

Saint Mary's Beacon  
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SUCH AS  
HANDBILLS,  
CIRCULARS,  
BLANKS,  
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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH  
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# Saint Mary's Beacon

Saint Mary's Beacon  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,  
At Leonardtown, Md.,  
By T. F. YATES & P. V. KING.  
A Dollar a Year in Advance.  
TERMS TO 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.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1888. NO. 390.

**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 weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, indigestion 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 *Reeds*, or *Seign's Syrup*, and before I had administered half of it 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 simplest, pleasantest, safest and most effective in the 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 admit 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 29-31

**PROFESSIONAL.**  
**RICHARD B. TIPPETT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
11 E. Lexington St. near Ches. Balt., Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, County of Annapolis, Md., in the counties of Charles and St. Mary's and Washington City. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims, &c. Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. J. Chaney & Co., all parties 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 29-31

**DANIEL 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 feel fit to call.  
All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.  
Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.  
Jan 29-31

**JO. F. MORGAN,**  
Attorney and Counselor 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, 1880-31

**HENRY F. SPALDING,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.  
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.  
Jan 1, 85-31

**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 Counselor at Law,  
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.  
Jan. 16, 1873-31

**R. G. COMBS,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Leonardtown, Md.  
Aug. 12-31

**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's St., Baltimore, Md.  
Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties.  
Nov 3-31

**JO. F. MORGAN,**  
Insurance Agent & Broker,  
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.  
Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool.  
Watermen Fire, of New York.  
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire.  
Mutual Reinsurance Association of Baltimore, Life.  
New York Mutual Life.  
Connecticut Mutual Life.  
Jan 12, 82-31

**FOR RENT.**  
STORE, dwelling and lot, with livery stables attached. Fine stock of MILLINERY goods for sale, on reasonable terms. Possession given at once.  
Mrs. E. WALTER MATTINGLY,  
Mechanicville, St. Mary's Co., Md.  
Dec. 8, 87-

MISS NELL FENWICK has just returned from Baltimore with a large and well selected stock of Millinery, which she is selling very cheap for cash. Call and examine her stock before buying elsewhere.

**One And Two.**  
If you to me be cold,  
Or I be false to you,  
The world will go on, I think,  
Just as it used to do.  
The clouds will flit with the moon,  
The sun will kiss the sea,  
The wind to the trees will whisper,  
And laugh at you and me,  
But the sun will not shine so bright,  
The clouds will not seem so white,  
To one as they will to two.  
So I think you had better be kind,  
And I had best be true,  
And let the old love go on  
Just as it used to do.

If the whole of a page be read,  
If a book be furnished through,  
Still the world may rest on, I think,  
Just as it used to do.  
For other lovers will see,  
The pages we have passed,  
And the teacher's gold of the binding  
Will glitter until the last.  
But the lily has a lonely look,  
And one may not read the book—  
It opens only to two.  
So I think you had better be kind,  
And I had best be true,  
And let the reading go on  
Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together  
Fit out of each other's view,  
The world will sail on, I think,  
Just as it used to do.  
And we may reckon by stars  
That flash from different skies,  
And another of love's pirates  
May capture my lost prize.  
But ships long time together  
Can better the tempest weather  
Than any other two.  
So I think you had better be kind,  
And I had best be true,  
And let us together sail  
Just as we used to do.

**OLD ST. MARY'S.**  
Glimpses of Picturesque Southern Maryland.

"Maryland, My Maryland!" has long been celebrated in song and story as well as history; and yet I think there is part of it, and that the oldest part, that is almost lost sight of. This is St. Mary's county, lying between the Potomac on the west, and the Chesapeake Bay and Patuxent on the east. There is nothing very striking about St. Mary's.

It was not brought before the public eye by the war as was the northwestern part of the State.

There are no large cities to draw attention to it as in the northeastern part of the State. St. Mary's has, however, a quiet quaint beauty of its own, and there is much to interest the student of man and nature. There are two ways of reaching St. Mary's, by steamer or by rail. The trip by steamer is more beautiful and picturesque, but the trip by rail has many charms for one who desires novelty. To one accustomed to railroad travel, as it is on most roads, a trip on the Md. Southern is a new and strange experience. This road runs from Brandywine to Mechanicville, which is its present terminus. It has been surveyed and partly built to Point Lookout, and only needs a little energy and capital to complete the road as it should be. At present the rolling stock of the road consists of one locomotive, two box freight cars, two flat cars, and one passenger car. The seats in the latter are narrow and hard; the roof leaks like a sieve, and some friends of ours who made the trip on a rainy day last summer had to sit with umbrellas all the way. The old proverb, "time and tide wait for no man," does not seem to hold force at all in St. Mary's, as, if there is any one thing which every one seems to have plenty of, it is time. The busiest farmer will stop in his fence and talk to you by the hour; the busiest housekeeper always seems to have plenty of time to stop and talk, and it time ever waits for any one anywhere it certainly does on the Maryland Southern Railroad.

