

# State Rights Advocate.

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, every Tuesday Morning, and Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Advertising, &c.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

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JOHN MCKENNEY, WILLIAM MCKENNEY,  
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ner Store, Brick Building.

WILLIAM F. PARROTT, Dealer in  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c.,  
No. 3 Brick Building.

THOMAS HUGHES, Dealer in Dry  
Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two  
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W. J. HOPPER, J. W. WILMER,  
HOPPER & WILMER, Druggists,  
Corner Frame Building.

JAMES A. DICKSON, Druggist; Store  
lately occupied by Wm. T. Dunbrack-  
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opposite the Brick Hotel.

### CENTREVILLE MECHANICS.

WILLIAM STINSON, Carriage and  
Harness Maker, South West End  
of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. REAMY, Carriage and  
Harness Maker, North West End of  
Commerce Street.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to  
Edward Hamilton) Wheelwright and  
Blacksmith, South West End of Com-  
merce Street.

JOSEPH A. HALE, Brick Layer. Or-  
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LAMBERT T. COBURN, Fashiona-  
ble Tailor—Shop on Main Street,  
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Court House.

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cessor to John W. Tarman.) Wheel-  
wright and Blacksmith, at Ruthsburg,  
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J. Office adjoining the Drug Store.

THOMAS B. QUIGLEY, Attorney at  
Law and Solicitor in Chancery, of-  
fice adjoining frame Hotel.

JOHN POSTON, Brick Hotel Cen-  
treville, Md.

### BALTIMORE ADVERTISERS.

G. T. KENLY, W. B. TILGHMAN,  
KENLY & TILGHMAN, Commis-  
sion Merchants, No. 18 Bowley's  
Wharf.

T. A. BRYAN, EDWARD BRYAN,  
BRYAN & BRO., Manufacturers of Bry-  
an's Agricultural Mud Lifter; Corner  
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Retail Grocer, Corner of Green and  
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Z. TABMAN, General Commission Mer-  
chant and Grocer, No. 5 Cheap Side  
between Lombard and Water Streets.

WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, Watch Maker  
and Jeweler, Corner of Pratt and  
Commerce Streets.

WILLIAM B. LARMOUR, Watch Ma-  
ker and Jeweler, No. 10 Light Street.

WM. EMERSON NICHOLSON, Com-  
mission Merchant, No. 1, Bowley's  
Wharf.

C. S. MALTBY, Dealer in shell Lime  
C., Baltimore, Md.

## Poetical.

'Tis all one to Me.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,  
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy him a wife,  
And he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he choose,  
And he who has none has nothing to lose.

He who has money has cares not a few,  
And he who has none can sleep the night  
through.

He who has money can squint at the fair,  
And he who has none escapes from much  
care.

He who has money can go to the play,  
And he who has none at home can stay.

He who has money can travel about,  
And he who has none can go without.

He who has money can course as he will,  
And he who has none can be coarser still.

He who has money can eat oyster meat,  
And he who has none the shell can eat.

He who has money can drink foreign wine,  
And he who has none with the gout will  
not pine.

He who has money the cash must pay,  
And he who has none says, "Charge it  
pray!"

He who has money keeps a dog if he  
please,  
And he who has none is not troubled  
with fleas.

He who has money must die one day,  
And he who has none must go the same  
way.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,  
Whether I've money or whether I've  
none.

## Choice Story.

[From a Bachelor's Story]

### THE STORY OF BEATRICE.

BY OLIVER BUNCE.

"Who was Beatrice?" inquired Maggie.  
"To you, Maggie, my heart is an open  
house. Its doors stand wide; day light's  
its chambers, I will tell you therefore,  
of Beatrice.

