

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

B. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and my Country.

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those who advertise by the year.

AWAY WITH GLOOM.
BY JOHN TOMLIN.
Open the lines which sorrow traces;
Laugh the life of life away,
They who wear the gladdest faces
Always live the longest day.
Why complain, though fortune press thee?
Why rejoice at lowly birth,
While contentment still may bless thee
With the joys of peevish mirth?
Art thou rich in pounds and rubles?
Dost thou sleep on beds of down?
Dost thou see how vain the bubbles
Which deceive the gazing clown?
What though now thy years are many,
And thy locks are turning gray;
Hast thou not a hope of an
Aep beyond thy mortal day?
Thou hast dreamed perhaps of glory;
Fate has held thee under ban;
Still unknown to song or story,
Thou canst be a merry man.
Till art over-glad and gloomy;
Let not weep be thy only joy;
For the world is full of gloomy
Others there without a price.
Dost thou speak of care and trouble?
Care and trouble what are they?
Nought more than floating bubbles,
Which a laugh may drive away.
Laugh, and charm the Fates to listen;
Hoot all gloomy fancies down;
Thus shalt Time forget to hasten,
And 'en Death relax his frown.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
**DOESTIGHS VISITS THE STRONG-
MINDED WOMEN.**
I have recently attended the annual Ex-
hibition of rippling female who have sworn
a solemn oath to match the pantaloons from
the legs of the tyrant, Man, usurp the stove-
pipe hat, and monopolize all the standing
collars in the country. The Women's Rights
Convention at the Tabernacle has been the
scene of my labors, and the Strong-minded
Females have been the subject of my obser-
vations. Was introduced by Dampfold, who
said some of the leaders in the movement
were relatives of his—indeed I should have
recognized at once several female Dampfolds
without this friendly explanation. Lot of
people present, all sympathizers with the
wronged Women. The wardrobe of the femi-
nines seemed to be in a transition state, as
if as yet undecided whether to subside into
petticoats, or blossom into breeches; and if
beauty had been a capital crime in the land,
not even one of them would ever have been
accused, or even suspected of the offense.
I achieved admission without difficulty,
though I had previously resolved, if neces-
sary, to shave off my flowing beard, hoop up
my honored legs after the prevailing style,
and go in unrecognizably as a strong-minded
female; but the Women's Rights had no pre-
judice against pantaloons, quite the con-
trary, and did not seriously object to whis-
kers. In fact, Lucy Stone's man, and Emes-
tine Rose's man, and all the strong-minded
women's men who were there, wore whis-
kers—they couldn't have given more atten-
tion to ridding them if there had been a fami-
ne in the land, and beards had been bread-
stuffs.
They elected a President named Paul-
ine—she is the Pauline mentioned in the play,
but a different animal altogether—one that
Cleopatra would have gone one block
out of his way to avoid, and whom he would
not soon have written poetry about, or sent
flowers to, or had he would have addressed a
sonnet to Fighting Mall, or sent a bouquet of
violets to Black Mall, or sent a note to Tom-
bacco Mall.
There were considerable attendances at
Congress, and at one time I thought that Lucy
Stone and the President would have a couple
of rounds before they could settle their little
quarrel, but when Pauline took her jacket,
rolling up her sleeves and shook her fist with
a prophetic flourish, Lucy saw her error and
backed out.
They began to do what they called
business—couldn't see much business in it
—it was all about the monster, Man—how
the monster, Man, was abusing frail Woman
—how the monster, Man would not let frail
Woman vote, and objected to frail Woman's
wearing his pantaloons; and didn't want frail
Woman to make the laws, and would rather
have frail Woman stay at home and tend the
babies, than go to Washington and try to
govern the Nation. And how the monster,
Man, was setting up all sorts of monkey
shines with frail Woman, and trying to keep
frail Woman under his feet, instead of letting
her rise to her proper sphere, and fulfill her
lady mission—how, in short, all the world
was against the seven or eight particu-
larly obnoxious women there congregated,
and how they pulverized them to eternal smash
—how they must be all true, though if
I had not had their solemn assurances of the
fact, I could have gone to my grave sup-
posing them to be a bunch of impostors, and
that the two might become enemies for all
they would do towards the keeping up of the
population.

