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(Written for the Beacon.)

The Judge's Surprise.

I once knew a Judge who worked early and late
To finish, and swing, a very nice gate;
He opened and shut it with many a bang,
Saying, "the boys who come in here, I surely will hang."
The gate was now finished, the week's work was o'er,
And the Judge stood and viewed it from the front door.
Down came Nellie, with "Papa, pray come in,
To expose yourself so is surely a sin;"
That he would be sick, she firmly declared;
'Tis too late for company, so none she now feared.
"Come sit by the fire and read us the news,
We will all of us listen and not a word lose;"
Charlie and Nell with books, Miss Joe with the same,
The little ones playing a favorite game.
The Judge with his paper, mother sat sadly,
All of them knew she was feeling badly;
When tap, tap, at the window, why, what is that pray!
Out went the Judge, hush! what did he say?
Is that you, Captain? why, how do you do?
And here is Frederick and Barker, too;
Put away your horses, yes, that we will,
For the boys are not here, neither Henry nor Bill.
Up flew Miss Josie, closely followed by Nell,
Who in her haste and her glee down the steps fell;
They quickly do don their evening attire,
While the Judge and the boys make up a nice fire.
A rap at the door I surely did hear,
Yes, "walk in young men, pray take a chair."
They all crowd around the piano to sing,
And with "Whispering Hope" the whole house did ring.
They laughed and they sang and all seemed so glad,
That the Judge and his wife thought they all had gone mad.
Then they all listened, a rap at the door,
The Judge goes and opens, "why, here are some more!"
Dixon and Eddie, Forbes and Miss Gwinn,
He opened the door wide and let them all in.
Now, what is this here, a monkey or ape,
That stands on the steps his fiddle to scrape?
Why, bless me, a darky! the Judge rubbed his eyes,
"I see it all now, it is a Surprise!"
Well, pray go to work, it is Saturday night,
To dance after midnight would not be right.
Away they all went, "the school room is our chance;"
The girls and the boys all eager to dance.
"The desks in the way, we cannot get in it!"
To move them is only the work of a minute;
Now strike up your music, you blessed old man,
Give us "Pop goes the Weasel" the best that you can!
Then they danced "Tucker," while the Captain did hum,
To get our supper too late we did come.
They all were so joyous, the Judge stood in the door,
He knew they were happy, he had "been there before."
So he kept his eyes open and tried to be gay,
He sympathized with them and this he did say:
"Tis almost eleven, it is time they were gone,
If I let them alone they will dance until morn."
So he spoke to them kindly, and bade them good night,
They all thanked him warmly, expressed much delight.
The new gate was opened and shut with a clang,
And not one of those boys intends he to *hang*.

WHIST.—It has been said that every one thinks he can drive, and most persons think they can play whist. It seems to the uninitiated so simple for four people to sit down at a table and each to play 13 cards. These guileless folks may be ignorant of the leads, they may have never studied the pages of Cavendish: they afford no information to the partner, yet they seldom, in private life, scruple to cut in and spoil a table.

They look upon whist as they look upon a round game—not a thing to be studied seriously, because with good cards one wins, and with bad cards one loses. To read up the subject attentively seems beneath them; whist with them is a game, not a science. How often do we hear men saying, "I am very fond of taking a hand at whist, but I can't be bothered about the rules, and all that!" Why cannot they be bothered? What would they think of a man who said he is very fond of hunting but who couldn't be bothered about learning to ride; or of a man who boated, but couldn't be bothered about learning to row; or who played cricket, rackets, lawn-tennis, but couldn't be bothered to learn the game!

Why do they play whist week after week, yet systematically refuse to study the subject? To be a first-class whist player is a gift, and few there be who possess it; but any one not a born fool can by a few weeks study so far instruct himself in the game as to acquire the recognized rules—to know what cards to lead, what to play second hand, what to return to his partner, and how to deal with trumps. Whist has its laws, like mathematics or political economy, and a man has no more chance of playing a rubber correctly without reading them up than he has of writing an article on the currency without knowing something of political economy, or of working out a problem without being acquainted with geometry.

(Written for the Beacon.)

An Old Maid's Soliloquy.

Alack-a-day! how times have changed,
How times have changed since I was young;
The lass stayed home, the house arranged,
The lads to see her would sometimes come.