"You know my favorite resort—that  
wooded, shadowy bank of the little  
stream, upon which I have bestowed the  
name of Shady Side. There in the sum-  
mer days I loitered in its rich seclusion,  
to listen by the hour to the carol of the  
birds, watch the play of light and  
shadow in the waving tree tops, look down  
upon the blue waters which with their  
musical ripple murmur an incessant  
song to the flowers, or with my head  
laid on some "antique root," stretch my  
gaze through the green canopy above me,  
into the far blue beyond, while my  
thoughts mount, expand, traversing world  
celestial and terrestrial. I fancy myself,  
you know, a sound disciple of Isaac Wal-  
ton, and with my rod and reel hang  
about the shores of the little stream,  
flinging my line into the dark pools; and  
in half-revery, idly watch it as it loosely  
trails upon the water. Once, while seated  
under a moss bannered oak and thus  
dreamily employed, there came down to-  
ward me through the trees, a young girl,  
with her bonnet on her arm, her locks  
lifted and floating in the wind, a bright  
flush upon her cheeks, a beautiful light  
in her eyes, a radiant smile upon her lips.  
She paused and threw up her hands to  
catch a pendent bough. Her white arms  
glanced above her head, her white neck  
shone through the falling tresses. I  
thought it a rarely beautiful picture, and  
held my breath to look. Her form was  
light, but full of wonderful grace; her  
limbs traceable through their drapery,  
seemed perfect in symmetry. She came  
down to the water, starting as she saw  
me, and blushing with beautiful confu-  
sion. I said a word or two to her, and  
she went on her way.

"All the rest of that day I found my-  
self musing upon this beautiful vision—  
I dreamed of her at night, and awoke  
thinking of her. We met again the next  
day, and after that many times. We  
came to know each other well, and to  
pass hours together upon the banks of  
Shady Side. Beatrice was her name.—  
She was the only child of a gentleman  
a widower, who had come up from  
town to settle amid the rural beauties of  
our neighborhood. She was very fair,  
trustful, pure, gentle loving—could I

have been a mortal not to have verged  
upon the flowery precipice! When she  
would speak so soft and low, or place  
her hand in mine, or look up into my  
face with her frank, sweet eyes, or play  
some girlish prank, such as crowning  
me fantastically with flowers and oak  
garlands, as if she were Titania, and I  
Bottom—could I help the bound to my  
heart, and the strange thrill that went  
through it?

"But I did penance for these heart-  
bounds. 'Hi, old fellow,' said I, 'look  
in the glass. What do you see there?'  
Is there a face for sweet sixteen? Look  
at the crow-feet, sir—at the furrows and  
the wrinkles, and the hair and beard al-  
ready pepper and salt! Is that a face for  
beautiful Beatrice?"

"I winced a little, but rigorously en-  
forced myself to study the looking-glass  
every day.

"You're old, old boy—old and ugly,  
too. Your heart is choked with the  
ashes of old dead sensations; it has burnt  
out its fire long ago. Shall you take a  
withered heart, and a withered face, and  
dead hopes, and sluggish brain, and taut-  
ened blood, to the pure, fresh unstained  
youth of Beatrice? Out upon you, old  
boy! Don't you see how monstrous the  
thought is? Look close in the looking  
glass, and you will see it fully."

"This plan was a happy one. It cured  
me of all thought of loving Beatrice, and  
kept down into the recesses of my heart  
emotions and passions that otherwise  
would have struggled up. Occasionally,  
indeed at some word of hers, or some  
sweet caress—for we grew to know each  
other well and freely—my heart would  
rise in my throat, and the blood run ting-  
ling through my veins, but a rigorous  
course of looking-glass always succeed-  
ed in subduing the rebellious sentiment.

"Indeed, I grew to be so completely a  
master of what threatened at one time to  
be a mighty passion, and had buried my  
love so deeply in my bosom, that I listen-  
ed one day to her frank, ingenious con-  
fession of her betrothal to another, with  
no other outward emotion than a sensi-  
ble paleness, which I felt spreading over  
my cheek. A sharp, keen blade was  
entering my heart as she spoke, but I  
kissed her brow, perhaps with trembling  
lips, and hastened away from her side.—  
It needed all my courage, and a pertina-  
cious contemplation of the looking-glass  
that day to preserve the command over  
my emotions. I kept repeating, as if it  
were a text:

"You're old, old boy—old and ugly,  
too!"

