

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1869

NO. 21

## ST MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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STREET SMITH, Proprietor,  
No. 15 Fulton street, New York  
March 11, 1869—4t.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS UNDER  
THE INTERNAL REVENUE  
LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE undersigned will be at his office,  
in Leonardtown, Md., on the 11th of March, 1869,  
to receive applications for license under  
the Special Tax Law, and returns of income.  
Administrators, Guardians, &c.,  
required to make returns of Succession  
legacies and distributive shares of Estates  
are requested to attend, in order to guard  
against error in future assessments.

F. B. LAURENSEN,  
Assistant Assr.

MEETING OF TRUSTEES.  
THE TRUSTEES OF ST MARY'S  
FEMALE SEMINARY are notified  
to meet in Leonardtown on  
TUESDAY, the 16th day of MARCH,  
instant.

at Moore's Hotel at 3 o'clock, p. m. A  
personal attendance of every member is  
deemed an important business, and expected  
to engage the attention of the Board.

C. BILLINGSLEY, Pres't  
March 7, 1869—3t.

Boarding House.  
MRS. HAYDN and Mrs. POLK, daughters  
of Wm T. Maddox, Esq., late of  
Leonardtown, Md., having removed from  
Saratoga street to North Calvert street, No. 71  
permanently, Transient and  
Daily Boarders.

The house was formerly called the Chick  
House and is located above Bernard's Hotel.  
March 4, 1869—4t.

## THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road life,  
If we only would stop and take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would make it!

And when beautiful trout are full,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the Wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are sifted!

Or an evening without a morning,  
Or the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden tiling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

## EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter,  
young man?" said farmer Bilkins,  
looking at the young fellow sharply from  
head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate  
air, which was mainly the result of his  
situation, Luke Jordan was a fine looking  
fellow, and not easily moved from his  
self-possession; but he colored and grew  
confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing  
glance.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last  
night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good  
girl," he said, stroking his chin with a  
thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good  
husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at  
this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my abilities to support  
a wife, I can assure you, sir, that I can  
do so."

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke  
Jordan, but I take it for granted that you  
ask my girl to marry you and not your  
property. What guarantee can you  
give me, in case it should be swept  
away, as it is in thousands of instances,  
that you could provide for her a comfortable  
home? You have hands and brains  
—do you know how to use them? What  
can you do?"

"This is a style of calumny for which  
Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared  
blankly at the questioner without  
speaking."

"I believe you managed to get through  
college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with  
the wealth I should inherit, I should not  
need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then,  
he'd much better have given you some  
honest occupation and put you off with a  
shilling—it might have been the making  
of you. As it is, what are you fit for?"

"Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young  
man, twenty-four years old, and never  
earned a dollar in your life! You ought  
to be ashamed of yourself. And you want  
to marry my daughter. Now, I have  
given Molly as good advantage for learning,  
as any girl in town, and she hasn't  
learned to work, she'd be no daughter  
of mine. If I chose I could keep more  
than one servant; but I don't, no more  
than I please, to my daughter should be  
a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia,  
and all sorts of the lady ailments  
instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy  
cheeked lass she is. I did say that she  
should not marry a lad that had been  
cared for by a rich father, but she has taken  
a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you  
what I'll do. Go to work, and let your  
youngself be a man; respect yourself in  
some occupation—I don't care what, if it  
is honest—then come to me, and if the  
girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately  
rose from the settee of the porch and  
went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to  
see her lover down at the garden gate,  
to their usual trysting place. The smiling  
light faded from her eyes as she noticed  
his sister, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as  
Luke told her the result of his application.  
"And you are not but he's about right,  
for it seems to me that every man, rich  
or poor, ought to have some occupation."  
Then, as she noticed her lover's grave  
look, she said, softly:

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared  
from his accustomed haunts much to the  
surprise of his gay associates. But where  
ever he went, he carried with him those  
words which were like a tower of strength  
to his soul; "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunny morning, late  
in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping  
up the grapevine in his front yard,  
that threatened to break down with the  
weight of its luxuriant burden, a neat-  
looking cart drove up, from which Luke  
Jordan alighted with a quick elastic step,  
quite in contrast with his formerly easy  
leisure movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Bilkins. I un-  
derstood that you wanted to buy some  
better tubs and cider barrels. I think I  
have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the  
old man, as, opening the gate, he paused  
by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of  
pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by  
one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he sat  
down the last of the lot. "What will you  
take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago  
to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's  
eye broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right mel in you,  
after all," he cried. "Come in lad—made  
a trade after all."

Nothing left, Luke obeyed.