But now the lads do stay at home,
Thinking naught of lasses and caring less,
Whilst after them the lasses roam,
Their lives to share if not to bless.

But this is leap-year, ah! I see,
I never thought of that before;
The lads to court have one plus three,
Yet the lasses only one in four.

It sometimes fills my heart with grief,
When I recall the days of yore,
Leap-year to me was always brief,
Although they said 'twas one day more.

Yet I often muse on the sweet gone by,
Those happy days I loved so well;
When—but no—oh! why should I
My half forgotten mem'ries tell?

Alas! I will no longer dream,
Old time was ever on the wing,
Although I feel it might have been,
'Tis folly thus my heart to wring.

Ah well! humanum est errare,
I'll not marvel at their freaks and flights,
If I were young I'd let folks see,
How things would be with equal rights.

POTOMAC.

SENSATIONAL MARRIAGES.

[Paris Letter Chicago Inter Ocean.]

From the English and American journals I see that considerable social excitement exists on the subject of two Anglo-American marriages, one already entered upon, the other still in perspective. All over our country, probably, ambitious girls are half dead with envy of their countrywoman who have just won titled husbands, and doubtless these same envious and ambitious girls have firmly resolved that they, too, will somehow manipulate their fates, or '"somehow" (a girl's usual loophole through which to view a magnificent future beyond her commonplace present) achieve an equally splendid destiny. It sounds very grand and imposing to hear that two republican girls have taken unto themselves what countless maneuvering English matrons are exhausting themselves to gain for their own daughters, and countless British daughters would give their front teeth (when false ones are so perfect) to secure. It has a very swelling and pompous sound that simple Kate McVickars is now Lady Grantley, and that simple Julia Fletcher will some day be

COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.

Nevertheless there is a good deal of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal in this world where true happiness is mute, or in its winding sheet. We all know well enough that the funeral of peace is often preceded by epithalamium rather than threnodies. We all know, also, that the winner of many a glittering destiny would give every worldly possession to be relieved from that destiny, as poisonous and heart-piercing as it is brilliant.

It is not wholly unreasonable if one should look upon these marriages with some apprehensions. There is no question that the family of Lord Wentworth, who is to marry Miss Fletcher, has been always decidedly "queer." The maternal great-grandmother, then mother of Lord Byron, was one of the strangest of women, as her son's memoirs of her prove. Sometimes she would curse him for a "lame brat," and drive him from her presence with maledictions and flying furniture; at other times she would devour him with caresses—only too soon, however, turned to renewed snapping and shriekings of rage. Byron's character was

A MOSAIC OF QUEERNESS.

and his daughter—"Ada, sole daughter of my hearth and home"—inherited from both father and mother an abnormally melancholy and eccentric temperament. Ada was the mother of the present Lord Wentworth and of his elder brother, Lord Ockham. Lord Ockham was the queerest of the queer—deserted his title, estates and society and worked as a mechanic for years in a remote town, where he married a carpenter's daughter. She died, and he was on the point of marrying another of the same class, when suddenly he was not, because death took him. Lord Wentworth then became the heir to the coronet. One day a pretty girl, a clergyman's daughter, poor as a church mouse, came to London on a visit. She went, that same evening, to the theatre. A gentleman in another box, in sweeping his opera-glasses around upon the audience, was suddenly attracted by her blonde loveliness. All the rest of the evening he kept his eyes riveted upon her. Once he spoke to his friends, and said: "Whoever that young lady is now, she shall some day be mine," and when the audience dispersed, he rushed out in advance and headed off.

THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN

and her party as they descended the stairs. His open admiration was so excessive and so marked that the young lady herself became conscious of it. It is said—with truth or without—that she already had an attachment that prevented her from yielding her heart, no matter how vehemently her ambition urged.—Nevertheless, it is true that very soon after she became Lady Wentworth.—Whether Lord Wentworth manifested any of the queerness of his blood in this relation I do not know. It is only known that not long afterwards a suit for divorce was brought by my lord against my lady—a suit, however, afterward abandoned. I saw Lady Wentworth in Brighton several years ago, after the separation. She was exquisitely lovely, with a complexion like mother-of-pearl, and a crown of sunny hair. She was dressed in mourning, and was always accompanied by her sister. At that time she looked not more than twenty-three. As for Lord Grantley, who has married Miss McVickars, he is what our terse American language describes as

"A REGULAR LUMMUX."

