

Gambling.

Not half the gamblers in this world ever play cards. There are so many other modes of risking money that cards seem superfluous. This, too, is without considering the commonplace methods of betting upon what are known as sporting events. Anybody can bet on the result of a horse-race or a prize-fight or a walking-match, but there are delicate and aesthetic ways of risking money that, compared with these every day methods, are as choice pieces of Savres china compared with the thick coffee-cup of the cheap restaurant. Fly loo I perhaps one of the most exciting of these modern inventions. Fly loo is now so old a game that its novelty is gone, but there is still peculiar pleasure in hearing the captains of some of the big ocean steamers describe nerve-racking games of fly loo with saloon passengers.

A dozen or fifteen persons seat themselves about a table and each lays in front of him a lump of sugar and a dime, or a quarter dollar, or whatever the stakes are. The party remain as quiet as possible till a fly alights upon one of the lumps of sugar. The proud owner of this lump is the winner of the stakes. A newer sport, equally exciting, is called "trickelily." Two gentlemen, determined to risk their money on something, watched a window pane on a rainy day and bet upon the comparative speed of two drops of rain coursing down the glass, each gentleman choosing a favorite drop. It has remained for the French, however, to invent a sport that is said to outstrip both of these favorites in interest and excitement. This new delight, which has served to enliven French watering places through the season, is crab racing.

The interesting animals are first weighed and handicapped, and then put in line. Each "sportman" lays his finger on the back of the crab which carries his colors. The starter waves his handkerchief, the backers lift their fingers and the crabs are off. Their instinct takes them invariably toward the sea, and the crab races are always on the beach. The sport has become so developed on the coast of Normandy that the length of the course has been definitely fixed at twenty metres. There seems no doubt that this diversion is even more exciting than the once popular sport of betting whether a distinguished passenger on a steamer would step ashore first with his right foot or his left.

Clips.

An Indian woman is a squaw; therefore an Indian baby is a squawling.

A German speaks of Washington show belts, and he isn't very wrong. Jones believes in policemen, and thinks they are all square men. "At any rate," he says, "they are never 'round."

A Vermont debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle, or to see a woman try to drive a nail?"

An old Dutchman froze his nose. While thawing the frost out he said: "I haf carry dat nose forty year, unt he never freeze himself before. I no understand 'tis ting."

"Mary, go into the sitting-room, please, and tell me how the thermometer stands." Mary (after investigation): "It stands on the first mantelpiece, just again' the wall, mum."

Whoever denies that the newspaper has a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

An Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He trates me," said he mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother."

He was just from the West, and very talkative until he turned to a cold looking man on the train and said: "I left heaps of snow out on the plains." "I am very glad of it," solemnly replied the cold man, "for we've had enough snow here this winter."

"Yes," he said, "one of the very nicest, best girls in the world is in love with me, and folks know it, and it just breaks my heart. Why should it? Why don't you know that nice fellows always get some cheap creature for a wife, and the nice girls always marry worthless fellows? Folks know she is a thoroughly good girl and they'll set me down as a regular tough. My character is ruined."

Milk contains all the elements of food necessary for our support. The cream is rich in carbon, both in the shape of solid fat (stearine) and liquid fat, while buttermilk contains casein. Skim milk has casein, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, silicic acid and chlorine. It is really superior to the cream for bodily nourishment. The peculiar flavor of butter is imparted by butyric, and it is also affected by other substances not familiarly known such as capric arachic, etc.

HE LEADETH US.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY ALICE GARY.

"Shall I be Prophet, Human Heart?
Shall I tell thee sorrow stands
Ready, with cold and cruel hands,
Thou from thy chillest level part?
My soul was chilled with alien pain;
Yet thus I made reply:
"My chillest loved can never die!
And even Earth's friends shall live again."
Old Time smiled stately: "Thou art young
And hopeful. What if sickness pale
Makes nerve to bend and heart to fall,
Which now with buoyant life are strong?"
"My strength lies not in hops or yonis;
The childhood of immortal years
Can not be struck with mortal tears;
Even Death but ren's the veil of truth."

"Death," thou presumptuous one, perchance
Within those doors of gloom
He waits, dread shadow, till thou come;
Watches thy heedless steps advance,
Even to the open tomb!"

"I will not tremble! I will trust!
My days are thine, O Savior dear!
Thou seest all this coming year,
Thou lovest me, and thou art just:
Thy poor child will not fear."

Time touched; the massy gates swung wide;
I passed—a Voice not all unknown
Spoke to my heart in sweetest tone:
"Child, I will be thy guide;
Fear not to travel on."

