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Poetry.

WINTER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We know 'tis good that old winter should come,
Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
'Tis fitting we should hear the sound
Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground.

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
Protects the seed of life below;
Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure, strong breath
Rides purging the vapors of pestilent death;
I love him, I say, and avow it again,
For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
Remember 'tis now their season of need,
And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a little of thy gold,
Will save the young, and cherish the old;
'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
Do it, ye great ones! You can, and you should.

He is not worthy to hold from Heaven
The trust reposed, the talents given,
Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort, and glowing with health;
Give what'er you can spare, and be ye sure
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor.

An Interesting Story.

From the Aldine.

Hal's Mistake.

There were three of us, only, from Hilltop, a little quaint, irregular village, nestled high among the mountains—Hal Brainard, John Hazard, and I, Harrison Grey, at your service. We messed together, and that morning as we drank our black coffee we talked matters over with no sense of restraint. The regiment, which had been in camp for a month, was to march the next day.

"I shall be glad enough to get out of this," said John. "But, by George, boys, it does seem a little tough on a fellow to have to go off without seeing the folks again. It can't be more than ten miles to Hilltop, as the crow flies"—and the speaker, he was hardly more than a boy, looked yearningly off into the blue distance.

"It's no use, my lad," answered Hal, while his resolute face clouded over. "No furloughs will be granted, I understand." But just then our good Captain Talbot appeared at the door of the tent. He had been teacher of the High School in the town adjoining ours, and we had all been pupils of his. As we gave him the military salute, he smiled faintly.

"It's almost schooltime, boys," he said. "But, first, I want to send one of you over to Hilltop, to do an errand for me. Whoever goes can stay all night, but must report himself by eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

We looked from one to the other, in a sort of eager dismay. At last John—Jack we called him—spoke out. "Couldn't we all go, Captain?" "Not exactly," he answered, laughing. "Orders are too stringent. But settle it among yourselves; and let one of you come to my tent in an hour."

The boys in the next tent were singing "Rally Round the Flag," at the top of their voices. Some one on the other side was whistling "Home, Sweet Home" in long and lingering cadence. From the pine woods on our left, the morning breezes brought us wafts of balsamic fragrance, with now and then an odor of breath from the trailing May flowers. How well I remember it all!

I found my voice at length. "Let Jack go. He is the youngest." But then I bethought me that Hal had something in Hilltop that we others had not. He had been engaged to Thyra Harrington for nearly a year. Glancing at him from beneath my cap, I saw a look upon his face that was half defiant, half tender. Then he caught up his gun, with a pretence of examining the lock.

"No," Jack answered quietly. "If but one of us can go, it must be Hal." Hal looked up suddenly, his face glowing with something that was not exactly joy. "Jack is right," I said. "It must be Hal." He dropped his gun, and caught our hands impulsively. "God bless you, boys," he cried. "You make me feel like a selfish brute. But it seems to me this morning that I would peril my soul's salvation for the chance of going to Hilltop."

gay smile that was somewhat belied by his drooping eyelids. "Hal looks like a prince of the blood in his new uniform," he said, "and carries himself like one, too. What a magnificent fellow he is! But what is the matter with him, Grey? I scent trouble in the air. He is not himself, lately."

Just my impression, also. But I did not care to discuss the matter. The day was a busy one; and when night came, we were glad to wrap ourselves in our blankets and go to sleep. Hal returned the next morning. "Hallo, old fellow, how's Hilltop?" cried Jack, dancing around him in a fever of impatience. "Who did you see? How are all the folks?"

He soon received a quietus in the shape of sundry packets and parcels. Then Hal turned to me. "There's no change at headquarters, I suppose?" he said, interrogatively. "We got out of this to-day?"

I answered affirmatively. "The Lord be praised!" he exclaimed. "I could not stand this inaction much longer, Grey; and he fell vigorously to work, packing his knapsack. He had not quite the air of a happy Romeo, whose lips were still warm with the kisses of his Juliet. But I had no time to puzzle over it, and by sundown we were off.

This is no war story; and it is needless to tell of our marchings and counter-marchings, our perils, our victories and our defeats. It is enough to say that we were in Virginia, that vast mausoleum of two armies, and that we three Hilltop boys had no reason to be ashamed of our record.

