

Saint Mark's Beacon

VOL VIII LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1871 NO. 13

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JAMES S. DOWNS.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum to be paid in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbidden, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.
Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.
All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

THE DIAMOND KNITTER,

Is unlike all the so-called family knitting machines, which are but experiments at the expense of the public, and
IS THE ONLY
practical knitter adapted to the family and light manufacturing. We have manufactured all
PRACTICAL
machines in the European and American knitting factories. All the history and knit goods for the use of the
FAMILY
whether woolen, cotton or silk, whether useful or fancy, large or small, of any size or shape are done on
KNITTING
machines built on the same principle. So far from being an experiment like all other family knitters, this
MACHINE
has been successful operation for years, and we have supplied a large share of all the knit goods now in the market.
5,000 IN USE
both here and in Europe, have the control of the market for domestic purposes, and no that any person with little patience and perseverance cannot fail to use it and
GIVE SATISFACTION.
Two persons working together can knit and complete with one machine, 20 pairs of long stockings per day; or on pair of pulse warmers; or 120 corsets; or 12 shirts or drawers, thus
EARNING
a fair living or stocking up a household in a short while. The Diamond goes on its own merits and we simply want a trial to satisfy every one.
AN INCREASING CONFIDENCE
has crowned our efforts. We like to have it in every family, saving money, time and the danger of purchasing worthless articles called family knitting machines.
THE PRICES ARE LOW
considering the cost of manufacture and other work in the family, being much more useful than any other saving machine. The machine for coarse and fine yarns are designated No. 1, price \$24. For fine yarn, No. 2, price \$10. For either fine or coarse yarn, No. 3, \$50.
MANUFACTURING
No. 4, for any size yarn, \$100. With the No. 5, two persons can knit 24 shirts per day. Every machine is fully warranted for three years.
AGENTS
will find the sale of the Diamond a profitable and satisfactory business. If samples are
WANTED
we will send a pair of socks of any size on receipt of 50 cents.
Machines will be shipped to any address on receipt of price, or will be sent C. O. D., on receipt of one-third its value.
Address
DIAMOND KNITTER CO.,
Wilmington, Del.
Sent 8, 1870—Gm.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

THE
NEW YORK OBSERVER
YEARBOOK
AND ALMANAC,
TO BE ISSUED JANUARY 1ST, 1871.
One of the most complete compends of important information which has ever been compiled in this country. It should be in every library, as a Book of Reference.
It contains an interesting history of Almanacs; Civil, Commercial, and Agricultural Information concerning all the Governments in the World; a General Summary of all the Benevolent Institutions and Religious Denominations in the World, with a complete Ministerial Directory of nearly every Religious Body in the United States; a complete list of all the Colleges, Theological Seminaries, Medical and Law Schools in the United States.
PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.
All persons subscribing and paying for the New York Observer for one year (\$5) will receive a copy of this valuable work gratuitously.
Sample copies of the Observer sent free.
SIDNEY E. MOORE, Jr., & Co.,
21 Park Row, New York.
Mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price.
Dec 8, 1870.

DR. P. EDMUNDS, DENTIST.

Leonardtown, Md.
Jan 27, 1870—12.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Where, where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years from now?
The flowers that now in beauty spring
A hundred years from now?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gallantly now?
Oh! where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years from now?
Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years from now?
Who'll tread your church with willing feet
A hundred years from now?
Pale, trembling age,
And feeble youth,
And childhood, with
Its bow of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years from now?
We all within our grave shall sleep
A hundred years from now we'll
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years from now!
Our hands will fill,
And others then
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years from now!

MARRIED LIFE AND ITS SWEETS.

