

A SEA-SOUND.

Hush! Hush!
 'Tis the voice of the sea to the land,
 As it breaks on the desolate strand,
 With a chime to the strenuous wave of life
 That throbs in the quivering sand.
 Hush! Hush!
 Each requiem tone as it dies,
 With a soul that is parting, sighs;
 For the tide rolls back from the pulseless clay
 As the foam in the tempest flies.
 Hush! Hush!
 O! Rob of the restless sea!
 All hearts are attuned to these—
 All pulses beat with this ebb and flow
 To the rhyme of eternity!

LOVE BEYOND PRICE.

The farm of the Willettes was a model of neatness and thriftiness. Never did the neighbors find a broken fence-rail or an untrimmed hedge, for in spite of the poverty of its owner and the want of help nothing was neglected. Farmer Willette was wont to draw himself up proudly and declare that although he had but one man, his son Tom, and himself to run the farm, no one in Hillside could boast of a prettier place or better-kept fowls and animals than he.

In the old-fashioned farm-house his daughter Jeanie made the domestic wheel revolve smoothly, while his gentle, delicate wife assisted in the lighter duties, which Jeanie saw were even too much for her feebleness.

And so their lives ran on in one dull, monotonous routine, until an event occurred which caused a sudden turn in affairs.

Will Avery, the son of the richest man in Hillside, came down from the city, where he had been working, to his former home on a visit. He laughed at Tom Willette for plodding along on a stupid farm when he might make a fortune in the city. And Tom (foolish boy that he was), ashamed to confide his intentions to his father, and leave home in an honest, straightforward way, sneaked off in the dead of night, leaving a note which Jeanie found upon his pin-cushion, to tell his parents that he was tired of hard country work, and had gone to the city to seek his fortune.

When the farmer heard of the flight of his son his wrath was fearful to behold, and in the heat of his anger he swore that Tom should never enter his door again; and he forbade any mention of his boy's name by either wife or daughter.

They obeyed him, and only when in the solitude of her own room did Mrs. Willette speak of her absent boy to the sympathizing Jeanie.

Nine months passed wearily by, and only once did they hear from Tom, who sent a letter to his proud father to crave his forgiveness; but the father's anger had not yet cooled, so he returned the letter, saying that he had no son, and he never wished to hear from the boy who once occupied that place in his home and affections.

Poor man! He had placed all hopes of future greatness in his only son, and no wonder the hard-working farmer found it a difficult task to forgive Tom for destroying his ambitious hopes. He was not the man to complain to another of his misfortunes, and as he could not afford to hire another hand on the farm, he worked harder than ever.

His tall figure began to stoop, and his iron-gray hair became snowy white. He would go to the house at meal-time, but was hurried and silent, then out again he would go, having barely tasted a morsel, and in answer to Jeanie's anxious look would say that he had no time to eat; he had too much to do.

That set Jeanie to thinking how she could lighten his cares, and she finally concluded to hurry over to her own work and then take Tom's place upon the farm as far as she was able; and it was a comical sight to see the young girl with a torn straw hat, faded dress, and with an old pair of Tom's staid boots upon her feet, whip in hand behind the plow, urging the old horses on. But Jeanie didn't care. Father had more time to rest, and she fancied he was losing the hurried, care-worn look that had settled upon his face since Tom had run away.

As for Mrs. Willette, the anxiety and care as to how they should manage through the coming winter, and the feverish longing for her son, told greatly upon her already feeble frame, and one day Jeanie woke to the reality that her mother was dangerously ill.

"Father," her Jeanie said, stopping the farmer as he was leaving the house—"father, I fear mother is sicker than we know."

"What!" shouted the farmer, needing Jeanie's motion to be quiet, "your mother sick? Why, you must be crazy, girl! She told me this morning that she wasn't agoin' to get up till after breakfast 'cause she felt tired like; but she isn't much sick, I reckon, else she would a told me;" and with a few more words he hurried away, while Jeanie ran up to her mother's room and bent over the bed.

"Mother, dear," she whispered, tenderly, "do you feel ill? Can I do anything for you?"

"They told me that my Tom had run away, and it isn't true; I know it is not," muttered the invalid, as she tossed restlessly about, while every now and then a moan broke from her lips.

Jeanie was very much frightened, for she could not understand how her mother could have forgotten that Tom had run away so long ago.