AN ACCOMMODATING ROAD.  
They stop and take in freight and put it off. They stop if any one wants to get off on anywhere. They stop if the engineer wants some berries, or persimmons. They start from a place when they get ready, quite independent of their advertised time. It is, however, one of the most obliging railroads that I know of. Last fall a gentleman came to the train, bag in hand, to go to Baltimore. The day had grown very warm, and he remarked to the conductor, "How warm is it?" I wish I had put on a thinner suit.

"Well," calmly replied the conductor, "go home and change your clothes. We will wait for you."  
He went home and changed them, and the train waited for him.  
The cars land you at Mechanicville in an open field, with nothing but the green grass and the daisies under your foot and the bright blue sky over head. I will say nothing of the days

when it rains or snows. St. Mary's is so beautiful now that I often think how it must have looked when the planter had money and slaves enough to keep up all the land and work all the broad fields. Its broad fields of corn and tobacco, its beautiful woods, filled with the most exquisite wild flowers, ferns and mosses, its quaint farm-houses and cabins, and above all the many interesting people, both white and black, whom you meet make to me a quaint and charming place.

IT IS A PERFECT PARADISE FOR BIRDS.  
The mocking-bird, Baltimore oriole, thrush, bob-o-link, cardinal bird, swamp robin, &c., are only a few of our birds. Robins, blue jays, blue jay, and some others stay with us all winter. I can count twenty-five of which I know the names, besides many others that I do not know. There is very good hunting also. Quail, duck, snipe, Indian hens, rabbits, squirrels, abound. Fox-hunting, also, is quite largely entered into. Only a few weeks ago a pack of hounds in full cry after a large gray fox, followed by a large party of hunters, passed my door. In the waters of the Patuxent and St. Mary's are found very fine oysters, fish, crabs and terrapin. The Patuxent is a lovely river, and many fine views may be had of it. I think the finest is from the top of Chesley Hill. Standing there you get a magnificent view for many miles up and down the river lies before you, with its many creeks, its curves and islands. When I first saw it, it was summer. Before me lay spread out great fields of corn, tobacco, and wheat, some forest lands of dark pine, and some orchards with their lighter green. The dark green of the pines, the golden hue of the wheat, the green fields of corn and tobacco, and through all running the placid blue river, sending up its creeks and separating these broad fields, and on the other side the dark brown cliffs of the Calvert shore, made a picture never to be forgotten.

A HISTORIC MANSION.  
At my feet lay the "Plains," a large old homestead, belonging to the Sothorn family. Up this river came the British in the war of 1812, when they marched from Benedict, a few miles above here, to Washington. The old house has still many a bullet hole in it, a memento of some firing of the British at that time on a company of Maryland soldiers stationed there, who, though few in number, tried to stop the ships. On this farm were stationed the United States troops, during the late war, from Butler's command at Point Lookout, to guard this approach to Washington, so that this house has twice been swept by the tide of war. A spirited daughter of the family told me how, in her childhood, she used to play with pieces of the old carved wainscoting, which had been cut and hacked to pieces by the British, and how, during the last war, she herself and some friends had carried out, concealed under their skirts, nearly all the family silver, when the house was filled with Federal troops. She also told me how, on one occasion, she was compelled to see a party of soldiers calmly dividing among them all their old family china. "At last," she said, "my feelings were too much for me, and I seized a pile of plates which were standing on the table near me, which they were just going to divide, and saying, 'If I cannot have them you shall not,' I threw them all on the floor and broke them to pieces. And, do you know," she added, with a merry twinkle of her eye, "I have never been sorry for it." This brave girl brought back to the farm, after the war had left it, the invalid mother with her little children, and alone and unaided, for her father was in Canada and her brothers in the Southern army, she took upon herself the care of the family and farm, when, as she herself said, there was a not a pane of glass or a piece of furniture in the house, and the only living thing left on the place was an old gray cat.

This woman, accustomed all her life to luxury and the constant help of slaves, alone took charge of this place and made it once more a home, and in time a prosperous one. I am Northern born and bred, but I look with the greatest admiration upon the women of the South who have come forth so nobly from adversity, and quietly and bravely worked their way up again.

