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R. B. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention. March 18, 1886—y.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

KEEP YOUR EYE

ON THE NEWS FROM OEHM'S ACME HALL THIS SEASON AND YOU WILL PROFIT BY IT. FOR PRACTICAL ECONOMY IN THE PURCHASE OF DEPENDABLE CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS OUR GRAND ESTABLISHMENT OUTSTRIPS ALL COMPETITION. WE BEGIN WITH

SMALL BOYS' SUITS, sizes from 2 to 7 years, in very attractive getting-up outfits. Some as low as \$1.00—a large line at \$2.50. Our Five Dollar suits, however, are a main feature of our stock and you will find both for Kilts here at that price than are sold for \$2 and \$3 more elsewhere. For \$12 the greatest luxury imaginable in Kilts.

Shirt Waists and Hats for men and large boys up to 18 years old, fill one entire side of our extensive Boys' Department. Thousands of Waists in Linen, French and American Peppes, fancy and plain color. Finest, newest effects. Prices from 12c. to \$2.00. A gorgeous array of Straw Hats, Jockeys, Tam-o-Shanters, &c., as well as novelties from Paris and London in cloth and cassimere goods. Prices 12c. to \$3.00.

Young Men and Youths find Suits, &c., here that have been specially made up to please the fancy and ideas of young people. The very latest designs at very moderate prices. Suits from \$5 to \$25.

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To Order Department. For those who prefer their garments made to measure. All work high grade and guaranteed, and best talent only employed.

A Visit to the Great Store will convince you that there is not in all Baltimore nor in the South a stock of Men's fine Clothing that even begins to compare with ours. The markets of the world have been searched to provide the "best" for our customers. Business, dress and tourists' garments in greatest variety.

Write for Catalogue and Price List and beautifully colored cards. Mention this paper. Our guarantee that prices shall be kept low for same quality of material and work means help simply protects all purchasers.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

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1 Door from Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.

May 24—6m

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DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,

BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Job Printing done with neatness and dispatch

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XLIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1888. NO. 402

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

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

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of 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. Chaisty & 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. 20—y.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling home, lately occupied as the Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends in county, city and as many new ones as may see 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 851m

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—H.

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,

Attorney at Law,

(late of the Court of Appeals.)

Has associated himself with R. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address as above.

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—17

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—11

GEORGE BLAKSTONE,

Attorney at Law,

45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

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

D. S. BISCOE,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1878—10.

R. C. COMBS,

Attorney at Law,

Leonardtown, Md.

Aug. 12—11.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

WEEMS LINE STEAMERS.

PATUXENT RIVER ROUTE.

SCHEDULE FOR FRUIT SEASON OF '88.

Beginning Sunday, July 29th, steamers will run as follows from Piers 8 and 9 Light Street Wharf.

For Fair Haven, Plum Point and Governor's Run daily, except Sundays, at 6:30 a. m. Returning leave Governor's Run at 1:30 p. m., Plum Point at 3 p. m., Fair Haven at 5 p. m.

For Patuxent River as far as Lower Marlboro' daily at 3 p. m., extending the Sunday and Wednesday trips as far as Bristol. Returning will leave Bristol at 6 a. m., Monday and Thursday. Lower Marlboro' daily except Sunday, at 9 a. m., Benedict at 11 a. m., Williams at 1:30 p. m., Saturday 4 p. m., St. Leonard's 6 p. m., Millstone 8 p. m. Steamers from Baltimore on Sundays and Wednesdays will take no freight or passengers below Benedict and will not call at Cove Point, Solomon's Island, Sellers, St. Leonard's, Parker's or Williams. Steamers to Baltimore will not call at Parker's, Solomon's Island or Cove Point on Thursdays.

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Dec 1—y

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Sept. 29—y.

Tourism and Dinner

Near St. Nicholas Church Wednesday, August 29th. Riding at 2 p. m. Entrance fee, \$1. Knights to report to William B. Floyd, Jarboville P. O.

REBEL VANDIVER.

Boyceville is a thrifty village, and to one from the close, cramped haunts of the city, the little hamlet in the woods, with its three large stores, their genial proprietors, the low, smiling cottages nestling behind a profusion of flowers and foliage, the melodious among the trees, the pure, woody atmosphere laden with village sounds, and the low sun of June overhead, present a wholesome, indeed a lasting, impression. Here, on a bright morning, I found myself waiting the arrival of the mails over the Shenandoah Valley Railroad.

