The Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1869. VOL. 15.—NO. 20.

Select Poetry.

WINTER DAYS.

How short and dark these winter days,
That come with fall of snow and rain,
With winds that roam the untrodden ways
And sob at dusk outside the pane.

How bleak and lone the bare fields lie,
That in the purple distance merge;
How cheerless looms the leaden sky
Along the dull horizon's verge.

The barren woods no longer ring
With summer carols of the jay;
The robin plumed his russet wing,
And with the Autumn passed away.

Down in the hollow next the glade
The scarlet winter-berries gleam,
Where, stern and chill, the frost has laid
His icy fetters on the stream.

Outside the window where the vine
Hangs, shivering, stripped of all its leaves,
The icicles like daggers shine
Down pointing from the jagged eaves.

The gray dawn loiters on its way
To touch the sombre east with light;
And, like a timid fawn, the day
Flies startled at the step of night.

In feathery flakes the silent snow
Falls earthward from the chilly cloud,
And wraps the frozen earth below
In wintry whiteness like a cloud.

But what care we for winter's cold,
For rain or snow outside the door,
Who in our hearts, like treasure, hold
Love's deathless summer warmth in store.

SHANNON'S MODEL.

Immediately to the the right of the space in the handsome galleries of the Academy of Design, allotted to water colors; there has been, since the opening night of this annual exhibition, a large vacant space. The fact that the position is one of the best lighted in the room makes visitors, who are wholly ignorant of the troubles of "hanging committees," wonder why it is not filled. Some of the invited guests, who were present on the opening night and remembered the scene which occurred in front of the large painting catalogue "No. 123, Venus Rising from the Sea," which hung there for that single evening, may know why it hangs there no longer, and it may be they are aware of the romance connected therewith; but few, even of those, can have heard the particulars of the final denouement of this singular family history; hence I tell it:

In the spring of 1865, Mr. Thomas B. Shannon entered my study, and throwing himself on the lounge with a fatigued air, exclaimed:

"Well, congratulate me!"

"On what!"

"Work is over, and I am ready at last for my two years holiday."

"Your work is about to begin, I suppose you mean."

"No, no, I say. It is over I tell you. Oh! you don't know my dear fellow, the drudgery of talking commissions; the settlement of money matters: the drawing up of terms; the closing of bargains with drafts and check, which I can't understand. Painting the pictures is nothing. That is the labor that physics all pain—the labor I delight in. Painting is pleasure."

But to be more brief, Shannon explained that the commissions which he had sought had been obtained, and he was authorized to make one large equestrian portrait, two large paintings illustrative of my theological subjects, and several from sketches of war incidents and American scenery. Among them was one of "Venus Rising from the Sea," for Mr. Gideon L. Vanderwater, of this city, a gentleman of culture and wealth, well known by the artists as a liberal patron and admired by them as a sensible and critical connoisseur of the fine arts. The artist was very wisely instructed in his treatment of the rather hackneyed theme; a handsome sum was named as the price of the picture, and the privilege of exhibiting it before its delivery to the purchaser was also claimed and granted.

It is not necessary to narrate at this point the incidents of Shannon's two and a half years' stay in Rome, or to notice in detail the result of his labors. Only one of the incidents of that residence, and only one of the pictures painted by him have aught to do with this history. The incident will be mentioned in its proper place, the picture was the one ordered by Mr. Vanderwater, and which, as I have before stated, hung for a single night in the Academy of Design, New York, catalogued "No. 123, Venus Rising from the Sea. T. B. Shannon."

Unfortunately for me, as the narrator of this story, I did not arrive at the Academy of Design on the opening night of the exhibition of 1865 until a late hour in the evening. I am compelled to give the facts of the occurrence on that evening, from the statements made to me by Mr. Shannon.

The painting arrived from Europe but a few days before the evening of the exhibition, and was hung immediately, without being previously shown to Mr. Vanderwater. It was, therefore, only after being displayed that Mr. Vanderwater saw it.