I thought of the Fox and Grapes, and ques-
tioned if that ancient and respectable fable is
not paralleled by the Strong-minded Women
and their Babies, that they haven't got. The
Fox and the Women are alike disdainful,
and the Grapes and the Babies equally im-
possible.
I wondered, as I left the Convention, if I
wouldn't be a pleasant thing to see the
Strong-minded Women establishing their
claim to pantaloons by doing men's work.
I really thought the world would be edified
by the sight of Pauline in a blue shirt and
sheep-gray breeches, breaking savings-
stones by the day—or Lucy Stone in a car-
ter's frock and stogy boots, hauling molasses
for sixteen cents a load; or Lucretia,
with her sleeves rolled up, and a leather
apron on, forging wagon-irons, with Ernes-
tine to blow and strike. Hoping yet to be-
hold all these glorious fruits of the Women's
Rights movement, I remain, Yours,
Progressively,
Q. PHILADELPHIA DOESTIGHS, P. B.

A GOOD ONE.
We cut the following from the Philadel-
phia correspondence of the N. Y. Dispatch.
There is much truth in it and an excellent
anecdote:
Among the distinguished strangers in town
this week, has been Hon. Allison White, a
gentleman extensively known in your city,
who, at the recent election, the Demo-
cratic party of Lycoming and Clinton coun-
ties chose as their representative to Con-
gress. Mr. White's friends will be pleased
to learn that he is enjoying excellent
health, and ready to carry warfare into the
camp of fanaticism and fogism whenever
an opportunity may present itself. Mr.
White is emphatically a self-made man,
and like an emetic, cannot be "kept down."
His residence is Lock Haven, Clinton Co.
He is not a man of large wealth, nor will he
probably ever be. As wealth invariably ends
in gout and dyspepsia, it is not wonderful
that a man should be satisfied with consid-
erably less than a million. Mr. W. believes
the happiest man in his world to be one who
has just wealth sufficient to keep him in
spirit and just children enough to quicken
his industry. And he is right, for annual
is as great a bore as want.

By the way, let me relate a little incident
which will illustrate the difficulties with
which lawyers have to contend in making
the desired impression upon the jury. It
was on an occasion when Mr. White was
defending a boatman before the County
Court on a charge of assault and battery
upon an Irishman, in which the evidence
went altogether against his client. After the
witnesses for the prosecution had all been
examined, and the District Attorney had
taken his seat, perfectly confident of convict-
ing the prisoner, Mr. White called up an-
other Irishman, his sole witness. "Your
name, I believe, is Fingean?" "It is, sir."
"Where do you reside, Mr. Fingean?"
"Across the river, sir, in a small state run-
ning, forrest out Nat Hanna's." "And
which way does the street run?" "Length-
ways, sir." "But which direction, north
or south?" "If you stand at the upper end
it runs south sir; if you stand at the lower end
it runs north." "Then you mean to say it
runs north and south?" "Yes sir, precisely
you stand midway between the ends." "And
how wide is the street, Mr. Fingean?"
"From side to side, do you mean?" "Yes,
what is the width from side to side?" "Well,
as near as I can tell, the distance between
the two fences was precisely equal; they
mightn't be, so I wouldn't like to risk the
safety of me oath upon it." "Are you a
married man, Mr. Fingean?" "No, glory
to be god!" "Ah, then I suppose you re-
side with some one; who is it?" "With
the man I board with." "And who is he?"
"Do you know the old blacksmith over
the river bank?" "I think not particularly."
"Then how the devil can you know who I
board with?" "Well, never mind, then;
did you hear the testimony of those wit-
nesses?" "I did." "Do you know any-
thing about the matter yourself?" "I do
not; but I know them witnesses in a general
way to be the biggest liars in all Lock
Haven."