Marriage, which most girls consider the sole aim of their existence and the end of all their anxieties, is often the beginning of a set of troubles which none of them expect, and which, when they come, very few accept, with the dignity of patience or the reasonableness of common sense. Hitherto the man has been the suitor, the wooer; it has been his *metier* to make love, to utter extravagant professions, to talk poetry and romance of an eminently unwearable kind, and to swear that feelings which the very nature of things it is impossible to maintain at their present state of fever heat, will be as lasting as life itself, and never know subsidence or diminution. And girls believe all that their lovers tell them. They believe in the absorption of the man's life into the love, which at the most, cannot be more than a part of his life; they believe that things will go on forever as they have begun, and that the fire and fervor of passion will never cool down to the more manageable warmth of friendship. And in this belief they live, the rock on which not a few make such pitiful shipwreck of their married happiness. They expect their husbands to remain always lovers. Not lovers only in the best sense, which of course all happy husbands are to the end of time, but lovers as in the old, fond, foolish courtship days. They expect a continuance of the old romance, the poetry, the exaggeration, the *petite soie*, the microscopic attentions, the absorption of thought and interest, the centralization of his happiness in her society, just as in the days when she was to be won, or, a little later, when being won, she was now in the wearing. And, as we have said before, a wife's first trial, and her greatest, is when her husband begins to leave off this kind of fervid love-making, and settles down into the tranquil friend instead. It is in the nature of most women to require continual assurances, just as it is with children; and very few believe in a love which is not frequently expressed; while the ability to trust in the vital warmth of an affection that has lost its early feverishness is the mark of a higher wisdom than most of them possess. To make them thoroughly happy a man must be always at their feet; and they are jealous of everything—even of his work—that takes him away from them, or gives him occasion for thought and interest outside themselves. They are rarely able to rise to the height of married friendship; and if they belong to a reticent and quieting man—a man who says, "I love you," once for all, and then contents himself with living a life of loyalty and kindness, and not talking about it—they fret at what they call his coldness, and feel shorn of half their joy, and more than half their duties. They refuse to believe in that which is not daily repeated; they want the incessant flattery, the excitement of love-making; the danger is that they will get some one else to "understand" them, and feed the sentimentality which dies of inattention in the quiet security of home.

THEY ARE ALL HERE.

Moonglight and a bouquet of the earliest flowers carefully arranged and tenderly presented, and the changing lights on the mountain tops, and the exquisite song of the nightingale—two o'clock in the morning—and all the rest of those vague and suggestive delights which once made the meeting places of souls, and furnished occasion for delicious ravings, become, by time and use, and the wearing realities of business, and the crowding pressures of anxieties, puerile and annoying to the ordinary Englishman, who is not a poet by nature. "When all the world was young" by reason of his own youth, and the fever of love-making time was on him, he was quite as romantic as his wife. But now he is sobering down; life is fast becoming a very prosaic thing to him; work is taking the place of pleasure, ambition of romance; he peep-pooks her fond remembrance of bygone follies; and professes his pipe in the warm library to a station by the open window, watching the sunset because it looks as it did on that evening, and shivering with incipient catarrh. All this is very dreadful to her; women, unfortunately for themselves, remaining

young and keeping hold much longer than men do.

The first defection of this kind is a pang the young wife never forgets; but she has many more, and yet more bitter ones, when the defection takes a personal shape, and some pretty little attention is carelessly received without its due reward of loving thanks. Perhaps some usual form of caress is omitted in the hurry of the morning's work, or some gloomy anticipation of professional trouble makes him oblivious of her presence, or fretted by her importunate attentions, he buries himself in a book, more to escape being spoken to than for the book's own merits. Many a woman has gone into her own room and had a "good cry" because her husband called her by her baptismal name, and not by some absurd nickname, invented in the days of their folly, or because, pressed for time, he hurried out the usual formula of leave-taking. The lover has merged into the husband; the love has taken the place of wooing; and the woman does not take kindly to the transformation. Sometimes she plays a game, and tries what flirting with other men will do. If her scheme does not answer, and her husband is not jealous, she is revolted, and holds herself that hardly-used being, a neglected wife. She cannot accept as a compliment the quiet trust which certain cool-headed men of a loyal kind place in their wives; and his tolerance of her flirting manner, which he takes to be manner only, with no evil in it, and with which, though he may not especially like it, he does not interfere—seems to her indifference rather than the indulgence of the confidence implied in this forbearance. It is in point of fact a compliment worth its heavy faith is just the thing that annoys her, and which she stigmatizes as neglect. If she were to go far enough she would find out her mistake. But by that time she would have gone too far to profit by her experience.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society.