He entered the Academy on the evening in question, in company with his sister and his youngest daughter, his wife and his eldest daughter being at this time in Europe. Soon after entering the room he descried Mr. Shannon, and making his way through the crowd he addressed him and welcomed him home in very warm terms. At the end of the conversation Miss Vanderwater taking Mr. Shannon's arm joined with her father in begging the artist to guide them to the picture in which they were all interested—either as painter or purchaser. Shannon might have consistantly declined in the mixed crowd present, all of whom could not know the circumstances of the case, and the relation of the parties to himself as far as the picture was concerned, but having no false modesty, and caring little for the opinion of those of the crowd who did not know him, and not fearing that of those who did, he acted as the guide of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies and escorted them to the picture.

On first looking at the painting there came from Mr. Vanderwater and his fair companions simultaneous cries, not of admiration but of astonishment. Miss Vanderwater dropped the arm of the artist, and convulsively clasped that of her father, pointed nervously to the picture and whispered in his ear. His sister made similar movements, and hurried exchange of whispers was had between the two ladies. Mr. Vanderwater passed his hands before his eyes, re-adjusting his eye-glasses, as if fearful they had deceived him, and then, after a few seconds of observation of the picture, he turned full upon Mr. Shannon, who stood slightly in the back ground. A number of the promenaders, attracted by the strange manner of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies, had gathered near by, and now observed with evident interest, the scene enacted before the picture.

At length Mr. Vanderwater spoke, addressing himself to Mr. Shannon in curt but still impassioned phrases, in which the emotion he felt was smothered, but concealed.

"The face of your Venus is not a conception of your own?" he asked.

Mr. Shannon did not answer.

"It is a portrait?" continued Mr. Vanderwater, still interrogative.

Still Mr. Shannon did not answer. He afterwards confessed to me that he was somewhat surprised by the questions.

"Come, sir," continued Mr. Vanderwater, "you must answer. You had a model for that face—and figure?"

"Yes," answered Shannon. "Yes I had a model."

"Who?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vanderwater; you have no right to ask."

"But I do ask; I will know—I have a right."

"When you have proved the right I will answer the question."

"This is too easily proved, I fear. Here?" he exclaimed, seizing and opening a locket which hung around his daughter's neck; "do you see that? Is that not her portrait."

"Good heavens?" exclaimed Shannon, looking at the face in the locket. "How came you by this?"

"It is the same then?"

"The same? Yes! But how here—how came you with it?"

"Easily enough, sir. The lady, your model, sir," with a sneer and a curl on his lip "is my wife."

Before Shannon could speak, Mr. Vanderwater said:

"You shall hear from me again." And full of rage, the old man left the room, bearing the ladies on his arms, and endeavoring as as best he could, but with little success, to conceal the emotion and excitement under which he was laboring.

Shannon was utterly dumbfounded by the denouement, and I found him on entering the Academy, ten minutes after this occasion, endeavoring to reconcile the conflicting facts. He at once informed me of the incident—the simultaneous recognition by Mr. Vanderwater, his sister and daughter, of the remarkable portrait, the statement of Mr. Vanderwater that the model was his wife, the possession by him of a photograph of the lady, and yet the impossibillity of her being his wife.

He suddenly turned and said:

"Has Mr. Vanderwater been twice married?"

"No."

"Then his wife, if the mother of the young lady I met last evening, is a woman of forty or more."

"About forty-two, I should say. She married young."

"Then it cannot be her. But pshaw! what am I thinking of? Of course she can't be his wife, as—"

"He hesitated, and I asked "why?"

"It's of no consequence. She is not over nineteen."

"Did you explain this?"

"I had not time. He left me too abruptly."

"You can't, of course, satisfy him that she was not his wife"

"I can at least assure him so, for I never saw Mrs. Vanderwater."

"Yet she has been for a year past in Europe—last winter in Rome."

"Singular, isn't it? Nevertheless my model was not Mrs. Vanderwater."

"Who was she?"

"A young Italian girl whom I met enroute to Florence in 1865, when I was going to Rome. She was alone—in trouble—evidently flying from some one, I protected her, and she accompanied me to Rome."

"Where you set her up in business as a model, and—"

"Stop, Harry! no jokes on that subject, if you please."

"I beg pardon, my boy, but—"

"I can tell you no more than this."