"Yes, sir, I'm going a huntin'; we ain't got no 'Yanks' to shoot now, you know, an' an' old 'Reb' will shoot!" The words came from behind me in a slow, high-pitched tone. I turned, and there was something that well might have made one tremble. A very tall, gaunt, wiry old man, with heavy cowhide boots, into which were stuffed half the length of a pair of woollen pantaloons he wore a woollen shirt, and over his shoulder wore thrown a large pair of saddle-bags; his beard was long and yellow, and a shock of yellowish-gray hair thatched his head, almost rendering superfluous the low, well-worn slouch hat by which it was surmounted. On his arm he carried a long double-barreled shotgun, with his finger resting menacingly on the trigger. I should have "sundered" immediately upon a sign from this odd "Man of the Mountains," as I took him to be, had there not been that genial, good-natured something in his hearty smile which set my fear at ease.

Approaching me, he said, as he extended his hand: "You are a stranger hereabout, sir? May I ask your name?" "Smith," I said, but just then the train whistled through the wood. "That's my train, sir; I'm going away for a little hunt, sir; squirrel, sir. My name's Vandiver; I live in Millwood, be back in a week, sir; glad to see you any time. Got something to eat, and a little something to drink, sir." "Yes, sir," he continued, as he pulled toward the train. "I am old 'Van'; good old rebel yet, sir. This is the boy that carried General Crook out of Maryland through the Yankee lines with 60 yellin' troopers at his heels."

He was still standing on the platform, waving his hands and shouting as the train moved out of the village. I had heard something of the exploit with Generals Crook and Kelley, and, turning to a bystander, asked the truth of the old man's statement. Upon being assured that it was so, I regretted much that the old fellow had gone. A week after the incident narrated above I found my way toward the pretty village of Millwood, which lies among a cluster of hills down the pike from Boyceville, a distance of about two miles. The Blue Mountain rises majestically toward the southeast, within single distance, and at its base the villagers often go and listen to the low laplap of the Shenandoah waters as they lick the cool rocks and river verdure, and roll on and on in a rhythmic ebb and flow. Millwood, of all the villages in Clarke is the prettiest. Here are many old residences that date back to colonial days, and the villagers are rich with historic lore. On an old topographical pamphlet, printed in the year 1800, I find what seems now an odd description of the place: "Millwood contains 50 or 60 souls; here is a large merchant mill, a fine and extensive manufactory of leather, one tavern, a black-smith, a taylor, a boot and shoemaker, and a wagonmaker." It is curious to mark that in nearly one hundred years, Millwood has about 200 souls, and has still the wagonmaker, the miller, the tavern and the shoemaker, but the taylor no longer exists. The sun was low in the skies when I found on a gate by the roadside in the outskirts of the village a sign bearing the words, "J. L. Vandiver—Horse Doctor." Nestling back of the fence, on the crest of the hill, stood a neat cottage. Entering, I rapped at the door and was ushered into the little parlor of this old gentleman. Soon we were talking of the good old times, and I found no difficulty in drawing from him his story of the capture of the two Union generals at Cumberland.

"You would like to hear it?" he asked, with a smile, "well, sir, I was a major, sir, and was with O'Neill's Rangers at the time. It was just after

New Creek had been captured, and we were camped down there in the hollow, between the woods, sir, about twenty-seven miles from Cumberland. It was February. We had passed a hard winter, sir—very hard. The snow was on the ground, an' one night we were all a-tremblin' round the fire, when all at once, Johnnie Fay an' Sprigg Lynn spoke up—(these two boys lived in Cumberland, sir, an' used to slip in the Yankee lines at night to see their mothers—that's what they'd say, but we used to laugh, 'cause Johnnie had a sweetheart there). Continuing, the old man said that young Fay and Lynn were the first to devise the plan which afterward proved so successful. Major General John B. Crook had been assigned command of the department in which that station was embraced, and was making his headquarters at the Revere House. Major General B. F. Kelley, who had previously commanded, had remained in Cumberland at the other hotel of the town—the St. Nicholas. Both of these hotels are on Baltimore street, not far apart.

