

Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS

Saint Mary's Beacon.

Saint Mary's Beacon.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
At Leonardtown, Md.,
By T. F. 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.

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ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.
Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the
Delivery Department—A subject in
which Thousands are Deeply Con-
cerned.

About five years ago I suffered from great
pain and weakness in the lower part of my
back, pain in the limbs, had 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 bet-
ter than I could tell. 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 Serravallo's
Tonic, and before long I felt the welcome relief.
In a few weeks I
was like my old self. I enjoyed and I
lost my food. My knees soon recovered
tone and strength, and the trouble van-
ished. 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, pleasant-
est, 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 be-
cause it is prepared by the Shakers. I may
claim to be a religious man myself and I
admire the Shakers for their zeal, consid-
eracy 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 10—y.

1888. Notice. 1888.

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On and after March 6th, 1887.

ST. MARY'S
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Capt. W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Pier
10, Light Street, every TUESDAY
and Friday at 5 P. M., for the following
landings on Potomac River:
ON TUESDAYS FOR
Cornfield Harbor, Monday Point,
Jones Wharf, Abell's Wharf,
Brome's Wharf, Howard's Wharf,
Brome's Wharf, Leonardtown,
Cowan's Wharf, Foxwell's Wharf,
Cowan Wharf, St. George's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf, Columbia Wharf,
Lodge Wharf, Nantux Ferry,
St. Holly Wharf.
Leave LEONARDTOWN for BALTIMORE
on Friday at 7 A. M.
ON FRIDAYS FOR
Cornfield Harbor, Foxwell's Wharf,
Jones Wharf, Coburn Wharf,
Brome's Wharf, Howard's Wharf,
Brome's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf,
Cowan's Wharf, Stone's Wharf,
Cowan Wharf, Lancaster's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf, Chaptico Wharf,
Lodge Wharf, Liverpool Point,
Munday's Point, Smith's Point,
Piney Point, Glymont,
Abell's Wharf.
ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D. C.
Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE
on Sunday at 4 P. M.
Freight received after 4:30 P. M.
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—11.

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Leonardtown, Md.,
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Books for day pupils at stationer's prices.
All payments to be made in advance.
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GEORGE G. HAYDEN,
WM. B. TENNISON.
March 24—y.

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A NEVER FAILING
CURE FOR CHILLS & FEVER,
DUMB AGUE, BILIOUS FEVER,
LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and
all types of Fever and Sickness arising
from malarial and malarial fevers. A system
of Tonic for strengthening the whole SYSTEM.
J. H. Wislockman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A BULL-FIGHT AT SEA.

About nine hundred miles south-
east from the southern extremity
of Africa, and two hundred and
forty miles west of Prince Edward's
Island and Marion's Island, during
the middle watch on board of a good
sea boat as ever rounded the Cape
of Good Hope, I turned out, after
vainly endeavoring to sleep, and stood
in the companion-way gazing at dark,
ominous clouds, which were piling up
in the west. We were running under
double-reefed topsails at the rate of
ten knots an hour, with preventer
backstays in our fore and main top-
masts; and the captain was pacing
fore and aft on the starboard side of
the quarterdeck, while the second
mate walked on the port side. This
officer, not liking the appearance of
the horizon to windward, had pru-
dently called the old man, as the
captain, though scarcely forty, was
called, and the latter was now watch-
ing the clouds, as he walked rapidly
to and fro, and waited impatiently for
the squall which he knew we would
certainly, in sea parlance, "take." He
was running our vessel for all she was
worth, and disliked to take in any
sail until the last moment. The ship
behaved handsomely, and as she cut
her way through the water, rolled
easily, scuppers, sometimes rail, under.
Righting, she would continue for a
moment or two with easy lurches, and
then roll more heavily again.
"Steady, now, my beauty," the
captain would say, half to himself,
half to our good old craft as if she were
endowed with life and reason.

He scanned carefully the horizon
astern, and at length perceived that
it would not be prudent to wait any
longer, he accordingly ran forward
quickly, as far as the skylight, and
shouted:—
"Call all hands."
"All hands on deck!" was shouted
down the fore-castle and steerage gang-
ways, and, in five or six minutes, the
watch below had turned out, and
every man was on the *qui vive* for the
first command.
"Stand by the topsail halyards!" a
man jumped to each, and, taking off
all the turns but one, stood ready to
lower the yard when ordered.

