

confessional, the priest, who knew her well, said:

"Well, Peggy, so you have come at last."
"Yes, please yer reverence, an' isn't it time for me?"

"Well, what sins have you to confess?"
"Nothing partickler, barring the dhrop."
"That is true," remarked the priest; "I am told you drink an immoderate quantity of whiskey. Now tell me, Peggy, how many glasses do you take during the day?"

"Well, please yer reverence, I take a glass airly, airly in the mornin', another about ten, a couple about dinner time, and two or three towards evenin', but after that I don't keep count."

"Oh, you dreadful woman!" exclaimed the priest, "to drink such a quantity of liquor, enough indeed, to destroy both body and soul. But I will put a penance upon you. I will put you down to one glass a day."

Scarcely were the last words finished, when Peggy exclaimed in a voice so loud as to be heard all over the chapel:

"Ogh! ogh! it's thrue your reverence I'm a great sinner, entirely, and for the love o' goodness will ye double the penance!"

Bread cast upon the Waters.

One evening, the curate of a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking with sorrow how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, the result of a refusal on the part of his housekeeper to pay what she considered an exorbitant charge for the transportation of a small, but heavy package.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of his housekeeper an ingot of pure gold, and a slip of paper, on which the following was written:

"To Monsieur—, the curate of B. A slight token of eternal gratitude in remembrance of Aug. 28th, 1848, CHARLES F—, formerly Serjeant Major in the—th regiment,—now a gold digger in California."

The circumstances were these: Three years before the curate was returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier, with a haggard countenance, and wild, bloodshot eyes about to plunge himself into a river. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke kindly to him.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate, fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length with much difficulty succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as serjeant major of his company.

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow upon an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God, you will change your habits, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money which indeed, belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and, after a pause, said:

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement is ended. I solemnly promise, that with the assistance of God, I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Three years passed away, and the ingot, worth three thousand francs, proved to the poor curate a substantial means of support during

"Tops and Bottoms."

"Solomon, my son!"

And he came very quickly 'for'ard, to use a sailor's phrase, for the old man had caught him up in the hay loft, a 'chucking' dice with Jim, an older brother, and he knew he was a gone-r!

"What am you join' here?" asked his daddy.

"A playin' of *Sweet*," sed Sol., gatherin' up what constituted the 'bank.'

"*Sweet*! And what's that sonny!"

"Why, you see this 'ere board, with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, painted on it? Well, Jim sed he wouldn't bet on any other figger but the 5, if I'd bet him 'double,' and I throws three 6's every time, and beats him to perfect smash."

Old Mr. Science didn't quite understand this answer, but he reckoned to himself 'the little raskils had been'er gambling, and a winnin' one another's money."

"Jim," said he sternly, "jest lote yerself in the house, an' stay there until I return; and you, Solomon, go an' cut me a willow branch directly!"

"What for?" asked Sol.

"I'm agoin' to give you a lickin' my son.—What sez the Scriptur'?" "Spare the rod an' spare the child," and if I should do that thing, you'd continer to go on in this wicked way, until you'd come to the gallus."

"Daddy," exclaimed the youngest, puttin' both hands in his trousers pockets, "there's no use in talkin' to me in that durn sollum strain, for I tell you I'm bound to be a gambler—gallus or no gallus! Now, there's Nancy Smith the female that I set up with, she sez as how I'm a lamb; and don't all lambs gambel?"

"Hold yer tung, you dratted skunk, yure ignorant as a horse; and if you don't take warnin', you'll come to a dreadful end—sure as yure a human bein'." Solomon, I say, them gambler's have dealin's with the devil, and if you should go down to Noo-York with ten dollars in yer pocket, they'd win it all in a day!"

"I'll bet they wouldn't."

"Because, if they couldn't git it no how else, they'd cut yer throte with a banana, and then, chuck you down sum of them hundred foot pitts!"

"Who's afraid? I'm a tea-pot if I don't think I could beet the hull crew all to shivers with these 'ere dice. Why, I can throw 'three sixes' a dozen times—hand runnin'—and, daddy, I can tell how many spots is on the top and bottom—without lookin'!"

"And me shake 'em up, an' kiver 'em over?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And you turn your back, and shet your eyes?"

"Edzactly!"

"It can't be done," said the old man, solemnly, "the thing's onpossible! Angels couldn't do it—I couldn't."

"Well, I kin," said Sol, with a grin.

"Silence! you dratted villain; don't I tell you nobody could?"

"What'll you bet?"

"Me bet, an old man almost in my grave, and deakin at that. What would sister Crump say, I wonder, if she should hear of sich a thing?"

"No, dad," said Solomon, "I didn't mean to say you would bet, I alluz knowed you wouldn't; but I'll tell you what I did mean. You see I've got five dollars, all in silver, and I want five more to buy a watch. Now if you'll give me your five if I'll do this 'ere trick, I'll give you my five if I don't."

"And did you say I could shake the things?" asked Mr. S.

"Of course, nodded Solomon.

The old man scratched his head, and muttered to himself—

"I can't be wicked to try, for it ain't bettin', and the boy can't do it, 'cause it's onpossible.— Besides, it will drive all them nasty notions out of his head, and he'll never go so any more.— Yes, I'll humor him this wunst—I vow! Solomon!"

"What did you say was the trick?"

"Why, you take these 'ere dice, and shake 'em yourself, and I'll tell how many spots there is on the top an' bottom—and won't look! If I don't, you can have my five dollars; if I do, you must give me your five."

"Well, sonny I'll do it. Give me the things."

"There they be," said Sol, handin' 'em to his daddy; "now put your five dollars in this pile long with mine, so all will be fair you know."

Indiana V. amongst Solomon's silver, and the dice in his hat. After shaking 'em good ten minits, he dumped 'em on the floor, and said he was ready."

