Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. X LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 21, 1872 NO. 5

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. P. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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THOMAS BLUMBLE.

HOW HE GOT MARRIED.

Blumble boasted of being a confirmed bachelor, and took pride in being called a woman-hater. I mean Thomas Blumble, of the imposting and jobbing house of 'Hood, Stiver & Blumble.' He was very fond of letting people know that he disregarded the charms of the softer sex, and was frequently heard to say that he would like to see the woman that could get him under her thumb. There was a time, of course, when Blumble was susceptible to the overtures of Cupid; because when he was plain 'Tom,' of fifteen years of age, and left Rock Cove,' came to the city and entered the employ of 'Mensor, Tigby & Hood,' he left behind him a young 'Polly Ann,' with many a sigh and tear, and more vows than both put together, to be true till death. For two years he wrote constantly to his Polly Ann, repeating the manifold vows of boyhood love; then he was promoted from boy to entry clerk, and soon after was introduced to a very bewitching young lady whom we may be allowed to call Hattie Elton. Then he forgot his Polly Ann down in Rock Cove, and became very attentive to Miss Elton; he accompanied her to the theater and made her presents; he got trusted for his new coat, and with the money that should have paid for it they took a sleigh-ride to Brighton, and dined on fowl, chickens and champagne; to please her he learned to Polka and waltz; the schottisch and varsovienne were not in vogue then. Things had sped along very smoothly for about a year; so Tom, thinking he might as well have the matter settled at once, popped the question. Miss Elton appeared very much surprised; for a moment she remained silent, then lifting up both hands she exclaimed:

'Why, Mr. Blumble,'—she had constantly called him 'Tom' for six months previous—'I've been engaged these two years—didn't you know it?'

'Know it? No,' replied Blumble, in utter astonishment.

'Why, yes, I've been engaged to Charley Dudley for a long while, and I thought you knew all about it, and was only paying attention to me out of politeness.—Charley is in New York now, but we are to be married next Christmas.'

'Married next—'

We may guess what Blumble was about to say, but we shall always be in doubt, for, instead of finishing his sentence, he took his hat and rushed out of the house, not even waiting to make the parting salution of 'good-evening.' Perhaps he was afraid to trust his gnashing teeth, for fear they would change his well-meant words into some wicked expression.

Tom, in the privacy of his own chamber, with his door locked, his elbows upon his light-stand, and his face quite buried in his hands, reverted to the year's time and the many dollars he had thrown away on Miss Eltol; then he thought of poor Polly Ann, whom he had 'cut' so shamefully, down in Rock Cove, and he decided to write to her, to offer pressing business as an excuse for not having written before, to sue for pardon for past negligence, and to assert that his affections were still unaltered and unalterable. So he unburied his face, and penned the tender missive full of falsehoods and stale love, which he dispatched with the fullest confidence that Polly Ann would be very happy to receive it. But alas for poor human expectations! Polly Ann's letter came. It was brief; she told Blumble she had heard of his attentions to the city lady, that she had almost forgotten him, and was going to marry Jerry Smike, the Village blacksmith the next week. She returned to Tom his earliest efforts in love-letter writing and a lock of his hair, and requested him to return to her sundry articles in that line that he had received from her.

From that day Blumble announced himself to the world as a woman-hater. He had been false to one woman, and one woman had tricked him. So he cried down the whole sex. The time which Blumble had heretofore divided between love and business was now devoted to business exclusively, and in consequence he received one promotion after another, until he had the pleasure of seeing his own name the third on the sign over the door which he had first entered as an errand boy. I don't believe he remembered that there were any such persons in the world as Hattie Elton and Polly Ann, the first day that the new sign was raised.

It was as the junior member of the firm that Blumble had travelled through the New England States two years ago last Fall with samples, receiving orders. During his tour he remained in the pretty village of P., N. H., one fine night in October. He sat in the bar-room after supper smoking his cigar, until it became filled with the villagers, discussing politics, smoking their pipes, talking of their crops and ogling him; all of which was quite uninteresting to him, so he concluded to walk out and view the village by moonlight. He had hardly stepped into the entry, and before he could close the door, ere he heard a voice inquire:

'Who is that gentleman?'

'His name is Blumble, he's from Boston,' replied the landlord.