"Will that satisfy Vanderwater?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I don't care whether it does or not. I will explain no further."

On the following day I saw Mr. Vanderwater. I was not authorized by Shannon to do so, but I presumed on our friendship—though somewhat cooled since his return from Rome, some other friend having won some of his affection—to act in his interest. Mr. Vanderwater gave me a warmer welcome, on my announcing my business, than I expected, and at once took me to his library.

"I had to send you for Mr. Shannon's address," he said.

I named the hotel. He had usually stopped at my house; but on his return he had gone to a quiet hotel in the city, and had declined to make my house his home as usual.

"Thank you. I would prefer to communicate with him through you, if you are in any way authorized to act for him in the matter of our business arrangements."

"But I'm not," I answered.

"Then, will you act for me? I am desirous of closing our agreement for this picture. I am ready to pay the balance due him, and will make him a liberal allowance in addition to the sum agreed on, if he will renounce the privilege of exhibiting it further."

"I think that he will consent to the removal; but he will decline any consideration for doing so."

"Thank you. Will you see him, give him this check—filling it up for the amount you can agree on as right, you acting for me—and obtain his consent to the withdrawal of the picture from the Academy?"

I did so. I saw Shannon paid the balance closed the account and carried his transfer of the picture to Mr. Vanderwater.

The same day the picture was removed from the Academy, and passed into the hands of Mr Vanderwater. What disposition was made of it at the time I do not know.

As we left the building, Mr. Vanderwater requested me to go with him to his residence, as he had a second and more serious communication to make through me to Mr. Shannon. We got into a cross town car, which was passing the Academy at the moment, and started for his house.

As we were making a short curve in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Madison Square, I was suddenly roused from some meditations into which I had fallen, by a sharp, nervous grasp on my arm. I turned in my seat. It was Vanderwater who had startled me. He was bent in his seat, gazing fiercely through the low windows of the car, and pointing to an open carriage which came from lower Fifth Avenue, and was crossing the square going north. In it sat Shannon, and beside him a lady.

I recognized Mrs. Vanderwater!

Her husband, too, had seen her, but instead of springing from the car and pursuing the carriage, which was now passing rapidly through Upper Fifth Avenue, he sat like one in a stupor. He did not speak a word, but sat like a statue in his place, and almost as white and cold. When he had reached the street car route nearest his house we got out. He took my arm but showed no other sign of emotion. We walked a block, and turned the corner nearest his house. We were surprised to find a carriage at the door, and the servants removing baggage from it into the house. He quickened his step, drawing me rapidly with him. As he entered the gate and was ascending the steps a light scream was heard in the parlors, followed by a cry of "Papa! papa!" and there came bounding out to meet him, a young girl still in her traveling dress. She threw her arms around his neck. It was his daughter—the one who had been traveling in Europe with her mother. She smothered him with kisses, and he carried her, half fainting with joy, and amidst convulsive sobs, into the parlor, whither I followed. Miss Vanderwater was there, and seeing my natural embarrassment, she came up to me and told me the particulars of her sister's unexpected arrival. Her statement was interrupted by her father, who started up and asked, wildly:

"And your mother—where is she?"

"She remains in Europe," she answered. "Oh! papa—"

"Europe! are you sure?"

"Yes, you—but let me tell you all about it. Oh, papa! do you know ma thinks she has found Nellie?"

"Found Nellie!" exclaimed the father.

"Oh, it is so strange! When we were in Rome early this year, the Consul told ma of a lady who had lately been privately married to a friend of his, and who strangely resembled her; and the likeness was so remarkable that the Consul afterwards frequently referred to it. One day he brought us her photograph; he told us that the lady and her husband had left Rome for Paris, and that he supposed there was no harm in showing us the photograph as confirmation of what he had said about the likeness. When he gave the photograph to mama, she just glanced at it and fainted away."

Mr. Vanderwater stared at his daughter in amazement.