Nothing is more annoying than that display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-complacent caresses, those absurd names, that prodigious display of endearing epithets, that devoted attention which they flout in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happiness, is always noticed and laughed at, and sometimes more than laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness, and part of their dearest privileges. They believe themselves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid. Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to this kind of thing; though there are some, as effeminate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love, and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hair as lovingly as they had fondled the youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling a withered old dame of sixty and upward by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a slip of a girl of eighteen. The continuance of love from youth to old age is very lovely, very cheering; but even so John Anderson, my Jo," would lose its pathos if Mrs. Anderson had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow. This public display of familiar affection is never seen among men who pride themselves on making good lovers; as certain men do—those who have reduced the practice of love-making to an art, a science, and know their lesson to a letter. They are men who are delighted to women, who like nothing so much as being made love to, as well after marriage as before; but men who take matters quietly, and rely on the good sense of their wives to take matters quietly too, sail around these scientific adverbs for both depth and manliness. And if women know their best interests they would care more for the trust than the science.

All that excess of flattery and potting of which women are so fond becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life.

All that excess of flattery and potting of which women are so fond becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life. Out in the world, as he is harassed by anxieties of which she knows nothing, home is emphatically his place of rest, where his wife is his friend who knows his mind, where he may be himself without the fear of offending, and relax the strain that must be kept up out of doors; where he may feel himself safe, understood, and at ease. And some women, and these by no means the coldest or the loving, are wise enough to understand this need of rest in the man's hard life, and accept the quiet of security as part of the conditions of marriage, content themselves with the unobtrusive love into which the fever of passion has subsided. Others forego it, and make themselves and their husbands wretched because they cannot believe in that which is not forever paraded before their eyes. Yet what kind of love is it for a man if he has to walk as if on egg-shells, every moment afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of a woman who will take nothing on trust, and who has to be continually assured that he still loves her, before she will believe that he does as yesterday? Of one thing she may be certain: no wife who understands what is the best kind of marriage demands those continued attentions, which, voluntary offerings of the lover, become enforced tributes from the husband. She knows that, as a wife whom it is not necessary to court or flatter, she has a nobler place than that which is expressed by the attentions paid to a mistress. Withhold, like all assured conditions, does not need to be buttressed up but a less certain position must be sup-

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY JOHN ESTER COOKE.

The recent terrible freshets in the James the Shenandoah and other Virginia rivers, recall to my memory an exciting incident which I witnessed in Richmond more than twenty years ago. It occurred at the fall—opposite which the river, rushing over a bed of loose rocks, formed a variety of rapids, in which it was at that time the habit of boys to swim. When the river is low, these rapids are comparatively safe to the bathers, if he is a good swimmer; but when the current is swollen by rains, they become very violent and dangerous, indeed, that the best swimmers make haste to get to shore.

At the time mentioned I was bathing in the falls, when the sudden rising of the stream warned me of the coming danger, and I hurried from the water.

At the time mentioned I was bathing in the falls, when the sudden rising of the stream warned me of the coming danger, and I hurried from the water. In an inconceivably brief space, the river rose several feet; and, half an hour afterward, the whole breadth of the falls was a roaring, raging, foaming mass of waves, dashed against the jagged rocks, to fall back in clouds of foam. The spectacle was at once beautiful and terrible. The citizens had hastened down to witness the sight; crowded round the bank and all eyes were directed toward Mayo's Bridge, against which the waves were beating with ever-increasing force—when suddenly intelligence ran through the crowd that a boy, who had been swimming, was caught on a mass of rock, in mid current, in the fall above.