'Blumble, from Boston!' chimed in a third voice, snappishly. 'You don't say so!' followed by a long low whistle of astonishment.

Blumble stepped off the piazza and walked up the village street. He had scarcely walked twenty yards before he was aware of being followed. Giving the matter but little thought, however, he turned from the road into a pleasant lane that wended its way toward some half-dozen farm-houses, until he came to a rustic seat, upon which he threw himself, and was soon oblivious to all the world excepting the business affairs of 'Hood, Stiver & Blumble.' He sat until his cigar was consumed, when he was aroused to the world around him by the village clock striking out ten. Buttoning his coat closely around him, he hurried down the lane toward the hotel; as he turned from the lane into the great road he was suddenly and not very softly seized by the throat, by the shoulders, and by the coat-tails, by at least a dozen hands. He was rather too much surprised to speak, even if he had a chance to; the hands so tightly clenched around his throat would have prevented his speaking if he had not been so greatly surprised. As he could not speak he listened very patiently to some half-dozen exclamations of 'Now we've got you!'

Something desperate must be done, so Blumble struck the fellow that held him by the throat full in the face, knocking him down, and then cried out as though he expected that this would be the last chance he ever would have to speak.

'What the deuce are you about?'

The striking question had a miraculous effect upon the numerous hands distributed about his person, and Blumble was free. He waited a few moments to regain his breath, then looking around him, asked very energetically:

'What does all this mean?'

'It means that if you don't promise to leave town and not go to see Mary Gay again, we'll—'

'you out of town on a rail,' said the young man, the recipient of the blow, who had regained his feet.

'Leave town? Mary Gay? Why, I do not understand what you mean,' remarked Blumble, considerably mystified.

'Well sir,' interrupted another voice, 'we mean that you've come here from Boston to court Mary Gay, and you mean to cut out Billy Higdy here; now if you don't give up Mary Gay, and leave town tonight we'll pitch you into the mill-pond.'

'Hold on a moment,' said Blumble; 'I think you must have got hold of the wrong person, as I have not the acquaintance of Miss Gay, nor in fact of any other lady in this place. But I want you to understand one thing distinctly, and that is, I shall not leave town until I get ready.'

Something about Blumble's manner seemed to convince the young men that he was in earnest, for they uttered various expressions, such as, 'That's a likely story!' 'He's gassing!' 'I don't believe that,' etc. Men invariably express doubts when being convinced of something they had rather not believe.

For a few moments the whole party remained in silence, then one of the young denizens of P. broke the spell by asking:

'Ain't your name Blumble?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you are from Boston?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And don't know Mary Gay?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, that's strange! She said his name was Blumble, and that's your name; he belongs to Boston, and so do you; now you've been right up by her house, and we believe you've been there to see her. Don't we, Bill?'

'Yes, we do,' replied Higdy.

'Well, young men,' said Blumble, 'if you don't believe me, go ask the young lady herself.'

This proposition was met with approval by the whole party, so Blumble started back up the lane; accompanied by a large escort before, behind, and on each side of him. They filed into the yard, and crowded on to the steps of a neat looking farmhouse, and Higdy knocked at the door.—In a few moments one of the chamber windows was opened and a protruding head asked:

'Who's there?'

'Come down to the door a minute, Squire, will you?' asked Bill.

'Why, what do you want?' inquired the voice in the chamber window above.

'We want to see Mary a minute,' replied a voice from the crowd below.

'Why, she has been abed these two hours. Is it anything important?'

'Yes, we want to see her just a minute.'

'Well, I'll speak to her.'

In a few minutes Mary appeared at the door. She was very good-looking, notwithstanding being called out of her bed at such an unseasonable hour—and so thought Blumble. For some moments the whole company remained speechless; at last Blumble, tiring of his conspicuous situation, and the 'nothing-to-say' spirit of the party, broke the silence by asking the young lady if she had ever seen him before.

'Not that I remember of,' she replied.

'I only asked you to satisfy these young men,' said Blumble.

'Then he ain't your city beau?' asked Higdy.

'No!' as short as though it had been but one letter.

'Then we were mistaken said a voice in the yard and two or three of the party slid out at the gate.

'I am very sorry that I have been the indirect cause of this annoyance to you, but it was no fault of mine. This gentleman,' pointing to Higdy, 'and his party seized me and would not allow me to proceed to my hotel until I had proved to them that I had not been visiting you.—I must now leave them with you to make their own explanations, and bid you good evening.'