"Molly," he called Mr. Bilkins, thrusting  
his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The  
four white arms were bared above the  
elbows and bore traces of the flour she  
had been sifting. Her dress was a neat  
gingham, over which was tied a blue  
checked apron; but she looked as winning  
and lovely as she always did wherever  
she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as  
she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes  
upon her father, waited dutifully to hear  
what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for  
a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young man mayhap you've  
seen him before—has brought me a lot of  
tubs and barrels, all of his own make  
—a right good article, too. He asks a  
pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are  
willing to give it, well and good; and  
hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you  
make your father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this he considerably  
stepped out of the room, and he will  
follow his example; but the kind of bargain  
the young people made can readily be con-  
jectured by the speedy wedding that fol-  
lowed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the  
study of medicine, of which profession he  
became a useful and influential member;  
and every year on the anniversary of his  
marriage, he delights his mother-in-law  
with some specimens of the handicraft by  
which he won what he deems to be the  
best and dearest wife in the world.

He raged like an unloosed lion amid  
the foe; and his eyes, always terrible in  
battle, burned with increased lustre,  
while his clear and steady voice, heard  
above the turmoil of strife was worth  
more than a thousand trumpets to cheer  
his followers. At length, seeing a  
knot of Russian soldiers that for a long  
time kept up a devouring fire on his men,  
he wheeled his horse and drove in full  
throttle upon their leveled muskets. A  
few of his guards who never allowed their  
white plumes to leave their crests charged  
him. Without waiting to count his  
foes, he seized his bridle in his teeth, and  
with his pistol in one hand and his drawn  
sword in the other, burst in headlong fury  
upon them as if a hurricane had swept by.  
Murat was a thunderbolt on that day,  
and the deeds that were wrought by him  
will furnish themes for the poet and painter.

ASKING FRIENDS TO DRINK.

A writer in the New York Leader thus  
expresses upon the folly and evil of the  
ridiculous American practice of asking  
friends to take drinks with you.

The absurd American custom of "ask-  
ing" is responsible for seven-eighths—  
mind, we say seven-eighths, and mean it,  
too—of all the liquor consumed in this  
country. Abolish that custom to-day,  
and where there are eight barrels of li-  
quor drank now, there would be only one.

We believe this, and believe it can't be  
gainsayed. We appeal to any number  
of first-class drinkers for their opinions  
on the matter. We think they will agree  
with us, and corroborate our statement in  
the matter. To this custom we owe our  
"drinking between drinks," which some-  
times, with more truth than poetry in his  
soul, said was the only thing that hurt,  
or words to that effect. What a ridicu-  
lous piece of folly it is to go into a place,  
if in a mood for liquor, to ask five or six  
acquaintances up to drink with you; yet  
it is done all the time, and by parties who  
perhaps want the money for stockings;  
but not to do it when your acquaintances  
are about, is to be looked upon as "small  
potatoes" and few in a bill. Take the  
following as an illustration of a delightful  
fable, liable to arise from this absurd cus-  
tom:

You feel in the mood for a glass—  
You go for it. You have, perhaps, a  
dollar about you. Meet a friend just  
as you are about to enter a gin-mill, and  
you "ask him." Enter, and he comes  
upon a group of friends who have just  
entered, and are conversing for a moment.  
You are introduced all around by your  
friend.

Where are you now? With a dollar  
in your pocket, and five or six fellows on  
your hands, only one of whom you saw  
before, and morally bound by custom and  
impelled by false pride to ask them to  
join you in a social glass. You can't get  
out of it; they know you came in for  
some liquor, and as your friend intro-  
duced you, and didn't invite, why you  
must do the honors, and say you are glad  
to see them, and ask them up. If you  
are known at the bar, all right, if not,  
you have to borrow of your friend. Per-  
haps some of the party might ask you  
some other time, but the chances are,  
they wouldn't know you the next day.

A most absurd fraud, this "asking" in  
connection with liquor. Do we ask, coax,  
prevail on acquaintances to go in and  
have neckties, gloves or boots with us?  
"Come in and take a bottle of wine with  
me," men will say, and take you by the  
arm, and in you go. Do they ever say,  
"Come in and have a hat with me." Are  
you continually urged to out things? Do  
they ask you to take pocket-watches, lead-  
pencils, hair-dye, tooth-powder, paper  
collars or umbrellas with them? No,  
this asking business is confined to liquor.  
It is liquor liberality, or a custom, rather,  
that extends itself to no other article,  
it we except oysters and cigars, but in  
these it is luxury of six Germans who go  
in for their lager. They sit down and  
each one drinks what he wants, and pays  
for what he drinks. He isn't forced and  
battered because he don't drink more.  
The same with Englishmen, Frenchmen,  
and all other people on the face of the  
globe, but Americans. You know how  
it would be with six of the latter did they  
go in for lager. There would be "thirty-  
six glasses around, and if not all drunk,  
because each one must "ask" the others.

