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Original Poetry.

FADED FLOWERS.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

The flowers I saw in the wild wood,
Have since dropp'd their beautiful leaves,
And the many dear friends of my childhood,
Have slumbered for years in their graves.
But the bloom of the flowers I remember,
Tho' their smiles I shall never more see,
For the cold chilling winds of December,
Stole away my companions from me.
The roses may bloom on the morrow,
And many dear friends I have won,
But my heart can beat but with sorrow,
When I think of the ones that are gone,
It's no wonder I am broken hearted,
Or that stricken with sorrow I be,
For we've met, we have loved, we have parted,
My flowers, my companions, and me.

How dark looks this wild world and dreary,
When we part with the ones that we love,
But there's rest for the faint and the weary,
And friends meet with lost ones above.
But in Heaven I can but remember,
When from earth my soul shall be free,
That no cold chilling winds of December,
Shall steal my companions from me.

Select Tale.

THE CRIMINAL WITNESS.

A Lawyer's Story.

In the spring of 1848, I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning, and immediately had a long conversation with my client. The stolen mail bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given me for examination, and then I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into the court in the afternoon to see what was going on. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which we seldom find in a culprit.—She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more.
The complaint against her, set forth that she had stolen one hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby, and as the case went on, I found that this Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's witness. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one that had access there.
At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking man, and big tears stood in his eyes.
"They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered.
"I am a lawyer," I answered.
"Then do save her! I can certainly do it, for she is innocent."
"Is she your sister?"
"No, sir," he said, "but, but—"
Here he hesitated.
"Has she no counsel?" I asked.
"None that's good for anything—nobody that'll do anything for her. O, save her, and I'll give you all I've got. I can't give you much but I can raise something."
I reflected for a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of humble entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the court that I was ready to enter into the case and was admitted at once. The loud murmur of satisfaction ran quickly through the room told me where the sympathies of the people were. I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state candidly, the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Naseby nearly two years, and had never any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said, her mistress lost a hundred dollars.
"She missed it from the drawer," the girl said to me, "and she asked me about it. I said I knew nothing about it. That evening, I know Nancy Luther told Mrs. Naseby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the keyhole. Then they went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it, and somebody must have put it there."
I then asked her if she suspected any one.
"I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me

because she thought I was treated better than she was. She is the cook, I was the chambermaid."
She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small gray eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance at once as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was the rogue.
"Nancy Luther did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for new light had broken in upon me.
"Yes, sir."
"Is there any other girl of that name about here?"
"No, sir."
"Then rest easy. I'll try very hard to save you."
I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see that he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room and the case went on.
Mrs. Naseby resumed her testimony. She said she entrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about missing the money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars of it in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, in two tens, and one five dollar bank note.
"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe the prisoner had taken it?"
"No, sir."
"Had you ever before detected her in any dishonesty?"
"No, sir."
"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised and informed you?"
"No, sir."
Mrs. Naseby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she cast a defiant glance as if to say "trap me if you can." She gave her evidence as follows:
"She said that on the night the money was stolen, she saw the prisoner going up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected all was not right. So she followed her up. Elizabeth went into Mrs. Naseby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the keyhole, and saw her take out the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw that she was coming out I hurried away."
Then she went on and told how she had informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk.
I called Mrs. Naseby back to the stand.
"You say that no one save yourself and the prisoner, had access to your room?"
"I did."
"Now, could Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"
"Certainly, sir, I mean no one else had any right there."
I saw that Mrs. Naseby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery.
"Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"
"Yes, sir, for she has often come to my room when I was there, and I have often given her money to buy provisions of market men who happened to come along, with their wagons."
"One more question:
"Have you known of the prisoner's having used any money since this was stolen?"
"No, sir."
I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.
"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen without waiting for her to ask about the lost money?"
"Because I could not make up my mind at once to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.
"You say you looked through the keyhole and saw her take the money?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"
"On the bureau."
"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What did you mean by that?"
The girl hesitated, and finally said she didn't mean anything only that she picked up the lamp.
"Very well," said I, "how long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"
"Not quite a year, sir."
"How much does she pay you a week?"
"A dollar and three quarters."
"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"
"Yes, sir."
"How much?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Why don't you know?"
"How should I? I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and have kept no account."
"Now, if you had wished to harm the prisoner, could you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?"
"No, sir," she replied with virtuous indignation.
"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there."
"No, sir, only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me."
"Then you did not have any twenty-five dol-