Marriage by Capture.

When an Eskimo youth has killed a polar bear unaided, and so proved himself capable of providing for the wants of a family, he is sent forth at night to obtain a wife by seizing the first girl he can surprise unawares. She screams, of course, bringing out the whole population, and an appreciative audience secured, sets upon her captor with tooth and nail, releases herself from his clutches, and darts among the crowd. He follows, pushing aside the old women who attempt to bar his progress, heedless of the seal-skin scourges they lay about his shoulders. Should he catch the flying lass, more scratching and biting ensues, and perchance, a second escape. The chase is then renewed as before, only the wife-hunter is inspired by knowing that, a third capture effected, there will be no more maidenly struggles; the girl accepting her fate, and allowing him to lead her away amid the applauding shouts of the excited spectators. The aboriginal Australian adopts a more summary process when tired of single blessedness. He looks about for a likely helpmate, and finding one, waits his opportunity, knocks her down, and carries her home.

Marriage by capture, in this simple form, is now unknown out of Savagery, having elsewhere resolved itself into bride-chases and sham bridal battles; mere mockeries or mimics of the grim realities of those ancient days when men literally took wives unto themselves in practical assertion that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

In Singapore the winning of a bride depends upon the matrimonial aspirant's fleetness of foot or skill in paddling his own canoe. In the first case, a circular course is marked out, half of which is traversed by the maiden—encumbered only with a waistband—ere the word is given for the would-be possessor to go in pursuit, in the hope of overtaking her before she has thrice compassed the circle; that achieved, she has no choice but to take the victor for her lord. In the water-chase, the damsel takes her place in a canoe, and plies its double-bladed paddle until she has obtained a reasonable start, when her admirer sets off after her. The contest is usually but of short endurance, the pair having come to a proper understanding beforehand; but should the girl have no fancy for the suit, and possess sufficient determination and strength of arm to gain the goal first, she is at liberty to laugh at the disconsolate loser of the match, and reserve herself for a claimant more to her liking.

Bride-chasing is generally a trial of horsemanship. In this shape it is practiced by most of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia. Captain Burnaby tells us that when it is to be decided how a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life "the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. They follow her. She avoids those she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of the captor. Further ceremonies are dispensed with, and he takes her to his tent." In some tribes the girl is burdened with the carcasses of a goat or lamb, which must be snatched from her lap.

The Hazarachs mark out a course some twelve miles long and three wide. As soon as the maiden has got far enough from the crowd to be able to guide her steed with perfect freedom she turns around, stretches out her hands to the waiting horsemen, and her father gives them the signal to go in pursuit. The chase is sometimes a long-lasting one. A traveler records one in which, after two hours' gallop, the field of nine had dwindled to four. Racing neck and neck together the riders gradually gained on the quarry, each shouting in turn: "I come, my Peri! I am your lover!" One of the horses suddenly faltered in his stride, and the dismayed girl saw

that the man of her heart was out of the hunt. Making a quick turn, she darted right across the path of the exultant three and made at full speed for her lover. The baffled suitors checked their headlong career with one accord, but coming into collision, two of them rolled over on the plain, and, eluding the remaining detriments, grasped with a triumphant laugh, the maiden reached her lover's side. In a moment his arm was around her waist, and she was his own.

Among the Kalmucks the bride-woo is reduced to a match, and Dr. Clarke avers that the girls are such good horsewomen that for one to be caught against her will was a thing unknown. Kalmucks of high degree, however, do not run their brides down; they bargain for them, and the bargain concluded the bridegroom and the chief men of his horde ride to the camp of the bride's people, who feign opposition to the match, and only surrender the lady after a mock conflict. Sometimes, the conflict is real enough. If a Kalmuck swain cannot find the wherewithal to satisfy the demands of his lady-love's parents, or is for any other reason obnoxious to them, he enlists the aid of his kinsmen, who at the earliest chance swoop down on the adverse camp, and, providing they do not get the worst of the fight, carry the prize of their valor to the expectant lover's arms.

In Circassia, the carrying off of the bride is a prearranged affair, the bridegroom and his followers rushing into the bride's house while the wedding revelries are at their height there, and bearing the reluctant damsel off with them. Against such an irruption the Indian Mussulman provides by closing the entrances to the lady's abode, and setting a guard before it to receive the expected assailants. "Who are you who dare to obstruct the king's cavalcade?" demands the leader of the wife-seeking band. "There are thieves abroad at night; possibly we behold them," is the reply. A long interchange of uncomplimentary badinage ensues, terminating in an attempt to break through the ranks of the bride's defenders. Falling in this, the bridegroom pays down a certain sum of money and the gates are flung open. There is a second contest of strength within the gates, ending as a matter of course, in the giving up of the maiden and her departure with the victorious party.