'Good evening,' said the young lady in a very sweet voice.

Somehow Blumble didn't sleep very sound that night; he was in a strange place, and he kept constantly thinking of his strange adventure, and of the good-looking, strange young lady; and the more he thought, the more he wondered who she was; and when at last he determined to inquire about her in the morning, he fell asleep and dreamed of her.

Blumble was an early riser—bachelors generally are—and the next morning, before the villagers were astir, he had walked out and passed the house of Squire Gay; but he did not see Mary, so he returned to the hotel and inquired of the landlord concerning her. The landlord must have praised the girl for the bachelor decided to remain another day and be introduced to her, then to remain a third, and finally he concluded he might as well stop the week out, and so wrote to his partners, informing them that he should remain there a few days to rest himself. The professed woman hater walked up that same lane each evening, and walked into the house, too. He was not disturbed again by Bill Higdy, for the Squire had threatened if he came within gun-shot of the house again to put a dose of cold lead into him. So the wise but jealous Higdy kept out of the way.

There was a great reform in the manner and habits of Thomas Blumble, merchant. He left his bachelor clubs, notwithstanding the jeers and taunts of his former companions, and he became very circumspect in his remarks on female character. For a number of months he spent his spare hours writing to Mary, and choosing appropriate gifts for her, and for a long while the Boston and P. Express considered himself of their best customers. A wedding-party at the house of Squire Gay, and P. lost its most charming belle, for Miss Gay became Mrs. Blumble. A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Blumble went down to Rock Cove and visited the old Blumble homestead; while there Mr. Blumble introduced his wife to Mr. Jerry Smike, and Mrs. Polly Ann Smike, and all the little Smikes. It would be impossible to tell which are the most contented with their lot, Thomas or Polly Ann. One thing more and I am done. In answer to Blumble's advertisement for a chamber-maid, who would assist in plain sewing, who do you think applied for the situation? You would never guess, so I'll tell you. It was Hattie Elton! Her New York beau had heard of her flirtations with Blumble, and for that reason broke his engagement with her; and she, who might have been Mrs. Thomas Blumble, must be content to be Mrs. Blumble's servant.

PATIENCE WITH LITTLE ONES.—Be patient with little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional pertness offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember, the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp, with their unripened intellects, the mass of facts and truth that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, there a little." Cheer him on in this conflict with mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed. Bide patiently the endless questioning of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question.—Seek, rather, to deepen their curiosity, convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest inquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy you, if in giving your child the fragment of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so you will send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant, into the world. Bear patiently the childish humors of the little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends in despair, and make your little ones curse the day they were born; but corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires that either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth. Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood, and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seed of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.—*Mother's Friend.*

Painter's epitaph: 'He died and made no sign.'

(Written [illegible].)

IN MEMORY OF [illegible] DAISY."

'Tis Autumn! Ah, [illegible]
And the sun and [illegible]
Falls mournfully [illegible]
Sad reminder of our [illegible]
The chilling blasts have [illegible] the tomb—
Have desolated [illegible]
And the branches, [illegible]
[illegible]

How many bright and cheri[illegible]
In the earlier days of Fa[illegible]
Now sadly mourn a lost on[illegible]
It may have been their [illegible]
The unseen Hand has been stretched;
The household's joy and de[illegible]
Could not survive the fatal blow,
But withered, pined and di[illegible]

The birds may chirp as swe[illegible],
In the coming days of Spr[illegible],
And remind us that *she* love[illegible] hear
The feathered warblers sit[illegible]
But we need no sad reminde[illegible]
In the Seasons yet to com[illegible]
For we'll ever mourn thee, [illegible],
In our lone, grief stricken [illegible].

MONEY.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a "word of advice" from her stepfather, Mr. Palmer. She was a very beautiful woman of about twenty-two, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Just now the resolute mouth and the expression of the large, brown eyes showed that firmness in her character predominated, though no look of temper marred the amiability.

"I have no power over your movements, Miriam," said the old gentleman, kindly. "You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a grave error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry money."

"Why? I pass over the implied slight to my powers of attraction; but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for my money alone?"

"I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know you are young, beautiful and talented; but I think, if you had also been poor, you would not have had this offer."