With the rest I hurried to the point of interest, and reached the banks opposite the rock upon which the boy had taken refuge.

With the rest I hurried to the point of interest, and reached the banks opposite the rock upon which the boy had taken refuge. It rose about fifty yards from the shore, and was already surrounded by the raging current which boiled around it, throwing up clouds of foam. The boy was about sixteen, slender, entirely naked, for his clothes had been washed away; and we could see that he was white with the anticipation of swiftly-coming destruction. He clung to a small mass of shrubs growing out of the rock, and his eyes were alternately turned upon the furious current around him; and upon the crowd on shore.

Many hundred persons had quickly assembled, and one man hurriedly suggested some means of rescue.

Many hundred persons had quickly assembled, and one man hurriedly suggested some means of rescue. No boat could live for a moment in such a torrent—the waves would have dashed it to pieces against the rocks. The only possible means of saving the boy's life seemed to be for some one to swim to him with a rope; but to attempt that appeared to be going to certain death; and, intense as the pity and sympathy of the crowd had become, no one seemed willing to essay the desperate enterprise. Meanwhile the water steadily rose higher, and grew ever more threatening. A flock in the current one large one especially—which a moment before had been visible just beneath the surface, now utterly disappeared; the roaring waves steadily crept up the sides of the mass upon which the boy stood; and at last the angry waves washed his very feet as he clung despairingly to the swaying shrubs. A few moments now, all saw plainly, would end the tragedy. The unhappy boy would be quickly washed away or submerged. In either event he would be swept to the jagged ledges below, and his frail form dashed to pieces.

The excitement of the crowd had now become intense. Every one held his breath, paralyzed by this spectacle of a human being about to be swept to destruction.

The excitement of the crowd had now become intense. Every one held his breath, paralyzed by this spectacle of a human being about to be swept to destruction. All at once, however, a loud shout arose. Every one hastened to the spot where a man was throwing off his clothes. A brave spirit had resolved to attempt the rescue of the boy; and I hurried with the rest to look at him. As I had reached him he had stripped naked for the deed, and he was a tall, powerful, six-foot young man of twenty-two or three apparently, an employee, it was said, in one of the great manufactories on the river, and his clear, brave eyes gave no sign of fear. Without a word he addressed himself to his perilous work. Going up the river-bank one or two hundred yards above, he tied the end of a ball of twine to his body, mounted upon a ledge, made a vigorous dive to reach the open current, and rising struck out vigorously amid the huge waves. The crowd shouted, and then held their breath, gazing at the figure of the swimmer, who seemed a mere leaf upon the furious torrent. He swept along like lightning, dashed over the huge hidden rock I have mentioned, and through the great mass of foam which marked it; a moment afterward, another shout ascended, like a roar, from the crowd—the swimmer had reached the rock whereon the boy stood, and had clutched a hanging shrub which enabled him to draw himself up out of the cauldron.

We could then follow all his movements. Indeed, not an instant was to be lost.

We could then follow all his movements. Indeed, not an instant was to be lost. The water boiled already over the summit of the mass of rock, above which only the bending shrubs were now seen. The young man hastily drew toward him the twine, to which those on shore had attached a rope of the size of a garden-hose. The rope at last reached him; he clutched it almost fiercely, tied it around the boy's waist, then in the same manner, secured it around his person—he in advance—and then, just as the "hell of waves" foamed up around him, surging waist-high, he threw himself into the current, drawing the boy after him toward the shore, where a hundred hands were dragging at the rope.

That few moments' struggle with the fury of the food was one of the most exciting incidents which I have ever witnessed.

THE SPECTACLE WAS INDEED FEARFUL.

