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THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

How the snow fell, in myriads of tiny flakes, hurrying, tumbling down with bewildering rapidity! That mythical personage, the oldest inhabitant, could not recollect ever having seen such a quantity of snow; the roads were impassable in every direction; trains were detained in snow drifts—travelers found it impossible to proceed; houses were almost buried; indeed, at Lyster Farm, it reached above the windows; yet still it fell steadily. It drifted—the wind by turns waned and howled around the comfortable farmhouse, as though it longed for an entrance.

Nellie Ross pointed and young Will Lyster frowned; still the tempest did not abate. I have always noticed that close confinement to the house for many days in succession did not improve the temper of man, woman, or child; and it certainly had that effect upon the two individuals in Lyster Farm.

Lyster Farm was in summer the beautiful of a pleasant country place; even in the depth of winter, when the outside world was as dreary as it was possible to be, inside the house it was snug and cozy as light, warmth, and spotless cleanliness could make it. The fire leaped and flickered; the bright cooking utensils glittered like polished steel. Mr. Lyster sat placidly knitting, handsome Will was reading, or pretending to read at the window, casting furtive glances at his pretty cousin; who, also busy, sat beside his mother.

Nellie Ross and Will Lyster were cousins. Ever since they had attained the height of the table, they had been regarded as lovers by the whole family connection. In truth, they did love each other dearly; but young girls will occasionally grow jealous, and love affairs generally have a decided and perverse inclination for the crooked paths, instead of the straight ones.

Nellie was as fair and dainty a little maiden as the heart of a man could desire; but perfect as she was, she had two faults which Will Lyster had just decided are the two very worst faults any woman could possess. She was a coquette, and very high-tempered. Will was also of a naughty, impetuous disposition, quick to resent any fanciful slight.

From this resulted many misunderstandings between the young people; but their elders only smiled benignly at the lovers' quarrels, and the reconciliations which were sure to follow, wisely deciding that old heads were not to be expected upon young shoulders, and where so much real affection existed, all was sure to come right in time.

A few days before my story commences, there had been a gathering of the vicinity at a neighboring farmer's, and Nellie, flattered by the universal admiration her pretty face and engaging manner had excited, had tested Will's patience to its utmost limit. He had expressed Nellie's surprise at seeing him so early, his displeasure in lordly fashion, and the girl had resented it; a violent dispute had been the consequence. Just before the storm began, Nellie had come to pass a few days with her aunt; and by way of relieving the monotony of country life, the quarrel had been renewed. Will had assured the girl that he did not love her; that she was a flirt, unworthy of any honest man's love. Harsh words, which Nellie, accustomed to softest tenderness, could ill endure. Now she sat with hot flushed cheeks, vainly trying to restrain her tears, for, after all she was a soft-hearted little thing.

Presently she sprang up with a pettish exclamation: "I am going home, aunt," she said; "mother will be wanting me. I have stayed too long already."

"Nonsense, child," quietly replied Mrs. Lyster. "You could not walk a hundred yards, much less two miles, such a day as this. Sit quiet, lassie, and let the storm pass. Nellie did not heed, but left the room, and presently returned, prepared to start. Will ever looked at his cousin.

"Tell her she must not go, Will," implored Mrs. Lyster; "it is certain death to start to walk two miles to-day. Will, fully as you have been, Nellie, I did not expect this of you. Speak to her, Will. If any harm befalls you, Nellie, your blood be upon your own head!"

"I am not wanted here. I don't care for the storm. I am not afraid," persisted Nellie, defiantly, as she turned to open the door. O, how icy cold the air was, and the wind gave a great shriek, as though rejoicing that she was no longer cowered up to its power; Nellie's heart flared; she looked back; the fire blazed cheerfully; never had the room appeared so home-like; if he would only give in and ask her to stay.

"Good-bye, Will," she ventured timidly; and the clear girlish voice trembled. Will never raised his head, and vouchsafed no answer. If his life had depended upon it, he could not have asked her to remain.

Poor Nellie felt she had made a concession which had been very ill received. Piqued by his seeming indifference, she was very deaf to her aunt's entreaties; and, regardless of the friendly warning, she rushed out into the storm. It was drifting, and the cold snow flying in her face almost blinded her. She could not see her way; there was no path, and at every step she sank almost to her waist; and still, with the energy of anger, she went on.

