

**BISCUITS AND
DRIED
BEEF: A PANACEA**

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Biscuits and Dried Beef: A Panacea by L. H. M.

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L. H. M.

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BISCUITS

AND DRIED BEEF.

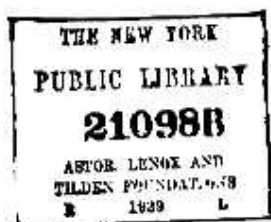
A Panacea

BY

L. H. M.

The ghostly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster round him,
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep,
Where their spectre eyes have found him.—*Holmes.*

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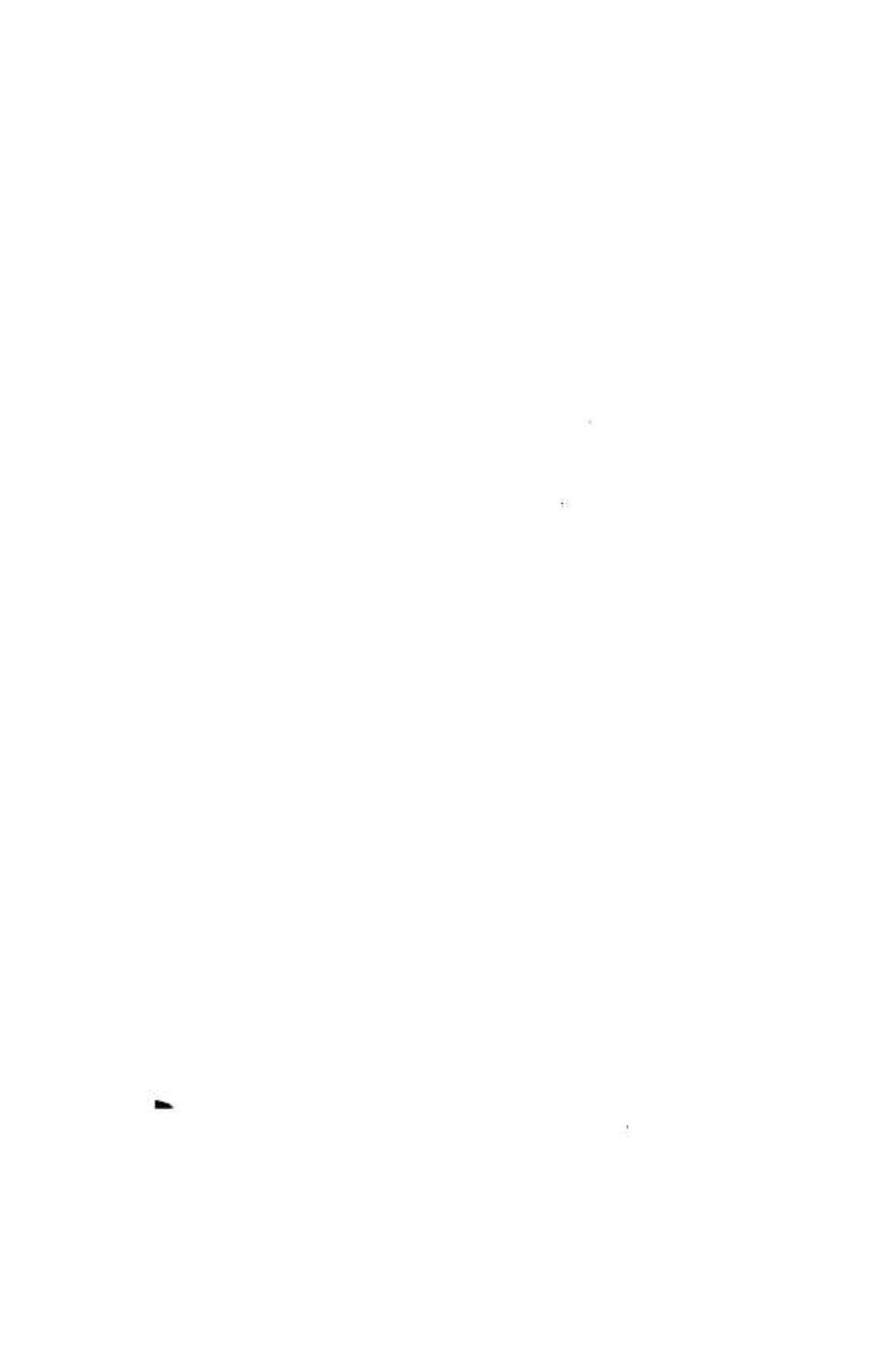
TO MANY FRIENDS
AMONG THE RANKS OF THE CLERGY,
WHO ARE STRIVING, UNDER ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES,
TO PRESERVE THEIR SELF-RESPECT,
THIS VOLUME IS SYMPATHETICALLY DEDICATED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

•

“The ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers.”—*Holmes*.

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CHAPTER I.

HOME FROM CONVENTION, AND THE RESOLUTION.

THE Rector of St. John's, in the old settled village of Bloomingdale, had just returned from the Annual Diocesan Convention, reaching home just in time to sit down to supper. His wife was the only person at the table with him, the baby fortunately choosing that hour for a quiet nap.

The Rev. John Forest had been married but two years, and St. John's was his first parish ; and now he was just entering on the third year of his rectorship. The salary was eight hundred dollars