When she came to, which was in a few moments, she said to me, "It is your sister—dear, I feel it is my lost baby." The Consul did not know what it all meant, and I was too much agitated to tell him. When ma was sufficiently calmed she told him the story of how Nellie had been lost in Paris, fifteen years before, and how all search for her had been vain. He at once became interested in the case, and set persons to work to trace up the gentleman and his wife. He said the gentleman had strong reasons for wishing the marriage a secret—that he wished to conceal Nellie's antecedents. Oh, papa, she has been a model for one of the artists in Rome"—and amidst her sobs the agitated young girl went on to explain that the Consul and Mrs. Vanderwater were in Paris endeavoring to trace the couple whose names he could not divulge; while she, the daughter had been hurried home to inform her father of the discovery.

Instantly the truth flashed upon both our minds—the father's and mine.

"Quick, quick!" he said to me. "You can catch them in the coach. Bring them here immediately."

I needed no bidding. I sprang into the coach from which Miss Vanderwater's baggage had by this time been removed, and after a few words of direction to the driver, I was soon whirling through the avenue in the direction of Central Park. It was only after passing as rapidly as the rules permitted through the lower part of the park, that I descried Shannon's carriage in the distance, near the Croton Reservoir, beyond the Ramble. I ordered the coachman to drive up to it, and hailing Shannon, I sprang out of my coach and went up to his. The lady drew her veil more closely about her face, and Shannon, rising in his seat, endeavored to interpose his body between her and me.

"Shannon, I know all," I said.

"Know all? what can you mean, my friend?"

"Let me talk to you in quiet, you and your wife," I said.

He sat down again—sank back, as it were, in his seat. I sprang into his coach, and ordered his driver to turn back. Shannon made no resistance; the lady simply grasped his arm and asked what it all meant.

"I hardly know, my dear," he said; "but there is no reason to be alarmed, I confess," he added, turning to me and smiling, "I am somewhat astonished."

I explained in a few words, so that the ady might understand as well as he, and wound up by telling him the suspicion of Mr. Vanderwater and myself that this was his lost Nellie.

On the way to Vanderwater's, Nellie told her history as far as she herself knew it. Her early life had been spent roaming about Europe; her parents, those she had known as such, were itinerent organ grinders, who roamed about France, Germany and England. When she was ten years old, they left her with a wine-grower in Italy, and she had labored in the vineyard. Subsequently when older, she had fled from the harsh treatment which she had endured in the vine-grower's family, and in her flight she had encountered Shannon. He had taken her to Rome, educated her, and eventually had married her.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene when we entered the house. It is impossible to paint such painfully pathetic scenes without in some way detracting from their pathos and beauty. Th reader's imagination can supply a better description.

The remarkable likeness was not the only proof of the relationship which was finally adduced. There was found in Mrs. Shannon's possession a locket marked N. V., and containing a portrait of Mrs. Vanderwater at twenty, which proved a perfect picture of Nellie at her present age. The relationship was satisfactorily proved: Mrs. Vanderwater was summoned from Paris by telegraph, and those curious for proof of the truth of this strange statement will find her name in the first of the arrivals by the Helvetia on the 27th of June.

It is unnecessary, of course, to pursue this denouement further; the reader must intuitively know that painting, painter and model have become domiciled in the house of their owner and father.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.—We are passing toward final rest ourselves. Do not regret it if the eyes grow dim. You will see better by and by. If the ear is growing heavy, do not be sorry. If your youth is passing, and your beauty fading, do not mourn. If your hand trembles, and your foot is unsteady, with age, be not depressed in spirit. With every impediment, with every sign of the taking down of this tabernacle, remember that is the striking the tent that the march may begin, and that when next you pitch your tabernacle it shall be on an undisturbed shore, and that there, with eyes unwet with tears, through an atmosphere undimmed by clouds, and before a God unveiled and never to be wrapped in darkness any more—that there, looking back upon this world of ignorance and suffering and trouble, and upon the hardships of the way you will with full and discerning reason, lift up your voice and give thanks to God, and say "There was not one sorrow too piercing." And you will thank God, in that land, for the very things that wring tears from your eyes in this. Look then, to that better land, out of all the trouble of the way, sigh for it, pray for it, prepare for it, and enter into it.

A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings. When there is a little revival in the church, they all at once flame up and become very hot and zealous, but they cool off as suddenly as they became heated. If such people, he says, had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the church.