But through it all, and underlying all, there was something about Hal Brainard that I could not understand. He was brave, even to rashness. But it seemed to me more like the recklessness of the man who holds his life of little worth, than the bravery of him who takes it calmly in his hand, ready, if it is required of him, to offer it up in all its full, sweet completeness. One evening—it was on the eve of an engagement—I ventured to remonstrate with him.

"You are too reckless, Hal," I said. "A man has no right to throw his life away needlessly, even in battle. Think what it would be to Thyra, if you were to be left in some nameless grave down here."

He started as if the bullet had already found him. Whether you believe it or not, we three had messed together ever since we left Vermont; and we had tramped side by side through Virginia mud; we had shared each other's rations and blankets in many a stress of danger and fatigue; but the name of Thyra Harrington had never passed our lips since that day in camp at Brattleboro'. Hal was always reticent. He was the sort of man who held you at arm's length, if he pleased; and any subject he chose to ignore was a sealed book. He had not chosen to talk of her, and so Jack and I had been silent. But that night the spirit moved me strongly—and I spoke.

He started, as I have said, and his bronzed face flushed. But after a moment he answered quietly: "I do not expect to be killed, Grey; for I have learned, since I came down here, that it takes a deal of ammunition to kill one man. But if I should fall, I think Thyra would manage to endure it," he added in a low tone, as he tossed a pebble into the road with the toe of his boot.

"Manage to endure it!" I cried. "What do you mean, Hal? Is she not your promised wife?" "I—suppose—so," he answered slowly, "according to the letter of the law. But what is the letter good for when the spirit is gone? What is the body worth without the soul?"

The flush had faded, and he was pale as a ghost. "I am sure you are beside yourself, Hal," I said, laying my hand upon his arm; "but it will do you good to break the silence in which you have wrapped yourself. Make a clean breast of it, man, for your soul's sake. What is the trouble with you and Thyra?"

"Trouble enough," he answered, doggedly. "I have reason to believe that she made a mistake in engaging herself to me. If I should happen to be picked off by one of these infernal bullets," he added, grimly, "it would be a fortunate circumstance. It would set her free, you see, without any fuss."

There was a stern compression of his lips, a metallic hardness to his voice. Yet Hal Brainard's nature was brave, tender, and womanly. I probed him with questions as a surgeon probes a wound. "And you," I asked, "have you made a mistake too?"

"If she be not fair to me, What care I how fair she be," he quoted lightly. Then, as if some wave of feeling swept over him, tearing his pride from its moorings, he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp. "I love her!" he cried, "whether I have made a mistake or not. I have

loved her all my life long. I do not even know when I began to love her. That's the worst of it, Harrison Grey." We were silent for awhile. The sun dropped lower and lower, and the soft twilight wrapped us in its tender folds. I knew I should hear the whole story, if I had patience to wait for it; but Hal Brainard was not one to be hurried.

"I do not know that I blame her," he said, at last. "The truth is, Grey, Thyra and I are too unlike. I am no mate for her. She is gay, bright and airy, full of sudden sparkles and flashes, that dazzle and bewitch me out of my senses. But I cannot follow her, I cannot keep pace with her flights. I cannot half comprehend her. There is something in her life which my life cannot grasp. And then she looks at me with a vague, reproachful wonder in her eyes, which is too much for my philosophy. She is a skylark, and I a cloud."

"But admitting your comparison for a moment," I said, "skylarks build their nests upon the solid ground.—Did it never occur to you that your hardy, rugged strength might be more to Thyra Harrington than all the brilliant parts, all the merely esthetic cultivation, in the world? Besides, whether it comes by intuition or otherwise, that women gain earlier than men."

Hal shook his head. "All very well in the abstract," he remarked, "but, you see, it does not touch this case. What is a man to do when he sees that the woman who has promised to marry him feels deficiencies in him, and when he knows that his failure to meet the wants of her nature, and to give full sympathetic recognition to what she regards as best and highest in herself, is a constant trouble to her? Tell me that."

I was silent, trying to think what I should say—what it was best to say. Presently, his hand fell heavily upon my knee. "Tell me one thing more," he added, in a low, intense voice. "What is one to do when he believes, even if he does not know of a surety, that there is a man in the world—in her world, too—who could be to the woman he loves all that he has failed to be?—What should he do in such a case?"