The wind now slackened considerably,
and an inexperienced person would
have thought that unnecessary pre-
cautions were taken. But the lull
was of short duration. Astern of us
the phosphorescent gleam of the flying
spray faintly illumined the surface of
the water, and we could hear the
rapidly approaching gust.

"Start away your halyards and clew
down, fore and aft—well all, belay!
Man the weather gear of the foresail
—haul away—belay all to windward!
Now, jump round to leeward—haul
away on your clew-garnet, lee-line
and buntlines—well all, belay!"
These orders, given with coolness
and not hurriedly, were promptly
obeyed, and we "took" the squall.
Its full force was upon us, and for a
short time, perhaps half an hour, we
ran before it with our spars crackling
and the strength of a portion of our
rigging fully tested. When it passed
over, we boarded our fore-tack, hauled
aft our fore-sheet, hoisted our topsails,
and sent the watch below.

I had no inclination to sleep, and
consequently resumed my place in the
companionway. The captain stood
near me a few moments before going
down.
"Tell the second mate to call me in
time, if there's a change."
"All right, sir," I replied. "But
where is he? I have not seen him
since we boarded the fore tack."
"He must be forward, somewhere,"
he answered. "Mr. Decker!"
No answer was received. The men
of the starboard watch all declared
they did not recollect having seen
him after the foresail was set. The
ship was searched, but he was not
found; he had evidently fallen over-
board, and I never learned any fur-
ther particulars of his loss.

"Let the third mate succeed him,
and we will see at breakfast time
whom to put in your main-deck officer's
place," the captain said, in an appar-
ently careless tone, as he went below.
But I knew that he felt keenly the
loss of our late second officer, for he
had taken interest in his welfare and
had spared no pains to teach him how
to fulfil his duties as a sailor and
whaleman.
Three days before, when crossing

the meridian of the cape, one of our
sailors, named Jack, behaved in an
unaccountable manner, and, when the
next day he had regained his self-
possession, he declared he had seen
the Flying Dutchman cross our bows
just as he was relieved from the look-
out at four-bells in the middle watch
of the preceding night. His recital
of the circumstances attending the
apparition had made a deep impres-
sion on some of our men; and no one
was more affected by it than the third
mate, who had overheard Jack's de-
scription of the celebrated haunter of
the seas south of the cape.

"I took charge of the deck for the
balance of the watch, and, at eight
bells, when my own watch came on
deck, called the third mate to me.
I informed him that he was to succeed
the late officer, who, in some inex-
plicable way, had fallen overboard
after the squall had passed over. To
my astonishment he did not want the
position and increased pay offered
him; and I asked the reason.

"I don't want to jump into a dead
man's shoes anyway, and I am afraid
to do it now, after the warning we
had only four nights ago," he said.
"Bah! I said, 'What are you talk-
ing about? What warning?'"
"Jack, just as he was coming off of
the lookout, saw the Flying Dutchman;
and I have always heard that when
he comes across a vessel's path some
one of that ship's company will lose
the number of his mess, and that, if
he's an officer, the man that takes his
place 'll die too."

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Atherton,
that you believe such nonsense as
that, do you?" I said, smiling.
"I can't help believing what I see
and know, sir. Jack saw him cross
our bows."
"Saw whom cross our bows?"
"The Flying Dutchman, sir."
"Bah!"
"Yes, sir; and only three days after-
ward we lost our second mate. What
better proof does a man want?"

The third mate was a good sailor
and excellent whaleman. But he was
as superstitious as any old salt, like
old Jack, who believed that he had
actually seen the Flying Dutchman,
on the morning in question at a little
past two.