He is heavy-witted, big-footed, clumsy and ugly. It is safe to say that few of the American girls who envy Miss McVickars for having won a Lord, without knowing what manner of a Lord it is, would think of taking him as a husband had he no title to float him into their favor. It is even a question if Lady Grantley herself doesn't look upon the Lord as rather a drawback to her delight in the title.

Lord Grantley is the son of a Capri peasant girl, and the grandson of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the poetess. Mrs. Norton was Miss Sheridan, and all the world knows the unhappiness of her marriage with Mr. Norton, and her years of "friendship" with Sir Stearling Maxwell, a "friendship" resulting in marriage when the poetess had reached seventy-two and the Baronet nearly eighty years.

Last year in Capri I saw the dowager Lady Grantley continually—Lady Grantley, the ex-tarantella dancer, who married Lord Grantley when he was only Mr. Norton, a rowdy scapegrace whom no self-respecting girl would have deigned to marry. The dowager Lady Grantley, mother of Miss McVickars' Lord Grantley and Miss McVickars' Lord Grantley's sister, is now

A FAT, COARSE, RED-FACED WOMAN,

hobnobbing with all the Capri peasants, and different from them only in wearing sweeping dresses of expensive material, and in her glory of civilized bonnets, where all her friends and associates go bareheaded and often barefooted from the cradle to the grave. To look at her as beefy-looking as any beer-and-beef nurtured low-class matron of Briton—makes it almost impossible to believe that she was once the beauty of an island celebrated among artists for the beauty of its women. She wore often that summer a dress of black grenadine, cut without linings and revealing her colossal arm and bust in all their mighty proportions, as she used to sit before "Scopper's" cafe and drink her mild drinks with her friends, principal among whom was

"M'KEOWAN'S MARIUCIA."

Mariucia is a peasent girl whose former beauty, now, alas! departed, has made her face known all over the world.

Formerly no artist went to Capri without painting her, and we have seen her pensive face in photograph shops of almost every city we have visited in Europe, photographed from paintings which owe a great part of their value to her touching beauty. Now, although only twenty-six she is worn and old, as is the manner of Capri peasants of twenty-five—their season of beauty being as brilliant as butterfly's, and as brief. She has formed a relation with a certain Col. McKeowan, or McKown, a confederate officer, who, riddled with bullets, lame, halt and half blind, has retired to that remote spot to gnash his teeth at our country, breath curses upon Americans and to finish his days

IN PICTURESQUE SENSUALITY

in that beauteous, sun-loved bay of Naples. He was very anxious for Mariucia to continue wearing her Capri peasant dress, and it is said even offered an allowance of 100 francs more a year if she would not spoil herself with a Philistine bonnet and long dresses. But Mariucia was of another mind. If she was to be the wife *pro tem*, of an Inglese, why should she not dress like wives of longer time, and delight her soul by splendid clothes, made after the world's fashion, as her friend Lady Grantley wore! So she went to Naples, and when we used to see her was in the full-blown pride of a bridal trousseau, a hideous bonnet all white and pink, light cotten gloves with fingers protruding beyond her own like claws, and a cream-colored alpaca dress flopping about her unaccustomed heels like a loose sail in a stiff nor'-wester.

But to return to the dowager, Lady Grantley. Twenty-six or seven years ago there came to Capri two reckless young Englishmen. Foreigners were much less frequently seen upon the isle in those days than in these, when it is overrun by foreign artists and when every steamer from Naples brings a load of tourists to infest the vine-clad, olive-crowned rock. In these days a foreigner was taken for granted to be a Prince of his own country, and to work inexhaustible mines of gold as Capri peasants work their lemon and orange groves. One of these young men was a physician. He had just experienced some great misfortune of the heart, and had come to the isle to bury the memory of his sorrow in a wild life too far from his family to give them any distress. The other young man was a dissipated *roue*, already worn out with sensual excesses, who had come because he knew not where else to go.—This latter was Mr. Norton

FATHER-IN-LAW OF KATE M'VICKARS,

and son of Mrs. Norton, who paid him an allowance to keep way from England and her in his degraded and brutalized condition. At that time the elder son was living and the title was still borne by an uncle, brother of Mrs. Norton's husband. Therefore the title seemed to be too far away ever to be likely to fall to this reprobate son, who was driven from his country [illegible] the shame he brought his friends.