"I recalled, too, Goethe's plan, who,  
upon the occurrence of any calamity, be-  
took himself forthwith to the study of a  
new science. But, it was sternly difficult  
to follow the cold abstractions of a science  
with visions of what might have been—  
visions of a trusting, uplooking, confiding  
love ever at my side, nesting in my heart  
—of a radiance upon my heart-stone,  
where only a shadow was now forever  
rest—of sunlight in my heart, which  
now could never more enter—with vi-  
sions of youth, and bloom, and beauty  
thrusting themselves between me and the  
page! I was weaker than Goethe. The  
study afforded me no oblivion. I paced  
my floor that night until the dawn broke  
into my room, and then I buried my face  
in my pillow, and half-slept and half-  
dreamed away an hour or two.

"In the morning, I breakfasted before  
the looking-glass, and I sternly said,  
'Old and ugly! What presumption to  
think of love! Study it well, old boy; it  
is your only cure.'

"The wedding day came, and I stood  
up in church, very calm and very passive  
to see the ceremony. Every eye was  
strained to see the bride enter; she came,  
and her course led her within a few feet  
of me. The church grew suddenly dark  
as she swept by. A book dropped from  
my hand. I could neither see nor hear.

"It was over, and the crowd passed  
out. I followed staggering, and when I  
reached the porch the bride came up—  
so rarely beautiful—called me her old  
friend and asked my blessing. I pres-  
sed back her curls, gave the last kiss, and  
took the last look. Then the crowd  
came in between us, the old church tot-  
tered, sky and earth were commingled,  
and I grasped for support.

"I hardly knew what followed, except  
that I found myself shortly afterward  
hastening through the fields with a wild,  
irregular step, pausing mechanically to  
stare up at the sky, following the devious  
zig-zag fences abstractedly, until at last  
I came to the old familiar Shady Side.—

I flew to the water side, threw myself  
down upon the bank pulled my hat over  
my brow, and for once allowed my pen-  
ter hand in mine, or look up into my  
face with her frank, sweet eyes, or play  
some girlish prank, such as crowning  
me fantastically with flowers and oak  
garlands, as if she were Titania, and I  
Bottom—could I help the bound to my  
heart, and the strange thrill that went  
through it?

"The next morning I brought out a  
rod, clapped a small glass in my pocket,  
went down to the old spot, threw my  
hook to the stream, and taking out the  
aforesaid glass, read myself a lesson,  
while with one eye I watched my reel.

"'Old boy! Sentiment and passion at  
your time of life, hey! A pretty how do  
do, upon my word! You're a man of the  
world, I should think. Because you  
met a pair of pretty eyes, and a bright  
smile, and a peachy cheek, you thought  
they were for you, hey? And now you  
would like to be melancholy and senti-  
mental, and prate about unrequited affec-  
tion, I suppose. You are an old fool if  
you do. Shake it off, sir. It was only  
a dream. Wake up, rub your eyes, dash  
your head in water—it will be all over  
with you. You were weak yesterday. You  
must shake and tremble like a girl, or a  
school-boy. Bah! Can't you see beauty  
or loveliness without thinking they must  
belong to you? What are you, old, dull,  
senseless block, that you should dare  
hope for so much? Keep along with  
your books, and your rods, and your  
dogs, and don't ever aspire to so much  
happiness again. It wouldn't be wise.  
You'd only be dropped down upon earth  
as harshly as now. Be a man—that is,  
make money, love stocks, count shares,  
pile up acres, take to Wall-street—after  
the manner of manhood! But don't  
think of beauty and youth again, old boy!"