I said no more to him at that time.
I had intended to send him below to
sleep, if he wished, that he might be
in a wakeful condition to take charge
of the starboard watch at eight o'clock.
But as he did not seem to relish the
idea of running the risk of "losing the
number of his mess," as he believed
he would if he succeeded the late
second mate, I concluded to wait till
breakfast when, perhaps, the captain
could convince him of the unreason-
ableness of his superstition. The
watch passed away monotonously un-
til four bells, when I shook the reefs,
out of the topsails, and set the main-
top-gallant sail. The sea, taking
into consideration the strong winds
we had had for several days, was re-
markably smooth. It was still blow-
ing a light gale—I had made all the
sail I could with safety—and there
was a long, regular swell. The vessel
did not roll violently, but, neverthe-
less, sufficiently for the water to rush
through the scuppers, first on one side,
then on the other; and the scene was
varied by a few grampuses which
spouted ahead of us and on each bow.

At six bells the captain came on
deck, and I informed him that the
third mate did not wish to succeed
the late Mr. Decker as second officer.
He smiled when I told him the
reason assigned by Mr. Atherton for
not accepting the proffered position.
"Well; we'll see when we go to
breakfast," he said. "I don't want
to shift him if he don't wish to be,
but he will be as useful to us in his
present position, as in any other.
He's one of the best men to work
round a whale, I ever saw."

"Breakfast, sir!" said the steward,
as he passed down the companion-way
with a plate of hot rolls.
"Let's go down," said the captain;
and as he went, he added, "let the
third mate come too."
I followed, and, from the compani-
on-way, shouted:—
"Breakfast, Mr. Atherton!"
"Ay, ay, sir; breakfast!" was the
response I heard, as I went down.

The captain and I took our places
at the table; and by the time the
steward had poured out our coffee,
the third mate took his place on
the opposite side of the table to that

where the late second mate had sat
the day before. The vacant place
was suggestive, and we drank our cup
of coffee in silence. We served our-
selves noiselessly, and a gloomy still-
ness, interrupted only by the slight
noise of our knives and forks, reigned,
until it was broken by the steward,
who, noticing that my cup was empty,
asked if I wanted more coffee. I
nodded assent, and, after I had been
served, the captain said:—
"I'll have some, too; steward."
I understand, Mr. Atherton, the con-
tinued, addressing the third mate,
while the coffee was being poured out,
"that you don't wish to be Mr.
Decker's place."

"No, sir, I don't."
"Why not?"
"Because I don't think it's lucky to
jump into a dead man's shoes so quick.
Besides, I shouldn't expect to live
very long if I did."

"I can't understand how a young
man with as much intelligence as you
can believe in this nonsense."
"I can't help it, sir. I've tried
hard not to several times, but just
so sure as I do, something happens.
Now four nights ago when Jack saw
the Flying Dutchman?"
"Hold on! Did you ever see him?"
"No, sir; and I hope I never shall."
"Well, you can make up your mind
you never will, Mr. Atherton."

"I don't want to. But when he
crossed our bow the other night he
looked very savagely at this ship. I
tried not to think of it and was be-
gginning to believe that he meant us
no harm, when the first thing I knew,
Mr. Decker was spirited away."
"Well, we'll say no more about it
now. You don't want to be second
mate then?"
"No, sir. Whoever is will disap-
pear in the same way as Mr. Decker."

"There blows! there blows! blows!"
resounded from the masthead, and
we all rushed on deck.
"Where away?" cried the captain.
"About half a point on the port
bow, sir."
"Keep her half a point more to the
northward."
"Ay, ay, sir, half a point more to
the northward," replied the helms-
man.

"How far off are they?" asked the
captain of the lookout.
"About four miles, sir. I don't
think there's more than one."
"A lone bull, I'll bet," said the
captain, jumping into the rigging and
running aloft.
He did not remain at the masthead
long, but soon came down.
"It's an old bull," he said, rubbing
his hands gleefully.

"In this weather, we'll be sure to
fasten," I said, as I jumped upon the
rail to assure myself that my boat was
all ready with everything belonging to
it in its place.
"Yes, we're pretty sure of a hun-
dred barrels then. What had we bet-
ter do about the waist boat?"
"Why not let the boat steerer head
it?" I said.
"Then who'll steer it?"
"The bow oarsman, he's a good
man; and you can fill his place with
one of the shipkeepers."

