

THE PENNY DIP.

St. John, N. B., June 15, 1878.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

One of our staff is only too happy to acknowledge the receipt of a beautiful embossed picture, life-size, and natural in every respect, being no doubt the exact representation of one of Barnum's clowns who had just recovered from an attack of *chloera morbus*. So beautiful in architecture is this picture that at first we thought it was the gift of the gentlemen who performed the celebrated war-dance at the Institute last winter, or of that other equally celebrated gentleman who exhibited the beauties of architecture to the admiring gaze of St. John's beautiful damsels. But when we observed that it was addressed to the PENNY DIP office, we at once accused those King street architects who gaze at passers by with an opera glass. Our reason for putting it down to them was that as their early education in manners had been neglected, so also might their early school education have been neglected. But later information tends to show that it was neither the gift of an architect or a policeman, and the query was then—Who sent the picture? This mighty question was solved only by persistent enquiry which proved that the picture was the gift of a young lady. This suspicion was readily confirmed when we observed a partiality for *brown* appeared to be the leading taste of the purchaser of the picture, which was dressed according to the latest fashion with a red coat and yellow breeches cut off short at the knee, a la bank clerk style.

A young man named Hennigar has been arrested for sheep stealing in Nevada. He is no relation to the *Globe* man as his hair is said to be black.

The army worms are devastating parts of Nova Scotia, and the *Truro Sun* attempts extermination by dubbing them "voracious and herbacious pests."

Halifax is following St. John's example, and is going to hoist tall goats and goat owners out of their city. We hope it will not have such an effect on the price of mutton over there as it had in St. John.

A QUERY.—We wonder who is the lucky possessor of that Brilliant Triple Stoné Diamond Ring. It has been most prominently exhibited of late. We have noticed it glittering on the fingers of lean men, tall men, stout men and small men.

There is a "Quinn-Tette" Club organized on Golding street, composed of young ladies and a couple of Telegraph Operators. We have no doubt it will be a success as operators have a good ear for music. The neighbors are not friendly to it as the young ladies disturb them by their loud laughter, etc.

CARD OF THANKS.—The happy recipient of the Box which was kindly tendered Tuesday evening by some (supposed to be) unknown person; returns many thanks, and would merely suggest that a screw be retained for the top of the head to keep his wits from going wool gathering again. Being rather a dry sort of a joke it not considered worth keeping.

Indiantown now boasts of a Band, the said band consisting of about twenty small boys each armed with a formidable tin whistle, and two others. One armed with what was once called a bass Drum, and which the boys still persist in calling such. The other juvenile carries what is meant for a tenor Drum, which if we are not mistaken was once used in the firm of Rankin & Sons; and the lovers of fine music think it far superior to any drum invented.

They promenade the streets every evening filling the air with the sweet strains of Molly Darling, and We went go home to Morning they being the only tunes they are at present acquainted with, but as they are under an able instructor who is well versed in all the modern music of the day.

We can only say in encouragement go ahead boys.

Portland Police Matters are still terribly mixed, and no doubt will continue so for some time to come.

Truro is luxuriating in wild strawberries, and the doctors hold themselves in readiness for a call at any hour of the night.

ALLIGED INCEST.

A New York Man, Formerly of Massachusetts, in Difficulty—He is Arrested for a Crime Against Nature—How he Explains it.