lars when you came there?"
"No, sir, and what's more, the money found in the girl's trunk was the money that Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd remember what she told you." This was said very sarcastically, and was intended as a crusher upon the idea that she should have put the money in the prisoner's trunk. However, I was not overcome entirely.
"Will you tell me if you b-long to this State?"
"I do, sir."
"In what town?"
She hesitated, and for an instant the bold look forsook her. But she finally answered, "I belong to Somers, Montgomery county."
I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.
"Do you ever take a receipt from your girl's when you pay them?"
"Always."
"Can you send and get one of them for me?"
"She has told you the truth, about my payments," said Mrs. Naseby.
"O, I don't doubt it," I replied, "but particular proof is the thing for the court room. So if you can, I wish you would procure the receipt."
She said she would willingly go if the court said so. The court did so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strange, straggling hand by the witness.
"Now Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court, and jury, and tell me, where you got the seventy-five dollars, which you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers?"
The witness started as though a volcano burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion and then I repeated the question.
"I never—sent—any," she gasped.
"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.
"I—didn't," she faintly muttered, grasping the railing for support.
"May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury," I said, as soon as I had looked the witness out of countenance, "I came here to defend a man who has been arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examinations, I had access to the letters which had been torn open and robbed of money.—When I entered upon this case, and found this witness produced, I went out and got this letter, which I now hold, for I remember having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars, and by looking at the postmark you will observe that it was mailed the day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Naseby's drawer. I will read it to you, if you please."
The court nodded assent, and I read the following, which was without date, save that made by the postmaster upon the outside. I give it verbatim:
SISTER DORCUS:—I cend yu hear seventy-five dollars, which I want yu to keep for me till I cun lum. I want kep it coz I am fraid et will git stole. dont speke wud word to alive sole bot this I dont want nobodi to no I have got eny money yu want now will yu, I am fast rate here only that gud for nutrin smp of hiz madwirth is h-e-r-yi, but I hope to git over her now yu kno i rote to yu bot her. giv my lux to adw aquirin frens. this from your sister til dw.
NANCY LUTHER.
"Now, your honor," I said as I gave him the letter, and also the receipts, "you will see that the letter is directed to Dorcus Luther, Somers, Montgomery county. And you will observe that one hand wrote that letter and signed the receipts, and the jury will also observe it. And now I will only add: It is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe keeping while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of parts of the letter, you must judge. I now leave my client's case in your hands."
The case was given to the jury immediately following the examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness' own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of—"NOT GUILTY."
I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her, at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note handsomely written, in which I was told that "the within" was but a slight token of gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor defenseless maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards, the youth who first begged me to take up the case called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I showed him that which had already been paid, and refused his hard earning. Before I left town, I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