This ended the testimony for the defence.
After the District Attorney had addressed the
jury in a strain of magniloquence, altogether
unusually to the occasion, and especially to
the jury, who happened to be a jolly, good-
natured set of fellows, Mr. White arose to
speak for the defence. He appreciated and
fathomed the jury in a moment, and adroitly
adapted his remarks to their tastes.
"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "if
these witnesses could be compelled to sit
on a pile of broken bottles until they told
what they knew, you would have discharged my
client without a word. But it is as hard to get
the truth out of some witnesses, as to draw a
bob-tailed cat through the bung hole of a barrel.
Gentlemen of the jury—Mr. White had pro-
ceeded thus far when the foreman of the
jury, in a spasm of laughter, told the Court
that they had agreed upon a verdict, and
were ready to adjourn. It was—Not Guilty!
Had Mr. W. pursued his usual dignified and
scholarly mode of address, nothing would
have saved his client from a six months in-
carceration. This occurrence, however, trans-
pired many years ago, when the present
Congressman was a legal stripling, and when
twenty dollar fees were less plentiful than
ten times that amount is now to a first class
lawyer. It was the beginning through
which every successful lawyer must pass.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.
A PROFITABLE TELEGRAPH.
There can now be no question that the At-
lantic Telegraph will prove one of the most
brilliant and important successes on record.
The stock is about all taken, and will be-
yond doubt, soon be at a premium. Every
feature connected with it has been already
tried and proved, before a step has been
taken, so that it starts off with success guar-
anteed in every possible form and contem-
porary. In a scientific point of view, it has been
tested by actual experiment on the land, and
the demonstration made clear that the cur-
rent can be sent along a much more exten-
ded line, while it is also known by actual trial
that the isolation can be maintained as per-
fectly under water as above.
In a commercial point of view, it starts
with a guarantee of four per cent. on the
whole capital stock, from one customer
alone, the British government, which cannot
be reduced below 3 per cent. for twenty-
five years to come, and not to that, until the
whole income is six per cent. It is true,
that for the larger sum the British govern-
ment has a right to about six messages per
day, costing \$35 apiece. For all over that,
it will have to pay the usual rates. It has
also priority over all customers, except the
United States government.

England will find this a cheap and profit-
able bargain for herself, saving much money
in the transportation of troops, &c. For \$70,
000 per annum, she is put in momentary
communication with the whole of the Cana-
da, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and New
Brunswick, and, above all, with her Minis-
ter at Washington. This also will be the
channel of intercourse with her West Indian
possessions, which will soon be connected
with the telegraph system of the United
States. Thus she will be kept in instant
communication with all her Governors, her
troops, and her fleets.
The United States government will, per-
haps, not pay quite so much, and yet, when
the absolute necessity is considered of the
government at Washington being able to
communicate as rapidly as any other power
with its agents in England, France, Spain,
Germany, in fact, all over Europe, and with
its fleets in the Mediterranean, there can be
no doubt that, to secure equal advantages
with the British government, a nearly simi-
lar amount might well be paid. Other gov-
ernments will come next in point of dignity
and precedence, probably, though not in
point of the profit they will yield abroad.
But Spain, Spain, communications with Havana,
and all governments with Washington. The
newspaper press will afford one of the most
certain and rapidly increasing sources of re-
venue. If the charges are high, it is probably
that, at first, there will be some associated
press arrangement, by which the markets
and most important outlines of the news will
be transmitted each way. This cannot hold
for long. Mammoth papers like the London
Times will want their special columns daily
for their own correspondents. Our own
journals will not be found deficient in this
kind of enterprise, nor should we be surprised
if in six months one line has more business
than it can perform, and other wires have
to be laid. Besides this, the private commu-
nications of business men will be immense.
The large houses of New York and London
will want to communicate important transac-
tions daily. Brown, Boveri & Co., and
Brown, Shipley & Co., Hope, and Roths-
child, in fact, all the really large houses,
dealing either in stocks, exchange or pro-
duce, must, and will have almost daily cor-
respondence in cipher.