Imagine a case like this, did the "ask-  
ing" business extend beyond the confines

of liquor. Two gentlemen walking up  
Broadway. One is attracted by a fine  
display of bottles—no, boots, shoes, &c.,  
in a window. "Bob, let's go in and have  
some boots." In they go. "Take hold,  
Bob. What's your fancy?" "Thank  
you, Tom, but I'm not taking boots just  
now." "Oh, got in." "Take hold. One  
pair won't hurt you." "No, excuse me,  
Tom." "Take something, Bob. Have  
a pair of shoes, boot-jack, gaiters. Take  
home a pair of boots for your wife. Don't  
see me do this thing alone." Bob comes  
and takes a pair of boots. It's no  
use. Who could withstand Tom's ap-  
peal?

Can't this thing be extended to boots,  
coats, umbrellas, tooth-brushes, nam-  
es, cravats, shirts, eye-glasses, carpet-bags,  
etc.? How cheap some of us could get  
along if it could be. Give it to start, gen-  
tlemen. Don't let it be limited to liquor.  
If not, let us say: Teetotalers, if you  
will curtail, fearfully and wonderfully  
curtail the consumption of liquor, make  
an assault on this absurd "asking" cus-  
tom in vogue with us; until you can do  
this, you needn't expect any let-up in li-  
quor drinking.

JOHN BILLINGS ON FROGS.—John Billings  
replies to a correspondent in this  
wise:

"Benolite."—In writing for you an  
analysis of the frog, I must confess that  
I have copied the whole thing verbatim  
alibi, from the work of a celebrated  
French writer of the 16th century.

The frog is in the first place, a tadpole,  
and body and tail, without coming to a  
head.

He travels in pond holes, by the side  
of the turnpike, and is accelerated by the  
activity of his tail, which wiggles with  
uncommon liableness and vivacity. By-  
and-by, before long, pretty soon, in a few  
days, his tale is no more, and legs begin  
to emerge from the south end of the animal  
and from the north end at the same  
time may be seen a disposition to head  
out.

In this curious way the frog is built,  
and then for the first time in his life he  
begins to get his head above the water.

His success is now certain, and soon,  
in about five days more, he may be seen  
sitting down on himself by the side of  
the pond hole, and looking at the dinner  
basket of the children on their way to the  
district school.

As the children come nearer with a club  
or a clunk or brick in his hand to swat  
him with, he rears up his hind legs and  
enters the water head first, without open-  
ing the door.

Thus the frog does business for a spell  
of a time; till he gets to be 21, and then  
his life is more ramified.

Frogs have two natures, ground and  
water, and as free from sin as an oyster.

I never knew a frog to hurt anybody  
who paid his honest dues.

I don't recollect now whether a frog  
has any before legs or not, and if he don't  
it ain't anybody's business but the frog's.  
Their hind legs are used for refresh-  
ments but the rest of him won't pay for  
eating.

A frog is the only person who can live  
in his own house.

The bull frog is the boss of the pud-  
dle, and has a log to sit on, over on the  
other side of the puddle, and talks to the  
rest of the frogs, way down in his throat,  
so that you can't understand more than  
half what he says; he is generally a cross  
and lazy old devil, all over warts.

This is all there is worth knowing now  
about the frog, except that they kitch  
size in fly time and Winter by freezing  
up.

P. S.—I have endeavored to translate  
an author class, but it is too full to render  
all but beauties into our tongue without  
bustling the sense.

HE GOT AGOING AND COULDN'T STOP.

This is the way a great many boys get  
into difficulty; they get agoing and  
can't stop." The boy that tells lies be-  
gan first to stretch the truth a little—  
to tell a large story or relate an anecdote  
with a little variation, till he got agoing  
and couldn't stop—till he came out a full  
grown liar.

These two boys that you saw fighting,  
began by taunting each other in fun—  
at length they began to get angry and  
call each other names, till they got agoing  
and couldn't stop. They will sepa-  
rate with black eyes and bloody noses.

You hear about the young man  
stealing from his master's drawer? He  
came from the country, a promising boy.  
But the rest of the clerks went to the  
theater, and he thought he must go too.  
He began thinking he would only go  
once. But he had got agoing and couldn't  
stop. He has used up his wages, and  
wants more money. He cannot resist the  
temptation, when he knows there is no  
money in the drawer. He has got agoing  
—he will stop in the prison!