When these two young Britons came to Capri two beautiful young peasant girls were enjoying their brief and brilliant period of beauty, who [illegible] par excellence, the belles of the [illegible]. They were both of them professional tarantella dancers, which made them [illegible] looked down upon by their [illegible] too heavy-limbed to dance, and [illegible] fore, earned a more reputable support in spinning flax, working in the [illegible] yard, or carrying loads upon the[illegible]. These [illegible] "dancers" were [illegible] sent for from the inns whenever strangers were there, to dance their national dance to tambourine and castanet before the curious forestieri. These two girls came to dance before these two young men. Both of the Britons were captivated by

THE WILD GRACE AND BEAUTY

of the dancers. They resolved to have the girls for wives—*pro tem*. But either for coquetry or virtue, the elder of the girls repulsed her admirer, the heart-broken physician, and refused to listen to his overtures. Infatuated, reckless, half beside himself with drink, he, that very evening, promised to marry her. This was as brilliant a destiny for the Capri peasant as the coronet of a Countess to an American republican, and she had as little idea of refusing it. They were married soon after, lived together for twenty years, had a family of children, and he, after a tranquilized and pensive life, now sleeps in the narrow little cemetery on the very summit of the rocky isle. His widow, ugly and peasant like, to-day manages the best hotel on the island, in partnership with her eldest son, a half Italian, half English looking young man of twenty five, who speaks equally well his father's and his mother's language, and would as little think of marrying a peasant as of wearing a pigtail and petticoats.

Norton, the other Briton, had no idea of marrying his beauty. He was much afraid his allowance from home would be cut short if he did. But he pursued her with solicitation till, it is said, she was on the point of yielding when the other marriage took place. This put an altogether different complexion upon the matter in the eyes of the girl's family. It was then possible for a signore to marry an islander! And if it was possible, then should Signor Norton marry their daughter or go without her? This brought the affair to a crisis. Norton resisted for a while, but one day some other foreigner, coming to the island, became as great an admirer of his admired Tarantella dancer as he was. He became half crazy with jealousy, and the end was marrying the girl just as soon as the priest could be found.

WHEN MRS. NORTON, THE POETESS,

away off in England, heard that her son was in love with a peasant girl, she only smiled and had a tranquil mind.—For had he not had a thousand love affairs with maidens of low degree and escaped from them, and he would from this after he had worn its charm out? But when she heard that the physician had married his maid, and that her son was likely to do the same, she fell into a frightful panic. She started off at once for Italy and Capri, full of the purpose to tear her son away, even though she had the shame of seeing him again in London.

It happened that her son already married was journeying north with his bride at that time. At a hotel in Florence the mother and son met. The son announced his marriage. The mother flew into a terrible rage, and reproached him with utmost bitterness and scorn. The young wife, unable to understand a word of English, looked upon the scene, and could put upon it but one construction. The mother, who was always a famous beauty, was so exceedingly beautiful yet, and so youthful-looking, that the idea of her being her husband's mother never entered the young peasant's head. None other than a discarded mistress could rage and storm like this at the discovery of an unexpected marriage, she thought. In her turn she got mad with rage and jealousy. She snatched a knife from the table, flew at the lady and would have killed her had not the son and husband caught her arm.

When the relationship was explained to her she

ALMOST DIED OF SHAME AND REMORSE.

She knelt at her mother-in-law's feet and cried and prayed to be forgiven.—On her part, touched by the beautiful girl's humility and distress, and realizing the futility of any further indignation at the marriage, Mrs. Norton forgave her son. She then went with him and wife to Capri, where she lived for several years, trying earnestly to educate her daughter-in-law, and make her more fit to be the mother of her own grandchildren. But it was always a thankless and hopeless undertaking.—To this day the Tarantella dancer can neither read nor write. Capri shuts in to her everything there is of the world, except the gay shops of Naples and a certain far-away land called *Ingilterra*, where her children had gone from her.

Norton, who after a few years succeeded to the title of Lord Grantley, died as he lived, brutal, sensual,

ANIMALIZED BEYOND ALL REDEMPTION.