A clergyman having preached during Lent in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in a certain sermon exhorting his parishoners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried on in this town!"

A countryman went into a drug store a few days since, and asked to be served with two pounds of opium. So large a quantity excited the suspicion of the druggist, and he inquired what it was to be used for. The verdant replied, to stop cracks in his cart wheels. He was advised to get some oakum.

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied the maker, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

Wait.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down at the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty-five cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take my word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish, in careful hands. Your husbands business is uncertain; there is a financial crisis close at hand. Who knows what that hundred dollars may be to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breastpin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding-ring made to fit a rosy finger you wot of. A shirt neatly ironed and stockings darned like lace work are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? Wait and think the matter over.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseillas jacket. He is only a child, and 'mother' is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soapsuds will repair all damages; but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she set up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait with silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak so reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, and weary and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with Care, and Selfishness, and Greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyes, and whisper "old maid" as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crow's feet around the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can know until experience teaches you; so wait before you sneer at the Old Maid.

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard room to your house, and buy the fast horse that Black and White and all the rest of "the fellows" covet. Wait, and think whether you can afford it—whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided for. Wait and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now, to see your fair wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that is impossible; do you remember what Hall said to the seer of old: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-faced youth from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do something for him; you can give him a word of encouragement—a word of advice. There was a time once when you were young, and poor, and friendless! Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie, wait a while before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar, the wine bottle, and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait, my friend, with the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement. As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world; we say wait, WAIT!

One of the most important items in the cost of a newspaper is the *paper* itself. Many newspapers do not obtain from their subscribers the price of the white paper alone. The entire expenses must be covered by the receipts from the advertising.

A school ma'am has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads, and pours water down their trowser legs. She must be a temperance woman.

An Irish waiter at a hotel, ordered by a weary traveler to bring a larger boot jack than the one in the house, advised the broad footed guest to further and use the fork in the road just beyond.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes; but I mean had intempeanance any thing to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bofe of em drunk."

Cling Close to the Rock.

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, were recently passing over the Allegheny mountains, on their way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the Iron horse snorted and rushed on, they began to descend, and needed no power but the invisible power of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock, a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony. "Put on the brakes," but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and every one rose up in their places, fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn in the curve the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be upon them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every one looking over could see them. Close to the track in the upright rock was a little niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out. "Cling close to the rock, Johnny, cling close to the rock!" And the little creature snuggled in, and put his head as close to the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed, and a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.—*Indiana Messenger.*

The Church *Union*, of New York, has the following, which will strike all who read it as being true.

Editing a paper is a pleasant business.

If it contains too much reading matter people won't take it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is too small, people won't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are all lies.

If we omit them, they say we are fossils.

If we publish original matter, they condemn us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, they say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other papers.

If we give a man a complimentary notice, then we are censured as being partial.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we do not, they say we never attend to business.

If we publish poetry, we effect sentimentalism.

If we do not, we have no literary polish or taste.

If we do not pay bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

Nasby is going to emigrate from the Corners to New York, where the Democracy have a footing not likely to be disturbed. He announces his programme as follows:

The only thing that stands in the way uv my acquirin politikle influeence in Noo York is the lack of suffishent capital to start a grosery with. If I kin get that capital I shel start it, on a corner, if possible. I shel get control of ten votes, wich by joodishus repeatin kin be made to count fifty.

Then I hev suthin positive. With these votes back uv me I kin insist upon a share—with money I kin get more votes—with more votes more money, and with money I kin buy posishun. In Noo York the startin pint is a few votes, and votes is got by whiskey. My pint is to get control uv a trifle more whiskey than I can consoom myself.

I shel in time go to Congris; I shel have control to clean streets; I shel furnish armories with black walnut, silver mounted racks, and I may possibly hev ten or twenty years on the new Court house.

Uv course when I go to Noo York I shel change my name to McNasby, and my first name to Michael.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—A lady, riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for vacation. He used so much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew."

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor."

With the greatest pleasure, madam. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

"You say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?" asked a counsel of a rather dull looking witness. "Oh, ye-as—just so," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, "I know the difference, and I'd never take you for a hoss."