"My line suddenly shot out. Away  
went the glass over my head, and I sprang  
to my feet. A bouncer was on my line,  
that was certain. Now for my skill.—  
'Love and such folly,' I cried, 'avaunt!—  
What are you to the sport in hand?'"

"The fish, a splendid fellow, was safely  
landed, and I went back to the looking-  
glass.

"It was shivered into a hundred peo-  
s! 'Never mind, old boy,' said I, 'you're  
old and ugly, you know, and you'll never  
be guilty of such folly again! Your pas-  
sion is shivered as the glass is, as your  
foolish dream was!'"

## Humorous.

### A Mormon Sermon.

The Cincinnati Enquirer is of the  
opinion that Mormonism is still a "live  
institution," and says that, a few days  
since, a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a  
complexion very strongly resembling  
that of boiled tripe, arrived there from  
Pittsburg with a couple of wives, but  
deeming his flock too small to start Salt  
Lake ward with, held forth as follows to  
an admiring audience, at a house over  
the canal, with a view to the completeness  
of his domestic felicity:

"The text my beloved hearers is as  
followeth:

"Men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

"Brothers and sisters—pertickler the  
sister: I want to say a few words about  
Mormonism—not for my own sake but  
for yours, for men is skeerce and women  
is plenty."

"Mormonism is built on that high old  
principle which sez, that it ain't good  
for man to be alone, and a mighty sight  
worse for a woman. Therefore, if a  
man feels good with little company, a  
good deal of it ought to make him feel  
an awful sight better.

"The first principle of Mormonism is,  
that women air a good thing, and the  
second principle is, that you can't have  
too much of a good thing. Woman is  
tenderer than man, and it is necessary to  
smoothe down the roughness of his char-  
acter; and as a man has a good many  
rough pints in his natur', he oughtn't to  
give one woman too much to do, but  
set each one to work smoothin' some  
partickler pint.

"Don't think I'm over-anxious for you  
to jine us, for I ain't. I'm not speakin'  
for my good but for yours; for men is  
skeerce and weemen is plenty."

"I said woman was tenderer than man;  
but you needn't feel stuck up about it,  
for so she ought to be; she was made so  
on purpose. But how was she made so?  
Where did she git it from? Why, she  
was created out of the side-bone of a  
man, and the side-bone of a man is like  
the side-bone of a turkey—the tenderest  
part of him. Therefore, as a woman  
has three side-bones, and a man only  
one of course she is three times as tender  
as a man is, and is in duty bound to re-  
pay that tenderness of which she robbed

him. And how did she rob him of his  
side-bone? Why, exactly as she robs  
his pockets now-a-days of his loose  
change—she took advantage of him  
when he was asleep.

"But as woman is more tender than  
man, so is man more forgiving than wo-  
man; therefore, I want say anything more  
about the side-bone or the small change,  
but invite you all to jine my train, for I  
am a big shepherd our way, and fare  
sumptuously every day on purple and  
fine linen.

"When I first landed on the shores of  
the Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in  
weemen; I had but one poor old yoe;  
but 'men is skeerce and weemen is plenty,'  
and like a keerful shepherd, I begin to  
increase my flock. Weemen heard of us  
and of our lovin' ways, and they kept a  
pourin' in. They come from the North,  
and they come from the South, and they  
come from the East, and they come  
from the West; they come from Europe,  
they come from Ashy, and a few of 'em  
from Afrikey, and from bein' the miserable  
owner of one old yoe, I became the joyful  
shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right  
smart sprinklin' of lambs, frisker and fat-  
ter than anybody else's—and I've still  
got room for a few more.

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' in  
pertickler for my benefit, but for yours—  
for men is skeerce and women is plenty.'  
Still, I'd a leetle rather you'd go along  
with me than not—partickler you fat one  
with the caliker sun bonnet. Don't hesi-  
tate, but take the chance while you can  
get it, and I'll make you the bell-yoe of  
the flock. I'll lead you through green  
pastures and the high grass; show you  
where you may caper in the sunshine,  
and lay down in pleasant places; and as  
you are in pretty good condition already  
in the course of time you shall be fattest  
of the flock. Jine in, jine in, jine in, jine  
in now—for men is skeerce and weemen  
is plenty."