"He drove me out," she said to herself. "I shall never turn back. If he finds me dead in the snow it will just serve him right."

She turned to look at the house, but could not see it. Indeed, she could not see a yard before her. She tried to find the road, but failed. Nellie's courage commenced to fail. Her pride could not sustain her amidst such difficulties. How cruel he was, yet he had said he loved her. She would retrace her steps; she could not be far from the house.

She wandered first in one direction, then in another, but at each step sank deeper and deeper into the snow. The short winter day was drawing to a close; it was almost dusk now. A terrible dread took possession of the girl; she trembled convulsively. Would she, indeed, perish in the snow, and be frozen stiff? She thought of her mother, happy at home, unconscious of her child's danger. She thought of Lyster Farm, its warmth and comfort. She could not die, she was so young and beloved. Life was so beautiful, death was so terrible. Surely she could not be doomed to such a death. Then she cried aloud for help; cried with all the strength of one in deadly peril. The wind mockingly repeated her cries. Her strength failed her.

Nellie now knew that no success could come. Tenderly cherished darling as she was, she must now die like a homeless, friendless outcast, in the storm. Panicked, suffering bitterly from the cold, exhausted, stumbling deeper at every step, at length she fell against a tree; to it she clung as though it had been a friend. She had a dim idea that relief had come in the hour of dire distress.

She threw her arms around it, kissed it as she would a living being; she did not feel the cold so painfully now, only a little sleepy and weary. She tried to repeat her prayers like a frightened child, but could not remember the words. Then, with the pure cold snow for pillow, Nellie Ross sank gently into the sleep of death.

Will Lyster's rest was strangely troubled that night; he fancied several times that he heard Nellie's voice calling for aid; and his mother's distress increased his uneasiness. At break of day he was ready to go over to Mrs. Ross; his pride was quite vanquished by intense anxiety. He could only think of his pretty, willful cousin, lovingly. After all, it was natural she should like admiration. She was very young; she would grow staidier in time.

He acknowledged to himself that he had been harsh to her, but he would make it all right now. Then he thought of Nellie's surprise at seeing him so early. The dimple face, half-pouting, half-smiling, that would greet him; on the whole, now that his bad temper was exhausted, Will Lyster felt considerably relieved.

The revulsion of feeling was terrible when the frightened mother had informed him that Nellie was not at home. She had supposed that her daughter would remain at Lyster Farm until the storm had passed over. Will insisted that some neighbor had found her and taken her home. She could not be lost in the snow within sight of home; still he was in an agony of terror.

As he returned through the fields his attention was attracted by a few working men standing beneath a tree. Their gestures denoted that they were much excited. With pitying, awe-stricken faces, all drew back as he approached, and Will Lyster beheld a sight which haunted him till the hour of his death.

Resting placidly, with face upturned to the sky, and hands meekly folded upon her breast, no expression of pain upon the marble features, and only perfect peace, lay the girl he had hoped would become his wife. No more angry flushes would crimson the pale brow; no more coquetting smiles would dimple the tender mouth; far from the reach of both love and sorrow, Nellie Ross slept soundly.

"Heaven help me, I killed her!" he cried hoarsely. Then, raising her in his arms, he turned toward home. The rough farm laborers were weeping for the little little maiden, who had always a smile and a cherry word; but the man who loved her best of all—the very light of whose eyes she had been—was stunned by the sudden blow, and

could shed no tears. He carried his unconscious burden into the house, walking like one in a dream, without a word, and laid her upon the bed.

The bereaved mother's wail of anguish rang out clear upon the frosty air. Nellie's girlish friends lamented loudly their companion, cut off in the bloom of youth; the poor, whom she had helped and comforted, mourned deeply; but Will Lyster never spoke. But once did he show any trace of emotion. It was when he looked upon the household had retired, his mother, alone, remained to watch beside the body. He came to look upon the child-like face, calm in the silent majesty of death.

"O, Nellie, Nellie," he cried, "I loved you so dearly, and I killed you!"

