskin cloaks or palatial residences or diamonds or hosts of friends and society notices only annoy and anger him. If he is worth anything as a husband, he wants a happy home; and a man can always turn his back on a home he is weary of, while a woman has to stay and put up with it.

Be pleasant; try to be cheerful; cultivate your smile; make yourself as pretty as though old courting days were back again; listen to "him" with respect. You have no business, you know, to marry a man you cannot respect. So laugh at his jokes, and be nice to him all the time. Let me tell you a little secret; once having loved you truely, a man will stay at your feet forever unless you do something to hurt his self-respect; but if in pride or vanity or ill-temper, or all of them together, you push him away only just once with the toe of your slipper, he never returns. As I have already said; No man ever loves the same woman twice, not even his own wife.

Babe said to her mamma: "Say, mamma, will you take me to Cousin Jeanne's funeral?" "No, my child. Yesterday you were at a party, the day before at a matinee; that's enough amusement for the present."