"[illegible] so?" [illegible] upon expectations. [illegible] been educated and supported by [illegible] uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Wilton has lived in complete idleness, passing through college with average credit; and since that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir to his uncle's money. Six months ago his uncle died, leaving his money—much less than was supposed—to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a position as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and—courted an heiress."

"You are bitter. I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me, who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection or an impediment in the way of it."

"I see you are determined to marry him Well, I will see that your money is settled upon yourself."

"I love my future husband too well to offer him an insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with Myers & Co."

"He has told you that?"

"No Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds—only a small portion of my money. The remainder may still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control."

"This is sheer insanity! I never heard of such folly!"

Miriam's face grew very sweet, as a look came into her soft brown eyes, of devotion and trust.

"If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he can win my co[illegible] to control my fortu[illegible] can't win my love—n[illegible]

Mr. Pal[illegible] uneasily in the chair.

"I wish you would listen to reason," he said; "I am truly speaking for your own good."

"I *know* that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived; after seeing your severe grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step-sisters—your own children—never surpassing that you showed to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives? I thank you from my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it."

"I sincerely hope so. If, in the future, you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to [illegible] you, and this is a fathers' [illegible] respectfully."

Too m[illegible] guaranteed. [illegible] man's solemn tone. [illegible] pressed her li[illegible] that looked into her own.

"There, my dear," he said, gently. "I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. Now, we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery ready, and we will have a happy wedding. God bless you, Miriam!"

Two hours ago, Wilton Seymour came to put the engagement ring on Miriam's finger, to thank her for his promised happiness. Looking at this man, as he held the hand so soon to be his own, no one could doubt his love for the fair woman who stood before him.

They had spoken of many subjects, when he said, suddenly, "Mr. Palmer has told me of your generous wishes, Miriam, with regard to money. I cannot consent to this. In time, I may prove how entirely I disregard wealth when my offer was made to you. It is true, we must have [illegible] longer before I could offer you a home, but I will win my way to fortune yet."

He lifted his young, noble head as he spoke, tossing the dark curls from such a frank, manly face, so full of brave, bright resolution, that Miriam wondered in her heart how any one could look into his eyes and suspect him of one mercenary thought or desire.

She said nothing in answer to his impetuous speech; she only smiled, and nestled her hand into his. She was not a caressing woman—rather coy in her sweet maidenly dignity; but where she gave love and confidence, she gave them fully and freely.

The days of betrothal sped rapidly.—During the day Wilton stook at his desk, fingering over massive ledgers, and dreaming of future happiness, and Miriam selected her house and furnished it, and kept dressmakers, seamstress and milliners busy. She had no objection to her stepfather's wish to have house and furniture settled upon herself, but was resolute about the remainder of her large fortune being left subject to the control of her future husband.

Busy days were followed by happy evenings. The young people were favorites in society, and friends would insist upon social festivities to celebrate the betrothal. The quiet home evenings were pleasant beyond these, when two loving hearts learned to read each other, while Wilton loved more deeply every day, Miriam was giving such respect to his worth and manliness as made her future look brighter every day.

But the days of betrothal were short.—A gay wedding, a happy tour, and the young people came home to settle down in the handsome new house as quiet married folks.

Two years of happiness followed. Wilton was rapidly rising in the esteem of business men—having purchased his position of junior partner in the firm of Myers & Co., at Miriam's ca[illegible] But, although attentive to [illegible] no [illegible]

Miriam found him[illegible] ever willing escort to party, ball or opera, and the home evenings were given to music, or readings, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had had its power of mutual attraction before their marriage.

There were sage people who shook their heads over the young wife's extravagance; but Wilton seemed most happy when she was gratifying some new whim or desire; and she had never known the need for economy. Money had always been at her command, and there was no new restraint upon her expenditure. For fine dress she cared but little, though she was tasteful, and her costumes were always rich and appropriate; but she was generous and charitable, loved to collect exquisite trifles of art around her, patronized rising artists, and found no difficulty in exhausting her liberal income each year.

It was during the third year of her married life Miriam began to find a cloud upon the former bright happiness of her life.—Wilton was changed. In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her forebodings. He had been the sunlight of her life, loving, tender, thoughtful; but it became evident to her that some absorbing interest was gradually winning him more and more from her side.