"Mother," she cried, laying her cool though hard hand upon her mother's burning forehead, "don't you know me? It is Jeanie—your Jeanie, Oh! what shall I do?" and with tears of helplessness in her eyes she prayed for guidance. Almost immediately a thought struck her.

Darting from the room and down the stairs Jeanie entered the kitchen, and seizing the old dinner horn she blew it repeatedly, then waited anxiously. Yes, her father's voice was hallooing to her. Once more the hoarse tones of the horn

floated down to her father at work in the pasture, and it was with a sense of relief that she saw him striding rapidly toward the house.

"What is it, Jeanie girl?" he asked, panting for breath, as he neared the house. In a few brief words she had told him all, and bidding her run back to her mother, he hurried to the barn. As Jeanie sat by the bedside of her mother she heard the clatter of the horse's feet.

Running to the window, she saw her father riding rapidly toward the village.

"Where is Tom? Why don't somebody bring him from the field? I must speak to him," cried Mrs. Willette, excitedly. "Is he dead? John, John, you must forgive him—our boy—our only one—oh, John!"

Her last words would have melted her husband's proud heart, could he have heard them; but he was far away, seeking the village physician whom he fortunately found just stepping into the buggy to make a professional call; but Farmer Willette's startled appearance and urgent entreaty caused the doctor to change his destination, and they were soon driving toward the Willette farm.

Jeanie hurried forward to meet the doctor as he entered her mother's room.

"Is she very ill, sir? Oh, tell me!" she cried, grasping his arm in her excitement.

"Be calm," Miss Jeanie, he answered, soothingly, "for I have only you to depend upon as nurse. Yes, I fear that Mrs. Willette is a very sick woman."

He once more bent over the invalid, who, having swallowed a soothing potion, now lay quiet with closed eyes. The farmer had stood eagerly watching the doctor's face, as he spoke to Jeanie, and he now stepped forward.

"I say, doctor," touching the physician's arm and speaking in an awe-struck voice, "you don't mean to say that my wife is very sick do you?"

"I am afraid so, Mr. Willette," was the reply as the doctor rapidly wrote a prescription and handed it to Jeanie.

"Your wife was always a very delicate woman, and she should have never married a farmer—least of all a poor man," he added in a low voice, yet not so low but that the husband caught his words.

"No one knows that better than I do," the farmer mentally said, while aloud he asked:

"You will call again this evening, sir?"

"Yes," answered the other man as he softly closed the bedroom door and walked along the cold, carpetless hall followed by Mr. Willette; "yes, I will. But Mr. Willette, to be frank with you, your wife has some trouble on her mind over which she is constantly worrying; and, indeed, I believe that this trouble has partly caused the illness; and—" he stood still, and the better to emphasize his words, he laid a hand on the farmer's shoulder. "And until that trouble is cleared away I can give you no hopes of her recovery. I did not tell your daughter of this, because I wished first to make it known to you."

"You are quite sure of this, Dr. Barlow?" the farmer asked, in a forced voice.

"I am, sir. Mr. Willette, your wife was very fond of Tom, wasn't she?" Dr. Barlow asked significantly; and without waiting for an answer he sprang into the buggy and was soon out of sight, leaving the farmer to awake to the astonishing truth that his wife's life was despaired of, chiefly because he refused to allow the boy whom he had disowned to return to his home and his affections.

Slowly he donned his hat and returned to his work, feeling weaker and more unmanned than he had ever been before.

"Which means," he said angrily, but to himself, giving the old horse a sharp out with the whip, "that I am to send for that boy. Fshaw! the doctor is fool; he don't know what he is talking about. Send for Tom, indeed! No; he has made his bed, so let him lie." Thus for a time he dismissed the subject from his mind.

That night Hannah Briggs came to the farm-house to attend to the household, that Jeanie might give all her time and thoughts to her mother.

O! how wearily the days and weeks crept by with no change for the better in the invalid whose never-ceasing cry was for Tom. Then she would imagine herself conversing with her husband.

"Oh, John!" she cried, piteously, "you don't know; perhaps he was tempted to go; forgive him for my sake dear;" and yet for the sake of his stubborn pride her husband turned a deaf ear to her cry.

Then came a time, however, when it was almost too late. Grouched about her bed that night was Jeanie, the doctor, and the farmer all waiting for either life or death, they knew not which.

Without, the night was most beautiful, so calm and so solemn. The gentle breeze moved lazily through the leaves on the tall trees near the farm-house with a sound like the rustling of angels' wings, while near by lay a soul battling with death.

