

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### [From Proctor's Bench and Bar.] BURR IN COURT.

In the autumn of the year 1818 a court held its sittings at Utica, N. Y., which was largely attended by legal gentlemen from various parts of the State. As the second day of the term was drawing to a close, a gentleman whose appearance indicated that he had just arrived in the town, entered the court room, and, walking directly to the bar, seated himself among the lawyers. There was something in his appearance that attracted attention. The most casual observer could not fail to detect in his bearing a natural ease, an indefinable superiority which silently, yet truthfully, evinces familiarity with refined society. He had, apparently, numbered fifty years, and yet time had "lightly pressed his signet seal" upon him, for much of the vivacity of youth still lingered on his visage. His hair had begun to turn gray, and at the side of his head was slightly bushy, but worn back from his face and temples, left his broad, high forehead quite bare, giving a classic cast to his features. His cheek was pale and thin, his brow thoughtful and tinged with the shadow of care, perhaps of sorrow, while his black, brilliant and singularly fascinating eyes lighted up and animated a face which once seen could never be forgotten. He was below the ordinary stature and his frame was somewhat slender, though well knit and fair proportioned. Finally, the *tout ensemble* was that of a gentleman—a man of intellect, acquainted with the world, with men, and, withal, a penetrating judge of character.

As he entered the bar, Martin Van Buren was in the set of closing an argument that occupied the attention of the court for several hours. Turning to take his seat he recognized the stranger who was near him. "Colonel Burr," said Van Buren in a low voice extending his hand, "I am very glad to see you. Our cause was reached this morning, but, as I could not think of defaulting you in your absence, which I believed to be unavoidable, I exchanged our case with the one just submitted. I hope, Colonel, you are well."

"Quite well, I thank you. I am obliged to you for this courtesy. I did not leave New York quite as soon as I expected, and it is a long way here. Madame Justice is getting mercurial, I fancy, since she is establishing her temples so far in the interior of our State. But I suppose our case is the next to be tried."

"No, Colonel, I am sorry to say that there is a preferred cause of some kind that it is to be disposed of next." At this period in the conversation, the voice of the orator announced the adjournment of the court until the next morning and the two lawyers left the Court House together.

The reader is already aware that the stranger who has been described was Aaron Burr—a name conspicuous in American history. His fall from greatness—pecuniary misfortunes—had compelled him to resume the practice of a profession in which he had few, if any, rivals, and which had been to him a stepping stone to the highest honors.

He was at Utica on this occasion as the opponent of Martin Van Buren in one of those great ejection suits, which in the early history of the State occupied so much of the attention of its courts. Van Buren at this time was one of the ablest lawyers at the bar—a State's Senator and politician of rare political abilities, skilled in the art of managing the inclination and prejudices of the people, wielding an influence which rendered him a powerful, if not successful rival of DeWitt Clinton.

Colonel Burr was at this time unknown to the politics of the State and nation, though he had occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States, had contended with Jefferson for the Presidential chair of the nation, missing the great prize two or three votes and winning the Vice Presidency with little opposition. He was now merely the lawyer. A few years after his admission to the bar, he removed from Albany to New York city, where he became a successful though friendly, rival of Alexander Hamilton. It has been said that each of these great men had a high, if not exalted opinion of the other's talents. To the strength and facility of Hamilton's imaginations, his fine rhetorical powers, his acute reasoning powers, and the force of his declamation, Burr paid the tribute of his admiration. The latter valued himself little upon his oratorical powers. His pleadings at the bar were more in the style of conversation than oratory—the conversation of an enlightened, well-educated, thoroughly disciplined lawyer. In reply to Hamilton's splendid legal speeches, he would select

the vulnerable, yet vital points, and quietly demolish them, leaving all the other points untouched. In a twenty-minute speech he has been known to completely neutralize the effort of one of Hamilton's long, elaborate and ornate addresses. Hamilton and Burr were occasionally associated in the trial of a cause. On such occasions they were almost irresistible. It is related that on one occasion they were retained to defend a man indicted for murder, and who was generally believed to be guilty, though the circumstances under which the crime was committed rendered it a deeply interesting case of circumstantial evidence. During the progress of the trial as the circumstances were developed suspicion began to attach to the principal witness against the prisoner. Burr and Hamilton brought their skill in cross-examination to bear on the witness, in the hope of dragging out of him his dreadful secret. But with singular sagacity and coolness he eluded their efforts, though they succeeded in darkening the shadow of suspicion that fell upon him, and strengthening their convictions of their client's innocence.