"All right, see to it; we can't do
better now. I'll lower too."
It had moderated sufficiently to en-
able us to carry the same sail we had,
when the time came to luff up to the
wind. But it still blew, and the sea
ran high enough to enable us to get on
the whale ahead of us with ease. The
boats were ready, and the necessary
arrangements had been made regard-
ing the waist boat (the second mate's)
as agreed between the captain and
myself. The boat steerer was glad of
the chance to "head" the boat, and
the bow oarsman was equally pleased
with the prospect of being enabled to
show how well he could handle an
iron.

The whale was now not more than
a mile ahead.
"Hoist the jib!" ordered the cap-
tain, and that sail was set.
"Now, port fore-braces and star-
board cross-jack-braces—brace up sharp
—there—belay all! Ease down your
helm!"
The vessel luffed up on the star-
board tack, with the maintop-sail to
the mast.

"Stand by your boats—lower away!"
Down went the larboard, waist and
bow boats, which were on the lee side,
and their crews followed after them
to jump in as soon as they touched the
water. They were freed from the

tackles and shoved clear of the ship's
side. My boat steerer, Jim, tripped
when he attempted to step my mast,
which came down and was caught in
my hands. It was pushed up to him
again, and this time he stepped it
with his usual dexterity, in spite of
the heavy sea we were in. The sail
was set, and we ran, with peaked oars,
before the wind in the direction of the
whale.

Jim's failure to step my mast at the
first attempt, on account of accident-
ally tripping, had delayed me a few
moments, and a similar casualty had
caused the third mate to lose a little
time. Consequently the waist boat,
in charge of Bill Scanlan, its former
boat steerer with George, the ex-bow
oarsman, as its harpooner, had got a
slight start; and the captain, who
was the last to lower and had had
some difficulty in doing so from his
davit on the weather quarter, was
several lengths behind. Hence in
running down to the whale, the waist
boat had the lead; the larboard and
bow boats followed, abreast and half a
cable's length apart, and the starboard
boat was a full cable's length astern
of the others. The sea ran so high as
to hide the whale from us and we only
occasionally caught a glimpse of it
when on the crest of a wave. When
in the trough between the billows, our
sails were becalmed and the next mo-
ment, rising on top of the swell they
would fill and our boats would sweep
rapidly over the rounded surface
down into the hollow beyond, appar-
ently to be engulfed. Here, out of
sight of the ship, the flapping sails
made them quiver, but only for an in-
stant, for the next swell raised them
high above the mean level of the
ocean, and again they swept onward
and shortened the distance between
us and our expected prize.

This chase in rough weather after a
lone whale would have been an inter-
esting spectacle to one so placed as to
be enabled to keep the boats and the
object of their pursuit in sight. The
latter, unaware of its danger, sending
now and then as it spouted a small
cloud of spray into the air, and when
on the summit of a sea displaying
nearly the whole of its huge body,
moved leisurely along; while the
boats, tossed by the sea and seemingly
at its mercy, hid like pygmies in
pursuit of a giant after their prey.

In much less time than I had anti-
cipated only one sea intervened be-
tween us and the whale. We all
watched the waist boat which was
handled by Bill Scanlan, as it
never had been before. We rose with
it, whizzed over the swell, and, when
in the trough, it was bows on and
"wooden black skin" against the whale,
which rounded up and lifted the head
of the boat out of the water.

"Give it to him, George! Give it
him!" yelled Bill Scanlan.
George's iron went into the hitches.
"Stern! Stern all!"
The flapping sail prevented the
crew from using their oars effectively,
and the boat was in danger of getting
swamped. As the iron went in, the
whale continued to round, its flukes
flew up into the air, and as it went
slashed by the head of the boat within
a foot of its stem. George rolled up
his sail and unstepped his mast which
he let down to Bill Scanlan. It was
surprising to see how coolly both of
them acted after fastening for the first
time in their present capacities. They
exchanged places, the latter going to
the head of the boat and the former
stationing himself in the stern sheets
to "steer her on." The other boats
had their sails in also.