Then, resting his head on his mother's breast, the strong man sobbed like a child. He never recovered from the shock, but lived on, a prematurely old man; very grave, very tender to his mother, but rarely speaking, never smiling. He was remained a bachelor ever until now, for the sake of sweet Nellie Ross, slumbering in her grass grown grave in the country churchyard upon the hill.

M. QUAD ON FAT FOLKS.—I like fat folks. There's something jolly right in the fact of one's being a great big portly man, and you never saw a fat man or woman but what was good-natured, unless disappointed in love. I often wish I stood in Baker's shoes. He weighs 270 pounds, and when seen coming down the street he resembles a sloop under full sail. When he enters a street car everybody shoves along to one, and if it's crowded two and three men will get up at once to offer him a seat. He is of importance wherever he goes. If he sits on an Inquest he influences the jury, and if he predicts the weather people pat him in the hand. If there's a crowd around a sick horse Baker elbows his way right in where I couldn't get, and they are always sure to make him cashier of Sunday-school excursions, send him invitations to deliver Fourth of July orations, and he is the man always selected to present the fire company with new hats and a speech.

And there's Mrs. Scott, who weighs nearly as much as Baker. When it's a hot day every body asks after her comfort, and when it's a cold day everybody congratulates her on her being fat. She was made the president of a benevolent society, the treasurer of an art association, and the "head man" in a monument enterprise, just because she was fat and "could fill the chair" better than any lean woman. If she went aboard the ferry-boat, they always placed her in the center of the cabin in the best arm-chair aboard, so that she could not careen the craft over, and if forty lean women hung over the railing to the starboard or port nothing was ever said or cared about it. She had the biggest tent at camp-meeting, the best place to see the Fourth of July fireworks, and greeters were always sending her early strawberries and first vegetables.

I fell in love with a fat girl once. I loved madly, because I was loving 207 pounds of girl. She was amiable, tender-hearted, good-natured, and true, and I think she loved me. We were to be married in the fall, and I should probably have been one of the happiest of husbands, when an accident dashed my prospects. She fell overboard just as we were about to leave the wharf on a steamboat excursion. Three or four sailors plunged after her, and they got a gang-plank under her, a cable around her waist, and towed her to the wharf. Then they rigged a derrick and hoisted out by sections, but they were so long about it she took a severe cold, and the result was death. There were months and months after that that I never could pass a loaf of hay without thinking of my Amanda and shedding tears, and even to this day I never see an elephant or a rhinoceros without her dear visage rising up before me.

A WARD ON HIS MUSCLE.—The following is the best thing written by Artemus Ward: "Ount quite recent I've been a healthy individual. I'm nearly sixty, and yet I've got a muscle into my arm which don't make my fist resemble the tail of a canary bird when they fly about and hit a man. Only a few weeks ago I was exhibiting in East Showbegan, in a bldn which had formerly been occupied by a pugilist—one of them fellows which his from the shoulder and teaches the many arts of self-defense. And he came and said he was going in free in consequence of precisely ekepping sed bldn, with a large yellow dog. I sed, 'Oh, no.' He sed, 'Do you want to be ground to powder?' 'Yes, I do; if there is a powder grinder handy.' Then he struck me a disgusting blow in my left eye, which caused the concern to at once close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him, his mother, seeing the prostrate form of her son, applied the house onto a shutter carried by four men, run out of doors, keeringly looked him over and sed, 'My son, you've been foolin' round a thrashin' machine. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thimgumma and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?' You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I am angry."

"Oh, haw. There's an angel with wings." Pah! that's only a Louisville girl with her ears spread."

NOT IN THE HEARDS.

He was well-dressed, and said he came from Cincinnati. He looked like a drummer from a prosperous business house, except that the diamond on his watch was larger and more pretentiously displayed even than in the custom of these peripatetic gentry.

He wasn't very drunk, but he first came in, but he was in a bad way. He took a drink of the toddy, and he took any more.

In point of fact there wasn't one of them that didn't take a drink. Theirs were big drinks; but the Cincinnati man's wasn't more than one finger, and he left part of that in the bottom of his glass. But it seemed to fly to his head, notwithstanding.

It was an up-town saloon, and at the beginning of the pork-packing season, when the hog-raisers were driving in their grunts. There were three or four of them in the saloon at the time, taking a little Robertson county in a group by themselves. They didn't drink with the Cincinnati man, but the stock-raiser who was treating his party paid for their drinks and showed a well-filled pocketbook as he did it. After that the Cincinnati man was inclined to be friendly with the hog-drovers.