Some young men were, some years ago,  
in the habit of meeting together in a room  
at a public house to "enjoy themselves."  
One of them as he was going there one  
evening, began to think there might be  
danger in the way. He stopped and con-  
sidered a moment, and then said to him-  
self, "Right about face!" He turned on  
his heel and went back to his room, and  
was never seen at the public house again.  
He has become rich. Six of the young  
men followed his example. The rest got  
agoing and could not stop till they landed,  
most of them, in a drunkard's grave.

Beware then, boys, how you get agoing.  
Be sure before you start that you are in  
the right way, for when you are sliding  
down hill it is hard to stop!

## A PASSIONATE LOVE-LETTER.

The following letter, which was picked  
up a few days since, and evidently not in-  
tended for publication, is given to the  
reader, omitting only the name. It is a  
beautiful word-picture of woman's faith-  
ful, intense devoted love, alternating with  
happiness and misery.

My Dear—Two long, weary days  
have passed, and yet these eyes have not  
been gladdened by the sight of him who  
is all the world to me. You were not an-  
gry darling, at the words which my foolish  
tongue betrayed me into at our last  
meeting—were you? And yet you have  
absented yourself two whole days—months  
they seem to me—and have written no  
line—sent not one word to your "little  
O." O, darling, you can never  
know how deeply I have worshipped you  
with an idolatry that I know was sinful.  
But ah, dear one, if the sin must be pur-  
sued, do not you be the instrument—  
"my punishment would, indeed, be greater  
than I could bear!" I have never  
wronged you—never, never! You may  
leave me if you will—leave me alone with  
my "dead love," and seeking a newer,  
fairer face, you may forget her who never  
knew what it was to love until you taught  
her the lesson—a lesson which, alas that  
I should say it has been more of the bit-  
ter than the sweet to her.

When you so absurdly charged me  
with loving another, (and that other  
whom I loathe from my very soul,) and  
with flashing eye, scornful lip and words  
so bitter, you taunted me with what you  
called my treachery. I was stung to the quick,  
and may have answered too harshly. For-  
give me, darling—my very love for you  
filled my heart with eagerness to defend  
myself and I was betrayed into a vehem-  
ent language which I confess was un-  
called for. O, darling—could you have  
seen me in my wretchedness, after you  
were gone, and the paroxysm of wounded  
feeling had passed away, you would for-  
give me, for pity's sake.

Darling, why do you not pray for  
strength to cast out this demon of doubt  
and suspicion that ever clouds your life  
and warps your noble, generous nature?  
Do you know, darling, that at times I al-  
most fear you? Yes, fear you, my own  
dear one! You cannot conceive the an-  
xiety with which of late I have watched  
your coming. And when I heard the  
sound of that loved one who puts me  
on pavement, (and I should recognize  
among a thousand,) I have looked through  
the window to note if there was cloud or sun-  
shine upon your brow and O, if the latter  
you eagerly I have flown to meet you,  
and how very happy I was. Darling—  
darling, why cannot the smile I love so  
well be always there? I wonder at times  
if it will be thus when we are married—  
Ah, darling, it is sad enough now, but  
then it would break my heart.

There are moments when I try to feel  
my woman's pride to my aid—I try to feel  
that I should not love one who puts my  
affection to such cruel tests, but in the  
contest between love and pride in a wom-  
an's heart, love is ever the victor. Do  
not chide me when I tell you that, some-  
times when my heart is very sore, after one  
of your "dark spells," I cannot help think-  
ing that it would be better if I could die  
before you call me "wife"—and in my de-  
spair I pray for death. Ah, my own,  
there is a sad sweetness in the thought  
that if I were quietly sleeping 'neath the  
daisies, my darling would steal away from  
the world, and sitting down by the side  
of my grave, mourn for one who loveth  
him, O, so well. You would not doubt  
me, then; and wonder how you ever  
doubted me. But this may not be, and  
while I do live I can only give you all my  
heart, and pray God to give you faith in  
my love. But I will not weary you long-  
er—I regret having written me, six months  
out my crushed and bleeding heart must  
have broken else. If there is anything  
in this that is unpleasant, please forgive  
it. I would not cause you a moment's  
unhappiness for worlds. Come back to  
me, darling! Come with your heart freed  
from all suspicion, and the sunshine of  
perfect confidence lightning with smiles  
that dear, dear face. Will you not?  
Come and lift this dark shadow from my  
heart and let me feel, once more, that we  
are all in all to each other.