Capri peasant women used to tell us what terror they had of him in their girlhood, and that the appearance of his bloated face and figure upon any scene was the signal for a general scuttling away out of sight of any woman who believed she possessed physical charms enough to attract his rolling, berothed eye. Only a few years ago he died, having lived in Capri ever since his marriage. His dead body was carried away over the sea to sleep in the tomb of his ancestors, who would have been so ashamed of his society living.

He left two children, a son and daughter. The daughter, whom I saw last year with her stout mamma, in the ruins of Pompeii, is a solid, rustic-looking English girl of twenty, with the colossal feet, the vacant expression and the jumping gait that characterize the [illegible] young Englishwoman, as one sees her abroad. She is no other way noticeable, and might be the daughter of a country grocer or tailor for any signs of inferior position she has about her. The son is, as I said before, unhandsome, clumsy and heavy-witted, with an evident bias toward the ways of his father.

THIS IS LORD GRANTLEY,

whose title an American girl has married, and who has made many silly American girls envy Kate McVickars from the very bottom of their boots.

Girls, girls! why not be true to the principal idea of our beloved country, that blood counts nothing weighed against brain and heart? Why not believe that better than foreign titles—won originally, perhaps, by a courtesan from her royal lover, or the price of wholesale robbery and murder—are the honorable, high thinking, stiff-necked republicans about you, who are only Americans, and will be forever plain Misters?

Mercy in Queer Disguise.

Beyond doubt, the most striking sight of Florence, Italy, whether viewed historically, æsthetically, or practically, is the Society of the Misericordia, or Brethren of Mercy, as it makes its daily rounds of the city in quest of the maimed, sick, dying or dead that require its services. The origin of this remarkable institution being quite as strange as its appearance, it is worth while to describe both. It dates back 650 years, or to the early part of the thirteenth century.

Even then Florence was a thriving commercial mart, just beginning to be distinguished for its manufacture of cloth and other staple merchandise, which gave employment to a numerous body of porters or facchini, as strong as beasts of burden, and doing mainly their work of carrying goods from one place to another in the city. They were then, as ever since, noted for their rapacity, profanity and bullying—traits which no police regulations seemed capable of entirely repressing. At this time, A. D. 1240, their headquarters was a cellar of a large building very near the spot on which the present Duomo was afterwards erected. Here, when not at work, they caroused, gambled and quarreled as the devil prompted them, making themselves a perpetual nuisance to all respectable citizens.

It so happened, however, that one of them, a foreman named Piero Di Luca Borsi, becoming disgusted with their conduct, was moved to propose that thenceforward any one guilty of blasphemy or profaning the names of God and the Holy Virgin should pay a fine of about 1 penny, but equivalent to three or four times that sum in present values of coin. No one who has not heard and understood the volubility of the lowest classes of Italians in oaths, and fully taken in their extravagant grotesqueness, lewdness and sacrilegiousness, can form the faintest idea of their diabolical accomplishments in this line. The worst Anglo-Saxon cursing is sugar and water alongside of it—in fact, might be accepted as complimentary well-wishing.

Piero's companions found it so difficult to restrain their tongues that he soon collected fines enough to buy six beds, which, with the consent of his associates, he devoted to the service of the poor in the hospitals—one for each quarter of the city—and to the hire of persons to transport the sick to them from their homes, or whoever might meet with accidents in the streets, or be suddenly stricken by disease. By his happy idea Piero thus interested his fellows in a charitable enterprise and devised the means of getting good out of their evil. From this extraordinary self-imposed tax by the heartiest of low-cast sinners on their own vices, there grew up one of the longest-lived, most aristocratic, and most flourishing of the benevolent societies in Europe, governed by the strictest religious principles and rigidly practicing the strictest rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

Its simple, democratic organization lasted only a short time. The nobles and rich citizens, perceiving the good it accomplished in its small way, soon took it up, and, supplying ample funds, reorganized it, under the auspices of the municipality, into the great Company of the Misericordia, which, after 600 years of unremitting labor, remains unchanged in forms, costumes, and regulations, and is as active as ever. Suitable buildings and a chapel were provided on the sites now occupied by its offices and their necessary outfit. Several hundred citizens immediately inscribed their names on its rolls for voluntary service, including the most distinguished families, under the direction of Captains and sub-officers. From that period until now the society has been fashionable and patronized and served by the highest classes. Grand Dukes, Dukes, Princes, Marquises, Counts and Barons without number have subjected themselves to its severest labors and most menial duties with rival zeal.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Dreamland.