I kept at hand on the port beam of
the fastened boat, the third mate on
the starboard beam and the captain
"stood by" with his boat close up as-
tern of the waist boat. This was more
necessary than ever in this case; for
the fastened boat was not only to be
steered by a green harpooner, but also
headed by a green officer, and al-
though thus far everything had pro-
ceeded smoothly and the new officer
and boat steerer had displayed no
vergency, but on the contrary had
proven themselves the right men in
the right place, neither the captain
nor I were yet disposed to let them
work round that large bull, and run
the risk of losing it, unwatched. The
whale swayed rapidly, the line, which
was kept wet by the tub oarsman,
whizzed out round the smoking log-
head and through the head chock
on steadily on account of the sea. The
log-head fairly blazed when the

boat rose with the swell, and George
found it more difficult to tend the line
than he imagined. Bill Scanlan's
lanes were in position and he stood
watching his line.
"Snub her a little, George."
"Ay, ay, I'm snubbing it all I dare."
"Don't snub it too hard, Bill!"
shouted the captain.
"I'll look out for that, sir."
The line now slacked.
"Haul in!" cried Bill.
The crew hauled in the line as fast
as George could coil it in the stern
sheets without difficulty.
"He won't run away, but he's go-
ing to fight," said the captain. "Pull
ahead, you and the third mate, and
stand by to lance him as soon as he
has risen. Keep on hauling, Bill,
and get a good lance in as soon as you
can."

He was obeyed and he got near the
third mate. The old bull came up
head first, seemed to stand on its tail,
as it turned round and round with its
great head out of water and its sharp
eyes flashing. It was evidently sur-
veying the ground to ascertain in what
direction to commence his attack.
"Give him plenty of line, Bill," said
the captain, "just keep in the slack,
that's all."
"All right," replied Bill, who was
abreast slacking out.
"Look out there!" cried the prin-
cipal speaker to me, "he's going for
you."
Sure enough, he had stopped turn-
ing, and was gradually resuming a
natural position in the water, head-
ing toward my boat. His head was
lowered to and under the water, but
was immediately raised again, and out
he breached.

"Stern! Stern! Stern!" I cried
He came down again wide of his
mark, but near enough for me to set
my lance into his side about two feet
abaft his hump. He turned to re-
new the attack, and, as he drew back,
the captain and third mate got in tel-
ling lances; and Bill, with a stroke of
his oars, got in position near me and
set his lance in where I knew it would
do excellent service.
The old bull quivered, and spouted
to the height of fully fifteen feet. It
turned suddenly. Bill plied his oars
and George skillfully steered him so
as to keep the boat in a good position.
"That's right, lay me on, George,
lay me on!" shouted Bill, as he threw
his lance in again; and the captain
and third mate darted energetically
from their positions on the other side
of the whale.
"Lay me on! Lay me on!" con-
tinued Bill, drawing out his lance and
striking it on the bow of the boat to
straighten its shank.
George handled the boat dexterously
and so placed it as to enable Bill,
as it came down on the whale with
the sea, to give the latter the benefit
of the whole length of the lance in the
most vital part of its huge frame.
"Stern! Stern all! Slack out!
That's settled him," he cried.
"Well done, Bill!" shouted the cap-
tain.
"Stern! Stern all!" the rest of us
yelled.

As expected Bill's lance had settled
him, for the whale threw up, in spout-
ing, a thick column of blood, and
went with speed in a circle, outside of
which it took the whole strength of
the boats' crews to stem. It contin-
ued round and round, rapidly dimini-
shing the diameter of its circular
course, breached out of the crest of a
sea in its "flurry," and finally laid,
"fin out," dead.
The captain, third mate and I re-
turned to the vessel, which was run
down to the whale, and, when, after
unusual difficulty, on account of the
heavy sea, the fluke chain was put on,
the captain called the hands aft, and
said:—
"Bill Scanlan is to be second mate,
and I want you to respect him as
much as you do me. George, you can
move out of the fore-castle into the
steerage. Breakfast, everybody, now,
and be quick about it, so we can com-
mence cutting in."
All hands save such as were neces-
sary on deck went below to finish the
meal which had been interrupted
when the whale we had alongside was
raised from the masthead, and, if pos-
sible, ate enough to last till late in
the day; for after commencing to cut
in, there was to be no respite until
the last blanket piece would be safely
lowered into the blubber room.
"Breakfast, Mr. Scanlan!" I shouted