The spectacle was indeed fearful. The lives of the man and boy hung upon a thread. A thrill ran through all hearts, a loud exclamation followed. The boy had disappeared beneath the waves—the thundering remorseless wall of foam rushing over the head of the young man, too; he sank, the torrent swept over him, and not a trace of either man or boy was visible to the agonized eyes of the lookers-on.

SCENES AFTERWARD.

Scenes afterward. About two corpses were dragged to shore out of the current. A dozen hands caught them, and a feeble movement of the young man's hand indicated that he was not dead. He felt for the rope around his body. All eyes were turned in that direction. The rope had buried itself nearly, cutting into his flesh; he was suffocating. The rope was severed instantly, and a long breath from the violet lips indicated the immense relief. An instant afterward the young man rose to his feet, and, as he did so, the boy, who had been assiduously cared for, also opened his eyes, uttered a deep sigh, and then smiled. He was snatched from the jaws of death; and the courage of an unknown friend had alone saved him.

I looked at that friend. He was smiling, too, and receiving, with the modest air of a brave man, the praises of the crowd.

I looked at that friend. He was smiling, too, and receiving, with the modest air of a brave man, the praises of the crowd. "I thought at one time I was gone," he said to him feebly. The brave young man laughed. "I only ask one thing," he said, "that the man who cut that rope will sell me the knife that cut it."

SAVED BY AN ALBATROSS.

Saved by an albatross. Among the large species of birds in God's animated creation, the albatross is one of the most and most remarkable. Here is a story about it: The eye of the albatross is full, bright and expressive like that of the gazelle, and has an expression of pathos and intelligence which is singularly attractive. The feathers are either a pure white or delicately penciled and speckled, except on the upper side of the wings, which are mostly black.

It sometimes weighs twenty pounds and has twelve feet stretch of wing.

It sometimes weighs twenty pounds and has twelve feet stretch of wing. It sits on the water light and graceful as a swan, and will dive under, like a hawk or pelican, for something discovered by its keen eye beneath the surface. When it is about to rise on the wing, it has positively to tread water a long way, like a running ostrich, before it can get the proper momentum and soar aloft; but once it is fairly up, and its pinions quite free, it cleaves the air with exceeding swiftness, and skims the waves like the smallest swallow, with perfect ease and grace.

A sailor who was recently roaming around one of the uninhabited tropical islands of the Pacific had quite an adventure with one of these birds, which will doubtless increase his superstitious reverence for them.

A sailor who was recently roaming around one of the uninhabited tropical islands of the Pacific had quite an adventure with one of these birds, which will doubtless increase his superstitious reverence for them. He was exploring some of the rocky, jetting cliffs that overhang the sea, beneath which the water-dashed and whirled in great eddies, and suddenly lost his footing and I fell into the sea. No one was near enough to afford him any assistance, and he must inevitably have been drowned had not a large albatross appeared just then, and, evidently suspecting the sailor of some improper intentions with regard to its mate, which was sitting on a nest close at hand, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at him to strike his head.

He raised his hands mechanically, and, in his desperate strait, seized the bird, which began struggling violently to get free.

He raised his hands mechanically, and, in his desperate strait, seized the bird, which began struggling violently to get free. But he held fast, determined, like any other dying man, to catch at a straw rather than nothing. Next minute his feet touched ground—the next he was rolling on the soft and sandy slope by the sea—saved by an albatross! How to break off bad habits. Understand clearly the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolutions once, twice, ten times, a hundred times. That only shows how much need there is to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less a person than that of the august Emperor himself.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less a person than that of the august Emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna?" "Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying, with indignation, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

WEBSTER AND CHATEAU.

The following extracts are from an address recently delivered by Hon. Matt. H. Carpenter, before the Graduating Class of the Columbian College at Washington, D. C.:

IF MONEY-MAKING BE YOUR OBJECT IN LIFE.