At last he arose, and with bowed head and quiet footsteps he stole from the room, and after a few moments' hesitation Tom followed him.

A Queer Fish.

"If you want to see sport," said a lover of animals, "watch that cat." The animal had stationed herself in the library door, and was looking intently in the room. In a few moments she began to walk slowly toward a large aquarium that stood in the window, and with a light leap mounted the narrow edge, balancing herself over the water. Next she leaned down, thrust her red tongue into the miniature lake, and began lapping the cooling water. Then came a splash, a bright speckled object darted away, a flicking, sucking sound, and a faint, feeble splash rose to the air. There was a second of waver- ing, and a round bunch of hair fell into the water with a sounding splash, scrambled out again, and disappeared through the door amid the laughter of the witnesses.

"That," said the host, "happens about every day, with only slight variations. You see, the fish, a sunfish, is perfectly tame—trained, in fact, to rise to my hand and take its food from me by leaping several inches out of the water. Being continually teased the fish has acquired an irritable temper, and attacks everything that approaches the water. Some time ago the cat discovered the fish and leaped upon the tank as you have seen her do, putting her head down to the water. The moment her whiskers touched the sunfish had her, and hung on like a good one. She started back and fell to the floor, the fish dropping back. The next day she again made the attempt, and in balancing upon the side of the narrow rim her tail touched the water. The fish seized it and in a twinkling she never seems to learn.

Just now the fish mistook her tongue for the meat I feed it with and mipped it well. You know it is sometimes said that fish cannot see what is going on out of water; this fellow is an exception, however. Watch it now."

The speaker took a small piece of cloth and held it over the tank and within three feet of the water. In a moment the sharp-eyed and richly-hued fish was at the surface. The rag was then lowered and the prisoner leaped clear of its native element in its endeavor to reach it. The experimentalist next placed his hands in the water and the fish darted at them and passed through his fingers, allowing itself to be touched without the slightest sign of fear.

"The sunfishes," said the fish trainer, "are, I think, the most intelligent of all our fresh water fishes. I train them to perform extraordinary feats, such as jumping over a hurdle on the surface of the water, and then over a series of them. You often see fishes in nature doing the same thing. I have trained my sunfish so that it rings a bell suspended over the aquarium, but like Barnum's dove elephant, it rings it continually unless a supply of food is kept up. The sunfish has its likes and dislikes, and it has two fast friends in a pair of catfishes. Some time ago I introduced a number of gold fishes, and all but one were accepted in good fellowship. Toward this one unfortunate, that was one of the triple-tailed Japanese fishes, the sunfish showed the greatest aversion, spending the entire time in chasing it around the tank, biting it in the most savage manner, and, seemingly, urging on the catfishes, who, though they would not touch the other fishes, would creep slyly up to the victim and, seizing a chance, take the poor fish out and place it in an adjoining tank, where the very sight of it still enraged the sunfish, and yet, as I said before, toward the Americans it was perfectly friendly."

A Social Lesson.

Young Spoonogee never knows when to leave when he calls on a young lady; he likes the sound of his own voice so well that he talks on and on, while the poor girl grows light-headed with the tax on her strength, and wishes the mantel-piece of Elijah would fall on the tiresome caller.

There is a young lady on Lafayette avenue who made up her mind to give Spoonogee a lesson. So, on a Sunday night, as he called, she was as cordial as possible up to 11 o'clock. Then, having had a four-volume history of Spoonogee's life, with an extended account of his influence in politics and business, she began to get dizzy and have a ringing in her ears. At that moment her young brother rushed into the room and said hurriedly: "Pa wants the morning papers, sis!"

"Look in the vestibule, Willie," she answered, gently. "I think I heard the boy leaving them some hours ago."

Spoonogee never took the hint, but drawled on about the roller skating rink, and what a figure he cut on skates. The next interruption was from the head of the house, who entered briskly, rubbing his hands.

"Good morning, good morning," he said, cheerily. "Ha, Spoonogee, you're out early. Well, 'early bird, 'ere it's going to be a fine day, from present appearances."

Spoonogee was dazed, but he concluded the old man had been drinking, and set back with a "come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as you've truly" air that was decided and convincing.

A half hour passed, and the mother hurried in.

"Dear me, I'm late," she said, as she entered. "I smelled the coffee an hour ago and knew breakfast was waiting, but—oh! Good morning, Mr. Spoonogee!"