"Hal!" "I believe just that, Grey. I have believed it for six months. Pleasant state of things, isn't it?" "Now that you have said that much, you must say more," I answered. "What do you mean by these strange words?" "Have you seen Fayette Blackmann since he came back from Heidelberg?" "Never. Haven't had a glimpse of him."

"That is because you were away so much for months before we enlisted. He was in Hilltop half the time." "He used to be a good-enough sort of a fellow before he went abroad," I said; "I hope they have not spoiled him over there. But it is not he you are talking about?"

"It is, though," he answered, his face darkening. "But I tell you what it is, Grey, I will not do the man injustice. He is just the one to charm the fancy of a girl like Thyra. He is all that I am not—all that she wishes I was.—He is interested in all the things that interest her—in poetry, music, and everything that I am such a dolt about. He can lead her where I only follow her afar off, and with all his careless grace of manner, his easy flow of talk, I feel like a great, clumsy idiot beside him."

"Fayette Blackmann may be Adonis and Apollo and Mercury all in one, for aught I know," I replied; "I will not dispute you. But it does not follow that you have any occasion for jealousy." My words stung him, and he sprang up from the log on which he was sitting. "Jealousy!" he cried. "Am I jealous? Do you look at it in that way? Jealousy!"

"But what else is it?" I asked. "Look here, Hal. Do you think that because a woman is engaged—or married, even—she must become at once blind and deaf? I can understand how a cultivated woman may enjoy the society of a cultivated man, and yet not have the slightest idea of falling in love with him."

I spoke with some heat, for I had always liked Thyra Harrington. He turned white as a sheet. "You do not comprehend," he said, with a certain quiet dignity. "I am casting no aspersions upon Thyra.—It is not easy for a man to say what I have said to-night; and you may have misunderstood the words wrung from me by pride and passion. I do not think she is even aware how this man has come in between her and me. But I see it; and what am I to do about it? Am I to sit still, like a craven, and let her drift helplessly into my arms, when I believe she would be happier in the

arms of another? What am I to do about it, Grey?" "For God's sake, do nothing rash!" I exclaimed, drawing him out into the road, where the few remaining rays of daylight fell upon his face. "I do believe you are mistaken, Hal. For God's sake, and for your own soul's sake, do nothing rash!"

"I will not act hastily; and I will try to do what seems to be right," he said, putting his arm over my shoulder. "But Life plays at cross purposes with us, from first to last." He stood for a moment looking off into the west, where the camp-fires of the Grand Army stretched away for miles and miles, twinkling like stars in the distance. Near by, our own white tents looked ghost-like in the gathering darkness. Occasionally a roll of the drums sounded like far-off thunder, or a bugle-note shot upward through the stillness. Hal turned toward me, smiling sadly.

"It is just as I said, Grey. If some stray bullet would clear up this middle it would be a lucky thing; but the little devils never find out those who would welcome them, as Hal Brainard is the safest man in this regiment." There was a battle the next day.—Poor Jack! we left his sunny, boyish curls behind us on the bloody field. I had a ball through my right shoulder; but as for Hal, he walked in the fiery furnace without so much as the smell of fire upon his garments.

It would be weeks—months, perhaps—before I could use my arm; and in the hot, sweltering hospital I longed, with an unspoken longing, for the fresh breezes blowing cool from our mountain peaks; so they sent me home. The fatigue of the journey brought on a low, nervous fever. Thyra came often to see me. She was very quiet and subdued in manner, with a deeper womanliness about her that seemed to have been gained at the expense of somewhat of the old glow and sparkle; but I thought her lovelier than ever, with her soft, grey eyes, and an appealing look about her mouth, that had grown so wondrously tender.

She was not inclined to talk much of Hal, and I had a sort of uncomfortable consciousness, growing out of the recollection of my last conversation with the poor fellow, that kept me silent also. Fayette Blackmann, as I soon learned, had opened a law office in an adjoining town, was building a fine house, and was making himself prominent in political circles. He was evidently no mere dilettante, but the rising man of the county; and I could not but acknowledge to myself that if he chose to enter the lists he would indeed be a formidable rival. Whether he had done so or not, every week brought him to Hilltop.