There is a land so far away
Where dreaming thoughts doth often stray,
Where azure skies lit up with gold,
And gorgeous are the realms untold,
In dreams comes o'er us and we lose
All claims to mundane spheres.
We revel in a sunny clime,
We think not, know not how the time
Will rush on dreaming wings away
And bear us back to cares.
Ah! dreams, what blissful phantoms rise
Before our vision and our eyes;
Behold the forms we loved and lost,
[illegible]
We clasp them in a fond embrace,
We there behold them face to face,
But waking hours will come.
This blessed gift of dreams is ours,
We walk a path that's strewn with flowers;
Earth's rarest gems at our command
Will come as with a magic hand;
The rarest flowers in beauty springs,
The softest chimes in music rings,
The voices float in aerial space,
Sweet is the strains and fraught with grace.
Like the wail of Æolian strains they come,
On and on through the vaulted dome,
Lower, lower falls the strain,
Almost gone—but then again
Bursts upon our raptured ear
Music wondrous—seems so near—
With outstretched hand we strive to grasp
These phantoms, but they only pass
Away to climes unknown.
Will thrust them with a ruthless hand
Back to their dust and spirit-land.
They mock us in their dire retreat,
We try to follow, but our feet
Seems rivited to time and earth
And bound with chains and iron girth.
Alas! we wake from dreams sublime
To find we're denizens of time,
Instead of all the splendors rare,
We find we're cumber'd still with care.
Ah! dreams, sweet dreams, enchantment
Within your garb of subtle wiles. [smiles.

L. A. J.

Tea Drinkers Betrayed.

A drug clerk, late of Williamsburg, but who has been employed for a couple of weeks in a Broadway drug store of the first class, has made some revelations of a startling character to a reporter of Truth.

Being asked how it was that he came to leave a snug berth in a Williamsburg pharmacy, in which he had been employed for years, he replied laconically:

"Because I couldn't keep my mouth shut."

"Why," asked the astonished reporter, "is there anything so very peculiar in the retail drug business that it is necessary for an employe to keep his mouth close shut than in any other business?"

"You don't tumble, I see, young man," said the man of the mortar and pestle; "I couldn't keep secrets close enough. That was the matter."

"Secrets in a drug store?"

"Yes, secrets that affected the peace of mind of many of the best families."

"But pardon me," ventured the reporter, "I can't exactly understand this mixture of drugs and sentimentality."

"Let me explain," said the clerk, and with that he proceeded to unfold the following astonishing story:

"I was employed in one of the best drug stores in the 'burg'—that is to say, in one of the most popular pharmacies in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. We had all the trade of the best people of Bedford avenue—especially of that part known as Fountain Square.

"There is a big fountain there, and the people are very proud of it. It is sort of temperance guarantee of the neighborhood. But it doesn't always run water."

"What does it run then?"

"Gin."

"You don't say gin?"

"Yes; figuratively, gin: for I know that most of the ladies who live in the neighborhood drink it. Not from the fountain, but from the store, over which I presided. They came regularly to me to get their bitters every day. They used to come in and ask for soda water in a very loud voice, and then get me to run through a list of syrups. Then they would select in a whisper, gin."

"How big a dose would you give them?"

"A large wine glass in a little soda water. And they used to repeat it five or six times a day. I had this secret of half the ladies of the neighborhood, and didn't know enough to keep my mouth shut. On ladies' day, a party of them started out in a carriage to make calls, and began as usual with a preliminary nip at our store. They were in good humor, and insisted that I should take a drink with them, which I did.

"One of these ladies, who is married to one of the richest men who resides in the vicinity of Bedford and Division avenues, was recognized as she was leaving the store that day by a detective who frequents the place and who had grown very familiar with me. He told me a little story about her that interested me. He said she had been famous several years back in New York as a confidence woman, and had been under espionage for several little tricks on susceptible and wealthy old merchants, who had been obliged to pay roundly to get rid of her.

"She suddenly moved over to Williamsburg, however, and became very devout, joining a fashionable church in Bedford avenue, and attending all the services, social and devotional. The result was she married one of the wealthiest men of Williamsburg not so very long ago, and still lives with him."