The Khois have turned marriage by capture from comedy into farce. Riding one night among the hills an English flier heard loud cries, seemingly proceeding from a village hard by. Making for the spot, he saw a man carrying upon his neck something enveloped in scarlet cloth. He was surrounded by twenty or thirty young fellows, who had all their work to do to protect him from the desperate assaults of a number of girls. The man had just been married, and was conveying his blooming bride home; and not until he was within the boundaries of his own cottage did his fair pursuers cease hurling stones at him, as he and they ran their hardest.

The mock-battle forms part of the marriage ceremonies of the Kookirs dwelling on the northeast frontiers of India; but with them the bride's party has the best of the bout. After the purchase-money agreed upon has been paid down the friends of the bride-buyer essay to fetch his bargain, and get well thrashed for their pains; but the hurly-burly over the woman is brought out, conducted to the cottage and then given up without any more ado. Among the Garrows of Bengal the respective positions of the parties to the marriage are reversed. It is the gentleman's part to affect unwillingness to enter the bonds of matrimony; it is for the lady to do the courting. When she has brought her wooing to its hoped-for end she fixes the day and bids her friends come and make merry with her. The feast finished, the guests bear the hostess to the river and give her a bath. Then a move is made for the happy man. Seeing the advancing procession he pretends to hide, but soon suffers himself to be caught, carried to the water and well dipped therein. The parents, setting up a dismal bawling, rescue him from his captors and loudly declare they will not part with their beloved son. There is a scuffle and they are overcome; a cock and hen are sacrificed, and the pair are man and wife.

So late as the seventeenth century it was customary in some parts of Ireland for the bridegroom's friends to receive those of the bride with a shower of darts, carefully directed so as to fall harmless; and Lord Kalmuck, who died in 1783, deposes that the marriage observances of the Welsh of the day were significantly symbolical of marriage by capture, the respective friends of the bride and groom meeting on horseback, the former refusing to deliver the lady on demand and bringing about a sham conflict, during which the nearest kinsman of the bride, behind whom she is mounted, galloped away, to be pursued by the opposite party until men and horses had had enough of it, when the bride-

groom was permitted to overtake the pretended fugitive and bear her off in triumph.

The Berrierois of France are the only European people among whom the form of capture still survives. Upon the day of the wedding the doors of a bride's house are closed and barricaded, the windows barred and her friends mustered within. Presently the bridegroom's party comes, asking admission on one false pretence after another. Finding speech of no avail they endeavor to force an entrance, with no better fortune. Then comes a parley; the besiegers proclaim that they bring the lady a husband and are admitted within doors, to fight for the possession of the heart, win it and the bride with it, the couple being forthwith united in the orthodox fashion.

Steamers for Chinese Trade.

A company has been formed by the leading merchants in the China trade for the purpose of acquiring and working a fleet of high class steamers to trade between this country and Asia, east of India. The direct trade between China and the United States is also to be taken up. In fact, these merchants intend to own their own ships in the future, and the name of the company is the China Shippers' Mutual Steam Navigation Company, Limited. The capital is £1,000,000,000, but only £500,000 is to be issued now, in 25,500 £20 shares fully paid.

As the most powerful houses in the trade are on the board or directly interested in the company this money should be obtained with no difficulty, and there is one very satisfactory feature about the scheme. The company is not going to buy up anybody's ships, and is embarrassed by no contracts. It will begin at the beginning, building or buying a fleet of vessels, and, except that ships are now dear, there is no reason why it should not succeed granting its well managed. The principle is the same essentially as that of mutual insurances.

A pro rata return on freight will be made as the earnings allow after paying ten per cent. dividend on the share capital. Traders under the immediate circle of the shareholders will thus participate in what gains there may be, but primarily the company will be a China merchant's affair, and the gain will be their own. There must have been strong discontent created against existing arrangements to make these houses decide on such a step.

Exploring for Fanaticism.