Before the cross examination of the witness was concluded the court adjourned for tea. "I believe our client is not guilty, but I have no doubt that Brigham, that cunning witness is really the guilty man, but he is so shrewd, cool and deep that I am fearful that his testimony will hang poor Blair, our client, in spite of all we could do," said Hamilton to Burr, while on their way from the court house to their hotel.

"I agree with you; Blair is not guilty and that Brigham is, and I believe that we can catch him. I have a plan that will detect him, if I am not wonderfully mistaken," said Burr. He then proceeded to explain to his associate the nature of his plan. "You may succeed," said Hamilton, after listening to the plan. "It is worth trying at any rate, though you have a man of iron to deal with."

After tea, Burr ordered the Sheriff to provide an extra number of lights for the evening session, and to arrange them so that their rays would converge against the pillar in the court room near the place occupied by the witness.

The evening session opened, and Burr assumed the cross-examination of the witness. It was a test of profound skill and subtlety of the lawyer—the self-possession, courage and tact of the witness, standing on the brink of a horrid gulf, and intrepidly resisting the terrible efforts of the man before him to push him over. At last, after dexterously leading the witness to the appropriate point, Burr, suddenly seized a lamp in each hand, and holding them in such a manner that the light fell instantaneously upon the face of the witness, he exclaimed in a startling voice, like the voice of the avenger of blood, "Contention of the jury, behold the murderer!"

With a wild, convulsive start—a face of ashy pallor—eyes starting from their sockets—lips apart, his whole attitude evincing terror, the man sprang from his chair. For a moment he stood motionless struggling to gain his self-possession. But it was only a momentary struggle, the terrible words of the advocate "shivered along his arteries," shaking every nerve with palsy. Conscious that the eyes of all in the court room were fixed upon him, changing the whole aspect of his life, he left the witness stand and walked shivering to the door of the court room. But he was prevented from making his escape by the sheriff. The scene so thrilling and so startling, may perhaps be imagined, though it cannot be described. Like the fall of David Deans, in the court room before judges, jurors, and lawyers, when the doom of Effie, his youngest daughter was pronounced by the testimony of her elder sister Jennie Deans, it struck the spectators with silent awe, changing the whole aspect of the trial, overthrowing in an instant the hypothesis which the Attorney General was confident would send his prisoner to the gallows saving an innocent man from the deathful hands of a bold and skillful perjurer.

The false witness was arrested, two indictments found against him, one for murder, another for perjury. He was acquitted on his trial for murder, but subsequently convicted of perjury and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

The high toned liberality and generosity with which Hamilton and Burr conducted the contests of the bar created no bitterness or animosity. They continued friends until they became great partisan leaders—until the polluting influence of politics and their collision as rival statesmen, created the relentless antagonism which culminated in the tragic scene when Hamilton fell by the hand of Burr, in the most famous duel in history—a duel which doomed its survivor to obloquy and reproach which he never outlived, and which with the alleged treason for which he was tried and acquitted in 1808, ostracized him from his task among the great men of the nation.

During his trial for high treason at Richmond, in 1807, Theodosia, then the brilliant leader of the society in the most aristocratic city of the South—the wife of Joseph Alston, a distinguished citizen of South Carolina—by her devotion, sagacity and influence, powerfully aided her father's defence. In the darkest hour of that memorable legal drama she craved her deep affection in language as heroic as it was beautiful. "My vanity," she said, "would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; and yet my pride in our relationship, I had rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a man."

A few years after the Richmond trial, which resulted in a victory for Burr, Theodosia met a fate which is still enveloped in gloom and mystery.

At the close of the year 1812 she sailed from Charleston in a vessel bound for New York, for the purpose of visiting her father. Her husband was the Governor of South Carolina. Though he provided everything conducive for her safety and comfort which wealth and influence could command, the vessel never reached its destination, was never heard from after leaving Charleston harbor. At last all hope ended; the certainty that Theodosia was dead came home to them, and Aaron Burr was lacerated as few have ever been lacerated—left to a life all winter, war within himself to rage. Still the properties of a mind stern, uncompromising and calm, profound, scholastic, subtle, and while the musings of his solitude, became a votive offering to the dead—a rightful homage to the memory—he retained superiority among men and brilliancy at his bar. He was endowed by nature with the power of gaining ascendancy over those with whom he was brought into contact. Whenever he desired to please he could exercise his disquisitions which none but Aaron Burr grasped. Then he had attractions for all—skill in the sciences, deep attention for the eloquent, badinage for the gay, sentiment for the grave, and romance for the young.