from the companion-way; and, as I
went down, I overheard him say:
"I didn't think I'd have a handle to
my name, this voyage."
In half an hour we were all on deck
again, and the cutting in commenced.
After experiencing less difficulty than
the roughness of the sea caused us to
anticipate, the blubber was all in
board, the jaw on deck and the car-
cass sent adrift. We tried-out and
steered down one hundred and sixty-
seven barrels, which, for a sperm whale,
was a large yield. We now increased
our sail, and after continuing to run
to the eastward till we had crossed
a little to the northward of Crozer's
Isles, we gradually drew nearer the
line, as we cruised. Six weeks
later we were anchored at Port Louis,
Mauritius, where I made some ac-
quaintances, who afterward became
friends; and, even at this late day, I
sometimes think of the petite Creole
with whom I often strolled in the gov-
ernment botanical gardens at l'Empire-
mousse.

A TRIBUTE TO THE JESUITS.—On
February 29th, Senator Vest, of Mis-
souri, in a speech in the U. S. Senate,
took occasion to refer to the educa-
tional work of the Jesuits among the
Indians. He declared it utterly use-
less to attempt to educate Indian
children at day schools from which
they returned to spend the remainder
of the day in the tepees. He took
advantage, as he said, of the absence
of Mr. Blair to state that the best In-
dian schools on the continent were
conducted by the Jesuits.

Wherever one saw an Indian school
conducted by Jesuits he saw a school
that was conducted on the proper
system, and that was the result of
nearly a century of experience. He
had been instrumental a few years
ago in having an appropriation of
\$8,000 made for an industrial school
in charge of Jesuits on the Indian
reservation in Montana. The result
of that appropriation had been that
travelers could now see from the win-
dows of the railroad cars comfortable
houses, well-fenced farms, horses and
cattle grazing, and a law-abiding popu-
lation. These Indians were to-day
the farthest advanced in civilization
of any North American Indians ex-
cept those of the five civilized tribes.

Jesuits devoted their whole lives to
their work, being dedicated to it from
their boyhood up. He had seen one
of them who had been engaged for
fifty years among the North American
Indians, and who had come to this
country when he was only twenty
years old. This experiment showed
that the industrial boarding school
was the only hope for the Indians.
There they were taken charge of by
Jesuits, and were not allowed to re-
turn to their parents until their edu-
cation was finished.

The words of Mr. Vest come with
great weight from the fact that he
is not a Jesuit, although the Man-
chester Knight will doubtless place
him on the list of those who are to be
expelled at no distant day from the
limits of the republic in the establish-
ment of which those trained in Jesuit
colleges perilled their lives. Mr. Vest
spoke from his own knowledge, and
has only uttered truths which every
intelligent man is supposed to know.
—Washington Church News.

A NUT TO CRACK.—The World
puts in a nutshell the following facts:
1. Surplus taxation for the cur-
rent fiscal year, \$113,000,000.
2. The Treasury glutted at the
close of the current fiscal year with
\$140,000,000 taken from private en-
terprise and stored in public vaults.
3. John Sherman's blundering
funding of the public debt forbids
bonds to be called or paid, except with
his own premium to the bondholder,
until 1891, when \$230,544,600 will
become due, payable at their face,
and in 1907, when \$732,440,820 will
become due and payable at their face.
PROPOSALS:
The Democratic Policy.—Off with
the needless taxes on clothing, fuel,
shelter, food. Let alone the taxes on
whiskey, beer, &c.
The Republican Policy.—Off with
the taxes on whiskey, beer, &c., so as
to keep the war taxes on clothing,
fuel, shelter, food.
Voters, the question is with you,
Which policy do you prefer?

All the elements which nature
requires, to make the hair beautiful
and abundant, are supplied in Ayer's
Hair Vigor. This preparation keeps
the scalp free from dandruff, prevents
the hair from becoming dry and harsh,
and makes it flexible and glossy.