He was so polite and liberal, and seemed to be so anxious, that the drovers each took a drink. The regulars had all poured out theirs and had gulped 'em down while the talk was going on. The countrymen each took the usual horn, but the Cincinnati man poured out two fingers this time, and didn't drink more than half of that. But he seemed to be getting drunk fast.

"Now gen'men, less have nother drink, an'll show you trick with cards. Say, barkeeper, han' out deek cards." The gentleman behind the bar took down a pack of cards and gave them to the Cincinnati man, whose big roll of money still lay on the counter.

"Gen'tmen, said the stranger," who by this time was getting drunk very fast, "gen'tmen, 'll bet twenty dollars I can do a trick with cards none of you can fin' out. But less take nother drink first." So they all drank with him again, and the leaders and countrymen gathered around him as he clumsily shuffled the pack-boards, nodding sleepily toward the counter once in a while. Then he tried to do several tricks with the cards, which were very transparent indeed, as each of his tricks were successively detected by both countrymen and loafers he began to get mad.

"D-n 'f I can't do one thing," said he at last, "none of you can fin' out. I can cut any card'n pack you name, 'n not half try. Bet ten dollar can cut any card'n pack," he repeated, and drew a ten-dollar bill from the big roll on the counter. It was evident that he was very drunk, and he seemed to be getting mad.

"Somehow, although he was very drunk, the Cincinnati man addressed himself altogether to the one who had already exhibited the poorly pocketbook. If he hadn't been so drunk and so innocent-looking a sharp one might think he was making a dead set on the green countryman.

"What is it you want to bet?" said that individual. "Wanner to bet fit dollar can cut any card in pack," replied the light-headed man from Cincinnati.

"Well now, stranger," returned he to the country, "I've just sold my hogs and got five or six hundred dollars right here in my pocket," slapping that locality in his breeches, "and 'll bet you that pile you can't do it."

Then the eyes of that well-dressed stranger from Cincinnati gave just one more flash, and were dead again. Then he seemed very drunk and, about to go to sleep.

"What say you? Bet five hundred doll'?" Take you, an' go five hundred bet'ter."

The drover from the country hesitated a moment, while the Cincinnati man spread out his roll of money on the counter. There was more than a thousand dollars in it. Then he turned to his friends and there was a transfer of divers bills from the pockets to his hands.

"D-n me, if I don't take you," said he, "if you'll let me see the heards first."

"Damfear," replied the Cincinnati man, he had evidently gotten very drunk. Then the countryman counted out his thousand dollars, and, after considerable trouble and poking up of the Cincinnati man, his thousand dollars were counted out, too, and both put in the bar-keeper's hands; and the countryman took those precisely ekepping sed bldn, with a large yellow dog. I sed, 'Oh, no.' He sed, 'Do you want to be ground to powder?' 'Yes, I do; if there is a powder grinder handy.' Then he struck me a disgusting blow in my left eye, which caused the concern to at once close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him, his mother, seeing the prostrate form of her son, applied the house onto a shutter carried by four men, run out of doors, keeringly looked him over and sed, 'My son, you've been foolin' round a thrashin' machine. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thimgumma and let the horses tread on you, didn't you, my son?' You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I am angry."

over them heards, and show me the Jack 'o' Clubs."

There was another change suddenly overtook the face of the gentleman from Cincinnati. He hurriedly ran through one-half of the divided pack, and there was never a Jack 'o' Clubs there. Then he ran through the other half of the pack, and there was not even a showing of clubs there, either. Then he looked at the hog-drover from Shelby, who looked placidly at the Cincinnati man's face.

"No, I reckon you didn't for here it is," and sure enough, there it was. He slowly drew it from up his sleeve and laid it on the table. Then he reached over for the money and the stake-holder handed it to him.—*Courier-Journal.*

TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.—She was a fine old lady—one of the kind who knew how to knit a stocking or market the eggs of last week's laying. Above all things she was a good mother, and she was better than their fathers before them, and it delighted her beyond measure to take the starch out of them.