Colonel Burr was compelled to remain at Utica for several days. During his stay he divested himself of that reticence and coldness which usually characterized his intercourse with strangers, and became a general favorite with the members of the bar who were present.

One afternoon a number of lawyers amused themselves shooting at a target with pistols. As the exercises continued long after the adjournment of the court for the day, many lawyers who were attending court assembled to witness the sport. Among the interested spectators was Col. Burr. While keenly watching the effect of each shot, two young lawyers who had been engaged in shooting approached him.

"Colonel Burr," said one of them, "we should be very happy to witness your skill at target-shooting. My skill at target-shooting? How can you suppose I have any skill as a marksman?" said Burr, fixing his piercing eye on the speaker.

"You are an old soldier, Colonel Burr, and we have always heard you spoken of as the best shot in America," said the young man.

"It is many years since I was a soldier, and I have had but little practice with the pistol since leaving the army. Times of peace do not—or, at least should not—furnish many occasions for the use of that weapon, since those occasions often have a lasting regret. But as your invitation to join your sport was so respectfully given, I will accept it. At least I shall shoot once at the target. That will be sufficient for my unpractised hand. Let me see your pistols?"

Several were brought him. Selecting one of them, he balanced it a moment in his hand, sighted across the barrel, then taking his stand at the line from which each contestant fired, he raised his arm and presented the pistol.

It was a moment of intense, almost dramatic interest. Before the spectators, pistol in hand, stood Aaron Burr—the court arm outstretched which on the heights of Weebank, laid the illustrious Hamilton cold in death. The eye that was now sighting the pistol had gleamed along a dreadful weapon in mortal combat—had beheld his foe sink at his feet, bathed in blood. But a quick flash, a sharp report broke the spell that held the spectators—the bullet had sped. Aaron Burr had sent it home to the centre of the target. A faint smile passed over his features as an exclamation of astonishment announced the unerring shot. Handing the weapon to its owner, he turned and left the field without uttering a word.

A good story is told of a tall, raw boned fellow, who went into a market house in Boston—perhaps the Quincy—and seeing a large hog on exhibition, was mightily struck with it. "I swear," said he, "that's a great hog. I swear I never saw a finer looking one in my life. I swear, what short legs he's got. I swear, look here, friend," said a little, dry-looking individual, trotting up, "you must not swear so." "I swear, I should like to know why?" said the hard swearer, with an ominous look. "Because," said the little man, "swearing is against the law, and I shall have to commit you," drawing himself up. "Are you a justice of the peace?" inquired the swearer. "I am." "Well, I swear," said the profane one, "I am more astonished at that than I was about the hog."

Things are pretty evenly divided after all. The poor man has no money, while the rich man has no spirit. Who's ahead?

### (Written for the Beacon) LINES TO A GUY

Though we in idle crowds have  
And strangers still we cheer  
My heart, sweet one, has never  
Throbbed as it now beats for  
When first I saw thee in the hall  
Mid youth and beauty from  
The fairest gem among them all  
Shone there as shining a love  
Sweet lady, thou didst little know  
The smile that lit thy passive face  
Seemed to the inmost soul to go  
And sorrow from all hearts to cease.

Thou' other lips in accents sweet,  
Have whispered words of love to thee,  
All heretofore hath been deceit,  
Compared with that I bear for thee.  
And thou, we never more may meet,  
Whilst I on earth's cold bosom roam,  
My thoughts shall ever turn to thee,  
My heart will throb for thee alone.

### DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hands of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot where she had been used to favor.

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Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigue? All gone. Hers was the true death before her long eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her soul, but peace and perfect happiness were born in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old friend had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through her thoughts and her eyes; it had been the path she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world which her young spirit has winged its flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, of which you would utter it?"

