

The Louisiana Capitolian.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH

When alone watch your thoughts; in your family your temper; in company your tongue.

When you meet a lady in company don't refer to the time when you used to carry her to school twenty years ago.

"Thou wilt not be mine?" "I cannot George, I love another." "Enough! I start for Yazoo City to-night. Farewell!"

A woman was told to "make oath" in a New Haven court. She blushing by said "damn it," and protested against the rigor of legal necessity.

It is generally the man who doesn't subscribe for a paper, who sends the editor a communication pitching into somebody or something, and signs it "Many Readers."

The young lady whose lover wrote her that he was doing duty on the tented field, afterwards ascertained that instead of fighting Indians, he drove a team for a circus.

The Buffalo Express insinuatingly shrieks that the "sun never sets on David Davis," and it is lucky for the sun that David Davis never gets a chance to sit on it.

"You army chap," as the girl said to her military lover.—[Philadelphia Sunday Item. "That's where you soldier self," he wrote back when he eloped with another girl.—[Ottawa Republican.

First Boy—"Where yer bin, Billy?" Second Boy—"Been fishin'." First Boy—"Ketch anythin'?" With an anxious expression on his face. Far-seeing Second Boy—"No. But I expect ter when I git in the house."

A fop asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it, you were never missed."

A forty-day husband, on whom the memory of the honeymoon already seems to have become powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up? "Because," said the unfeeling wretch, "she is now a little tart!"

A Brooklyn maiden is suing her husband for absolute divorce, on the ground that he is not a German Count, as he reported himself to be when she married him.—[Capitolian. A maiden suing her husband? Oh, Jastremski!—[Polican. Plain enough—he was no count.

Two girls who lately ran away from Long Island are thus graphically described by their father: "Laura, aged 18, dressed in a straw hat; Florence J., aged 16, blue suit." We tremble in view of the possibility of the fair Laura's straw hat blowing off.—[Pewee Methodist.

Did our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their character? A single drop of ink is a very small thing yet dropped into a tumbler of clear water it blackens the whole; and so the first oath, the first lie, the first trivial, yet they leave a dark stain upon your character. Look out for the first stain.

It will be remembered by readers that some time ago a negro prisoner, while in the charge of an officer and when near Oykka, jumped from the train while manacled and made his escape. Some time after, the corpse of a negro was found in the swamps, near Oykka, and it is supposed to be this negro.—Sentinel.

"Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper-bell, whose tones fall softly on the perfumed evening air. Speak again, and say those words, my beloved, I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished into everlasting night. Oh! yum, yum, yum." The incoherency of the last three words is what gets away with us.—Harry W. Beecher.

A drunken lawyer going into church was observed by the minister, who said to him: "Sir, I will bear witness against you on the day of judgment." The lawyer, sneaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced twenty-five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn State's evidence."

It was hard on the boy, for he meant well, and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the table with a company of others, and as he passed the sugar he murmured, in an undertone: "Here it is, sweet, just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, she had occasion to pass the butter to him, she drawled, "Here it is, soft, just like you."

A young lady who had been invited to two places of amusement for the same evening was sitting in a country church, thinking over which invitation to accept and which to reject. She had just come to a conclusion, and saw, with a mind's eye, the disappointed swain turn away, when the minister, who was discoursing to sinners, uttered these words: "If you do not accept the invitation, where will you go to?" "Where?" exclaimed the young lady. "Why, I'll go to the shucking with Bill Smith!"

A Rockland man came home from lodge early the other morning. He had not lost his night key, and the front door was unlocked without difficulty. He took off his shoes and actually ascended the stairs without dropping either of those articles, got to his room with out-falling over a rocking-chair or splitting his foot on the rocker, and undressed in the dark and crawled into bed without awakening his wife. When he attempted to relate the singular affair to his friends the next day, he was deservingly requested to carry his jimmandering yarn to some other shop.—[Rockland Courier.

The Perilous Rescue.

"Will no one go off for her? will no one go off for my child, my only child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who had not suffered at the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers, think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend? I'll give you anything—anything in reason."

"Go off for her? Not I!" said the man with a mocking laugh, shaking off the miser; "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides, ain't I a father, too—and think you'll sacrifice my life for another? No, no, old hulk, you must take your gold and carry it to some other market."

"Oh! she will die, she will die—my child, for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones, will you go if I give you a thousand dollars?"