One evening I saw them ride by on horseback—he and Thyra. Perhaps it was only the exercise and the excitement, but there was a glow upon her cheek, a light and radiance about her, that I had not seen since my return, and Blackmann's eyes dwelt upon her in undisguised admiration. My heart hardened against them both.

"It is the old story of the one ewe lamb," I muttered, as the graceful riders disappeared over the brow of the hill. "Verily, verily, history repeats itself." There was another great battle, and again the heart of the nation was stirred to its centre. Two nights afterwards, as I sat upon the piazza, with Thyra Harrington on a low seat beside me, the daily Tribune was placed in my hands.

I opened it. There were the three fearful lists that had become so terribly familiar: "Killed," "Wounded," "Missing." As I ran my eye hurriedly down the long columns, in the very first I read the name of Hal Brainard. My face must have told the tale, for I did not speak one word; but Thyra sprang up with clasped hands, struggled for a moment in a vain effort at utterance, and then sank at my feet in a huddled, pitiful, white heap.

My arm was still powerless, and I was, besides, worn with fever. I called to my mother, I screamed, I shouted; but there was not a soul within hearing; and I could only put back the hair from her white forehead, and fan her with that fatal newspaper. After a few moments that seemed ages, she sat up and looked about her with an air of bewilderment.

"The paper," she said at length; "I want the paper." I gave it to her silently—what was there to say?—and she looked at the name for a moment with a fixed, tearless gaze. Then she slowly gathered herself up, and with the paper still clasped in her hand, walked unsteadily down to the gate, and disappeared. Months passed. I had been discharged from the service, for it seemed impossible that I should ever be strong enough to return to the field again.—Thyra, a saddened, patient woman now, rather than the sparkling, brilliant girl who had so bewitched poor

Hal Brainard—this Thyra and I were made together. We did not often talk of Hal, but his memory was a bond between us, and I knew at last how well she had loved him. It had all been a mistake, a misapprehension on Hal's part, growing chiefly out of his own modesty, and the slight valuation that he placed upon his own attractions. Fayette Blackmann was an old friend, and was betrothed to one of her cousins—only that, and nothing more." The young couple were married that autumn, and the beautiful mansion received its destined occupant.

I never told Thyra what passed between Hal and me that night in Virginia. If she had ever noticed any change in the tone of his letters, she had evidently attributed it to the haste in which they were often written on the march, or on battle-fields. Why should I disturb her?

I was alone in the cottage one night. My mother had gone to watch with a sick neighbor, and I sat by the blazing fire lost in a waking dream. It was early—for I had just heard the whistle of the evening train, though, in those short December days, it had been dark for hours. A step upon the piazza startled me, and I felt, rather than saw, that somebody was looking thro' the blinds. In another moment, Hal Brainard, bronzed, bearded, no disembodied spirit, but a living, breathing specimen of magnificent humanity stood before me, holding me with his earnest eyes.

I pass over the next few minutes. "But now, Hal, tell me how it happened," I said, when our first emotions had expended themselves, and I had him safe in my easy chair. He sat looking into the fire for a full minute before he answered. His mouth grew stern and hard. "Do you remember that last talk we had?" he asked.

"You must keep that in mind if you would understand what I have to tell you. The bullets did not find me, Grey. I have never had so much as a scratch. The man next me in the ranks was blown to pieces, but I was taken prisoner, and when, many months afterwards, I escaped and made my way to the Union lines, I found I had been reported killed. I saw my name in an old Tribune, in the dead list. I said nothing, but I thought the matter over. Our old regiment was all broken up. The path seemed plain before me. Hal Brainard was dead, and well out of the way. Let him rest. He had neither kith nor kin to mourn for him. The new soldier who had arisen from his ashes would fight as well under another name, and Thyra would be free, after a few salt tears and a period of decent waiting, to marry a man who would be more to her than he could ever have been."

"But," he went on, after a moment's pause, during which his face was convulsed with strong emotion; "but Grey, my dear old friend, I do not think they would have married so soon, and his voice faltered. "I thought they would have waited at least one little year. I deserved as much consideration as that from Thyra Harrington—surely I did."