"But how did you come to betray this story?"

"I tell you. That lady's day this lady, with the party she took out in her coach, got into some trouble in Brooklyn. They took in too much wine, and called at too many drug stores, I believe.

"At any rate a policeman interfered with their hilarious course, and threatened to arrest one of them. They offered him a bribe of $50, and managed to get away on telling their names and residence. The officer had them followed home, and, satisfying himself that they had told the truth, took no further action. He told the story, however, among certain friends, and it reached my ears. I was thrown off my guard, and exclaimed, 'That was the day they started off with a drink in this [illegible].' This settled me. This story got around as coming from me, and I was discharged."

"But it was not false; the ladies of the fountain do drink?"

"Do drink? Well, you'd say so if you stood behind the soda-water counter in that Williamsburg drug store."

The clerk sighed and turned away to drown it in the fizzing of a warm soda for a belated theater-goer.

This weakness of the wealthy ladies of Williamsburg is not confined to their neighborhood, if reports from various sources may be believed. Especially a story comes from a Philadelphia correspondent of the Truth that goes to prove the staid damsels of the Quaker City as artful in their cups as are their Brooklyn sisters.

A favorite restaurant in Philadelphia is the one known under the old name as "Green's," on eighth and Chestnut streets. In it is liquor served in small teapots, accompanied with cups, spoons and sugar. A close inspection proves the "tea" to be hot whiskey. This is the Philadelphia racket.

The New York racket is bolder. The ladies in our restaurants, according to the best authorities among our head waiters, call punch, punch. When they ask for tea they don't want spiced rum, and vice versa. This is not so in Williamsburg and the Quaker City, however.—*N. Y. Truth.*

The Fashion in Pistols.

There has never been much said in this State about the pistol trade of this town, and no explanation has ever been made of this neglect. Yesterday a man who views this subject through spectacles of importance, entered a hardware store, and became so much interested in a conversation about the different kinds of pistols that we give a few points to the public which may not be out of place. Just here it may be appropriate to remark that the man had just come from the "Narth," where discussions of our revolver trade are entered into with great spirit by people who believe that the "sucking bottle" in this State shoots six times.

"You have quite a lot of revolvers, I see. I am from the North, and don't know much about pistols."

"Yes," said the dealer, "we have a magnificent selection."

"Have you a revolver chamber of commerce in this city?"

"Oh, yes; regularly organized. We meet in a church, and our President, the parson, is said to be best shot in Little Rock. One of the deacons threw a hymn book at him one day, and the parson, calling the attention of the congregation to the feat he was about to perform, drew a pistol and shot the deacon's ears off. He had a split bullet in the pistol and arranged the shot so that the ball divided just as it reached the deacon's nose and performed this wonderful piece of work. Since then his salary has been increased. It is strange how ignorant the Northern people are."

"Very remarkable, indeed. I am a correspondent of a religious paper and I'll make a note of it. What kind of a pistol do you call this?" pointing to a large Remington.

"It's called companionship. It is principally used by old friends who kill each other earnestly and mannerly. It is not recognized, though, in polite society. You rarely ever find one in a ball-room. Here's the fashionable pistol in Summer," taking up a small Smith and Wesson, "but it's rather too light for Winter use, except on low-neck and short-sleeve occasions. I have been thinking of making my wife a present of this one. And this one," he continued, taking up a pearl-handled self-cocker, "I shall present to my son upon his debut into society. It is a very fine article and is only used to shoot people gentlemanly and politely. Here is a Sunday pistol," taking up a carved and flowered weapon. "It wouldn't be polite to kill a man with it only on Sunday. Here's an old horse-pistol. Ain't she a motherly old gal, though?"

The man from the "Narth" made notes of the information.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

☞ The congregation sang; "We are going home to die no die no more" in a Westfield Mass., church, and an irreverent fellow, leaning over to a dyed deacon, said in a loud tone: "Then you'll be gray in a week."

☞ We are told that the German peasant is polite. But so is the Irish peasant. He seldom fails to receive his landlord with a salute, if he has a gun, and has a pretty good aim.

☞ A Chicago man went to a dentist to have his tooth replaced. The dentist grafted a woman's tooth in his gum. Since then his jaw has been working like a saw mill.