There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the following telegram from the Cairo correspondent of the Times: "Accompanied by Mr. Marriott, a member of Parliament, I have visited the Azhar Mosque University, the centre of Islamism. I sought vainly for traces of fanaticism; there was only the same amused indifference that I found four years ago. The Coptic clerk from the Ministry of Public Instruction who accompanied us said that fanaticism did not exist in Egypt. This settles the matter, and henceforth let us hear no more about fanaticism in Egypt. But how delightful it would have been to have seen the pair on their tour of discovery through the famous university, and heard them conducting the exhaustive inquiry which has had such conclusive and satisfactory results. The annual inspection of the vaults under Parliament House would be nothing to this wonderful exploration. Possibly they expected to find the dreadful commodity neatly done up in canteens and labled like gunpowder, or perhaps they hoped to detect it by the smell. Unfortunately for our peace of mind an authority who has just assured us that 90 per cent. of the natives do not even think at all, was not exactly the best qualified to divine the secret thoughts of the Moslems at El Azhar.

More Petroleum.

The reported discovery of extensive petroleum deposits in Brazil, Venezuela, Rassis, Roumanis, Hungary and elsewhere outside of Pennsylvania and the Canadian Dominions, has excited some attention of late. The latest news in this line is that petroleum abounds in paying quantities at Siguenza, Spain, about a hundred miles northeast of Madrid, on the line of railway leading to the latter city. It is stated that wells in that locality have been worked for about two years by the proprietor, and that they are capable of being greatly extended. To this end articles of association of a new mining company have been filed at Madrid. The analyses of the oil are good. Furnaces, retorts and other necessary appliances have been already put down. The Manchester Guardian says of the project: "Judging from the quantities of oil which are yearly imported into Spain from Pennsylvania, and the high price ruling, the success of the company is considered more than probable. It will be interesting to note its progress."

Woman's Rule in Russia.

"Who is now the leading spirit of the Czar's government?" I asked a high official. "A woman as usual," he answered. "Like other monarchial countries, we have always had some woman at the top or bottom of our government."

During the thousand idyllic twenty years of Russia's existence there have been eighty rulers, all told, of whom only five were women. But if we study Russian history, we shall find that nearly every Russian ruler has been ruled by a woman. Among Russian sovereigns there are seven canonized as "Saint," several are "Great," one is "Apostolical," one "Monomachos," one "Longarmed," one "Blessed," one "Soothsayer," one "Dark," one "Imposter," one "Brave," one "Proud," one "Terrible," one "Not-to-be-forgotten," one "Moneysack," and one "Liberator;" but among the host of crowned heads that have ruled Russia for the past thousand years there was apparently but one "Wise" head, and that a woman's. The great Princess Olga, of the tenth century, the first Christian sovereign of Russia, is known in history as "The Wise."

When the great Prince Vladimir, being yet pagan, consulted the representatives of his people as to what religion should be adopted, they answered: "The Greek religion, for we do not the best, your Grandmother Olga, the wisest of women, would not have adopted it," and the worthy grandchild followed the example of his grandmother. The philosophers of to-day, however, would call her "The Smart," or "The Canning."

After Olga for seven centuries no woman ascended the Russian throne. In 1725, when Peter the Great died, his charming and witty wife, "The Russian Aspasia," was proclaimed empress under the name of Catherine. In course of time there were three other Empresses, Ann, the niece of Peter the Great and murderess of the boy Czar, Peter II.; Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and murderess of the baby Czar, Ivan VI.; and Catherine II., the wife and murderess of Czar Peter III. The poets sang of Catherine II. as "The Northern Soudramis," and by her great vices and brilliant deeds she fully deserved that appellation. As for Ann and Elizabeth, the classical name of Messalina would be perfectly applicable to both.

Mme. Pobedonoszeff, the leading spirit of the Russian government of to-day, is the wife of the Chief Procurer of the holy synod, and the most confidential counsellor of the Czar. She is young, beautiful and ambitious. She married Mr. Pobedonoszeff but a few years ago. Her husband, a very old gentleman, is in love with her. It is said of him that the knightly motto, "God and My Lady," he changed into "God and My Wife," and upholds it as devoutly as a knight of old. He arises early, prays to God, adores his wife, and then goes to see the Czar, or the ministers, or the holy synod, and everywhere he tries his best to carry out the commands of his charming goddess. Meanwhile she herself is not idle. She receives hosts of fair visitors of high rank, who, while offering their homage, seize the chance of commending their husbands, brothers or cousins. Sometimes this or that Minister of State does himself the honor of paying his respects to her. Occasionally she visits her majesty, the Czaritz, to cheer her soul in her golden cage. And the Czar himself is there always at hand. Thus it has come about that while the Czar keeps away from the capital of his empire, Mme. Pobedonoszeff has somehow found herself to be the center of the Russian political world. Instead of the Czar's policy, of the Chancellor's or the Minister's policy, we hear of the Madam's policy. With the modesty of an ascending star, she does not reveal her projects, but it is very doubtful whether any liberal reforms will ever find favor with her.