I was silent for a minute from sheer bewilderment. Then I broke out: "Married! Why, Hal?" "You see I know all about it," he said, interrupting me; "else I should not be here. I saw the names on the register at Willard's, Grey—Fayette Blackmann and wife—and by the date of the entry it was not three months after my supposed death. It stunned me, Harrison, and it hardened me.—Now I have run up here to take just one look at you, and then I go back to my work again. You will keep my secret, I know, and let her think me dead. It is better so."

My thoughts had worked themselves clear, at last. "Excuse me," I said, "I will be back shortly." I darted up the street and was at Thyra's door in less than a minute. She was looking over a package of old letters, with a faint, trembling color in her cheek. "Come with me," I cried; "we want your own at our house. Never mind your hair! that's all right."

But while she was putting on her hood, I looked at her. A slight, graceful figure robed in black; soft, wavy brown hair, that had escaped from its confinement and floated over her shoulders; gray eyes, with a world of pathos in them; a sweet tremulous mouth, and a forehead sealed with Heaven's own look of patience. That was what I saw.

And it was what Hal Brainard saw, when, two minutes afterwards, he turned as I opened the door. I stole softly away and left them. There is not a doubt that my old comrade was dreadfully to blame, somehow. But Thyra forgave him—and so do I.

Over-warm friendships, like hot coals, are quickly dropped.

Selected Miscellany.

The Good Old Days.

Gambling in Washington Thirty Years Ago—the Weakness and Follies of Great Men.

The "Old Stager" gives us, in Harper's for December, some very agreeable gossip about the great men who figured in Washington when he was a boy:

"Washington for many years had been a hot-bed for gamblers of high and low degree. There were a dozen stone-banks on the avenue, within a stone's throw of Gadsby's on the corner of Sixth street. Many of these establishments had club-rooms attached, where members of Congress and others amused themselves with brag, vingt-et-un and whist. Draw-poker came into vogue at a later day. Gambling, and for large sums, was common, particularly among Southern and Western members. Scores of them from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Gulf States squandered their most precious possessions—then eight dollars only—at the gaming table, and some impaired their private fortunes by the same indulgence. S. S. Prentiss was reported to have lost thirty thousand dollars the first winter he was in Congress.

"The most notorious and dashing gambler of the day was Edward Pendleton. He came from Virginia, where he was well connected, his family being of the best blood in the State, and he married a most respectable and accomplished lady, whose father held a responsible office under the Government. Pendleton gave sumptuous entertainments at his club-house, which were well attended by some of the most eminent public men in the District. Mr. Mangum, then President of the Senate, John J. Crittenden, John M. Botts, John B. Thomson, of Kentucky, and Lynn Boyd, afterward Speaker of the House; and others of lesser note, were frequently his guests. Congress had enacted stringent penal laws to prevent gambling, but they were a dead letter, unless some poor devil made a complaint of foul play, or some feeced blackleg sought vengeance through the aid of the Grand Jury, and then the matter was usually compounded by the payments of the money.

"Whist was a favorite game with the foreign ministers and the elder statesmen. Mr. Clay, General Scott, Mr. Bodisco and Mr. Fox—nephew of Charles James Fox—who represented William the Fourth and Queen Victoria, often played together, a hundred dollars being the usual stake. They generally played well, as Hoyle taught the game; but many of the members of the fashionable clubs of New York play with more skill than was dreamed of forty years ago. Governor Marcy was a great lover of whist, but he would never bet money on the game. They were always inveterate whistlers in the Senate. A story was current at one time of a protracted sitting at the card-table, at which Governor Stokes of North Carolina, and Mountain Boy, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, were two of the players. It ran in this wise: The Senate adjourned from Thursday over to Monday. The party sat down to cards after dinner Thursday evening. They played all night and all the next day, only stopping occasionally for refreshments. The game was continued Friday night, Saturday, through Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night, the players resting for a snatch of sleep as nature became exhausted. Monday morning the game was in full blast, but at 10 o'clock Bailey moved an adjournment, alleging that his official duties required his presence in the Senate chamber. Stokes remonstrated, but the Sergeant-at-Arms persisted, and rose from the table. The Governor grumbled and scolded, but finally gave it up, swearing that if he had suspected Bailey would break up the game thus prematurely he would have seen him—anywhere before he would have invited him to join the party.