And not only between N. Y. and London
but from Chicago to Calcutta, and all in be-
tween, will make use of this, the sole high-
way of lightning and of thought. Paris
and St. Petersburg will have their commer-
cial announcements to make to New York.
The arrival and departure of almost every
important vessel will by degrees come to be
notified, and hundreds of inquiries made af-
ter every one delayed at sea. Besides com-
merce, friendship and family ties will re-
quire the use of the telegraph for some hours
in each day. Whether parties will ever be
married by telegraph across the Atlantic
may, perhaps, be a question. It is said
such things have happened in this country;
but soon, at least, the day will arrive when
every other set of agreement will thus be
made. For Alderman in London will send
to New York and to the West Indies for the
finest turtles of the season, regardless of ex-
pense, and Dr. Dryasdu will send in his bid
for some rare old manuscript or volume to
be sold that day in Vienna, or Paris, or Lon-
don. The Mayor of New York will be in-
viting the Lord Mayor of London to a ban-
quet in the Crystal Palace, ten days before
the hand, and the Governor of Canada and Lord
Palmerston will be able to visit their offices,
one in Quebec and the other in Downing
street, be put in communication, chat and
touch glasses by telegraph on the Queen's
birthday, as they drink her Majesty's health.
With all these sources of revenue, the line
must be a grand success pecuniarily, if it is
only decently managed. Deep down in the
depths of the ocean, the sparks of lightning
will flash along the wires, and across from
end to end in less than a quarter of a second.
There will be no night then, for fresh relay
of operators will work it without cessation.
Of course the whole thing will be conducted
more expensively than if the Yankees had
held it. Such things always are on Brit-
ish ground, but it will be done substantially
and suitably well. There will be no way
stations to keep up, so that the expenses
ought to be small, and the profit must be

very large. Nor should it be forgotten how
much it will improve the business and the
value of an equal length of line extending
from this city to Newfoundland. If the
metre be a success, the latter will be doubt-
less so. New Orleans and London will daily
want to feel each other's pulses as to cotton
and sugar, and the cargoes bought and sold
must be notified all through.
It is quite possible indeed that one or two
cables may be lost by storms. But they will
probably be insured, and should half a dozen
cables prove failures, with such brilliant
prospects of a dividend, the attempt will be
renewed until successful. We should not be
surprised if in five years, there are at least
as many rival lines competing for the carry-
ing trade of facts and thoughts across the
Atlantic.