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed; "a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the miser, "ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the buttons of his shaggy jacket, "oh, go! and the blessings of a broken-hearted man will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said, in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"Must die! Oh! no; she shan't die! Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only—only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a tempest like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear; and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there's no more hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence. Then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outlines of the strained packet might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but now darkness had shut her in from view, and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sounding of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down upon a board, buried his face in his hands, and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resuming his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have passed, when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said:

"Mr. Stilling, they say your daughter is on board the packet, is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely, young man, you have not come to triumph over my distress."

"God forbid!" was the fervent reply. "I come to aid you, if indeed mortal man can in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of his face worked convulsively. He pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had pursued his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would rather see her dead than married to the young man were known to every listener.

At length he gasped:

"Yes, yes; but go out at once. Only save her, and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with her lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen momentarily cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow, then she gradually passed into the darkness, and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all, was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and the audible prayers for his success which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits, who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go, I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured; for you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's arms, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as had a chance as ever. Between us, I think she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, and I more than suspect, to drive Martin from her thoughts, her present danger seems something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct. But hark, was that not a halloo?"

Every eye was turned seaward in the direction the fisherman had indicated that he heard the halloo, but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind forming a dense mass of darkness. For as any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

Every one listened, and now a halloo was heard faintly through the thick gloom seaward. One of the seaman shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few minutes of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is, there it is," at length cried one; "see—just rising, on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted another.

"Here they come, huzza! a miracle, a miracle! ah, how gallantly she breasts the surge!" were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf. But now the fear arose that the boat would swamp in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she rose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray flying over her and the water continually poured into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with awe.

A few moments removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat and stood tremblingly gazing at her as she buffeted the waves, and no sooner did she touch the ground than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry them both to dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The goods folks of that seashore village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune; whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectation. But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife, and in her virtues he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parents.

THE YANKEE AND THE TAILOR.

An extremely "down East" Yankee, with a wagon-load of apple sauce, was driving through a village not a thousand miles from Boston, when he saw dangling in the wind on a post before a tailor's shop a new overcoat, seductively suspended by a skewer in the shoulders. He drove up to the door, alighted and went in.

"Be you the boss?" he asked of a pale-faced man who was making diagrams with children and rule on a flimsy piece of snuff-colored cloth.

"I be," said Snip.

"Yes, well, you've got a family, I expect? You've some children, hain't you? I see a thin boy a whittlin' out doors that looked like you, and I expect, like as not, you had children."

"Four on 'em. That was Jerrold, my second, that you see," was the explanatory reply.

"Yes, Wal, now, don't you want a sold-a barrel of apple-sauce? I've first-rate barrels this mornin', and hain't got but one left. I'll take it out in dick-er. I want to get an overcoat; and if you've a mind to let me have that coat that hangs by the door, and if it will fit me, I'll give you a barrel of apple sauce for it."

The Schneider, after a little chaffing, consented, and the coat was brought in and tried on. He said the fit was a miracle; it might "be" good into him, so sung did it set; and he verified this praise by twisting his customer's neck half off that he might look at his back in a glass standing in the dark at the back of the shop, and reflecting nothing that was passing in front. The barrel was dumped, and the buyer drove off proud as a turkey-cock, in his new coat. He alighted at a store to do an errand for a neighbor, where he encountered a townsman.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter; "how sleek you do look! Where did you get so much new coat?"

The wearer made no reply, turning around with an air, asked, "How does she set? Ain't she a beauty? And all I gin for it was a barrel of apple-sauce."

"A beauty!" exclaimed the other. "Why, I never see so whittin' so whittin'! Pull it down; now let go of it. It don't make no odds—not a bit; it goes right back again; it pucker's dreadfully between the shoulders."

"Pucker, does it?" said the chopfallen and mortified buyer; but his face brightened almost to a glow as he added, "Pucker, eh? Wal, if his mouth don't pucker a darned sight worse than this overcoat ever can when he tastes of the apple-sauce, I'll lose my guss! His children never steal it nor'n one, though it's letter after you get down a little. There's considerable mess of shavin's long about the middle out."

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at a village tavern, until, being pretty well "corned," they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill.

The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire gave but a glimmering light. I came near accidentally walking into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late, said to me, sarcastically: 'Bill, do you put your foot in the batter?'"

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