Being in a mood for a visit to the city, she got into the car on the Pennsylvania Central, with an old-fashioned carpet bag and a bend box, on her way to visit some friends in the city.

As she took her seat her eyes rested upon a young man with his hair parted in the middle, dressed in gorgeous attire, with his ambrosial looks highly scented, and his clothes cut in the height of fashion—a perfect specimen of the young men who lounge in the lobbies of theatres and operas, between the acts, and say 'an' and 'ya-as' when you speak to them.

It happened that Aunt Jane knew this young man, and he knew her as well shown by the horrible manner in which he regarded her.

"The rake alive, John Henry!" she said, "How do you do?" "An' I'm pretty well, madam," he replied, casting a furtive glance about the car to see that no one who knew him heard her address him by that dreadful name—John Henry—he wrote his name J. Henri Boone.

"How's your father? The old lady persisted. "Du like your father, unfortunately as he has been in business! I knowed him when he billed snap at Tully, and I remember you wasn't knee high to a grasshopper. Lordy, how you used to tear the seat out of your pants!"

"Ya-as, madam—"

"Don't madam me; I can't stand it.—I'm Aunt Jane Parker, and I've spanked you off'n enough. The Lord knows you needed it! Dew you remember them yeltry. Bet ten dollar can cut any card'n pack you name?" he repeated, and drew a ten-dollar bill from the big roll on the counter. It was evident that he was very drunk, and he seemed to be getting mad.

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A CUP OF COFFEE.

There are about one hundred millions of people on the face of the globe who would regard the loss of their daily cup of coffee as one of the greatest privations they could endure, although it is only for the last two hundred years that coffee has been generally known to the civilized world.

Coffee is popularly supposed to have been first used by the Arabians, but careful research leads us to the knowledge that the Ethiopians and Abyssinians knew of its strengthening and invigorating qualities for many years before the nations of Arabia used it. It is said that the savages of higher Ethiopia pounded the parched bean, as they would grain, making a coarse flour from it, which they mixed with grease, and separated into little balls. Two or three of these balls would support a man a whole day, and were, therefore, as they took up so little room, in high favor with the warriors while out on marauding expeditions.

The coffee plant is an evergreen, and if allowed to grow to a height of sixteen or seventeen feet, but in extensive plantations it is topped and stunted to about five, so that the berries can be picked with greater convenience. The stem of the tree or shrub is from ten to fifteen inches in circumference, and the bark whitish and somewhat rough, while the leaf is long and graceful, covered with a silvery furze on the under side, and resembling in general appearance that of the citron tree. When full grown it looks like a small apple tree. When the tree begins to grow the lower branches bend and extend themselves in a round form somewhat like an umbrella. As on the nutmeg tree, blossoms and green and ripe fruit may be seen on each shrub at any season of the year.

When the blossoms fall off there springs from under a small fruit, first green, but becoming red as it ripens. This is very like a cherry and quite pleasant to eat. The pit of this cherry is the coffee of commerce. We are wrong in calling it a pit, it is rather a bean enclosed in a fine thin skin which holds the two halves together. When the bean is perfectly ripe, the cherry or fleshy outside, which was before good to eat, dries and forms a deep brown pod for the berry, which is then ready to pick.

The coffee berry when ripe, is in the West-Indies, Java, Ceylon and South America, prepared for market by a washing process called pulping and washing, which greatly expedites matters, and turns out a quality of coffee much preferred by the dealers, as it makes a clearer and brighter bean. It is a fact not generally known to consumers, however, as it is done in Persia and Arabia, is much superior, and the same quantity of coffee that is cured in the pulp by the action of the sun will produce a much stronger decoction than that which has been pulped and washed, for the mucilaginous substance which is washed off by the pulping process is absorbed by the bean when stored the other way. This gives strength to the product, and enhances its aromatic flavor.

Another fact not generally known about coffee here, is that the leaves contain the same essential principle as the berry, and that a beverage made from them is equal if not superior to the infusion of the berry itself. During a visit to Sumatra, some years since, we made a hunting expedition into the interior of the island. While stopping at a village we observed a native making an infusion of some dried leaves, and anxious to see what beverage he was concocting, we tasted it, and found to our surprise that it was most excellent coffee. For a small piece of tobacco we bought several pounds of the dried leaves, and used them entirely during the remainder of the expedition, as we found they made much superior coffee to the beans we had brought with us, besides being much less trouble to prepare.