George Wilkins Lake, formerly of Topsfield, Mass., but lately an importer of Japanese goods in New York, and who lived with his reputed wife and two children at 9½ State street, is under arrest. It is charged that the woman is his daughter, and the children are his. On Sunday last Police Captain Caffry received an anonymous letter saying that at the above address a woman was in need of a physician, that she had been recently confined, and that her husband neglected to procure for her the requisite attendance. Officer O'Connor was despatched to investigate, and found the woman, who said her name was Nettie Lake, and she wished to be taken to the New York Hospital. Mr. Lake, who was sent for by Captain Caffry, said that he did not get a physician because he knew all about such cases himself. Finally, however, he consented that the woman, then believed to be his wife, should be taken to the New York Hospital; and he promised to defray the expenses. An ambulance was sent for, and she was taken as the police supposed to the hospital. The authorities there, however, did not think it was a case within their sphere, and the woman was driven to Bellevue. She, however, refused to be taken into Bellevue, and, at her own request, was driven back to her house. Officer Moran was called in yesterday afternoon by residents of 9½ State street, who said that Mrs. Lake was attempting to jump out of the window. The officers found two women, neighbours trying to hold her. They said she seemed to be insane. She talked wildly about going to the hospital, and repeatedly said in presence of police surgeon Wade and several officers that Mr. Lake was her own father as well as the father of her children. Sergeant Roerke was dispatched to Cedar street for Mr. Lake who declined to come until compelled. Roerke says that when he told Lake that his wife was trying to jump out of the window, Lake said, "Let her jump." Mr. Lake was brought before Judge Wandell, and the charge of incest preferred. When questioned by the justice he refused to say anything regarding the charge, but at length said the woman was not his daughter, although he had registered her as such, and she had always called him father. Lake's explanations of the affair have been contradictory. He said in the station-house last night that he was brought up on a farm in Topsfield Mass.; that he went on a whaling voyage from 1857 to 1858; that from 1860 to 1869 he lived in Japan carrying on the ship chandlery and provision business. He was married in Topsfield, after his return from Japan, to Lucy Jane Wilkins in 1870, by whom he had two children. He had trouble with his wife, and got a Utah divorce from her; and he believes she tried to get a divorce from him for abandonment, but he does not know whether she got it or not. She is now living with the two children, with her father in Middleton, Mass. He said the real name of the woman he was living with is Georgiana Towns, and she was the adopted daughter of Moss Towns of Topsfield, Mass., where he first met her in 1869; that he adopted her as his daughter, and sent her to school in 1871 and 1872 at various educational institutions near Boston; that he subsequently took her as his mistress, and, in order that their relations should not be suspected, passed her off as his daughter.

SPRING FEVER.

I know where summer woods are green,
Where summer shade is dark and deep,
Where frondage forms a cooling screen,
Where wide-leaved lilies lie asleep,
And where the early blossoms blow:
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where laughing waters fall,
Where sapphire summer lakes are spread,
Where merry springs are musical,
And brooks with fountains at the head,
And where lordly rivers flow,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where birds delight to sing,
Where squirrels chatter at their play,
Where bees sweep by on busy wing,
Where fragrance fills the dying day,
And fire-flies sparkle to and fro,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where ocean airs are free,
Where salt waves dash upon the beach,
Where bright sails glisten o'er the sea,
Where rock and sand strange lessons teach—
Rock dark as death, and white as snow,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

This wilderness of stone and brick
Enfolds me still from day to day;
My soul is sad, my heart is sick,
And yet I cannot slip away
To pleasant places that I know—
I know, I know, but cannot go.

THE BEATS OF SAINT JOHN.

Kind friends please pay attention,
And read this doggerl rhyme,
About the bums, the beats and swells
That hang around Saint John.

We will start with Whitney Gallagher,
A lady's man so fair!
With little crack brained Driscoll,
And Duchy C., the bear.

Then come, Fancy H.,
The man with the skin tight pants,
And Barney Howe the flat foot,
Who gives the big shoe dance.

Next in line comes Teddy Barr,
The boy that Briggs can't scare;
With Honorable Joseph Gorman,
Oh! Joe, who cut your hair?

There is Rat and Shorty, the midgets.
And Billy Cahill the beat;
Then C. Madore, the slasher,—
O, Charle, lift them feet!

The next one is Nokey,
The man with the terrible gall;
With Hennessey and Leighy,—
The greatest bums of all.

There is also Dolly Maddon,
The solid little man;
With Davis and McCormack,—
Just show them the inside of a can!

The next in order is Freaky Tom,
The greatest beat in town;
When he gets behind Mickay's bar
The dimes and gin do go down.

Then there is a Jewelry man
A regular talking machine,
And Fatty Fay, the Doctor,
Who drives the spruce beer team.