CURIOSITIES OF ELECTRICITY.
The peculiarities of that terrible but mys-
terious agent, lightning, are made the subject
of an interesting paper in a recent number of
the British Quarterly Review. Two clouds
are not necessary for the production of light-
ning, which is frequently discharged from a
solitary clump of vapor, when a connection
can be established with the earth. A French
Academician, named Marcolle, describes a
case where a mere cloudlet about a foot and
a half in diameter, killed a poor woman by
dropping a thunderbolt upon her head. It
has been shown by Faraday that the electric
fluid contained in a single flash might per-
haps be supplied by the decomposition of one
grain of water alone. M. Arago has divid-
ed the lightning into three sorts. The first
include those where the discharge ap-
pears like long luminous lines, bent into an-
gles and zigzags, and varying complexion
from white to blue, purple or red. This
kind is known as forked lightning, because
it occasionally divides into two branches—
Charpentier relates a case where a flash sev-
ered into three forks, each of which struck
on points several hundred feet apart. Still
more numerous fusions have been reported,
for it is said that during a tempest at
Landmann and St. Et de Leon, twenty four
churches were struck, though three dis-
tinct claps were heard. This was eight
churches struck for the three explosions!
The second class of lightning differs from
the first in the range of surfaces over which
the flash is diffused, and is designated as
sheet lightning. Sometimes it simply glides
the edge of the cloud, whence it leaps; but
at others it floods with a lurid radiance, or
else assumes the surface with blazes of a
rosy or violet hue.
The third class of lightning is remarkable
for their eccentricities, and have been
made the subject of considerable attention
among meteorologists, many of whom have
denied their right to be treated as legitimate
lightnings; they differ so widely from the
ordinary sort of flashes. They exhibit them-
selves as balls or globular lumps of fire—not
momentary apparitions, but meteors which
take their own time, and travel at a remark-
able rate. It is this peculiar class which gives
them their doubtful character, and which
electric bolts is supposed to be the leading
emblem of velocity. Among other anec-
dotes related of this kind of lightning is the
following incident, which occurred to a tail-
or in the rue St. Jacques, Val de Grace,
about the year 1545. M. Babinet was com-
missioned by the Academy of Sciences to
investigate the facts, and reported substan-
tially as follows:
"After a loud thunder clap, the tailor be-
ing finishing his meal saw the chimney-
board fall down as if swept by a slight gust
of wind, and a globe of fire, the size of a
child's head, came out violently into the
room, at a small height above the floor; the
tailor said it looked like a good sized kitten,
rolled up in a ball, and moving without
showing its paws. The globe came near his
feet, like a young cat that wants to rub
itself against its master's legs; but by mov-
ing them aside gently he avoided the con-
tact. It appears to have played for several
seconds around his feet, he bending his body
over it and examining it attentively. After
trying some excursions in different direc-
tions, it arose vertically to the height of his
head, which he threw back to avoid touch-
ing his face. The globe elongating a little,
then steered towards a hole in the chimney
above the mantle-piece, which hole received
a slope-pipe in the winter, but was now
piped over with paper. The thunder, he
said, could not see the hole; but nevertheless
the ball went straight to the aperture, re-
moving the paper without hurting it, and
made its way into the chimney. Shortly af-
terwards, and when he supposed it had time
to reach the top, it made a dreadful explo-
sion, which destroyed the upper part of the
chimney and threw the fragments on the
roofs of smaller buildings, which they broke
through. The tailor's lodging was on the
third story; the lower ones were not visited
at all by the thunder-bolt."
Lightning, when it meets with an obstruc-
tion in its course, frequently shatters the ob-
ject, dispersing and bursting
substance under in every direction, as if
they had been charged with gunpowder.
The stone pinnacles of a church in Cornwall
was struck by lightning, and one fragment
weighing three hundred pounds was hurled
sixty yards to the south-west, another four
hundred yards to the north, and a third to
the south-west. In 1823 the poplarn-mast
of H. M. ship Rodney was literally cut up
into chips by a flash of lightning, the sea-
bitting driven with the fragments as if the
carpenters had been sweeping their shavings
overboard. Sometimes, in striking a tree or
mast, the electric fluid will shew it into long

shreds or filaments, so that it will appear like
a huge broom or a bundle of laths. Light-
ning bolts will occasionally dash through re-
sisting objects by tearing great openings, as
in a Cornish church, where apertures were
made in the solid wall of the belfry four-
teen inches deep, and as if cut out by art. In
other instances small holes are drilled which
are surprising for their perfect circularity of
form. Window panes have been frequently
pierced in this fashion, without effecting the
rest of the glass. In forming these apertures,
a burr or projection is left upon the edges.
Juvenile electricians are in the habit of
making holes in cards by passing discharges
through them when a burr or projection will
be observed on both sides of the card.
Sometimes a single discharge will produce
two holes in a card, each puncture marked
by a single burr, one on the upper and the
other on the under part of the card. In some
instances the results are such as to suggest
that a flash may be split up into several fiery
filaments before it strikes an object. In 1772
a weathercock of tinned copper was
struck by a thunderbolt from the top of a
church in Cremona, and, upon inspection,
was found to be pierced with eighteen holes;
in nine of them the burr was conspicuous
on one side, and in nine it was equally
prominent on the other, while the slope of
the burr was identical in all.