When morning came and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly murmured in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said, "God bless you" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmother who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; purely as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been so fleeting. Under that porch where she had once sat, her little body lay, and her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old mound where she had many and many a time sat weeping, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of the trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard, some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The services done, the mourners stood apart and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she could be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall.

A whisper went about among the oldest that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone laid down. Then when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, a miller, with an arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurance of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are huddled in the dust before them—then, with humble and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! It is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn and its mighty, universal truth. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the pausing spirit fly free, a hundred virtues rise, in shreds of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the earth and bless it with their light. Of every year that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's step there spring up bright emblems that defy their power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—*Old Country Shop.*

TALENT IN THE MARYLAND PENITENTIARY.—On Thursday, 28th, ult., the Grand Jury of Baltimore city made the usual visit to the Maryland Penitentiary. The Gazette gives the following account of a prisoner now confined therein:

"A prisoner was found in the shoe shop whose case is of special interest. His name is Adolph Laurins, is 34 years of age, was born in France, entered the French Navy at the age of 13, served as an officer 13 years in that service, then became a captain in the army of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for the larceny of a horse and buggy belonging to H. S. Shyrock & Co., furniture dealers on South Calvert street.—He has now twenty-one months to serve. His education was that of a scientific officer, and before he was convicted he was a contributor to the *Scientific American*, and he has regularly contributed to that journal since his incarceration, two recent articles being on 'Deep Sea Soundings,' and 'The Patent Right Question.' Both articles show ability of an unusual order. This prisoner is also of an inventive order of genius, and has perfected in the shoe shop what he calls the 'Gordian Shoe Seam,' which insures greater strength, a saving of labor and material, in some shoes the saving of material being four cents on a pair. He has applied for a patent, and will obtain it before leaving the prison. Laurins is also engaged now in perfecting other inventions, and among them is an instrument for taking rock-samples at sea. He performs his regular task, and employs his leisure in study and inventive work. The officers of the prison state that he is among the best behaved convicts. His inventions may bring him a fortune."

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Deceitful age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured fourth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there whose

Typographical Errors.—Accidents are liable to happen, it is said, even in the best regulated families. But of all blunders, the mistakes of newspapers are the most ludicrous, and also the most aggravating. The most common class of errors are those resulting from mistakes in punctuation or orthography. Hardly a newspaper is there that does not contain some such blunders. The fact is easily accounted for—a great deal of the 'late matter' of a morning edition finding its rapid way into 'the columns' without the knowledge of that enemy of 'black-smiths,' the 'proof-reader.'

Persons unaccustomed to composition frequently express themselves in language which is liable to very absurd misapprehension. Thus, in 'situations wanted,' we read that a 'respectable young woman, was washing.' The proprietor of a house will advertise that 'parties sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with fidelity and dispatch.' A miller attempted to testify to the merits of a powder destroying vermin by saying:—'Two weeks ago I was full of rats, and now I haven't one.'

The following is a correct copy of a note sent to Hon. Bailey Peyton, of Tennessee, by an overseer on his plantation, some years ago: 'Please send me a pair of trace chains, a new hat and two door hinges.—I had twins last night—also two puppies.'

A most villainous kind of newspaper error is that which results occasionally from a 'mixing up' of two or more articles. While 'benzene' has something to do with these 'mixtures,' sometimes, they generally result from rapid 'making up' of 'forms' in the mysterious midnight preparation of a daily morning paper. One of the most aggravating of the kind occurred in Senator Anthony's fine newspaper, the Providence Daily Journal, in 1853, of two articles which raised a dreadful commotion the next day throughout the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The articles 'mixed' were the announcement of the departure for Europe of a prominent pastor and the description of the peculiar movements of a dog with the hydrophobia. As it appears in the Journal:

'The Rev. Mr. R., after many years of faithful service in the cause of Christ, will take his departure from us on Tuesday, so as to take the Collins' steamship Arctic, which leaves New York on Thursday. Mr. R., has for a long time been ill, and it is a fact which has been some time painfully realized by the members of his congregation. So they resolved upon a European trip for their beloved pastor, and on Saturday made him acquainted with the delightful fact. Accompanying the report of the committee was a nicely filled purse, which was placed at the disposal of the pastor, who, after thinking, made a run down South Main street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Bennett street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a rope to his tail. As he went again up Bennett street, and down College at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman.'