Taking Greens in One's Liquors.

A traveller from Virginia, as his blood-  
ed horse, plethoric saddle bags, and haughty  
insouciance indicated, stopped at a com-  
fortable inn in Kentucky, one night man-  
ny years ago. The landlord was a jovial,  
whole-souled fellow, as landlords in  
those days, and gave the stranger the  
best entertainment his table and bar  
would afford as well as his own merry  
company to make him glad. Early in  
the morning the stranger was up and  
looking around, when he espied a rich  
bed of mint in the garden. He straight-  
way found Boniface, and indignant at  
what he supposed his inhospitality in  
setting plain whiskey before him when  
the means of brewing nectar was so easy  
of access he dragged him forth to the  
spot, and pointing his finger at the mint  
he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord will you be good  
enough to say what that is?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat  
astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is  
the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the  
old woman dries it sometimes with the  
other yarbs."

"The Virginian almost turned pale at  
the enormity of the assertion.

"And do you mean to tell me that you  
don't know what mint julep is?"

"Not 'cept its something like sage tea,  
stranger."

"Sage tea!" Go right along to the  
house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar and  
your best liquor."

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger  
soon made his appearance with a hand-  
ful of the fragrant, dewy mint, and then  
they brewed and drank again. Break-  
fast was over, and the stranger's horse  
was brought out, only to be ordered back  
again. Through the livelong day, they  
brewed and drank; one or two neighbors  
dropped in who were partakers, and late  
in the night were their orgies kept up.—  
Ere they made it bed time, the landlord  
and his Virginia friend who had initiated  
him into the pleasant mysteries of mint  
julep, were sworn brothers, and when  
the latter departed next morning, Boniface  
exacted a pledge that he should stop on  
his return, and stay as long as he pleas-  
ed free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, ob-  
tained him longer than he expected, and  
it was the next morning before he  
broke.

Riding up late in the evening,  
his horse to go to the gate, and  
Sam, h

"Yonder him come," said the negro,  
pointing to a youth who was approach-  
ing.

"I mean your old master fool?"

"Old massa! done dead dis tree month."

"Doad! what was the matter with him?  
He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes; but see, Massa stranger, one of  
dem Virginia gemmens come 'long here  
last year and showed him how to eat  
greens in his licker, he liked it so well  
he done stuck to it till it kill him," said  
the old darkey shaking his head.

The stranger passed a less jovial night  
than on his previous visit, and was off  
by daybreak next morning. He quieted  
his conscience, however, in the end, with  
the reflection that "good things are some-  
times misused."

## Miscellaneous.

### How He Got a Wife.

A correspondent, whose heart is evi-  
dently in the right place, gives the follow-  
ing "incident in the cars," which will  
perhaps create a thrill in many a heart  
besides that of its author:

On the whole, pleasant traits and inci-  
dents, are not common in the cars, I  
think. This opinion I expressed to my  
friend Somers the other day. In reply  
to my remarks, he related a little adven-  
ture which, as it is appropo and more-  
over involves a little love and sentiment,  
I will give, without an apology, in his  
own words. It proves that in the most  
unlikely places love and sentiment may  
be discovered.