Among the curiosities of lightning are
what termed "fulgurites," or tubes, which
the lightning constructs when it falls upon a
silicious spot, by fusing the sand. They may
be called cases of thunderbolts. In some
hillsides of sand in Cumberland, Eng-
land, these hollow tubes have been found
from one-fifth to two inches in diameter,
tapering perhaps to a mere point. The en-
tire extent of the tubes may be thirty feet,
but they usually separate into numerous
branches, and have the appearance of the
skeleton of an inverted tree. They are lined
with glass as smooth and perfect as if it had
been made in a glasshouse.

Accident in High Life.
[From our Fall Correspondent amongst the
Superior Classes.]
On Tuesday last, a lady of 40, whose
name has hitherto been kept a profound se-
cret, whilst proceeding up the grand stair-
case of Sutherland House, to pay the amia-
ble Duchess a visit, neglected, we are sorry
to state, to take the necessary precaution of
walking sideways. The consequences of her
recklessness (which, it is to be hoped,
will act as a warning to other ladies) was
that her dress, which, *selon la mode*, was
fully twice as broad as it was long, became
so completely wedged in between the ban-
isters and the wall, that it was impossible
for her to move either one way or the other.
Her ladyship's position was not one of the
most agreeable in the world. It was, in fact,
as alarming as it was awkward; for it was
not a pin's point more practicable for her to
advance than it was to retreat. There she
remained for some considerable period, per-
fectly immovable in body, though not im-
moved in temper; and every minute of that
prolonged agony will probably be recollected
by the fair prisoner of Cieloline until the last
day of her life, when she throws off the
"mortal coil" of hoops and hen-cooped petti-
coats. Finding, at last, her efforts to re-
lease herself from her ridiculous immor-
tality perfectly ineffectual, the question nat-
urally arose as to what had best be done.
Were the banisters to be sawn away? Or
was a hole to be excavated in the wall, of a
sufficiently large circle, in which her lady-
ship could with safety turn round and slide
off? No; out of respect to the duchess, it
was resolved by a council of elderly ladies,
held on the landing, that it was better that
the dress should be cut away. Accordingly,
half a dozen young milliners were fetched
from Madame de Japon's establishment in
the neighborhood; and with the help of a
large scissors and garden-shears, they set to
work in good earnest, in order to clear the
thoughtful. During the operation, which was
witnessed in the most breathless silence
by a crowd of European nobility, that owing
to the passing impediment, had gathered
behind, her ladyship was supported by burnt
feathers being applied under her armpits,
nose, and lumps of sugar dipped in sand-
paper being dropped into her mouth. How
ever, owing to the distance caused by the
circumstances of her dress, these had to be
inserted between a pair of tongs (of the
brightest steel) and it was only by exerting
the tongs at arm's length that the resist-
ances could be introduced near enough to
reach her exhausted person. After several
labors, and the sacrifice of many yards of the
most expensive *mere antique*, Madame de
Japon's assistants (who, if they had been fe-
male navigators, could not have worked
with greater zeal or hardihood), succeeded
in extricating the unfortunate lady from her
dressing dilemma, of solitary confinement.
The difficulties they encountered in
cutting through the invulnerable straits of
silk, whalebone, gimpure, foundation mus-
lin, gause stiffening, calico, flannel, count-
cheuc, and crotinole, would, we are told, if
minutely related, send a thrill through the
bosom of the stoutest engineer! The lady,
considerably curtailed of her fair proportions,
was carried home, more dead than alive, in
a sedan chair. The ruins of the dress were
removed in a cart. The mistress is to be
enlarged.—Punch

The man who works twenty-five hours a
day, it has been discovered, was a painter.
He got up an hour before daylight.