The consumption of coffee in the United States is nearly double that of any country in the world, and the increasing consumption throughout the world threatens to make the demand more than the present sources of production can supply. For some years past, Mexico has exported a small quantity of a very superior article, and all through our wonderful State of California wild coffee shrubs are plentiful, and pronounced by experts to be capable of producing under cultivation a very superior grade of coffee.—*The American Grocer.*

"Kate, I understand you have accepted a situation as governess. Rather than that, I would marry a widower with six children." "Yes, dear Sophie, and so would I, but where is the widower?"

"A young man asked for a copy of Homer's 'Odyssey' at a bookstore in Norfolk the other day, and the clerk not finding it, remarked, in a reflective way: 'Well, we haven't any of Homer's latest works at present.'

"I've lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—What ought

what can a mother do, when a good, pleasant, careless husband constantly thwarts all her efforts to teach or govern her children, and yet cannot be made to see or feel what he is doing.

Let us illustrate and sketch from memory, not imagination: "Mamma, please give me a piece of pie?" "No, darling one piece is enough."

"Half a piece, please, mamma?" "No, Freddie, no more."

"A very little piece, mamma, dear?" "No, Freddie no."

"Do give the child a little piece; I'll risk it's hurting him."

"And the mother gave it."

"Mamma, may I go out and play?" "It's very chilly and you have a cold; I don't think it is best."

"Bundle me up warm, mamma, and I won't take cold."

"I fear you will; you must play in-doors to-day."

"Just a little while, please mamma?" "No, Freddy, you must not go out to-day."

"Do let the child go out! What a girl you are making of him! Women never were fitted to bring up boys. Dress him up warm and let him run; it will do him good."

And Freddy went out.

May I have my blocks in the parlor, mamma?"

"No, Willie, make you block-house in the dining-room. Miss L. is an invalid and I want the parlor kept very quiet."

"I'll be very quiet."

"You will intend to be, but you cannot help making some noise; and Miss L. very rarely goes anywhere, I fear she will be very tired at best; so be a very good little boy, and play in the dining-room this afternoon."

"I won't make a bit of noise or tire her out, I'll be quiet."

Willie, must play in the dining-room, Willie, and not say any more about it."

"Nonsense; it will do her good to see a happy little face; it will give her something besides her own aches to think of. Let him bring his blocks in the parlor."

And he brought them in.

"What a torment that boy has got to be! It's tease, tease, tease, from morning till night. It's enough to wear the patience out of Job! If you won't whip him, then I will."

And he shipped him.

Query—Who ought to be whipped?"

HOW THE EARLY VIRGINIANS GOT WIVES.—The history of the Commonwealth of Virginia, says the Richmond *Whig*, commences with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where, probably, the most anxious and interesting crowd of auction habitués ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying: "We need you a shipment—one widow and eleven maids—for wives of the people of Virginia. There has been especial care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maids faire" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at twenty pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridesgrooms think of tendering any—All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no inquisitive clerk to stand and say, "Here's the license, fork over the \$1. Nothing of the sort. From some of these couples the first families of Virginia are descended."

A WEASEL'S STRATEGY.—An exchange gives the following account of a weasel's stratagem, with the suspicious remark that it is couched for by a friend: "A grist mill was infested with large rats, until a weasel came there and destroyed nearly all of them. There was, however, one large rat which he could not conquer. They had several pitched battles, in which the rat whipped the weasel, until, whenever the rat appeared, the weasel would seek safety in flight. They were watched for several days, when the weasel was observed to be digging a hole in the earth under a pile of lumber. After he had completed it, he approached the mill, and the rat came after him as usual. He made some show of fight until he got the rat interested, and then ran into his hole. The rat followed, when the weasel was seen to come out at the other end of the hole and run at the entrance after the rat. Subsequent examination proved that the weasel had made the hole large enough for the rat to enter, but had contracted the other end so that he could not get out. Having thus trapped his antagonist, the weasel took him in the rear, and easily conquered him."

An Irishman seeing a ship very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my soul! If the river was a little higher the ship would go to the bottom."