"I was escorting home the lovely  
Charlotte D—, to whom I was at the  
time quite devoted. We got in one of  
the City Passenger Cars, where Charlotte  
could scarcely find room to spread her  
crinoline and to arrange her voluminous  
bonnets. I stood up near her, there be-  
ing no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes, came in a poor  
woman, who deposited a basket of clothes  
on the platform and held in her arms a  
small child, while a little girl clung to  
her skirts. She looked tired and weak,  
but there was no vacant place; to be sure,  
Charlotte might have condensed her  
flounces, but she did not. Beside her  
however, sat a very lovely and elegant  
woman, who seemed trying, by moving  
down closer to others, to make space  
enough for the stranger between herself  
and Charlotte. At last she succeeded,  
and with the sweetest smile I ever saw,  
she invited the poor, burdened female to  
be seated. Charlotte drew her drapery  
around her and blushed too; but it was  
not a pretty blush at all; and she looked  
anxious at the close proximity of the new  
comer, who was, however, and decently,  
though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl  
on her lap, and lapped her velvet mantle  
round the small half-clad form, and put  
her muff over the half-frozen little hands.

"So great was the crowd that I alone  
seemed to observe her. The child shiver-  
ed, the keen wind from the open door  
blew upon the unprotected neck. I saw  
the young lady draw from under her  
cloak a little crimson woolen shawl,  
which she softly pulled over the mother look-  
ing on in confused wonder. After a short  
time she rose to leave the car, and would  
have removed the shawl. The lady  
whispered, 'No, keep it on, keep it for  
her.' The woman did not answer—the  
conductor hurried her out, but her eyes  
swam in tears, which no one saw but me.

"I noticed her as she hastily descended  
to a basement and I hastily marked the  
house.

"Soon after, my unknown also arose  
to start. I was in despair, for I wanted  
to follow and discover her residence, but  
could not leave Miss D—.

"How glad, then, was I to see her  
bowing as she passed out, to a man  
quaintance who stood in the car, and  
ere many minutes I had  
name and address.

"To shorten my story  
sible, that I  
small inci-  
me, she sh-  
days after

## Important Will Case.

We learn, says the Easton Star, that  
there is about to arise an important will  
case, in the settlement of the estate of the  
late Ex-Gov. Samuel Stevens, of this  
county. The facts out of which the suit  
arises we gather from public rum-  
or as follows.—Some years ago Gov.  
Stevens made his will, having living at  
that time three children, a son and two  
daughters. Subsequently to making his  
will, two of his children deceased, his  
son and one of the daughters—the son  
leaving heirs—the daughter being single,  
left none. His legal heirs are, therefore  
the children of his deceased son, Edwin  
J. Stevens, and his surviving daughter,  
Mrs. James. After the death of his son  
and daughter, the Governor became dis-  
satisfied with his will, which gave the  
greater portion of his estate to his grand  
children, the heirs of Edwin, and medi-  
tated making a new one, which he failed  
to do; but sometime prior to his decease,  
he cancelled his will, by erasing his  
own signature and the signatures of the  
witnesses to the paper, and appending  
thereto a memorandum, stating that "he  
intended to make a new will." On the  
one side it is claimed that the paper is  
not a will, the cancellation being com-  
plete, and having been made in pursuance  
of a previously signified intention, is in  
all respects a rational act, rationally done;  
and not being a will, the Courts cannot  
make it one, any more than they  
could make a will for a deceased person,  
who had never meditated makin' g one.

On the other hand, it is alleged that the  
paper is a good will, the cancellation hav-  
ing been made but a short time be-  
fore his death, when the deceased was  
of too feeble mind to transact business  
or perform a legal act; and not being  
competent to make a will, he was in-  
competent to cancel the one he had  
previously made. The whole case will  
therefore turn on the mental status of the  
deceased, at the time the cancellation was  
made. The amount of property involv-  
ed in the suit is over thirty thousand  
dollars.

HARD TO SUIT.—Pitts is a sharp man,  
a man of business tact; and when Pitts  
goes into a store to trade, he always gets  
the lowest cash price; and he says—

"Well, I'll look about, and if I don't  
find anything that suits me better, I'll call  
and take this

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to  
women, and young ones in particular.—  
Now, lately, Pitts said to himself, "I'm  
gettin' rather long in years, and I'll get  
married." His business qualities wouldn't  
let him wait, so off he travels and calls on  
a lady friend, opening the conversation  
by remarking that he would like to know  
what she thought about his