"Wait a spell," said Sol., making bleeve he was puzzled. "All right! I guess there's jest twenty-one."

The old man raised his hat, counted both ends of the dice, top and bottom, and of course there was twenty-one spots.

"Bless the Lord!" sez he, "the child has done it, slick and sure! but it wan't fair, I declare to nater' it wan't. Solomon! If you'll do it again, I'll give you another five dollars, and git you a new pair of breeches besides."

"Well, daddy go ahead, but I don't think I can guess again, no how! That's right, shake 'em a heap, I han't got no injections whatever. Already! Well, there's 21 spots there this time, too!"

Up comes the hat. There's three sixes daddy, that's eighteen. Turn 'em over—three aces. That makes twenty-one again, by thunder.

The old man held his hands up, and groaned, Marcul Egypt! did you ever! No, I never did. Solomon, how was it done?"

"Done?" said Sol., gatherin' up his daddy's dimes, "done? I don't like to tell how that was done, [aside] you were done omniferous!"

CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees whilst taking his tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who is careful about wrapping himself up well before entering into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easy comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his, deserves being rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

CLEAR TRACKS FOR THE ENGINE!—"Our *Chawles*" presents his compliments to Cap'n Ed'rd Cattle, mariner, and begs information from that great naval authority on the subjoined queries:

- 1st. How many ells in a ship's yard?
- 2d. Are the ship's mate and "companion" on friendly terms? Are they the same kind of companions that we see advertised for by "elderly ladies" in the newspapers?
- 3d. Can a vessel with a "cat head" catch mice?
- 4th. Was the nautical lyrist who asked for "a wet sheet and a flowing sail," a believer in hydropathy?
- 5th. How soon would a young duck come out of a hen's egg if put under a ship's 'hatch'?
- 6th. As the ship's cook works in the 'galley,' he is a galley slave; how then is he always reckoned a great man?
- 7th. Why should one boat be called "jolly?" Are any of the boats sad?
- 8th. As every ship has a *cut-water*, have they anything to cut biscuit?

If Cap'n Ed'rd will answer these, categorically, he will much oblige. "*Chawles*" thinks of buying a yacht next summer and wishes to be posted.

There is a girl out in Benton county so killing pretty that she has to wear around her waist a spiked belt, similar to those the farmers put on colts' heads to break them from sucking.—This is the only means of keeping the young bucks from hugging her to death, and even with this shield, it is said there is not a young gent in the neighborhood that does not bear spike prints on his arms.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The *Richmond Enquirer* translates from a letter of a French tourist in Western Virginia, the following curious passage:

"You will recollect that in the discussion in the Institutes between Duler and Drouet, the opinion was advanced and maintained with a great many illustrations, drawn from the absolute organization of the human body, that in all limestone districts of the country, the bones and flesh of the human animal were larger than in the districts where lime did not prevail; that the general outlines were different, and that the men, generally, from limestone countries, were heavy, and disposed to corpulency, without much mental activity, cold in their temperament and phlegmatic in their dispositions; while in the districts in which silica and sandstone prevailed the race were more nervous and sentimental, with florid complexions, and all disposed to be slender and restless in their character. I am more firmly convinced of the truth of this theory than I ever was before.—The horses are even more marked than the men; as between that portion of the State where there is no limestone and this district, in which it is all limestone, no fleet-footed and durable race-horse, it is said, was ever raised in this great valley; whereas, in that part of the State in which no lime is found, the best racers of the whole country have been raised. Few or no great orators have sprung from this district of country. True, the leading men of the Revolution were, by necessity, raised near the coast for the mountain portion of the State was not then inhabited, and the disparities are continued as between an old and new settled country.—Still I do not think that a circumstance sufficiently strong to account for the marked difference which positively exists between the districts, and I therefore shall note down these facts for future purposes.

Speculative Philosophy.

If all mankind could wink at the same moment, the muscular effort exerted would be sufficient to jostle the earth out of its orbit.

If all the oaths uttered in the United States were required to be printed, it would employ all the presses in the country, day and night to perform the labor; and if a tax was levied on them of one cent each, one year's revenue would be sufficient to transport all the mails, lay a double track railroad to the Pacific, and pay the public debt of every State in the Union.

The cigars consumed throughout the country in one year, would make a worm fence six feet high around the District of Columbia; and the air expelled in smoking them would drive the Japan squadron round the world, with enough over to do the windwork of all the patent medicines.

If all the ejected tobacco quids were from this time to be dropped on the dome of the capitol at Washington, the hail of Egypt would be no comparison to the pelting storm, and the edifice would be buried deeper than Nineveh, before the next meeting of Congress.

If all the lies told during the last Presidential campaign, could be boiled together, they would make soap enough to wash the face of nature.

FATHER AND SON.—Two of the best lawyers of Boston occupy this position to each other.—They have both their oddities of manner, and they are alike distinguished for a certain dry humor. One day the son was driving out his papa, at a two-forty speed, and was remonstrated with by his senior:

Bill, what the deuse do you drive so like Jehu for?

Do you happen to know, sir, demanded the fast young gentleman, who Jehu was?

No, sir, I do not! Who was he?

Jehu was the son of Nimshi, sir!

On another occasion, the son on entering the door of the paternal mansion, was snapped at by his father's favorite dog, which was lying on the mat just inside. He gave him a kick which caused him to howl fearfully.

Bill! exclaimed the old gentleman, what are you kicking that dog for?

He bit me, sir.

He didn't bite you, sir!

Then I didn't kick him, sir!

People go according to their brains. If these lay in their head they study; if in the belly, they eat; if in the heels, they dance.

An editor down east has become so hollow from depending upon the printing business alone for his bread that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe.