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COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 98. 1861.

"That what?" asked the husband.

"No, sir, the sca-I mean the tea.

Mrs. Thiriby looked him full in the face

Something rose to the husband's throat

"He was born three months after you

"I kept it out of the papers purposely."

"Why did I not know it?"

"Yes-after his father."

'How old is he!'

ow thoroughly humbled husband.

'Ten in August-on the fifth.'

'Oh! very-very handsome,'

'Like what you were-very.'

The father took the letter, and held it

under the shaking lamp. The gale had

as he stretched forth his hand to his wife

But Mr. Thirlby remained silent and im-

"For the sake of our boy," he urged, "the

"Do you wish to keep the letter?" inquir-

child of whose existence I was unaware-

'O. Maria, let us be friends!"

and said: "Maria forgive me!"

"Often."

'And in his manner?'

'Thank you, Maria: that was kind.'

Kingstown, you can see Franky and -

is she answered: "Your son, sir!"

dear, dear boy Frank.''

said the wife.

andsome?'

don't feel well," she gasped.

concernedly.

husband.

words.

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Selections.

Locked In.

It was on a leaden-looking evening in October, 1858, that the fast sailing packet Conciliation steamed out of the harbor at Holyhead. Dark clouds were gathering overhead the short, chopping waves, slapped the sides of the vessel impatiently, and the thick black smoke shot straight from the funnel to the receding shore, as if anxious to escape from the restless turbulence of the water, and from a sooty canopy over dry land.

There were but few passengers on board and a drizzling rain sent them below. One gentleman alone stood his ground upon the quarter deck, and, comfortably encased in a suit of oil-skin, puffed his cigar in defiance of the weather. He was a tall, fair-haired man, with a bright eye, thin, high-bridged nose, and light, wavy moustaches, through which was seen a good-humored but sarcastic mouth. He accommodated himself to the motion of the vessel like an experienced traveler, and, with well gloved hands deep you." in his capacious pockets, looked on the distant pier, and the vibration beneath him we should meet on board this boat! It is and about him, with an easy and comforta- the most unexpected accident." ble nonchalance of manner that seemed peculiar to him.

Upon an obsequious and curly-headed steward-who kept coming on deck, and then diving down into the cabin upon those purposeless errands which would appear to be the continual employment of those functionaries when on duty-passing near the traveler he said: "Have you come to tell me that I musn't smoke?"

"No. sir," said the steward, with his usual deprecating smile; "you can smoke if you chose, sir; there's nobody on deck but

"Very few passengers to-night," remarked the gentlemen.

"Yes, sir, very few, sir," replied the steward; "you're the only cabin passenger aboard."

"Am I?" said the gentleman. "Then I suppose I shall have my choice of berths?" "Whichever you please sir, when you come below. We've only one other passen-

ger, and she's a lady." "Ab!" said the gentleman. the sky-light, as if to see his fellow traveler

were in the cabin. "I am afraid we shall have a rough passage."

"Yes, sir;" answered the acquiescent steward; "it does look very dirty to the wind'ard, sir;" and he dived down again.

The traveler lighted a fresh eigar, tossed away his old one, looked at the white foam in the vessel's wake and resumed his march. He was natur. Hy a gregarious, companionable sort of a fellow, fund of society, argument, the shock of opinions, and collision of ideas. He had hoped to meet some other well traveled man, with whom he could have smoked and chatted. He felt that he should bore himself alone, and began to think about the lady who was his sole companion in the bont.

"I wish I knew her," thought he; we could ago, I should have considered this quite an the most tonic manner possible." cause we were destined for each other .- ordering ten for himself at the table oppo-Perhaps she is matried, or old, or disagreea- site his wife. ble. I shall be horribly bored until we reach Kingstown."

saw a lady scated in the cabin taking tea.

"She doesn't suffer, at all events," he mixed sweetness, spent abroad amidst grand thought to himself; "I may as well have a old ruins, crumbling columns, and colossal at look at her;" and he finished his cigar, and statues, like ghosts of greatness passed descended the brass bound steps leading to away, under dreamy skies and over pent the "cundy."