At The Plains you may see the por-

traits of the father-  
mother in a quaint dress different from any I had ever seen before.  
Here also are the remains of ancestors of colonial times. There are a few rare pieces of old china saved from the general wreck at great risk, and in the dining room stands the old family silver, where it would not now stand but for a woman's care and ingenuity.

Further down the river is "Osonona," the residence of the Thomas family, where there are many interesting relics of olden times. One of the quaintest stairways that I have ever seen.

Then comes "De La Brook," the residence of another branch of the same family, with many traces of ante bellum days. On the bank near may be found relics of still older times. Arrow heads, tomahawks and pottery, once belonging to the Patuxent Indians. Passing down the river the traveler reaches Patuxent Beach, the residence of Judge Crane. Solomon's Island, once filled with large canning houses, and then on down to the mouth of the river and around Cedar Point, and down the Chesapeake to Point Lookout, he ascends the Potomac as low as the St. Mary's River. Here is

ST. MARY'S CITY.  
founded by Lord Baltimore in 1634. It never fulfilled the expectations of its founder. It is now only a very small place, with one or two houses and a Ladies' Seminary. The old court-house, built of bricks brought from England by Lord Baltimore, was torn down some time ago, and the bricks used for other buildings. There is one town in St. Mary's county, Leonardtown, and two or three small villages, Chaptico, Mechanicville and Charlotte Hall. At the latter place is a flourishing military school, which has been there for one hundred years.

Here are also the famous Cool Springs, which were much resorted to in the early days. I saw in the Whittingham library, at Baltimore, some time ago, Dr. Allen's MSS., Historical Church in Maryland, June 4, 1698, which says "Mr. Philip Lynes appearing at the board and giving an account of some extraordinary cures lately wrought at the Cool Springs, St. Mary's county, and that several poor people flocked thither to recover their health, his excellency the governor is to send and give to those poor people at the Cool Springs ten Bibles, there to remain. His excellency also orders that Capt. James Kuck and also Mr. Philip Lynes do provide some sober person to read the prayers there twice a day, to whom he will give 12d per day, and is pleased to lend the person who reads prayers a book of Homilies, two books of family devotions, and a book of reformed devotion by Dr. Theophilus Dorrington, out of which books he is to read to them on Sundays. Further ordered that the said Capt. Kuck acquaint Capt. Jno. Dent, who is the owner of said house and land, that if he be willing his excellency will have made a reading desk and some benches, to be placed in the new house there, for the use of the poor people there gathered together. His excellency is pleased also to allow to the said people every Sunday a mutton and as much corn as will amount to thirteen shillings a week. Ordered, that the person who reads prayers take an account of what persons come thither, who are cured, and of what distempers." It will thus be seen that these are the oldest known springs in the State.

THE PEOPLE OF ST. MARY'S  
are very warm-hearted, always ready to help any one in trouble, and are still very hospitable. I have been at one house on the river where twenty-five guests sat down to the table, seventeen of whom were visiting in the house. I think that it is one of the greatest trials of many of the people that they cannot entertain as they did before the war, when money and help were plenty. A few families have some of their old servants, but with most of them it is very hard work to obtain help at all. The older colored people nearly all work their own land or work on shares with some planter, and the young folks nearly all go to the city. They are a quaint people and are well suited to this quiet and almost forgotten locality—old St. Mary's—Ardaline P. Atwater in Washington Star.

"Beef has ris," as the cow said when she jumped over the moon.

(Written for the Beacon.)  
**A Serious Accident.**  
Down in this country there is a man who drives around our town.  
Look out on Saturday evening  
You will see him rolling down:  
As he comes in some evening,  
As happy as he could be,  
He stepped into a hole of God  
A Pound for 25 sec.

Says he, "Father, I have sinned,  
And you plainly see,  
I am of age on this morning—  
I am on a little spree."  
Between his fingers and  
Into sorrow and woe,  
As he came rolling down the hill  
His retreat was woe, woe, woe!

Soon he was with the doctor,  
All mangled and torn,  
He then could see his folly,  
Says he, "Doctor I have done wrong  
But soon he was out again—  
I was a terrible nuisance—  
I thank my Father in Heaven  
It was not my worse."  
But now he gives good advice,  
Says "boys, beware,  
If you ever try it twice  
It will catch you in its snare."

"As I have done wrong in the past,  
I will tend more strictly at home  
And make a happy wife."  
—SWEET HOME.