"Mr. Webster played whist, but indifferent only. The Virginians were addicted to that stupid game known as shoemaker loo. President Tyler was fond of loo, and on a rainy day, when there was no great pressure of public business, he has been known to make up a game at the White House, and play all day, having dinner in his chamber. His companions usually were William Selden, Treasurer of the United States; Carey Selden, his brother, storekeeper at the Navy Yard, and sometimes Governor Gilmore, of Virginia, with now and then another favorite. The amount played for was always small, but Mr. Tyler was as much delighted at taking pool as if he had won hundreds.

"Public opinion was not so averse to gaming in Washington as in most of the Northern cities. Probably the tone of public morals is no more elevated now than it was then, but there

was then less pretence and ostentation of parity. At a large party given by the wife of a Cabinet Minister, Mrs. Clay, chaperoning a young lady from the North, passed through a room where gentlemen were playing cards, Mr. Clay among the number. "Is this a common practice?" inquired the young lady.

"Yes," said Mrs. Clay; they always play when they get together. "Don't it distress you to have Mr. Clay gamble?" "No, my dear," said the good old lady, composedly; "he most always wins."

"In the winter of 1851 General Scott, Mr. Clay, Mr. Fox and Mr. Bodisco played whist once a week for sometime, the stake, as usual, being a hundred dollars. They played a match game, Scott and Bodisco against Clay and Fox. They were pretty well matched, and for a long time the game was pretty well matched, and for a long time the game was pretty even. At length fortune favored Messrs. Clay and Fox, and they were ten or twelve games ahead. 'Gentlemen,' said the Russian Minister, rising from the table, the game has closed for the season. The appropriation is exhausted.' And sure enough not another game would be played; much to the disgust of General Scott, who, of course, was a considerable loser."

The Law of Courtship. We clip from an old paper the following account of a trial for breach of promise of marriage:

"A case was recently tried in Rutland, Vermont, in which a Miss Munson recovered 1425 dollars of a Mr. Hastings for a breach of marriage contract. The curiosity of the thing is this: The Vermont judge charged the jury that no explicit promise was necessary to bind the parties to a marriage contract, but that long continued attentions or intimacy with a female was as good evidence of intended matrimony as a special contract. The principle of the case undoubtedly is, that if Hastings did not promise, he ought to have done so—the law holds him responsible for the nonperformance of his duty. A most excellent decision; a most righteous judge, compared with whom Daniel would appear but a common squire! We have no idea of young fellows dangle about after girls for a year or two, and then going off, leaving their sweethearts half courted; we hate this everlasting nibble and never a bite, this beating the bush and never starting the game; it is one of the crying sins of the age. There is not one girl in twenty can tell whether she is courted or not.—No wonder that when Betty Simper's cousin asked if Billy Doubtful courted her, she replied, 'I don't know exactly—he's a sorter courtin' and not sorter courtin'.' We have no doubt that this Hastings is one of these 'sorter not courtin' fellows, and most heartily do we rejoice that the judge has brought him to book with a 1425 dollars verdict. The judge says that long continued attentions or intimacy is just as a regular promise. Now, we do not know what would pass for intimacy according to the laws of Vermont, but supposing attentions to consist of visiting a girl twice a week, and estimating the time wasted by Miss Munson at each visit to be worth a dollar, (which is too cheap), Mr. Hastings has been making a fool of himself 14 years and some odd weeks. This decision makes a new era in the law of love, and we make no doubt, will tend to the promotion of matrimony and morality."

Varieties. Who was the meekest man, my son?" said the superintendent of a boy's bible class in the State of Vermont—Moses, sir. Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman? Please, sir, there never was no meekest woman.

A young man who went West from Danbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It came on Friday. It said: "Send me a wig." And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

The Jewish Messenger suggests that Stanley should now be detailed to hunt up the lost tribes of Israel, who disappeared about twenty-five centuries ago, and who have since kept studious silence concerning their whereabouts.

"Why, Ichabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago?" "Well, Aunt Jerusha, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just give 'em all the mitten and let the thing drop."

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor; "the death of the decedent is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."