Many unpleasant mistakes get into newspapers owing to bad manuscript. This has been particularly the case with the New York Tribune in times gone by.—Greely's manuscript was very bad, and was called by his printers 'Koran.' A celebrated speech made by the lamented Seward at Rochester, New York, in 1858, and which has been generally known as his 'irrepressible conflict,' (speech) brought out the philosopher in an editorial headed 'Seward, W. H.' Imagine the rage of the editor the next morning, when he discovered his leader entitled 'Richard III.,' and upon reading down into his effort, finding the quotation: 'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true,' rendered 'The two, 'tis fifty, and 'tis fifty-two.' Upon another occasion Mr. Greeley wrote, 'Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts,' but the compositor got it, 'Women now worry most of their puny babies by masturbation.'

The subject is inexhaustible. It is easy for the capacious reader to find fault, but he has little idea of the patience, perplexity, labor, hardwork, and handwork necessary to prepare the sheet which will perish before nightfall. It has been likened in classical story to the stone of Sisyphus and the wheel of Ixion, while the table of Tantalus might be added to illustrate the fortunes of many as the promised cup of enjoyment never comes near enough to be tasted.—*Exchange.*

THE SIMPLE SEWERY.—Twenty clerks in a store, twenty heads in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship yard, twenty young men in a village all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who distances his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his life to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good name, and serene old age, all go on this road.

KEEPING FAITH.—Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old shuffling over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner and said she would be better on her return home for having broken it. As she said this a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said, "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a shilling to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring a sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile to tell her mother she had found an invitation waiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of getting a meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party in Bath, but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline the invitation on the plea of 'a previous engagement,' saying, I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me.

THE TRAVEL OF VENUS.—It has doubtless been a puzzling question with not a few people of a practical turn of mind, who are never able to recognize the utility of efforts that are directed beyond the sphere of terra firma, what all this means about the 'Transit of Venus,' or for what substantial purpose several governments are fitting out extensive and costly expeditions to enable astronomers to take and record hardly more than a momentary glimpse of that planet as it hurries across the sun's disc at a given hour on a given day. For the information of such it may be explained at once that it is no peculiar freak of Venus that is the cause of these preparations, but that the real object in view is to ascertain the precise distance of the sun from the earth, and that this can best be done when our neighboring planet comes directly between us and the great luminary. What the astronomer wishes to do, and what he can do most accurately when the three bodies in question are exactly in line, is to find out how far Venus is from Venus and then how far Venus is from the earth, and his problem is solved. If any one asks what is the use of getting at the sun's distance to an even mile, he is answered by the man in the observatory, that that distance will then serve the same purpose in astronomy that the standard yard-measure serves in a dry goods house.

A Kookoo lady while engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties encountered a mouse in the flour barrel.—Now, most ladies under similar circumstances would have uttered a few feminine shrieks and then sought safety in the parrot. But this one possesses more than the ordinary degree of feminine courage. She summoned the hired man and told him to get the shot gun, call the bull dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she climbed half way up stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel vigorously with a pole. Presently the mouse made its appearance and started across the floor. The dog at once went in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down the stairs, and the hired man, thinking that she was killed, and fearing that he would be arrested for murder, disappeared and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

An Irish woman who had kept a little grocery, was brought to her death-bed, and was on the point of breathing her last, when she called her husband to her bedside. "Jenny," she faintly said, "there is Miss Maloney, she owes me six shillings."

"Oh!" exclaimed her husband, "Bill, darling, you're sensible to the last."

"Yes, dear, and there's Miss McCraw, I owe her a dollar."

"Oh, be jabbers, an' you're as foolish as ever."

The lady who tripped her husband gently with a fan at a party the other night, and said "Love, it's growing late, I think we had better go home," was the same one who after getting home shook the rolling-pin under his nose and said, you infernal old scoundrel you, if you ever look at that man, nasty, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to-night, I'll lust your head wide open."

Referring to the practice of discharging lady clerks from the public offices when they get married, a Detroit paper thinks it must be wrong, and asks:—"How can a woman be expected to support a husband if she is discharged as soon as she gets one?"

A wife man, being asked how old he was, replied, "I am in health; and being asked how rich he was, said, "I am not in debt."

Josh Billings says: "When you strike the stop button, in many a man has been clean thru and let all the dirt out of the bottom."