Evening after evening he left her, on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her till long after midnight.—His sleep became restless and broken, and some absorbing care kept his face pale, his eyes clouded, his manners grave. There was no unkindness to complain of. Miriam met ever a tender caress, a loving word; but she went alone if she sought society; she missed the pleasant home intercourse; and a strange, dull fear crept into her heart. Wilton was becoming miserly.

He denied her nothing, but would sometimes sigh heavily if she challenged his admiration of some new dress or ornament, and it was evident that he was curtailing his personal expenses to the merest necessities. Too proud to complain, Miriam suffered silently, praying that she might not learn to despise her husband as a mere money-making machine. At first, she endeavored to win his confidence, but he kindly evaded her inquiries, and she made no further efforts.

But her home grew distaseful, missing the companionship that had made the hours there fly so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to an experienced house-keeper. She had no children to waken mother love and care, so she plunged into fashionable follies, and tried to forget her loneliness. Never had her toilets been chosen with more faultless taste; never had her beauty been more marked than it now became; and she sought for excitement as she had never done in the first happy years of her marriage.

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face grew daily paler and thinner, and he became more and more absorbed by business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seemed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing-room one evening, waiting for the carriage that was to convey her to a large social gathering at a fashionable friend's.—She was dressed in costly lace, over rich silks, and every detail of her costume was faultless in finish, and of choicest quality. Her face was pale, and her eyes very sad.

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her step-father entered the room.

Miriam sprang forward with a glad smile.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, warmly.

"But you were going out?"

"Only to get rid of my loneliness and myself. I shall be happier here with you."

"Truly, Miriam? Will you treat me as your father to-night? I have come here upon a painful and delicate errand, and I want your confidence."

She was silent a moment, and then said, "You shall have it."

"You love your husband, Miriam?"

Great tears answered him.

"Do you love society, dress and excitement better than you do Wilton."

"No, no! A thousand times, no!"

"Could you give these all up for his sake?"

"You have no motive for asking this?"

"I have, indeed. I love your husband also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and to believe that you were right, and I was wrong, when you decided to trust your life's happiness in his hands."

"But father, some great change has come over Wilton. He seems absorbed in money-making."

"One year ago your husband asked me to keep a secret from you, believing he was increasing your happiness by doing so. I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceit is wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are not happier than you were a year ago."

"Happier!" cried Miriam, impulsively; "I am wretched! Wretched in losing my husband's society and confidence!"

"You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my motive. A year ago, the bank in which every guinea of your private fortune was invested failed, and everything was lost. This house, and the money Wilton had paid to secure his business position were all that was left of luxury, society and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton implored me to keep the fact a secret from you, and braced himself for a tussel with fortune, resolved to regain, by his own exertions, what was swept away by the failure, before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is overtasking his strength; and you are becoming a butt for severe censures on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now yourself be the judge of the right course to pursue."

Miriam was weeping, but the tears were not all bitter. She gave its full meed of gratitude to the love that would have shielded her from the knowledge of poverty and pain; and yet she could scarcely forgive the want of confidence in her own ability to bear the sacrifice that the deceit implied.

It was long before she spoke, but when she did, her eyes were bright and her voice clear and firm.

"The house is mine?" she asked.

"Certainly. But it needs such a large income to sustain such an establishment."

"Tell me what style of house does Wilton's income warrant. I mean the income he had two years ago."

"A smaller house dear—no carriage; no housekeeper; two servants, but certainly no footman in livery; no conservatory——"

"Stop, stop! I understand you. You will see, father, if I am made unhappy by your kind frankness. Wilton is in the library, absorbed in business. Will you wait here while I speak to him?"

"I will come again," he said kindly.—"Good night, Miriam. Heaven grant I have judged your heart rightly."

But Miriam did not seek her husband at once. It seemed a mockery to go to him with diamonds flashing from her rich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilette, dressed herself plainly, but carefully, and then, kneeling down, prayed with earnest fervor before she left the apartment.

"Wilton!"

The harrassed, weary man looked up.

"Wilton, you should have trusted me! Give me your heart, your confidence, my husband!"

He bowed his head upon her outstretched hands.

"Can you bear it, Miriam?"

"I can bear anything, if you are beside me—if you love, and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe my husband loves money better than his wife!"

"No, no!"