**FOUR KINGS.**  
One of the hottest county seat wars ever known in the history of Dakota territory, was settled by a game of poker that lasted seventy-four hours, and caused the complete suspension of business in two busy towns.

In the spring of 1871 the citizens of Minnesota a live mining town in the Black Hills district, Lawrence county, made a bid for the offices, which were at Spearfish, a burg much larger than Minnesota, situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country. So cleverly did Minnesota work the political wires in the spring election that she was declared the county seat of Lawrence county by a meager majority of fifteen votes.—The citizens of Spearfish did not take kindly to this turn in affairs, and when a demand was made for the transfer of the county records to Minnesota they refused to obey the official orders, and declared themselves ready to fight it out, not through the courts, as it would take too long to settle it, but with implements of war, man against man, and their challenge was promptly accepted, for one night 150 armed citizens of Minnesota stole quickly into Spearfish and, breaking into the court house, bore away the county records from under the very noses of the sleeping Spearfish belligerents.

There was music in the air next morning when the county records were found missing, and the Spearfish community set itself about planning an expedition against Minnesota to recover the lost or stolen documents.  
The men of Minnesota were not somnolent. It was a mining town and the citizens were wide awake, thirty dare devils, who, aside from filling their leather belts with freshly-panned gold dust, relished nothing better than a hand-to-hand encounter with their fellow man. And so when one night Spearfish citizens, 550 strong marched into Minnesota they met a warm reception and a pitched battle followed, in which two men were killed outright and twenty-five badly wounded. During the melee Charles Williams and Edward Frenk, two Spearfish merchants, broke into the office of the town marshal, where the county records were kept, and securing them started for Spearfish. Their fellow-townsmen, hearing of their success, began a hasty retreat, being hotly pursued by the infuriated Minnesota men, who had discovered the success of their opponents' strategy.

The two towns were about thirty miles apart, and when half this distance had been covered the contending forces were so badly used up that their leaders concluded to negotiate a settlement of the affair, if possible, without more bloodshed, for by this time more than fifty men were suffering from bullet wounds, or cracked skulls. The two factions camped on the banks of Minnesota creek, which ran through a rich valley and divided the auriferous hills from the undulating sweep of agricultural land to the south.

On this spot Anton Rorapough, the marshal of Minnesota, in whose veins ran an evenly balanced mixture of French and Indian blood, and Peter Macstay, a sturdy, Scotch dealer in farming implements and the Mayor of Spearfish, met in consultation while their constituents rested on their arms

and glared at each other across the muddy creek, ready to fight at a moment's notice, yet willing to abide by the decision of their leaders, whatever it might be.

A little past noon the arbitrators met, and their negotiations lasted far into the night before a satisfactory plan of settlement had been decided upon, and this was how the question of the right of possession of the county seat honors was to be determined.

Two weeks before the county seat came, James Carney, known as "Reddy" because of the great shock of blazing hair that covered his head, William Edwards, known as "Blind Billy" on account of having one eye gouged out in a bar-room fight, had been caught in the act of stealing horses. "Reddy" was languishing behind the bars of the Minnesota jail, while "Blind Billy" was incarcerated in the Spearfish prison. These two horse thieves were to settle the difference between the citizens of the rival towns by playing a game of poker. Each man at the opening of the game was to be given 100 chips, and the one who succeeded in winning all the chips was to bring the county seat honors to the town he represented.

In order to insure an interest in the game by the men who played it, it was agreed that the man who won should be granted his freedom from the minute that he laid down the winning cards. With this understanding the horse thieves were brought to Minnesota creek.

On the morning of May 15, 1871, the game began. A rough wooden table had been brought from Spearfish and set on a level spot on the south side of the creek, about fifty yards from its banks, and at this table the men were seated. Three men were selected as an arbitration committee to settle all disputes that might arise over the game, and around the players were stationed a cordon of armed citizens for the purpose of keeping back the men who were inclined to press around the table. It was an exciting contest. Two men fighting for their lives and an excited mob cursing when one of them held a losing hand. The crowd fought and drank and quarreled like Coyotes around the circle of guards, and recklessly laid wagers on the result of the game. All day the battle of the cards went on, and at nightfall, so well had the players watched their interests, their stacks of chips were about as evenly divided as when the first card was dealt in the morning.

News of the hotly-contested game had got back to both towns, and the citizens flocked to the scene of the battle. Merchants closed their stores and the postmaster, for the benefit of the stage driver when he should arrive with the mail, posted a notice on the office door to the effect that he had gone to Minnesota creek on important business, and the date of his return was exceedingly doubtful. If the mail was a large and important one the driver should bring it to the creek, and the postmaster would distribute it, as all the citizens were out there, and liable to stay for some time. And so, on the evening of the first day of the game, the banks of Minnesota creek presented the appearance of a smart young mining camp.

Fires of dry prairie grass and buffalo chips lit up the scene with a fitful glow, while over them the women of the town cooked the evening meal, children romped on the fresh green earth, excited men drank, wrangled, and boasted, the guards leaned heavily on their rifles and eagerly watched the players, who eyed each other narrowly as they fought with the cool determination of tigers. Now and then one would mutter an oath as the cards turned against him, but further than this neither man spoke a word, and when the morning of the second day broke the two men were fighting as coolly and as determinedly as the night before, and neither had yet gained a material advantage over the other. Refreshments were brought them and they played on.

Three days and three nights the game continued, the players never for a moment leaving their seats during that time. The fourth morning found the players almost exhausted. They leaned heavily on the table, but never for a moment lost sight of a point in the game. "Reddy" had managed to run down his opponent's pile of chips and was in the better spirits of the two.

The citizens of Minnesota were exuberant over the prospects of their man winning and poured whisky down their necks in generous quantities as they rallied their Spearfish neighbor on their inability to win a victory either at the polls or at the card table.

The game had grown very exciting, as "Reddy" had won half his opponent's chips and had opened a jackpot for fifty more chips, which would "tip" "Blind Billy" if he stayed, and stay he did. He showed up his chips without a tremor, although he well knew if he lost them his doom was sealed. He had reason to feel confident, for he held four jacks. As soon as the situation had become known throughout the camp every man, woman and child rushed in the direction of the players and the cordon of guards was soon broken through with the weight of the straggling mass of excited people.

"Reddy" held three kings and his face wore a satisfied smile as he picked up the cards and asked "Billy" how many he wanted.  
"None," replied "Billy."  
The smile left "Reddy's" face as he heard this and his hands trembled slightly as he dropped his cards in front of him. Slowly he lifted them. The first was a tray, the second—a king. Triumphant he laid the four kings down before "Billy," whose face grew ashen pale as his eyes fell upon them, and with a curse he threw his four jacks in "Reddy's" face and fell back in his seat completely exhausted.

Minnesota won the day and "Reddy" his freedom after seventy-three hours of desperate fighting. The records were promptly delivered to the others, and Minnesota enjoyed the distinction of being the county seat of Lawrence county.

About a week after the game the remains of "Blind Billy" were found dangling from the limb of a tree in the outskirts of Spearfish. So ended the history of one of the most exciting games ever played in the West.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.—A few days ago the face of a lady which still retained traces of great former beauty was pointed out upon the avenue, and the following story was told of its possessor: "During the war her betrothed lover, while serving as an officer under the banner of the Confederacy, learned incidentally of her serious illness in Troy, N. Y. Nothing daunted by the dangers which encompassed such an undertaking, he obtained a leave of absence, passed through the lines and, after almost incredible escapes and hardships, succeeded in reaching her side in her Northern home.

Upon her recovery he attempted to retrace his steps, but was seen and recognized in New York city and arrested as a spy. After due trial before a competent tribunal he was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The lady in question was a niece of Cardinal (then Archbishop) Manning, and the whole force of the Catholic clergy was brought to bear upon Mr. Lincoln in order to secure a commutation of the sentence. This was done in effect, for the unfortunate man was permitted to marry the woman of his choice, and then both were banished to Paris, where they lived under the surveillance of the American Minister until the close of the war. Such, indeed, was the condition upon which his life was spared by the President. The brave Confederate's wife is now a widow, and her eldest son, through the kindness of Mr. Cleveland, to whom he is said to have told his mother's story in an accidental meeting which happened in the grounds in the rear of the White House, is a cadet at West Point.—Washington Capital.

THE SENATE'S GAVEL.—The gavel used by the presiding officers of the United States Senate has been in use over fifty-six years. It is made out of an elephant's tooth and has no handle, nor did it ever have one.—Chicago Herald.

Boils, abscesses, tumors, and even cancers, are the result of a natural effort of the system to expel the poisons which the liver and kidneys have failed to remove. Ayer's Sarsaparilla stimulates all the organs to a proper performance of their functions.

"Fanny and I were the only two at the funeral, Mamma, who did not cry." "Didn't you feel like crying?" "Oh, yes, but couldn't, we had no handkerchiefs."