The lady about whom he felt so interested, was over thirty years of age, and despite a though marky winters, and gracefully con-

Espalid complexion and languid, mournful cealed domestic harricanes. eyes, possessed great beauty. Her manners

she was scated at the table, waited on by a the first to yield! Eich was largely endowed bastling and active stewardess. He took off with the fatal gift of sarcasm, and used it his cap—as it were—at her, and disembar- mercilessly. They stabled their mutual rassed himself of his oil-skin covering. He happiness with epigrams, and battered down coughed in token of his presence, but she their home with the artillery of bitter words always so unkind?" said Mrs. Thirlby. took no notice, but continued playing with Months passed in fierce storms and low.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. | her teaspoon, all unconscious of his en- ering threatening calms. The last provoca- 'you answer one question by asking anoth- peace for ten years. Do you raise my feel-

a knowledge of the possession of a good ap- ration was agreed upon. pearance, and a smoothing of a well tied cravat the gentleman advanced towards the his home merely furnished apartments, retable, and coughed again. The vessel gave solved upon adopting a career. He had ina slight lurch, and the tea service clattered terest at the India House, and obtained an at the same time. The lady looked up saw appointment in the Civil Service. Years the fiew comer, and bowed slightly.

sage," began the male traveler, when the had so strangely met, he felt that he could lady shrickel, and would have fallen had bave begun his courtship once again; the band; "I was the villain—husbands always not the stewardess ran forward to her sup- last fourteen years were annihilated; she are!" port. The gentleman turned pale and red, was before him; the old charm floated and pale again, and trembled in every limb. around her, and felt his heart liquefy as he

moment's pause. "Don't be alarmed; it's their play beneath the swinging light in the right, and pious, and virtuous," said Thirl- son!" the-the surprise-the sudden-Let me"- close, trembling, rocking cabin. He wetted his handkerchief and laid it on her forehead, while the stewardess ran for the tumbling sea-externally calm, violether smelling bottle. By the aid of their eyed, impassive, and grand. Her husband, united exertions, in about five minutes the leaning his clow on the table, and his head lady recovered, and looked about her as if just aroused from an unpleasant dream.

"Better leave us!" said the gentleman.

"Know her? Yes." "Yon've only got to call, mum;" said the spoken truly, and as he thought. stewardess. "Can I do anything more,

mum?"

"No-no, thank you," said the lady: 'I'm quite well now, You need not trouble vourself farther."

The stewarders quitted the cabin, leaving the two passengers staring at each other in nute wonder.

"Good God, Maria; is it you?" said the entleman. "It seems almost impossible it can be

you," answered the lady in low faltering "Are you-better now?" inquired the gentleman. "Can I get anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you-if it be really "It seems like a dream," continued the steersman, the found, the lights upon the gentleman-"to think that after ten years,

"Accident?" repeated the lady with an inquiring look.

"Accident? Yes; really accident!" "Are you sure that you did not know that was coming on board this-"

"How could I?" interrupted the gentleman. "I only lauded at Southampton last week. Not a soul I knew was in London; Maguire. It's the most impossible adventure, to think of man and wife, ten years apart, meeting in the cabin of- Are you going, Maria?"

The lady had risen from her seat. "I see no reason for my remaining," she said qui-

"If you cannot hear to breathe the same tmosphere with me, I will retire," said the usband. "I will not turn you out of the abin: I'll go on deck."

"The lady looked up to the sky-light above her, on which the rain was pattering ex-wife, applying her lips to the part affuriously.

"Impossible to stay on deck in a night like this," said she with

the interest of a wife. "Think you for that, Maria."

"I did not mean that," she explained hastily: "f-"

"You are unkind not to let me think you did," said the husband. "At all events, since we have met in this strange way, do. thing in the world for a scald," said he, "I shining scalp in the centre of her husband's not let ue meet as enemies."

"Enemies? No!" smiled the lady. "Yield to a suggestion of mine for once,"

continued the husband. "You were taking will refresh you; or"-his face lighted up with a bright idea-"suppose we take tea am always provided with these little comtogether?"

"Together!" echoed the lady.