Miscellaneous.
THE SHARK—ADVENTURE AT THE PEARL FISHERY.
One breathless day we were floating in our little boat at the pearl fishery watching the diving. "We," means my wife, myself and our little daughter, who was nestled in the arms of "ayah," or colored nurse. It was one of those tropical mornings the glory of which is indescribable. The sea was so transparent that the boat in which we lay, shielding us from the sun by awning, seemed to hang suspended in the air. The tufts of pink and white coral, that studded the bed of the ocean beneath, were as distinct as if they were growing at our feet.— We seemed to be gazing upon a beautiful parterre of variegated candy tuft. The shores, fringed with palms and patches of a gigantic species of cactus, which was then in bloom, were as still and serene as if they had been painted on glass. Indeed, the whole landscape looked like a beautiful scene beheld through a glorified telescope. Eminent real, as far as detail went, but still and motionless as death. Nothing broke the silence save the occasional plunge of the divers into the water, or the noise of the large oysters falling into the bottom of the boats. In the distance, on a small, narrow point of land, a strange crowd of human beings were visible. Oriental pearl merchants, Fakiers, selling amulets, Brahmins in their dirty white robes all attracted to the spot by the prospect of gain (as fish collect around a handful of bait flung into a pond) bargaining, cheating, and strangely mingling religion and lucre.— My wife and I lay back on the cushions that lined the afterpart of our little skiff, languidly gazing on the sea and the sky by turns. Suddenly our attention was aroused by a very great shout, which was followed by volleys of shrill cries from the pearl fishing boats. On turning in that direction the greatest excitement was visible among the different crews. Hands were pointed. White teeth glittered in the sun, and every dusky form was gesticulating violently. The two or three negroes seized some long poles and commenced beating the water violently. Others flung gourds and calabashes, and old pieces of wood and stones in the direction of a particular spot that lay between the nearest fishing boat and ourselves. The only thing visible in this spot was a black, sharp blade, thin as the blade of a penknife, that appeared slowly and evenly cutting through the still water. No surgical instrument ever glided through human flesh with a more silent, cruel calm. It needed not the cry of "shark! shark!" to tell us what it was. In a moment we had a vivid picture of that unseen monster, with its small watchful eyes, and his huge mouth, with its double row of fangs, presented before our mental vision. There were three divers under the water at this moment, while directly above them hung suspended this senseless incarnation of death. My wife clasped my hand convulsively, and became deathly pale. I stretched out the other hand instinctively, and grasped a revolver which lay beside me. I was in the act of cocking it when a shriek of unutterable agony from the ayah burst on our ears. I turned my head quick as a flash of lightning, and beheld her, with empty arms, hanging over the gunwale of the boat, while down in the calm sea I saw a tiny little face washed in white, sinking—sinking—sinking—sinking! What words can paint such a crisis? I was roused from a trance of anguish by the flitting of a dark form through the clear water, cleaving its way swiftly toward that darling little shape that grew dimmer and dimmer every second, as it settled in the sea. We all saw it, and the same thought struck us all. That terrible, deadly black fin was the key of our sudden terror. The shark! A simultaneous shriek burst from our lips. I tried to jump overboard, but was withheld by some one, little else had I done so, for I could not swim a stroke. The dark shape glided on like a flash of lightning. It reached our treasure. In an instant all we loved on earth was blotted out from our sight. My heart stood still; my breath ceased; life trembled on my lips. The next moment a dusky head shot out of the water close to our boat—a dusky head whose parted lips gasped for breath, but whose eyes shone with the brightness of superhuman joy. The second after two tawny hands held a dripping white form above the water, and dark head shonited to the boatman. Another second, and the brave pearl-diver had clambered in, and laid my little daughter at her mother's feet. This was the shark. This the man-eater. This the hero in sun-brown hide, who, with his quick aquatic sight, had seen our dear one sinking through the sea, and had brought her up to us again, pale and dripping, but still alive. What tears and laughter fell on us three by turns as we named our gem rescued from the ocean, "Little Pearl!"

