

A RAFFLE FOR FREEDOM. We translate from a German sketch of American travel the subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamer about a short time before the war.

"I ascended the Mississippi," says the writer, "on a steamer on board of which were Judge J.—and General K.—, of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A hard set, these Natchez men," said the captain, who met us on the cabin-stairs. "There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools, I could never see!"

"Let's go down and look on a while," suggested the judge. "In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators was gathered. The four were the 'heavy players.'"

"The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking long, when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton-planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was 'cleared out,' and rose as though he were going to leave the table.

"Here, mass!" responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon. "Bring that girl and her youngster here, that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen. I'll raise some money."

"The old negro went on his errand and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The 'girl' proved to be a stately matron who was about thirty-five years old. Her 'youngster' was a fine, intelligent-looking boy eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than to the black.

"Here, gentlemen!" said the planter, as they entered, "you see this girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give six hundred for them?"

"Will you sell them separate?" asked some one. "No can't do it; I promised not to. The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she'd keep her word. But don't you all see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them? Come, who'll give me six hundred for both?"

"The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said: 'Well, I must have some money. Come, what say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw!'"

"This proposition created a decided stir among all present. The three players at the table led off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances, and he was followed by his three fellow-players, who each took one chance more. Finally, three more chances were taken by the spectators, when the planter cried out:

"T o chances still, gentlemen! Who'll have them?" "General K.—whispered something in Judge S.—'s ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar goldpieces on it."

"The dice were brought and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws."

"Thirty-six was the highest until the holder of the eleventh chance threw. He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one scored forty-nine."

"The excitement now became intense. Forty-nine was hard to beat; the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four."

"Again and again in the dice rattled in the box, until it came to number twenty-nine."

"Come, Ninette—it's your turn now!" "As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation."

"Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?" she asked in a low, tremulous tone. "No; let your boy throw," replied the general; "perhaps he would have more luck than I."

"Come, Tom," said the planter. "Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspen-leaf, but shook the dice, and threw—three!"

"For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes then he put down the box and stepped back pale and dejected."

"Come, Tommy, throw again," urged the planter. "It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now."

"True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that."

"Certainly," said Judge J.—, "that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself, on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart, my boy, and may Heaven smile on you!"

"Again the boy returned to the table and took up the box. He pressed his lips together and hid his face to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice. For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath."

"He threw."

"Two fives and a six—sixteen!" said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

"One of the by-standers gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again. "Two sixes and a five—seventeen!"

"I haven't any such a thing sir? Put down that my mother was killed by an explosion in a quarry. Her mother and father were—"

"How many children have you, madam?" "Have you got mother down?" "No, madam. You see I am taking the census of the city."

"Well," she said, giving him a dangerous look, "I had the typhoid fever at the age of fifteen, and for weeks and weeks I hung on the edge of the grave. I bore up as well as I was able, and—"

"Five in the family—how many children?" he asked. "Put down that I bore up!" she commanded. "And that one night when the watchers were asleep, I crept out of bed and took a drink of—"

"This is foreign to the subject, madam. How old are your children?" "Haven't you put down that I hung on the edge of the grave?" "No, madam."

"Aren't you going to?" "No, madam. You see I am simply taking the census of Detroit. I desire to ascertain—"

"You can't ascertain it here, sir?" she snapped. "If my sickness which cost me \$200, isn't good enough to go in the book, then you don't get a line here!"

"Let me ask you—"

"No use asking for any of our photographs, sir. If you get 'em anywhere and put our pictures in that book we'll make it hot for you! Good day, sir, good day!"

He stood on the step, sighing, and she called through the door— "My grandfather was also bitten to death by an alligator, but I won't give you any of the particulars! You want to walk."

He passed on, sorrowfully wondering if the neat woman's mother was blown off a bridge or carried down the river on a haystack.—Detroit Free Press.

NO FUN IN HIM. One of the members of the Methodist conference, recently held in Detroit, Michigan, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard Street he encountered a stapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith's shop.

"Catch hold here, and help me down to the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whisky," called the fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man. "Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke," the man dropped the wagon shaft looked hard at the member, and asked, "Don't you chew?" "No, sir!" was the decided reply.

"Billy, can ye forgive a fellow? We was allus fightin' and I was alius too much for ye, but I'm sorry! Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin white arms, clasped them around the other's neck and replied: "Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad I was ugly and mean, and I was laying a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive ye, and I'll pray fur both of us."

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped: "D—did he say anything about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse. "And may I go—go to the funeral?" "You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave with a heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crusts of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure feeling and true nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good.—Detroit Free Press.

RICH, BUT DYING OF STARVATION. The Cincinnati Enquirer of Saturday published a remarkable story of the life of Jerry Tullis, of that city, who died on Friday night from sickness caused by lack of food and by self-neglect and exposure. Tullis was worth \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 in real estate, bonds, etc., most of which he had accumulated by extreme economy and close but strictly honest dealings. He owned a large amount of property in Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis; was the heaviest land-owner in Butler, a wealthy county adjoining Hamilton (Ohio), and owned about one hundred thousand acres of land in Iowa and Missouri. He was very peculiar in his habits, buying his clothes only at second hand and lying at cheap restaurants. He had been ill for some time before his death, but refused to employ a physician on account of expenses. He was a man of fair education and had studied law with Mr. Carey, of Cincinnati, in order to fit himself to attend to his own business and save attorney's fees. He was very eccentric and self-denying in his habits, avoiding society, living in a wretched, dirty room in an obscure alley or in a log hut on one of his numerous farms, dressing wretchedly, having the appearance of a third-rate tramp. He was unmarried and had few friends or relatives. He remarked shortly before his death that he cared little what became of his property except that he hoped those who got it would enjoy spending it as much as he had his accumulation.

STORY OF A PICTURE. A painter once wanted a picture of innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The supplicant was kneeling beside his mother; or the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter who hung it on his study wall, and called it "innocence."

Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of making a counterpart—the picture of "Guilt"—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow was his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side, for "innocence" and "Guilt."

But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

AN UNWILLING MANSAYER.—A most unfortunate man, a resident of Murray county, Ga., has, since the war, accidentally killed five men. The first was slain by an axe slipping from his hand and striking the victim on the head; the second he drowned by snagging and sinking a boat in which the pair were crossing a stream; the third was shot through the brain, being mistaken for a turkey; the fourth was killed by a tree he had chopped down, and the fifth was killed at a long rolling. He was put on trial for his life on several occasions, but each time was exonerated from all blame. He is a peaceable, law-abiding man, simply the victim of a chain of unhappy circumstances.—Oglethorpe Echo.

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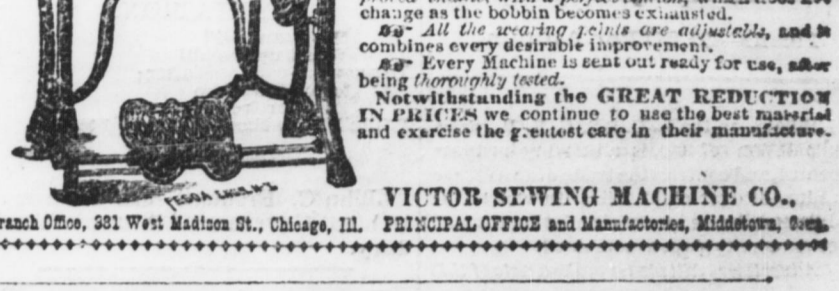
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