Then the sweet youth took the hint and drawing himself together he got out into the hall and opened the front door just as the hired girl rung a bell and the small boy yelled "Breakfast" or the banisters.

The Dead Letter Office.

During the last year the number of pieces of mail matter that reached the dead letter office was nearly four and a half millions. The exact number was 4,440,822. This is about 14,500 for every day. A daily record is kept, and for the day before my visit this showed over 19,000. Of the yearly aggregate given 4,358,915 were letters, domestic and foreign, and 81,907 were parcels of every description. Of the letters 3,246,892 were "dead," strictly speaking—that is, they were uncalled for at the offices where received, advertised according to law, and duly forwarded here. There were 78,865 returned from hotels, transient guests having failed to leave directions where letters should be forwarded; 13,507 bearing fictitious addresses; 133,509 returned from foreign countries, and 3,749 registered letters. There were 479,045 letters not properly "dead," but classed as "unmailable," as follows: For non-payment of postage, 181,884; misdirected, 324,429; containing inclosures prohibited by law, 1,845; without any address whatever, 11,979. The number received mailed in foreign countries was 405,348. According to the terms of the international postal treaties all these are returned unopened to the countries in which they were mailed, and these treated as dead letters. Every one of these four and a half million pieces was carefully examined and disposed of, as we shall learn, this work keeping about two hundred persons busy the entire year.

The gentleman who has been kindly placed at our disposal, "to show us through," announces his readiness, and we start upon our tour. We enter a large room in which are nearly a hundred clerks, busy as bees. On every hand there are mail-bags and great heaps of epistolary corpses and papers ready to meet their fate.

"Here," says the guide, as we approach a long desk where half a dozen ladies, with quick eyes and nimble fingers, are busily at work, "is where the dead letters are received from more than fifty thousand different post-offices in the United States. You see they are all done up in packages, the wrapper showing the nature of their contents, and addressed to this office. About 14,000 letters are handled at this table every day. Our force is inadequate to do our constantly increasing work, and our 'openers' are now two or three weeks behind. In that large case you see yonder are over 300,000 letters tied up in packages of 100 each, waiting to be opened.

"Let me open for you one of those packages that have just come in this morning. Here is a large one from Chicago. That will show you the different classes of letters we have. These ladies look them all over and sort them, and then they are sent to other desks for examination. Now, look at these letters. The first we come to, you see, has no stamp. We get about 600 of these every day. Strange, isn't it, that so many people, through carelessness or ignorance, mail unstamped letters. That letter is not 'dead,' and it legally addressed we send a notice to the person to whom it is directed informing him that a letter for him is held here for postage. The chances are a hundred to one that he will immediately send the required stamp, and we stick it on his letter and send it to him. If we get no reply to the notice within due time the letter is then treated as dead, opened and returned to the sender. That is the way that class is disposed of."

"Now here is another kind. This one is misdirected; it has the town and county but no State. The postmaster could not send it, and had no alternative but to send it to the dead letter office. We get more than a thousand a day that come under this head. They embrace all sorts of errors in the address, as well as those that are illegible, for you know some people try to write when they can't, and the result is nobody can read it. The department does not allow 50,000 postmasters to do the guessing. If a letter is not properly and legibly addressed it must be sent here, and we have some experts whose sole business it is to do the guessing. And they are good guessers, too. We will see them directly."

"Look at this one. It is properly sealed and stamped, but the envelope is blank, there isn't the scratch of a pen upon it anywhere. Forty or fifty of these come here daily. Of course such mistakes are attributed only to carelessness or inadvertence. And it is a singular fact that a much greater percentage of these unaddressed letters, than of any other class we get, have valuable inclosures, such as money, checks and drafts; they are largely business letters, showing that they are mailed from offices and counting-rooms, the fatal omissions resulting from the hurry and confusion of business. But it seems queer that there are so many of them. We can do nothing but open and return them. Here are a number returned from hotels. We have no possible means of knowing the permanent address of these persons and we can only treat them as dead."

At this moment one of the clerks engaged in opening letters at a table near by calls to the gentleman who is entertaining me. He goes to him, and immediately beckons for me to follow.

"Now, what can be done in this case?" he says. "Here is a letter, this instant opened, and you see what it contains!"

There is a clean, new twenty-dollar bill, neatly folded, and wrapped in a piece of perfectly blank brown paper—not a mark of pen or pencil to show from whom it was sent. The letter had been advertised (we unlearned and was dead, and the examination of its contents made it more completely dead than before.