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.
Cornelius Wendell, (formerly public printer at Washington,) recently went before the Black Republican Covode Congressional Investigating Committee, and without venturing to sustain in direct evidence charges of corruption against Mr. Buchanan, the President, the whole tenor of his equivocal evidence was to produce the impression, that he had, at the instance of the President, in 1857 and '58, expended a large proportion of his profits as public printer to Congress and to the Executive, in keeping up feeble Democratic newspapers and to secure the election of administration members of Congress. Shortly after he appeared before the Committee and thus testified, the following Card was reproduced, written by him in December, 1858, and which appeared in the Washington Union. It will be seen from it that he voluntarily and completely acquits Mr. Buchanan of the very charges which he now seeks to establish against him. Read it:
"A Card.—My attention has been called to a paragraph in a letter to the New York Times, of the 9th instant, in vague and general terms, that the President had caused certain money, justly due to some individual, to be used for electioneering purposes. With this accusation my own name has been so generally used in conversation, that I feel constrained, publicly and emphatically, to deny all knowledge or belief of any fact which can warrant it, and to declare that President Buchanan never did authorize, advise or request me, directly or indirectly, to use either my own money or that of any other person for any purpose like that mentioned in the paragraph referred to, or in any manner affecting any public election.
C. WENDELL."
Was such a piece of political rascality ever known or heard of before? And this is the man upon whom the Black Republican members of Congress mainly relied to convict the President of corruption! Surely their case is a desperate one.
TAKING A MAN TO PIECES.
Captain Evans was an old naval veteran of sixty-seven; he had lost an arm and an eye, years and years before, at Navarino, which last action settled his understanding, both legs being carried away by a chain shot. Cork legs were coming into fashion. Captain Evans had a pair of the first quality made for himself; he had also a false arm and hand; in the latter he could screw a fork, as occasion required, and being gloved, the deficiency was not easily perceived. As increasing years rendered him infirm, his valets took advantage of him, so he wrote to his brother, a Somersetshire Squire, to send him up some tenant's son for a body servant.—"No matter how stupid, if honest and faithful," he wrote.
His brother was absent, and sent to his steward to select a lad. This the steward did but merely mentioned that Captain Evans was infirm, not apprising the lumpkin of his new master's deficiencies, and sent him to London at once, where the Captain lived.
At ten at night he arrived, and was immediately shown to Captain Evans's sitting room.
"Well, John, my rascally valet is absent again, without leave; help me to bed, as it is late, and then you can go, down to your supper."
Adjourning to the bed room, the old gentleman said:
"John, unscrew my leg."
"Zur!" said John.
"Unscrew my leg, this way, see."
John did so, tremblingly.
"John, unscrew my other leg."
"Zur!" said John.
"Unscrew the other leg, sir."
John did so, now in a state of bewilderment.
"John, unscrew this arm."
Trembling still more, to the Captain's great amusement, he obeyed.
"John put this eye on the table."
John took it as if it would have bitten him.
"No, John—no, I won't take the other eye out—lift me into bed."
This done, the waggish Captain continued, "John beat up the pillow, it is not comfortable."
"This was done."
"Beat it up again sir; it is quite hard."
Again John shook up the pillow.
"That won't do, John; I can't get my head comfortable. John, unscrew my head."
"No, by thunder, I'll unscrew no more," and John fled from the room to the kitchen, swearing his master was the devil, taking himself to pieces like a clock.
"SOME HOSS."
Once on a time, a Yankee who was traveling through Kentucky, had a fine horse and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveler saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first favorable opportunity.
As he was going along slowly, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of conversation, he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game.
Casting his eyes around, and at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit-tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down.
"There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears."
The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed owners on the spot, \$300 being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, told the Yankee to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsesmen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus.
"How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his bust visible.
But the Yankee who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least.
"Oh! I forgot to tell you, he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits."