"Oh! don't be alarmed" said the gentleman; "you shall pay for you own, and I for converse some hours away. Twenty years mine, and we'll have it on different trays, in

adventure. What fools men are in their Despite the rapid beatings of her heart, salad days! I should have thought that it the lady could not repress a smile, of which was fate that had thrown us together, be- her husband took immediate advantage by

Mr. and Mrs. Thirlby had been married in the year 1846. Miss Harbrowe was a After half an hour's more walking, he noted beauty, and Francis Thirlby a somelooked down the sky-light once again, and what ersatic bachelor. After a honeymoon, and three or four other moons more of unvolcanoes, they returned to cold and cloudy England-its tempestuous summers, mild

"A year passed, and among old friends, were elegant and refined; and a tinge of ex- old haunts, and old associations, easy going baustion in her face and voice heightened Mr. Thirlby became the usual careless husthe sense of subdued sentiment that hung band, engaged more with his Greenwich around her. Overwrought sensibility and dinner and clubs than home, unless he gave sensitive nervous organization were written a party, when he would shine with his cuin the constant play of her short, thin upper tomary brilliance. When alone with his lips and the perfect taste of her dress, com- wife, he appeared absorbed in meditation. pleted the charm of a very fascinating in- She resented his want of assiduity, he resented her resentment. She had been an When the gentleman entered the cabin, only shild; so had he. Neither would be

With a glance at the mirror, that betrayed | She left the house, and shortly after a sepa

Mr. Thirlby, finding his fireside cold, and had passed. He had returned; and as he "I fear we are going to have a rough pas- looked at the wife he had once so loved, and "Bring some water," he said, after a traced the well remembered features and

> Mrs. Thirlby sat with her eyes fixed on upon his hand, said: "Upon my word, Ma-

ria, you are looking handsomer than ever!' A flush of pleasure surged up to Mrs. "Do-do you know the lady, sir?" asked Thirlby's face; she beat it back again the stewardness, hardly knowing what to bravely, but could not resist a slight smile, for she felt, with the self consciousness of a

"This is a remarkable meeting is it not?" continued he, hardly knowing what to say, yet disliking silence more than hazarding something commonplace. "By the way you have a servant with you, havn't you?"

"No," replied the lady. "Not How's that?"

"Harriet had never seen the sea in her life, and refused to embark. She said we were sure to be drowned; so I came without her."

"How odd?" said the husband:-"there's not a single passenger-I mean in this cabin-but ourselves.' "We are single!" said the wife, relaxing

to a smile. "Of course we are-at present!" said the

husband. "And mean to keep so," continued Mrs Thirlby, observing that her husband's eyes were fixed on her's with an expression of deep interest. Finding that his carnest gaze other cup, which broke into a dozen of was noticed, that gentleman swallowed nearly a whole cup of tea at a draught.

"I haven't enjoyed my ten so much for years," said he, putting down the empty cup-"I may say ten years." It was always Mr. Francis Thirlby's prac-

tice to jest when he was in carnest, until he so I took a run over to Dublin to visit Vincy felt his way, and his antagonist's power of resistance.

"Shall I be indiscreet in asking what ma ive you have in visiting Ireland?" he asked, finding that no reply, verbal or facial, was made to his last observation.

Mrs. Thirlby poured herself out a second mp of tea, and said: "I am going to pass a ew months with-Oh!" She shrie'd with pain. Thirlby rose

with anxious and perturbed countenance. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I have scalded my hand," replied his

fected. "Allow me," said he, about to take hold

"Thank you, no," said the lady hastily with what is entirely my own property."

The face of the husband turned red, and side. the wife felt the cruel pressure of victory.

have some in my bag." "You are very kind." answered the wife touched with the attention.

"Not at all, Maria," said Thirlby, follow-"I am something of a traveler now, and black, as lustrous, and as rich as ever. forts-I should say necessaries."

He opened a black leather bag, scraped some soap on a clean white handkerchief, and applied it to his wife's hand tenderly and carefully. He saw the wedding ring shine over the white skin, and gave ever so small a sigh as he tied a knot just above it.

"Poor little hand!" said he caressingly, as he bent his head down towards it. "Thank you; that will do very well!" re narked his wife, putting it under the table

"Nothing like soft soap," said he, smiling. "No," answered the lady, with placid dig-"How the boat yitches! As you are

wounded, shall I do the honors?" said he. "You are very gallant," she replied. "Wasn't I alwaye?" he asked, us he re-

seated himself. "Always," replied the wife; "but not to

"My dear Maria-"Pardon me; you are forgetting yourself." "Not at all," replied the husband, stout-

ly. "I repeat it. Why were you and I so unhappy together?" The vessel strained and pitched as he

the wind howled, and the rain beat down

on the skylight above them. "There's a storm coming on." he remark

ed, rather unnecessarily. "I am afraid there is," replied the wife. "But answer my question."

"What question?" 'Oh, you know," said he irritably. "I sked you why we were always so unhappy together."

"I might as well ask you why you were "I recognise you there," said the husband;

tion was given. Mrs. Thirlby was jealous, er. I remember you always did. It used lings that-that-thatto irritate me."

"Everything I did used to irritate you," interrupted the wife calm and provoking. "When it was irritating," amended Mr. Thirlby.

"You found it so," said the lady, with feminine emphasis.

"Of course it was me," with feminine emphasis.

"No; I was the termagant-wives always

are!" repeated the lady. "My love, you were always good, and by, his love of sarcasm overcoming his better sense. "You were always provokingly proper-all broken hearted submission, meekness, mildness, and down-cast eyes, as if advertising to the world. Look here! my monster is breaking my heart; not that and eyes as he looked first up and then I complein, oh, dear, no; I am too good for down at his long lost wife, as the position of that. He is killing me, and I am rather the cabin floor hoisted or lowered her. glad he is, I am so angelic and resigned!"

Mrs. Thirby knither brows; for a moment | departure," continued Mrs. Thirlby. she hesitated between quitting the cabin handsome woman, that her husband had and replying. Temper triumphed, and she spoke.

"If so, you pursued the opposite tactics," said she. "You were all smiles, frankness, jolity and good humor-to the world; a sort of proclamation of: See what a fine, generous, open hearted fellow I am, and yet my wife-my wicked wife-is miserable with me! Oh, thank Heaven, I am not your wife

The ship lurched again, and Mrs. Thirlby's tea cup fell to the floor, but without

"You needn't get into a passion," said her husband, 'nor upset the ten things; you're not at home now, you know."

"I did not upset it!" said the lady angrily.

"Yes, you did!" "No. I didn't."

"Yes, you did!"

Colonel O'Grady three years ago., "I did not sir!" reapented the lady, tapping the table authoritatively with her undamaged hand, and so knocking off the blown itself into a perfect storm, and he could hardly keep upon his feet as he read pieces. the large school-boy hand:

"There,' said the husband, picking up the fragments carefully, and arranging them before her, 'perhaps you didn't break that either?"

It would be impossible to describe the extent to which handsome Mrs. Thrilby was put out by this accident. Her face darkened, and without losing its beauty, looked a thunder stern-the ox-eved June wrathful with Juniter.

Thirlby tried to walk the cabin. "Time has not subdued that awful temper then?" said he. "Nor the recollection of your ill-usage,"

passive. she replied. "Neither ten years nor ten hundred can do that." "Ten hundred!" he remarked; you'll be

till-till-forgive mel" fine old lady by then." "And so will you,' retorted the wife; ed the wife. 'you're more than forty now." "With your permission. Do you over

"Well, if I am;" answered the husband speak to him about me?" angeily, "you're five-and-thirty-no chick-

One of the chief reasons that matrimonial withdrawing it. "I permit no interference differences are so bitter is, that each party is so well informed of the enemy's weak

"Why, positively you're bald," said Mrs. "Better put a little dry soap on it; best Thirlby, who had not before perceived the boat-we never meet again!" cranium; "Yes, quite bald at the top!"

Mr. Thirlby turned white with passion -he was a very vain man-and walked up she withdrew it-can't you forgive me!" to her as if about to make some overwhele tea-don't let me deprive you of that; it ing up his success with the Christian name. ming reply. Unfortunately her hair was as

His wife guessed his intention, and said aggravatingly: "Poor old man, was he

bald then?' "You know you were always a beauty,"

neared the hashand. Mrs. Thirlby rose from her sent and howed, as if she said: "I know:" which irrita-

ted her husband more than ever. "As lovely as afflicted," continued he. "At all events," replied the lady, that

Mrs. ---"Silence, madam!" thundered the husband. "You have too often repeated that lady's ess with terrible calmness. "The crew is Museum that he never noticed before, and the face of the thirsty tippler of yesterday name and I forbid -

"And pray, who are you that command me? for we have not long to livel" She went to Why should I not mention that woman's - her own little cabin at the side, and shut I beg pardon-lady's name? Who is to the door. prevent me? Not her lover, sir," she continued, lashing berself into a rage, 'when he has ceased to be my husband."

"By Jovel" said Thirlby, "this is as i used to be; but, as you say, we are separated:" and he bent his head over the table lashing at their shaking vessel's sides, howand droned: "For this and other mercies, Heaven make us truly thankful!"

Mrs. Thirlby tore the handkerchief from spoke, and order were given upon deck, and table -the fragments of soap fell into the but a long, endearing kiss proclaimed musugar basin.

"No, not my wife now. As I said a min- pardon and her safety. ute ago: for this and other mercies --- ' ! Only once during the night the world

sult me, sir," she said. "I have been at 1-1 shall never see my boy?"

"The past-yes: the future I will not leave this boat-"

"Maria"-he tried to take her hand, but

The stewardess entered the cabin suddenwas a noise overhead as of shutting fasteno go down every minute!"

Thirlby looked at her for an instant, then taking his wife up in his arms rushed to the cabin door.

"We are fastened down!" said the stewardin the rigging. I shall go to my cabin and "You forbid, indeed!" cried the wife .- meet it there. Oh, pray for your soul's sake, Husband and wife were locked in each

their enmities and jenlousies, their poisoned just been taking some ginger-nuts with arrows of speech and verbal victories!-Eternity was near them, and about them. ling for them in the seal the ship palpitased like a timid hare, as though eager to offer human victims to appease the hungry the scalded hand, and threw it across the elements, and save itself. Neither spoke; toal forgiveness-then heart beating against "What noble vengeance!" continued he heart; hand in hand, their fingers interwinin a pompous tone. "What greatness! what fed within each other, they knelt and prayed. magnanimity of soul! and what a brilliant In his height of health and pride of sarcasm, repartent 'Pon my word, this is refreshing! Thirtby sometimes scoffed at religion, and ney on New Years' eve for me and other men always embraced the young ladies. What a meeting, after ten years' absence! ridicaled his wife's strict observances with boys. He said Santy kept a toy shop in the The breeze without, the row within. Any considerable humor-now, he felt sure that moon, and supplied the young angels with one could swear to us for man and wifel" she was right, and cheek to cheek and lip peg-tops and celestial drums.
"Not your wife now, sirl' to lip uttered fervent prayers for heavenly I was greatly impressed with

Poor Mrs. Thirlby began to feel the effect of the motion of the vessel. "I-I-I

tomb. "Ah! excitement," said the husband unatoms, and all was darkness. They clutch- until I woke up with head in the ash-pan, shall go to my berth. When we get to ed tightly hold of each other, and thought and one arm around the coal scuttle. Saw their time had come.

"Franky! Who's Franky?" asked the Another lurch of the vessel threw Mr. each other's haggard faces; they had thought Santa Claus. It wasn't a good thing to do. they should never see them more.

Thirlby into a seat as he repeated, "My The daylight was an inexpressible relief; they should not perish in the dark. Light if the city was turned the other way. I and He hardly understood the meaning of the was the breath of Heaven. They were not "Your son and mine." said the lady: "My for otten!

"Think you there is any hope?" whisperof the wife, almost afraid to trust the sound ther own voice.

As she spoke, there was a noise upon the deek, and the sound of sea and wind, but Damphool said it was the reservoir, and and straining boards and creaking cordage grew more audible. The cabin door flew of water there,) we walked very carefully open, and the steward, wet as from a bath, and his face bleeding, looked in. "All right! he gasped: "we're saved!-saved! Where's "And you called him Francis," said the my missus? Jane, dear, open the doorwe're saved, I tell you!"

The stewardess opened the door, and both couples repaired to the deck. 'My duty-nothing more,' said the lady. "We shall weather it, praised be God!" said the white-haired captain. "Who would

have thought this six hours ago?" 'God bless him,' said the father: 'is he "Maria!" "Hush! we have received a severe and proper punishment for our presumption and

'A-at all like me!' inquired the father. A steam tug came out to their rescue, and carried them safely into kingstown harbor .- There was a smiling lady, a moustached gentleman; and a handsome yellow 'lle is passionate in the extreme; like

what you were-very. Here is a letter I haired boy awaiting them. had from him last Thursday. He is on a "Mamma!-my dear, dear mamma!" visit to my cousin, who was married to cried the young gontleman, with undisguised

ecstacy. "Franky, my own. Here's papal"

"Papa!" said the boy, rounding his eyes "Papa from Indial" "Yes, dear." "Mr. Thirlby!" said Mrs. O'Grady.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MANMA .- I am so glad "Had you forgotten me, Elinor?" the entleman. "Mamma, why hasn't papa been with

"My Dear, Dear Manma.—1 am so ging that you are so soon coming. I have no news. I am quite well. Freddy's pony buttone of his knees yesterday. We go to Sandy Mount every day. Aunt sends her love—so does Freddy. God bless you.

"Your affectionate Frankin."
Merryon Square, Doublin, Ireland ou before, when--"Hush, dear!" said the mother. Mr. Thirlby did not return to India: and both his and his wife's name are always set The letter was read and re-read till the down for a handsome sum in all subscripines became blurred and indistinct, and a tions for life-boats or preservations from deep sob heaved up from the fathers heart shipwreck.

Doesticks Sees Santa Claus.

I've seen him.

He looks exactly like a big Dutchman, with a pressure of six quarts of lager to the square inch, and a funnel on his head to let the steam off. When I was just beginning out: to bloom into pantaloons and bud into brass buttons, I got my first idea of Santa Claus from Damphool, who was then about as high as a hitching-post, and expected a "big Mrs. Thirlby answered slowly and deliber- | phool, I remember, used to speak very low ately, with a pause between every third or down in his stomach when he talked to me, of people like you." fourth word: After an absence—of more than and always took care to wink at little crinoten years-meeting so unexpectedly-you lines, and spit a great deal when I was by, could not control-your violent and sarcastic by way of showing, I suppose, that he was nature-I will not be-its victim. I par- a venerably-experienced man of the world, don what is past-but when I leave this and only had me along to convey an idea of to wipe away tears of humility with a bor- you can feel for a man that hasn't had a rowed half of his apple. I always paid for drink for two days."

share, I always paid for the beer. before New Years', in the year eighteen hunother's arms. How poor and paltry seemed dred and none of your business, and I had Damphool at my own expense (his pocket- speech at a flag raising in Albany concludbook was in his other trouser's pockets), ed his remarks by proposing three cheers when he suddenly asked me what Santa for the young gentlemen of East Albany Claus was going to give me. I said I never who had procured the flag. As the cheers heard of him, and he said didn't I? And I were about to be given, the chairman of the said no. I didn't. Damphool frowned to keep occasion amended the proposition of Mr. his cap on, and was so overcome that he had | Sage, so that the cheers went up for the to have some root beer. I paid for it because | young ladies as well as the young zentlemen he was sick. When he came to (three cents of East Albany. After the cheers Saxe a glase), he informed me in strict confidence gave as an apology for omitting to speak of that Santa Claus was a good judge of rem- the young ladies in his original, proposition deers, and brought presents down the chim- for cheers that he thought the young gentle-

to sit up all night, and told my mother I ence."

And minute after minute, each longer wanted to see Santa Claus; she said, than the last, passed away, every succeeding "Nonsense, child," and put me to bed. I shock and lurch of the frail boat, they ex- cried, and father came to comfort me. He pected to feel the floor sink under them, and used a soothing strip of leather. I tried to the water pour into their cushioned sea- go to sleep, but it was no go; I lay nwake till everybody else was asleep, and then got A violent crash shook the ship from stem up and went to the fire-place to watch for to stem; the cabin lamp fell shivered into Santa Claus. Remained there wile awake somebody coming, and said, "Is that you, The night passed. A ribbon of grey light Mr. Santa Claus?" The next thing I rein the horizon separated sea from sky; the member, I was in bal, feeling as though I grey grew whiter and more bright-it was had been sitting down on a red-hot gridiron. morning. Husband and wife looked into That was the last time I ever sat up to see

> But I saw him last Christmas Eve. I board in a street that would be Fifth avenue Damphool had been out, and Damphool was so sure that the Croton main would burst again that we drank enough water to keep us mildewed for a week. The water tasted very strong of the pipes, and when we came out of the reservoir, (I saw bottles there, all respectable families have private bottles on the side-walk, so as not to crack the pipes down under them. I left Damphool bargaining with a barrel of potatoes to take him to Gough's lecture. Went home. My room is on the first floor, if you don't count the roof, and is connected with the front parlor by three pairs of stairs. Hung my hat on the servant girl's lamp, and went up. Fat Dutchman in my room standing on both sides of the bureau, with two coats and three pair of pantaloons over his arm .-Said he was Santa Claus, and wanted to find a good place to put my presents. Would come again when I was asleep. He went out together, and left me trying to cover myself up with a pocket-handkerchief under the belief that it was a sheet. Next morning, missed all my tailor's collaterals. Can't secount for it, but I've seen Santa Claus.

Yours, disconsolately, DOESTICKS, P. B.

AN ASTONISHED CLERGYMAN AND A CAN-DID MENDICANT .-- Walking up Chesnut street yesterday morning, we were overtaken by a reverend clergyman. Erroncously supposing that reporters sometimes run oppesition to their own lines, the clergyman asked the news. The clergyman and the reporter continued their walk to the corner of Thirteenth and Chesnut streets. At this point a hard looking customer arrested their progress. The stranger was a glotious specimen of the genus "lonfer." He was illy dres-ed, illy behaved, and his entire wardrobe would have been rejected as too nasty for use by the lowest dealer in carnet race. More than this, the odor exhaled from his person was not a perfume, and there was dirt enough upon his face and hands to

make a large sized mud pie. He was a polite vagabond however. He touched his hat deferentially, and opened

"Good morning, gentlemen." The clergyman started. The reporter re-

turned the salute. "Gentlemen," continued the lonfer, "I and I know it's no use humbugging a class

The clergyman appreciated the compli-

ment and asked the man-"What is your wish?" "Why." said he. "I'll tell you. I ain't the numerical respectability of his family .- goin' to come the hungry dodge on you-I Little Damphool had a weakness for peanuts | don't want nothing to eat. I want my hitand when I would pay for a pint in our daily ters, and d-I hadly too. I seed you was walks, he would help me to eat them with sporting men, and I know'd you'd undertrust in your hands. As I said when, we such a look of compassion that I often had stand me. Give us a fip, gentlemen, I know

ly by the stairs leading to the deck. The the apple. Sometimes we would make a The minister, at the idea of being taken floor was heard to lock behind, and there princely meal on taffy-candy. Damphool for a sporting man, was struck aghast, and said that taffy candy was excellent for a cold stood upon the sidewalk a picture of utter ng. She staggered forward, and said in a and he always had a dreadful cough at the horror. The reporter handed the loafer a ow, resigned, but trembling voice: "If you sight of a confectionery. He bought the dime, and the twain resumed their walk .wish to pray, do so at once; we are expected candy always, and-I paid for it. Some- We can understand the feelings of a starved times we would stroll as far as the Park on man when a dish of meat is placed before Saturdays, and then Damphool would ask him; we can appreciate the gratitude of a me to take an oriental draught of ginger- wounded soldier when a canteen of water is beer. After drinking his share. I remember held to his lips. But such an expression of he would suddenly see something on the joy and gratitude as that which wreathed look at it so hard that he couldn't see me we never before saw upon human face. The feeling in my pockets. By way of doing my reverend clergyman admitted to us that in all his experience he never felt a similar But I was going to tell you how Damphool sensation. He even forget in it the oddity told me about Santa Claus. It was the day of the beggar's mistake in taking him for a "sporting character."

sarA few days since Saxe, in making a

sa"My dear," said a lively married lady to her lord the other day, My dear. I was greatly impressed with this revela- I hope you have no objections to my being tion, for my parents had too much good weighed." Certainly nik; willy do you ask sense to delude me with the silly holiday me the question?" "Only to see, my dear, The lady rose to her feet. "Do not in came back to him, when he sobbed out. - talk. I went home and made up my mind if you would allow me to hate my weight