The Family Fish-Pond.

Seth Green Explains How to Make It and How to Stock It.

There are many artesian wells scattered all over the Western country, and most of them many miles from any lakes or streams or fish markets. It is my opinion that nearly all of the flowing wells will furnish enough surplus water to supply a pond that will supply a family with fish. A very small stream will furnish enough water for some kinds. I would recommend carp as being the fish that would most likely be a success, as they require less care than any other fish. I do not consider them the very best of fish, because of late years I have been used to eating the very best kinds our country affords, but I do remember when my mother cooked the suckers and shiners I caught with a bent pin. They were the best fish she was. It would undoubtedly be the same with a family raised on carp. They would be the same to them as the shiners were to me. My opinion has often been asked

how a carp pond could be constructed for family use. The pond can be made in any shape to suit the locality, but I would prefer egg shape if the location was just as well adapted for it. The pond would breed flies of a great many kinds; one of them would be mosquitoes. The larva of all flies is the best food for young fish. I have bred them by the bushel, but some of the mosquitoes would be apt to take wing before the pond got well-stocked with young fish, and to protect the family in a measure I would advise building the pond to the leeward of the house of the prevailing winds of their locality. If, for instance, the prevailing wind was from the west, the pond should be built on the east, northeast or southeast, because if the pond were placed directly east of the house it would make a lee for them under which they could easily reach the house.

They can beat any sailing craft before the wind, but on the wind they are nowhere in the race as they have no keel. The whole human family should be thankful to the Creator for not putting a keel on them, and if their bowsprit had not been quite so sharp they might not receive so many handkerchief salutes from the verandas of the Long Island hotels, but would be just as useful and ornamental. The pond can be built with plow and scraper. It should have a deep place in the centre and very shallow on the edges. If you have square sides the young fish would have no protection from the old ones. When scraping is commenced, carry the earth as far back as you intend making the lower outside of your embankment. Keep scraping until the pond is four to six feet in the centre. If the locality is such that the ice freezes very thick the pond should be made deeper, and holes kept open through the ice during the winter to keep the fish from suffocating. If the embankment was raised three feet and pounded down and sodded or sown to grass the water could be raised so that but three feet in the centre would have to be excavated in order to have a pond six feet deep.

The pond should be sown with some kind of grass or water plant, with the exception of about fifty or seventy-five feet square in the centre. The grass and water plants make the spawning ground, breed food and protect the young. The ponds should not have any other kinds of fish in them, and if the grass gets too thick it can be raked out.

Irish Governors.

Alluding to the prominent personal part that Lord Spencer has taken of late in Irish affairs, a leading English weekly observes that "almost all the most prosperous periods of Irish history have been connected with the presence in Ireland of Viceroys of decided personal character." Unfortunately they have been few and far between. The most notable was Lord Chesterfield (the letters lord), whose Irish administration was a bright episode in his career, and who unquestionably took a conscientious interest in his great office, and was deeply anxious to do good service to the people. He "had rather," he said, "be known as the Irish Lord Lieutenant than as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." When some bigoted blockhead told him, with a long face, that he had a Roman Catholic coachman in his service, his Excellency said: "Indeed! is that so? Well at all events, I'll take good care that he never drives me to mass." The difficulty in the case of Irish Viceroys of this complexion of mind has been that, as notably in the case of Lord Fitzwilliam, their sympathy with the ruled was a ground of offense to the small but dominant Anglo-Irish faction in Ireland. Lord Spencer, however, labors under no such disadvantage, and he is undoubtedly honestly and earnestly striving that he may leave the country in a very different temper and condition to that in which he found it on the blood stained day, six months ago, on which he entered Dublin in state to assume the government. As the only Viceroy who has, we believe, been a Cabinet Minister, Lord Spencer's position is unique among Irish rulers.

An Unfortunate Client.

Nobody was more bitterly witty than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My Lord, my unfortunate client—my Lord—my Lord—my unfortunate client—my Lord—" "Go on, sir, go on," said Lord Ellenborough; "as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the court is entirely with you."

In manuring fruit trees the cherry should receive a lighter application than most other kinds. It is not benefited by much stable manure, but can be top-dressed with ashes or anything containing potash, almost without stint. All stone fruits, especially those that are acid, need liberal doses of potash.