"I understand that now. But there must be confidence between us, Wilton; I must be your true wife, bearing your sorrows and your reverses."

"My own brave darling!"

He was standing beside her now; and for the first time in that long, weary year, the old bright look was on his handsome face, and the old clear ring in his voice. His arm was around her, and she leaned upon his breast.

"Forgive me," he said, earnestly, "for doubting your courage—never your love, Miriam."

She laughed a merry, bright laugh, and then playfully closing his desk, she drew him to a seat beside her, and sketched a burlesque picture of their future home, with Mrs. Seymour frying onions, in a crimson satin dress, while Mr. Seymour milked the cow in the garden.

It is four years since Mr. Palmer broke his promise. A happier home, a more thrifty housekeeper, or prouder husband, cannot be found than in the pretty house of the Seymours, where love, confidence and happiness will not yield the first place to Money.

A QUEENLY MATCHMAKER.—When Edward the Fourth was on the throne of England, he was so desirous to secure every letter or dispatch written by Margaret of Anjou, that heroic wife of an unheroic king, that the penalty of death was awarded against any person who, receiving a letter, or being in possession of a letter from Queen Margaret, delayed in surrendering the same to the government. One would suppose that such a penalty would lead every individual holding such documents, if not to surrender, at least to destroy them. But human nature is perverse; also bold, courageous, defiant.—Many of Margaret's correspondents hid away the letters she had written to them. Some of these have lately been published by the Camden Society. The volume is one of the most interesting of the series published by that society, and the letters themselves are creditable to the writer.—They show her less as a fiercely struggling, terribly avenging queen, than as a sympathizing woman, not so busy in her own affairs as to lack time for being interested in the affairs of others. She is ever ready to say a good word for a worthy man seeking advancement, and her heart responds to appeals from young maidens with whom the course of true love does not run smooth. For them Queen Margaret writes with affectionate urgency to that sort of a sire who is apt to say of a suitor to his daughter, who is unwelcome to himself, "I can't imagine what the girl can see in such a fellow to like him!" To such stern fathers Margaret of Anjou writes like a wise and affectionate woman. She may be called a "matchmaker," for she seems to have gone to the work of coupling with great alacrity, but we are sure that many a young woman, in those turbulent times, owed to her a happiness and a harmony in their married life, which poor Margaret never enjoyed in her own.—*Temple Bar.*

A DISPUTE OF THE DOCTOR WITH A DOCTOR.—Many anecdotes are told of the eccentric old Methodist clergyman, who lately died, and there is one too good to let pass. He once had a dispute with a doctor relative to religion. The doctor said he wanted honest and unequivocal answers to a few questions.

'Did you ever hear religion?'

'No.'

'Did you ever smell religion?'

'No.'

'Did you ever taste religion?'

'No.'

'Did you ever feel religion?'

'Yes.'

'Now then,' said the doctor, with apparent triumph, 'I have proved beyond a doubt, by four respectable witnesses, that religion is not seen, heard, smelled or tasted, and but one solitary witness, feeling, has testified that it is an experimental fact. The weight of evidence is overwhelming, and you must give it up.'

Cartwright asked,

'Did you ever see pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever hear pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever smell pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever feel pain?'

'Certainly, I did, sir.'

The doctor and his family were converted.

A GERMAN peddler sold a man a liquid for the extermination of bed-bugs. 'And how do you use it?' inquired the man after he had bought it. 'Shust you ketch de pug, squeeze him a leetle, den put one drop on him tongue, and by my circumstances he's right off a dead bug!'

'I could kill him in half the time,' replied the indignant purchaser, 'by stamping on it.'

'Well,' calmly exclaimed the German, 'dat ish a good way, too, so long you kill him.'

☞ A young lady who is studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was 'invited out to a dejeuner the day before,' and was going to a 'fete champetre the next day.' The professor of the college was surprised to receive a telegram from the 'old man' a day or two after, saying, 'If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what ails her.'

☞ The most extraordinary instance of patience on record is that of an American judge who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy lawyers contended about the construction of an act of the legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: 'Gentlemen, the law is repealed.'

☞ Mrs. Brown: 'Why, Mary, my love, why are you in mourning?'

Mary: 'I am not in mourning, Mrs. Brown, but as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days we poor girls have to resort to artifice.'

'Prayer and Pills' is the title of one of Holland's editorials.