Ever thine own

## A Discussion About Eggs.

In the  
village of Western New York, the  
"cellular persons," in emulation of their  
white brethren, formed a debating soci-  
ety, for the purpose of improving their  
minds by the discussion of instructive and  
entertaining topics. The deliberations  
of the society were presided over by the  
most dignified darkey, who performed with  
the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The  
subject for discussion on the occasion of  
which we write was: "which an de madd-  
er der  
or de hen der der der der der der der der  
The question was warmly debated, and many  
reasons pro and con were urged, and com-  
bated by the excited disputants, those in  
favor of the latter proposition evidently in  
the majority, and the President made no  
attempt to conceal that the resolutions were  
with the dominant party. At length an  
intelligent darkey arose on the major-  
ity side, and begged leave to state a propo-  
sition which he had written, and which he  
said you set down duck's egg under a  
hen, and dey hatch, which am do madd-  
er, de duck or de hen?" This was a pos-  
sible, well put, and nonplussed the  
other side, even suggesting the President,  
who plainly saw the force of the argu-  
ment, but had committed himself too far  
to yield without a struggle; so, after con-  
sidering and scratching his wool a few min-  
utes, a bright idea struck him. Rising  
from his chair in all the pride of conscious  
superiority, he announced: "Ducks am  
not before I see de ducks out," and dis-  
missed the question, to the complete over-  
throw of his opponents.

To the Married.—In the first solitary  
hour after the ceremony, take the  
bridegroom and demand a solemn row  
of him, and give a vow to return. Promise  
each other secretly, never, not even in  
jest, to wrangle with each other—never  
to bandy words or to indulge in the least  
ill-humor. Never, I say, never! Wrang-  
ling in jest, putting on an air of ill-  
humor merely to practice, mark that! Next,  
promise each other, sincerely and solemnly,  
never to keep a secret from each other,  
under whatever pretext, and whatever  
excuse it might be. You must contin-  
ually, and every moment, see clearly  
into each other's bosom. Even when one  
of you has committed a fault, wait not an  
instant from each other. And as you keep  
nothing from each other, so, on the con-  
trary, preserve the privacy of your  
house, marriage state, and heart, from  
father, mother, brother, sister, aunt, and  
from the world. You too, with God's  
help, build your own quiet world—Ev-  
ery third or fourth one you draw into  
it with you will form a party and stand  
between you two. That should never be.  
Promise to each other. Remember  
the vow to each temptation. You will  
find your account in time, and your  
grow, as it were, to each other, and at  
last will become as one. Ah, if many a  
pair had, on their marriage day, known  
the secret, how many a marriage were  
happier than, alas, they are!

THE STREET CARS.—The duty of a gen-  
tleman towards ladies on street cars is  
just now attracting considerable attention  
and discussion.

"Ora Orlanus," the quaint humorist  
in discussing "whether the ladies ought  
to have seats," says:

I believe they ought! I  
I always side with the ladies.

When I am in a crowded car, and a  
lady comes in, I think it is the duty of  
some other man to get up and give her  
his seat.

I look around the car to see if any man  
in the crowd looks like making a move in  
that direction, and when I see them all  
keep their seats, I bury myself in my  
newspaper and blush for my sex.

Soft looking or delicate clouds foretell  
fine weather, with moderate or light breeze;  
hardened, oily-looking clouds, wind.  
A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy; but  
a light, bright blue sky indicates fine  
weather. Generally, the softer clouds  
look the best, but perhaps more  
rain may be expected; and the harder,  
more "greasy," colored, tufted, or ragged,  
the stronger the coming wind will prove.  
Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset pre-  
sages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and a  
greenish, sickly-looking color, wind and  
rain. Thus by the prevalence of red,  
yellow, or other tints, the coming weather  
may be foretold very nearly; indeed if  
aided by instruments, almost exactly.—  
Small, ink-looking clouds foretell rain;  
light scud-clouds, driving across heavy  
masses, show wind and rain; but if alone,  
may indicate wind only.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally  
known, but interesting to young men, that  
the solitary ringle, which floats from so  
many waterfalls, is a notification of the  
part of the weathers that they are not en-  
gaged. If it is extremely long, the weath-  
er is supposed to be very desirous of get-  
ting splashed at once; if only moderately  
long, it shows that only good offers will  
be entertained; an extremely short, near-  
ly ringle indicates that the wearer is  
very particular as to whom she accepts.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of  
her husband, on his return from business,  
"have you seen the beautiful set of West-  
port furniture which the Smiths have  
bought?" "Hem, no my love, but I  
have seen the bill, and that quite satis-  
fies me."

A gentleman after having paid his ad-  
dresses to a lady for some time, "popped  
the question." The lady in a frightened  
manner said: "You scare me, sir!" The  
gentleman did not wish to frighten the  
lady, and consequently remained quiet for  
some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare  
me no!"