"We have nothing but the postmark, and even that is almost obliterated, but our expert will take hold of it and do the best he can with it. There's a pretty slim chance in this. I guess Uncle Sam will get that money. This reminds me of something in my own experience. A few years ago when I was opening letters I found one just like this, except that the amount was \$30, and on the paper wrapper around it was written in pencil, 'A friend, Matthew, v. 3.' I looked that up and found it to be: 'But when thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' The letter was addressed to a woman, and as it was clearly a case of charity I really felt bad that we could not succeed in finding either party, and that money in the Treasury to-day."

"These, you observe, were mailed in Germany, England, France, etc. They will all be returned, unopened, to those countries. Here are a couple of registered letters. They undoubtedly contain value,

which will be returned to the senders. But it often happens that a man sends money or a draft, in either a registered or an ordinary letter, while traveling. He takes his letter at the place where he happens to be. We can only send it to him there, and of course it comes back to us again. Postmasters everywhere are instructed in all cases of a returned money letter to take every possible means to find the sender, but when he fails he can only send it here again. All such returned letters are held here for three months, and it is the sole business of one clerk to endeavor by correspondence or otherwise to find either the sender or the person addressed. Often he succeeds, but if not, the money is turned into the United States Treasury. The data in such cases are carefully recorded and the amounts are subject to reclamation by the owner on making proof within four years. At the expiration of that time the money by law passes absolutely to the government, and can only be recovered by act of Congress."

"What per cent of the money is returned or delivered to those addressed?"

"Ninety-seven per cent.—nearly all of it. The number of letters opened last year containing currency, checks, drafts and negotiable paper was over 34,000. The amount of actual cash taken from letters was nearly \$39,000, and the value of checks, etc., representing money, about \$1,500,000.

There is one more class I want to mention, and that is the letters sent out by or addressed to the frauds and swindlers who concern that gullible people. Just look at this printed list we have of over 400 of these concerns in all parts of the country. This list is furnished to all postmasters, and they are directed to forward straight to this office all letters addressed to them. These letters—and we get them by the thousand—are usually written in response to attractive advertisements or circulars, in which they promise what they never intend to fulfill. A short time ago there was a firm in Philadelphia that advertised in the Bible as a means of swindling the people. At first nobody thought of its being a fraud, and a great many bit at it, and they all got bitten, too. We caught on pretty soon and found that the concern was raking in the money and giving absolutely nothing in return. We sent a notification right away to all postmasters, and would you believe it, we received in one day 6,000 letters addressed to them. Nineteen-twentieths of them contained money, from 75 cents to \$5 each. That was the greatest lot of the kind we ever had. There was not less than \$7,000 or \$8,000 in those letters, all of which were returned to the senders, with a circular informing them that the concern was a fraud. You see the government takes a good deal of pains to accommodate the people and protect them from impostors and swindlers."

A Man Overboard.

While the bark Gladstone was in latitude 43 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard" being given, she was rounded to, and the starboard life-boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies—the water and the albatross—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide-spread wings.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to struggle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped an lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross' body under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the barque, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

Fishing With a Flock of Geese.

In Scotland they have a curious way of fishing that takes the medal for the case and repose with which it is conducted. The fisherman we will say is after pike. Selecting a big goose from his barnyard, or half a dozen geese, as the case may be, he ties a baited hook and line about five feet long to their feet and on reaching the water turns them in. The birds of course swim out, and the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, when it is unhooked. The line being re baited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try his luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of a day, the human fisherman having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds. In Washington Territory, in the great salmon river, pigs have been seen to chase fish, and they are said to pick up dead salmon in ten feet of water by diving.

A HEALTHY hint: Don't call a very large, strong, sinewy man a provaricator. If you are sure he is provaricator, hire another man to break the news to him.

Have My Funeral Private.

"I knew I'd bring up here later or sooner," he said to the Captain at the Central station, Detroit, as an officer walked him in.

He was nud from head to heel, he limped on his left leg, and the offer of a cent would have set him to crying like a lost child.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Captain.

"Nothing," only if you have got any grain-faced death around here you can bring it on as soon as you please! I'm broke up, cleaned out, and ready to become a cherub."

There was silence as the blotter was brought out and a pen hunted up, and when they asked him his name he walked out.