We will close with Sankey, the warbler,
Not forgetting big mouth Buck,
And Rubber, the noted C. D.,
Whose cry is "Can't you set them up?"

Now if any of the boys don't see their names,
They must wait another week,
And we'll try if we can't please them
And all the others too.

Some enterprising gentleman represented himself as being the Editor of this paper, left an order at a Shoemaker's on Burssels street, for a pair of No. 16 boots, which have not been called for yet. If the blackguard who committed the deed will call at this office he will learn that the Editor of this paper does not wish his name used to obtain credit by every common loafer and bar-room bummer in the city.

Miss Thursby sleeps an hour before each concert. Our consort permits us to sleep six hours after each lecture.—[N. Y. News.

Blivins also has a mania for the antique, though in a somewhat novel form. Though very rich, he is willing by taking in sewing.—[Brooklyn Union.

It was a lucky thing for Noah that his ark wasn't constructed for a United States war vessel. It wouldn't have lasted forty days and forty nights.—[Phil. Chronicle.

A Bridgeport man had his wife arrested for drunkenness. He furnished the wagon to carry her to the station house, and wanted the city to pay for its use. He was fully as tight as she was.—[Danbury News.

The spring overcoat, like the oyster, has nearly reached its pawning season.—[N. Y. Herald.

A thief may make a bolt for the door and not be a very good mechanic, either.—[Brooklyn Union.

The umbrella was invented during David's rain. It was successfully used as a parry-Saul.—[N. Y. Graphic.

"He was generous to a fault."—[Exchange. That is just what is the matter with the most of us. We treat our faults too kindly.—[N. Y. Advertiser.

There are a few men who can hold their breath under water, but the name of those who can hold their breath under whisky, is legion.—[Hackensack Republican.

What's the use of one fell low inventing a Weed-Grubbing Machine as long as another fellow is allowed to invent a Weed-Sewing Machine?—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

That May-Benedict duel was a sad affair. It is now proved that they fought with cannon at ten paces, which accounts for the shower of fresh meat that fell in Kentucky some time subsequently.—[N. Y. Graphic.

Dan Rice says he can get along with a cross wife, a fault-finding mother-in-law, or a howling dog better than with the old lady from the country who tries to pass her husband in as "under twelve years of age."—[Detroit Free Press.

An Irishman who stood near the third base watching a game of baseball yesterday, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, waz it? Begorra I thought it waz a mule."—[N. Y. Star.

Gambler he was, and a bad man he may have been, yet Morrissey never superintended a grab-bag at a church fair where a man is asked a dollar for the privilege of drawing a ten cent baby's-bib.—[Turners Falls Reporter.

A Choctaw Indian girl is learning to set type in a Kansas newspaper office. When she graduates she will go to New York and work on Indian tales—the hair-lifting, dime novel species, we presume.—[Norristown Herald.

"What good is they, anyhow?" scornfully remarked a Newark boot-black the other day, referring to the fair sex. "Did you ever know one on 'em to stop and give a feller a job? Not much! They ain't got no shoes on fit to blacken, anyways.—[Newark Call.

Stewart's Women's Hotel in New York is pronounced a failure. The expenses are \$500 a day more than the receipts. This comes of admitting a class of boarders that don't patronize a bar, and are debarred receiving visits from their male cousins.—[Norristown Herald.

A New York woman has got an idea that she knows how a paper should be conducted. She says she would issue it every afternoon, it would be strictly a woman's paper, and "should be devoted mainly to telling what women think and do." Yaas. But what would she fill up with.—[Danbury News.

A newly imported Hungarian, employed on a farm a few miles north of the city, tilted up a beehive to see what the bees were doing under there. He knows now. He says they were making chain lightning and had 2,000 tons of it on hand, which exploded before he had time to let the box down.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

A happy deliverance for hundreds who have more wife than they want, is found in the "Anti-Fat" of a patent medicine man, who guarantees that his preparation will reduce the weight of a fleshy person five pounds a week. It doesn't take much arithmetic to ascertain that the man who can persuade his 200-hundred pound wife to use it, will at the end of a year have fifty pounds less than no wife at all.—[Fulton Times.