"Well, sir, Fay and Lynn said we could catch 'em, and they watched the 'points, and made the plan." The following evening, about dusk, with fifty-seven men, mounted and well armed, Vandiver started off on his perilous journey. The snow was two feet deep and drifted in many places to a dangerous depth. They rode hurriedly down the valley, crossed the South Branch of the Potomac, and passed successfully and without any mishap Middle Ridge, Patterson's Creek Valley and Knobby Mountain. Here the snow was so deep and hard that they were compelled to dismount and lead their horses for a distance of two and a-half miles, until they reached the residence of Mr. R. R. Seymour, a wealthy old farmer, with whom the Vandiver family were acquainted. A great crackling fire invited them in the house, and soon of some dangerous undertakings—a "We told old Seymour our 'eve said Vandiver, 'an' turnin' to me that, in the fire-light—I'll never forget it—he said, in a low, trembling voice, 'Van, for God's sake, your sake, your mother's sake, turn back! There are over 8,000 troops in and about Cumberland; you have only a handful; you will never return alive!'

"But we were determined, sir, an' when the old man saw it he turned loose upon upon us a whole barrel of good old apple brandy." Leaving there they forded the Potomac, which was running with ice and slush, and in the doing of which every man became wet to the knees, and passed on up the Maryland side in silence. Not a word was permitted to be spoken. They had now entered the picket-lines of the enemy, and every step was fraught with danger. A gloomy procession they must have made, through the darkness, silent and wondering what the next few hours held in store for them.

"Halt! Who comes here?" rang out on the air. "Forward, boys," whispered Vandiver, "it's a Dutch sentinel." They soon captured the fellow, with two others, and now the difficulty of obtaining the countersign.

"Your countersign," demanded Vandiver. "No, no geeff it." "Bring me my bridle rein!" said Vandiver to one of his men. The rein was brought and soon was adjusted about the neck of the stubborn Dutch man and thrown over the limb of a tree. It was only when the rein was tightened and the fellow was dangling on tip-toe, that he blurted out in response to their repeated demands: "Boo! the Kaab! (meaning Bull's Gap.) Half the prize was now won; then repeating the experiment with the other two, they were assured that Bull's Gap was the pass-word, and moved on down the county road toward Cumberland. They now crossed what is known as the 'Old Pike,' and were within a mile from town.

"Joe, I believe I saw a light through the trees yonder," said Van to a companion as they entered the edge of a smallicket. "No, I guess not!" was the reply. But Vandiver was right, for soon they rode in upon a squad of thirty or forty infantry sitting cross-legged around the camp-fire. Their guns

were stacked, and they were apparently deep in conversation. "Move on, boys!" whispered Vandiver, and the little line of silent horse men crept stealthily forward. "Halt! Who comes here?" called the sentinel. "Friend with countersign," answered Vandiver. "Dismount one, advance and give countersign."

Vandiver's ankle had been lately crushed, and being in no humor to dismount, he dashed forward with his men, and quickly heard from the astonished commander of the infantry. "Don't shoot! I surrender!" Then dismounting, they broke the guns of the Union soldiers, and Vandiver, turning to the commander, said: "Your city is surrounded. Before nine o'clock to-morrow morning your generals will be captured. The snow is deep and we can't carry you on our horses. I will give you a verbal parole if you promise me on your honor that we may find you here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

Upon receiving an affirmative response from the helpless commander, they rode on, and entering the town on the west side, and crossing Will's creek, which flows through the town, at Iron Bridge, coolly and deliberately rode up Baltimore street, whistling and laughing, singing as if they were Union troops, at home and among friends. To and fro, on the streets, by the gaslights, are seen Union guards, walking along leisurely, and dreaming not of anything wrong. "Hello, boys, whose command is that?" shouted one of the guards. "Scouts from New Creek," came the response.

It was now 3.30 a. m. They have reached the "St. Nicholas," Gen. Kelley's apartments. Down spring, quietly and coolly, six stalwart men; they enter the hall, the others remaining outside; procuring a light, the six men enter the General's room. "You know me, General, I suppose, said one of the men. "I do. You are Kuykendall," answered the General. "You had me once, General," continued Kuykendall; "it is now my honor to have you. You are my prisoner."

"But, said the General, 'who am I surrendering to?' "To me, sir," was the emphatic response. "No time or place for ceremony, so you will quickly dress." The order was promptly obeyed. But what was Vandiver doing while this was transpiring? Leaving Kuykendall and his party at the "St. Nicholas," they passed slowly up the street to the "Revere House." Dismounting, they heard the sentinel at the door call, "Halt! Who comes here?" "Friend, with countersign, bearing important dispatches for General Crook," was Vandiver's answer. Advance, one, and give the countersign!

Vandiver advanced, and the sentinel leaned forward to catch the whispered countersign. Laying his hand on the fellow's gun, Vandiver whispered—not the hurried countersign, but the words: "Speak above your breath and you are a dead man!" Withdrawing his ear as though a bee had stung him, the astounded sentinel recognized, if not in the ring of the old man's voice, surely in the more apt persuader—the cocked revolver at his breast—a determination back of the words, and surrendering, was placed under guard, and stood between the horses in front of the door.

Passing into the hotel they soon found Gen. Crook's door and rapped. "Who is you? I don't know you, replied a voice within. "Open the door," said Vandiver; "I must see Gen. Crook." The door was opened and there stood a small darkey. "Is Gen'l Crook in?" "Yes, sir." "Show me his room," said Vandiver. "I'm afreed to, but I will, sah, if you don't tell on me." "Yes, sir, the nigger 'emelt a mice, the first one among all them smart Yanks. An' he seemed so kind we said we wouldn't tell on him, and he lead us to the Gen'l door."

"Come in!" came from within in response to the rap, and in obedience to the invitation, a tall and stalwart form in gray, with a light in one hand and a revolver in the other, stands erect, cool and deliberate before the awe-stricken Crook. This is what he saw as he rubbed his eyes and parted with pleasant dreams. "General Crook, I presume?" "I am, sir."

"I am General Rosser, sir," said Vandiver. "You are my prisoner; you have two minutes to dress in." The General lay for some seconds with his fingers laced back of his head, as though questioning the accuracy of his senses. "Come, Gen'l, there are your clothes; you can either put them on or go as you are."

This latter proposition, however, did not please the General, and in less time than it takes to tell it he had dressed, and reaching the street was soon seen sitting demurely behind Vandiver on his little gray charger. Riding down the street, they were joined by the "St. Nicholas" party, with their prize, and proceeded to 'evacuate' the city—quietly, calmly and in good order. Reaching Mill's creek, they turned to the left and proceeded down the tow-path. On the opposite side of the canal along the hillsides, were encamped many of Crook's and Kelly's soldiers, little dreaming of the surprise the morning should bring. Sentinels, too, as unconscious as their slumbering companions, whistled among the trees or sung some low lullaby to the cradle of their hopes, for they knew that the "great war-cloud was drifting away. Some few, however, were aroused at seeing this strange procession passing in dark review before them and inquired: "Whose command?" "Scouts going out."

They had now reached a distance of three and a half miles from Cumberland. "Halt! who goes there?" "Bull's Gap!" shouted Vandiver; "no time to dismount; in a hurry; enemy reported near; sent out by Crook to watch movements." "Go on, then; cold night boys, to be out." "Yes, pretty cold!" "Give the Johnnies h—l, boys!" "Oh, yes, we are the boys to do that," replied Vandiver. "Crook was sittin' behind me, sir, an' slapped my hand on his leg an' said, 'Gen'l, would you have liked to have said something?' Well, sir, he looked mad as a hornet, an' said, 'Too late now, sir.'"

Pushing on briskly, Romney, about 27 miles distant was reached, without any mishap, though the rear-guard reported some 60 cavalry in hot pursuit, yellin' an' shoutin' like the d—l, with whom a few shots were exchanged, but they reached and crossed the surging Potomac safely, and soon found themselves within the Confederate lines. This was accomplished this daring exploit, too lightly and dippantly passed over by historians. Thus a little band of 57 men entered the heart of the city of Cumberland, a city of nine thousand inhabitants—the majority of whom were bitterly hostile, with eight thousand troops encamped in and around it, and carried away their generals.