"Put me down as Abraham Lyons, deceased, for I don't want to live any longer. I never expected to live to have a son like Daniel go back on me this way!"

"What's the matter with Daniel?"

"Gentlemen," he replied, as he laid a hand ornamented with seven warts on the desk, "I'm a widener, and Daniel is my only son. Last night I was to have been married to the cutest, chunkiest, sanest little widdler in Wayne County. I was so happy that I'd have sold my last pair of socks to pay outlandish debts. I kinder trod around on air. I grinned at everybody and everything. Hang me if I didn't take off my hat three times to a cow and hoped her family was as well as could be expected, with the bottom knocked out of the milk pail market!"

"Well!"

"Well, I sent Daniel over to see whether I should wear a white vest or a black one, and what did he do but box his poor old father up! Went right back on his parent who had stood up for him like a stone wall behind a briar bush. Went and wrecked his poor old father on the rocks of deceit and deception."

"How!"

"Married her. Went and fell in love with the woman who was to be his step-mother and made her his wife. Yes, my own son Daniel did that—the very son whom I've set up with in sickness and nursed through adversity. Whom can we trust now? Whither are we drifting?"

He was locked up to sober off and to let the layers of mud dry, and when Daniel came down in the afternoon to see him he retired to the darkest corner of his cell and called out:

"Go way, base offspring! A son who'll sneak in on his father as you did can never expect forgiveness. Have my funeral strictly private, and you needn't mind about a tombstone!"

Chinese Gamblers.

While the community is being agitated over the existence in the city of Chinese opium joints, it may perhaps not be out of place to pay some attention to another vice which is exceedingly prevalent among the almost-eyed Mongolians. It is well known that the inhabitants of the territory included behind "the great wall of China" are inveterate gamblers. Chinamen have the spirit of speculation on the uncertain to a greater extent, perhaps, than persons of any other nationality. When they come to this country they bring their own customs and this propensity for gambling is one which is freely indulged in wherever a half a dozen of them gather together.

In Philadelphia a sign hanging out from a doorway bears the following inscription: "Hop Chong Long & Co., dealers in chinaware, and all kinds of goods and curiosities. The best tea and coffee." There is a large assortment of the goods mentioned for sale in the house, and a thriving trade is done there during the day.

Like all business houses, no goods are sold there at night, but the house is not closed, however, after the suspension of legitimate business for the day. With darkness comes a number of the proprietor's countrymen, and a short time after the place is transformed into a Chinese gambling-house in full blast. It is kept open all night long, and the hum of voices in a low tone and a strange tongue can be heard by the passer-by at any hour.

No one but Chinamen are admitted into the place, but a reporter obtained an opportunity to penetrate its secrecy recently, and succeeded in getting in for a very short time.

In the back room on the first floor about a dozen "pig-tail Johns" were seated about a table. The game in which they were engaged seemed to engross all their attention, as for fully five minutes the scribe watched them, and his presence was not observed by the players.

It was impossible, however, for the reporter to ascertain the nature of the game. Cards, dominoes, dice, checkers, and small ivory and glass "chips" were used in the one game, the latter representing the stakes. The cards were tossed about to the different players, the checkers distributed, the dice cast and the dominoes turned up at random, but the connection between them was impossible for a Caucasian mind to grasp. It was evident, however, that there was a connection, and that no one set of the implements used constituted the entire game. Upon going upstairs to the second story a similar sight was found. Here there was a young and pretty white girl, seated in a corner of the room, and a gentlemanly-looking Chinaman, who wore civilized attire and spoke faultless English, informed the reporter that the girl was his wife.

The game in the second story stopped about 2 A. M., and tea was served to the guests. Downstairs, however, the Mongolian gamblers were still absorbed in the mysteries of their pastime when the reporter departed at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Paste, But It Sparkles.

A down-east young lady became engaged to a real nice young man, and she wanted to tell it ever so much, but she had no ring and her affianced was not in a condition, financially, to get her one. She went to a few trusted friends and poured out the desire of her soul. Five of them contributed \$1 each, and she soon appeared with a diamond ring on the engagement finger. Being a poor girl, this aroused the suspicions of a policeman, who shortly discovered that a ring filling the description of this one had been stolen from the bedroom of a wealthy lady. The ring was examined by a number of experts, who pronounced it worth \$300. The man from whom she got it said she only paid \$3 for it, which was double what it cost him. It is paste, but it sparkles.