If money-making be your object in life go where money can be made; go to the marts of commerce; go to the mines on the Pacific coast; search for petroleum, or procure a contract for furnishing blankets to the Indians. Go anywhere, do anything, except into court to practice law. Money-changers have no place in the temple of justice. But, while money must be discarded as an end with the lawyer, still, as a means, it cannot be wholly disregarded, and you must at least look after your bills. No man can be honest who makes bills without the expectation of paying them; and, as Mr. Webster once said, "It cannot be said of any dishonest man that he has the law in his hand."

On another occasion Mr. Webster said that a good lawyer ought, when he died, to leave neither a dollar nor a debt.

On another occasion Mr. Webster said that a good lawyer ought, when he died, to leave neither a dollar nor a debt. As I have quoted from one of his friends, Mr. Choate, a remark as characteristic of him as it is descriptive of Mr. Webster:—He once said to me, while a student in his office, in that half-tragic, half-comic manner, which all who knew him so well remember: "My boy, Mr. Webster was a remarkable man; his contempt for cash was only equaled by his contempt for creditors." This was the defect in Mr. Webster's character, and a departure from his own maxim which I have just quoted.—Therefore it is safe to say you must have money enough to pay your bills. I must warn you of one thing that not to do; and I cannot do this in a more effective way than to quote again from my master whom I loved and almost adored, and who has long since gone to the reward which awaits an honorable career. I recollect upon one occasion, when he had been counseling me as to the course to be pursued by a lawyer, he said, with an emphasis and an energy which thrilled me through and through, and which I shall never forget, "Keep out of politics.—Things have come to pass when no man can mingle in American politics without making his self-respect." You may say this comes with bad grace from myself, who have in some sense fallen before the great temptations. Shakespeare tells us of a preacher who pointed his back to the thorny path, himself taking the primrose way. The thorny path was the right way, and the preacher gave his flock sound advice, though he himself failed to practice and profit by it. And if you have the slightest doubt of the soundness of the advice I have offered you, wait till you have achieved a respectable position at the bar, and then accept a seat in the Senate, and I venture the prediction that your judgment will condemn your weakness, as mine does my own.

MUFFLING THE THROAT.

Muffling the throat.—What is the best mode of protecting the throat from colds where a person is very susceptible to them? The common way of protecting the throat is to bundle and wrap it up closely, thus overheating and rendering it tender and sensitive, and more liable to colds and inflammation than before. This practice is all wrong, and results in much evil. Especially is this the case with children, and when in addition to the muffling of the throat, the extremities are insufficiently clad, as is often the case, the best possible conditions are presented for the production of sore throats, coughs, croup, and all sorts of throat and lung affections. It is wrong to exclude cold air from the neck and if it is kept overheated a portion of the time, when it is exposed, some form of disarrangement of the throat will be apt to occur. The rule in regard to clothing the neck should be to keep it as cool as comfort will allow.—In doing so you will suffer much less from throat ailments than if you are always fearful of having a little cold air come in contact with the neck. As my son has been accustomed to have his throat muffled, should be careful to leave off gradually, and not all at once.—Berkhof of Health.

What is your chief consolation in this life?

What is your chief consolation in this life? "I asked a clergyman in his Sabbath lesson, of a young girl in a Bible class. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenious maiden, "but I have no objection to telling you where he lives."

Big sister: "Oh, papa, I must go to hear Nibbles. You know Nibbles is full of music."

Big sister: "Oh, papa, I must go to hear Nibbles. You know Nibbles is full of music." Juvenile brother triumphant: "Then why don't you let me play on my drum?"

Your stairs are very dark, Mr. Dodson.

Your stairs are very dark, Mr. Dodson. Do you think I can find the bottom? "Nothing easier, my dear madam. All you have to do is to let go the banisters and make a 'stable'."

What's the difference between the North Pole and South Pole?

What's the difference between the North Pole and South Pole? "Why, all the difference in the world," replied a lady unwittingly; and that's the answer.

Man of fore-thought. A Date's judge, on conviction for a enbriety for having four wives, decided. "He had his punishment plenty; I his mit na."