Western Assurance.
Judge J., who recently returned from
a tour in the West, states an anecdote illus-
trating the horrors to which travellers in that
region are exposed. In his passage to one
of the rivers, he fell in company with a talk-
ative lady and gentleman, to whom he was
relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.
"Husband," said the lady to the gentle-
man sitting that side, "you had better tell
the gentleman about the man we met in
Iowa."
The hint was sufficient, and "husband"
proceeded to say that, in his travels further
west, they had made the acquaintance of a
stalwart, rollicking, western booster, one
of the genus who could "whip his weight in
wild cats," but who possessed a fund of
quizzical humor. On one occasion they stopped
at a hotel in the interior, not of the most
inviting appearance. They were shown to
their rooms, the boomer at one end, and the
lady and gentleman at the other, of a long
hall. About midnight the drowsy couple
was started by a report of fire-arms, proceed-
ing from the end of the hall occupied
by their travelling companion.
Both started up in bed and began to specu-
late upon the probable causes of this un-
timely alarm, when they heard a rushing of
feet, and a confusion of voices in the hall—
On going to the door the gentleman found
the whole household, headed by the land-
lord, rushing in the direction of the report.
He hastily led him to join this midnight
procession, and he arrived with the rest, in
front of the boomer's door. The landlord
tried the latch, but found it fast, whereupon,
in a loud voice, he demanded instant ad-
mission:
"What do you want?" roared the voice
within.
"Want to come in?" replied the landlord.
"Can't do it!" was the response from
within. "It's my room, and I'm in bed;
can't come in."
"Get me in!" shouted the landlord, in a
loud tone, at the same time shaking the
door violently, "or I'll break the door down."
"Hold on!" rejoined the voice within;
"I'll open the door."
The door was soon opened, when it rush-
ed the whole party, expecting to find the
floor covered with blood. What was their
surprise to find everything in its proper
place, and the boomer calm and unconcern-
ed. A revolver was lying carelessly upon
the bed.
"Who fired that pistol?" demanded the
landlord.
"I did!" was the reply.
"Why?" asked the landlord.
The boomer stepped to the bed, and throw-
ing open the covering said:
"Look here! do you see that?"
The attention of the party was at once di-
rected to the point indicated, and there, over
the whole surface of the sheet, bedclothes
were rampering in every direction, like a flock
of sheep frightened by a dog.
The landlord was chagrined and puzzled,
and looked to his ledger for an explanation.
"There!" began the boomer, straightening
himself up to his full height, and gesturing
with his right hand in grandiloquent
style; "these are my friends; I have secured
an armistice with them, and we are on
friendly terms; but on the window-sill there
just outside, you will find two infernal big
fellows that I couldn't do anything with, and
so I just put a bullet through 'em. But it's
all right now, it's all understood between me
and my friends here, and we shall get along
well enough now."
It is needless to add that the landlord re-
laxed to his own bed visibly crest fallen,
while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKE.—The present
season has been remarkable for the great
number of marine disasters which have oc-
curred. The losses upon our inland seas are
greater in number and fatality than have
ever been known before in the same length
of time. From an imperfect list of lost ves-
sels which has been published, we see there
has been six steamers, nine propellers, two
tugs, five briggs, and twenty-eight schooners,
either burned or wrecked. Several have
never been heard from. At least two hun-
dred lives have also been lost.

The man who hates you is the man
you have helped. Jones one day refused
to endorse any more for Skidmore. What
has been the result? Why, Skidmore al-
lows that Jones is the meanest man in New
York, and has some thoughts of sending him
to his carriage house, and burning up Mr.
Jones' plantation and light hairs.

Owing to the new order of shirts,
concert rooms do not hold as many people
as they formerly did. In consequence of
this, Thalhous talks of changing women by
the foot. Not a bad idea, provided he
makes them pay the expense, and not their
husbands.
"I cannot imagine," said Alderman
H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so
much sooner than the hair of my head."
"Because you have worked so much more
with your jaws than your brain," observed
a wag.
Hair—Hair is a very fine medicine. Let
your stomach rest, you dyspepsics. Let your
brain rest, you worried and worried men
of business. You can't! Cast off all superflu-
ities of appetite and fashion, and see if you
can't!
Female help are said to be better paid in
San Francisco than any other class of peo-
ple, receiving from \$30 to \$50 per month.