The old man, finishing his story, said: "I was born an' raised in Hampshire county, W. Va., sir; I am 6 feet 2 and a half inches tall, sir. I've five bullet holes through my body. (Here he displayed them.) That's my watch, my pocket-book, an' three thousand dollars in Confederate money with a 'Minne' hole through them. They saved my life, sir, laying them quietly upon the table. Then, straightening up his tall figure, and looking every inch a soldier, his eyes fired as he continued: "I was a good rebel, sir, an' as good a one now as ever. My father's house was burned by them fellows in '65, an' my old mother an' sisters were turned out o' doors, homeless an' homeless, when the snow was deep, an' the winter wind howled, shivered at midnight on the hills of Hampshire. A tear glistened in the old man's eye as he murmured in a broken voice, while his gaunt frame was shaking with the storms of pathetic memories. "Homeless! homeless! sir. Have you ever been homeless? God help you, may you never be! I was once, yes, wandering in exile through the western wilderness for eight years. Yes, sir, an' after they had paroled me they offered a reward for my body dead or alive. But I've a home now, a good wife, something to eat, an' a little to drink, an' a few good friends left, sir."

"A pleasant place is this little city among the hills of the Valley of Virginia, reader, and if every you go there go and talk for a while with old Joseph Lewis Vandiver. It will repay you.—Baltimore Weekly Sun.

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.

COUNTERFEITING A BAKING POWDER.

The public is too well informed as to the danger from alum baking powders to need any caution against using them. It is, nevertheless, a fact that many of our most prudent and careful house-keepers are, without knowing it, using these deleterious articles daily, and from them preparing for their families food which, were they aware of its nature, they would not offer to a beggar. Baking powders made from burnt alum cost less than four cents a pound. When these can be worked off in place of the Royal Baking Powder, and sold for forty or fifty cents a pound, there are many manufacturers and dealers sufficiently unscrupulous to do it.

A favorite method of selling these poisonous alum baking powders is by placing them in an empty Royal Baking Powder can and weighing them out in small quantities when the Royal Baking Powder is called for by customers. The grocer, if questioned, claims that he buys in large packages at a lower rate, and is thus able to sell below the price of the goods in small cans. All baking powders sold in this way are entitled to suspicion. Analysis of many of them have been made with a view to a prosecution, and in all cases they have been found largely adulterated and generally made from poisonous burnt alum. This is selling counterfeit goods, and is, of course, an offence against the law. We are glad to know that the Royal Baking Powder Company have taken the matter in hand, and are acting in a way that will protect the public from the swindle.

The surest protection from this fraud is for the housekeeper to buy the baking powder of the brand she wishes in the original unbroken package, looking carefully to see that the label has not been tampered with. The Royal Baking Powder Company announce, what is well known, that their goods are packed for the convenience of consumers in cans of various sizes, and that each can is stamped with the company's trade mark label, and the weight of each package stamped on the cover. Any baking powder being peddled out by weight under the name of Royal they denounce as bogus and to be avoided.

Consumers should bear these facts in mind if they do not wish to have imposed upon them the poisonous alum stuff that is being profusely distributed throughout the country under the name of baking powder. If, however, they buy the Royal in cans with unbroken labels, they are always sure of using a baking powder perfectly pure and wholesome, and of the highest test, strength and efficiency.

DANCING WITH A CORPSE.—Burials are far more common in hot countries, where the burial takes place within twenty-four hours after death, than they are here, where one gets, as a rule, a week's grace. In Spain the body is frequently removed to the undertaker's shop a few hours after death. In one of the largest of these establishments in Madrid, some years ago, an extraordinary sight was witnessed. A gentleman was brought in his "casket" one afternoon and placed in the room set apart for that part of the business. The proprietor lived over his premises, and on that special evening was a grand ball. When the ball was at its height a gentleman in full evening dress suddenly joined the company. He danced with the wife of the undertaker and he danced with the undertaker's daughter, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

The undertaker thought he knew his face, but did not like to be rude and ask him his name, but by and by all the guests departed, and the strange gentleman was the only one left. "Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last. "No, thank you," replied the gentleman. "I'm staying in the house." "Staying in the house!" exclaimed the undertaker; "who are you, sir?" "What, don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon."

The undertaker, horrified, rushed to the mortuary room and found the coffin empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse. An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, who had only been in a trance, had suddenly recovered, and hearing music and revelry above, and having a keen sense of humor, had got out of his coffin (the Spanish coffin closes with a lid, which is only locked just before interment) and joined the festive party. He was quite presentable, as in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.—The Argonaut.