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN ON NEWS-PAPER DETRACTION.
The members of the press lately on an excursion, visited Mr. Buchanan. He thought that a favorable opportunity to address them, and put in a pleasant anecdote as illustrative of the exaggeration of the party press and their detractions, which are so eagerly taken up and repeated by the Tory press of England as an evidence of Democratic demoralization. The President said:
"This house is not a palace, to be sure, as you have styled it, but it is altogether the people's and the President himself who occupies it, is only the chief servant of the people. There is this peculiarity about the President, that he is elected by the people, and he owes no allegiance to any human power but the people. [Applause.] The duties of the President are hard, and I shall soon retire from them; and if the new President that is to come in, shall be so happy in assuming the duties of the office, as I am in laying them down, he will be fortunate indeed. Nevertheless, it seems that there will be no lack of men quite willing to endure the Presidency. [Laughter.] We are very likely to have candidates enough to represent all the isms known to the country. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that the prevailing wish of the American people will be to cherish and preserve the Constitution as it is, and the Union.— [Applause.] For my part, I should desire to draw no single breath beyond the existence of this beloved Union. [Much applause.] I am pleased to see this assembling together of so many of the editorial fraternity. I think its effect will be salutary on yourselves, in relieving your relations of that acrimony that has sometimes marked the press. I am reminded of an anecdote, but I know not whether I should relate it.— [Cries of "Tell it," "Go on."] It occurred when I was a Minister to England. I was talking with a distinguished English statesman, who said to me, "Mr. Buchanan, I should infer from your newspapers that the American people always choose out their greatest scoundrels and make them President." [Much laughter.] I replied that "it did look so, but it was only a way we had to talk of each other thus—we really always didn't mean it."
A SIBBY AFFAIR.—A select party, consisting of a man, his wife, and a young male friend, recently left Fall River, Mass., for Troy, N. Y. The husband had creditors whom it was desirable to deceive concerning the right of property in sending large trunks; so they were checked in the name of the young man. The three arrived safely at Troy, but the wife and friend pursued their journey further toward the West. Not to put too fine a point on it, they eloped leaving the husband behind. They left the baggage, too, and so far all was well; but on trying to obtain possession of the trunks, the man was met with the objection that they did not belong to him. So the poisoned chalice intended for his creditors returned to his own lips. The deserted husband proposes to advertise that the young man may keep the wife, if he will send a power of attorney for the baggage.
MISERABLE PEOPLE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, dresses playing dip, dip, dip, at every step.
A witness in a bribery case.
A city sportsman at the finish of one day's shooting.
A printer who publishes a paper for nothing, and finds himself.
A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt.
A young doctor who has cured his first patient and has no prospect of another.
A star actress with her name in small letters on the bills.
An editor with nothing but cold potatoes for his Christmas dinner.
The Black Republicans since the nomination of Lincoln.
On the recent Irish trial the counsel was desirous to obtain an admission from a witness of the crown, that having been one of the sworn members of the league, he had been bribed to become a spy on the others. Having vainly labored for nearly an hour to get a reply, he said:
"Come, now, sir, did you not come direct from these men to Dublin on Monday last?"
"Bedad I did so," promptly answered the witness.
"Well, sir, that is direct, at all events. Now sir, will you tell me in as brief a way as possible what motive brought you here?"
"The loco-motive, to be sure!" rejoined Pat, to the discomfiture of his tormentor.
A BIBLE IN A ROBBER'S CAVE.—A robbers' cave has been discovered near Waloga, Ill. It is nine feet long, seven wide and five feet high. In it were benches, and a book case filled with valuable books, among them a quarto bible.— Any number of burglars' tools were there, and also a pair of boots, singular construction, the soles being on wrong end foremost—the heels being where the toes should be. They were undoubtedly placed so in order to baffie those who might wish to track the wearer. There were stolen articles in the cave to the value of \$200, some of which were recognized as having been stolen some months since.
Jones was traveling with his wife, and (for a freak) was so gallant in his behavior to his own spousa, that madame grew uneasy and remonstrated against his attentions too marked for public observation. "The devil!" said Jones, "we're married, I suppose?"—"Yes," said the lady, "but judging from your deportment, folks will think we ain't." "Well, what of it?" said Jones. "Why, not much, certainly, for you," said the careful dame—"you are a man; but we women have our characters to take care of." Jones was shocked into propriety for the rest of the journey.