

ONE BY ONE.

One by one with an eager lip
Life's many cups we try,
Only of poisoned drops to sip,
And at last, at last to die.

JESSIE'S HERO.

"One, two, three, four," said Jessie
Ashton, as she sat in her tasteful little
boudoir counting on her fingers; "four,
I can hardly say, gentlemen, four pieces
of conceit and assurance, who have in-

suppose?" said her brother, laughing-
ly.
"Never fear," returned Jessie; "they
have as much heart or gizzard now as
they ever had, I guess. But, Walter, I
wonder what has become of Edgar St.
Clair, whom we met last winter? He is
one of those I like and esteem very
highly. He was so different from my
late adorers. I—"
"Come this way, Jessie," interrupted
Walter, drawing her to one side, "see
that immense crowd coming. Some-
thing unusual must be the matter."
In a moment the throng swept by.
Jessie and Walter quickened their foot-
steps, and, turning a corner, came in
sight of an immense fire, which had
originated in a large dwelling house.
The firemen, who had arrived, had
given up all hopes of saving the house,
and were directing their energies to-
ward the adjacent buildings.

which he first left his room. How
anxiously Jessie watched his every
movement, least he should overexert
himself. At last she prevailed upon
him to sit down on a shady seat in the
garden, saying, laughingly:
"Remember, Dr. A—has given you
into my charge, and you must obey all
my commands."
He looked up into her face, and
archly replied:
"You will have to stay very close to
me, then, or you will find me missing.
I've been quiet and helpless so long
that I really enjoy this freedom."
A few days after this, Jessie came
into the room where Edgar was sitting
in a large arm-chair, and said, with a
smile:
"You've been so good, and obeyed
my directions so well, that I am going
to give you a great treat. Papa has had
the horse harnessed up, and he says he
thinks a ride would do you good; so is
it yea or nay?"
"Of course, yes," replied Jessie; "I
didn't intend to trust you out alone."
"It is most positively yea, my fair
jailer," cried Edgar, springing up; "that
is, if you will accompany me."
"Of course, yes," replied Jessie; "I
didn't intend to trust you out alone."
In a few moments all was ready, and
they started off, after a strict injunction
not to be gone too long.
They rode on in silence for some time,
and at last Edgar said:
"Have you not found it very tedious
to stay in doors to take care of me?"
"Of course, no," replied Jessie; "I
have been repaid by seeing you well
again."
"My darling little Jessie!" exclaimed
Edgar, suddenly clasping her in his
arms and kissing her sweet mouth,
"will you consent to take care of me
for life, darling? Say, sweet one, will
you be mine?"
Jessie nestled a little closer to him
and replied:
"Yea, Edgar; I have loved you ever
since that day when you so nobly risked
your life for another, maimed and dis-
abled though you were. Only think,
we were just talking about you, when
we were so unexpectedly brought to-
gether."
They soon turned toward home, and
Jessie hastened to her parents to make
known to them her new-found happi-
ness, and to receive her father's con-
gratulatory kiss and smile of approba-
tion; then return to her lover, who de-
clared, with a smile, that he had grown
quite melancholy at her absence.

A veteran salmon fisher says: I'd rath-
er catch one twenty-five pound salmon
than a wagon load of any other fish that
swim. What do you think of having
to chase a fish two miles and more after
you've got your hook in it, and after
you catch up with it having to tussle
with it like a Græco-Roman wrestler
for an hour, may be, before it'll give
up the sponge? Well, I had to do that
last season with a salmon, and he wasn't
an extra large one, either. He only
weighed twenty-three pounds. The
salmon rivers are all streams with swift
currents, whirling rapids and high falls.
You won't find this kind of fish in any
other kind of water. It don't make
any difference how steep the falls are
the salmon goes up stream just as easy
as he does down. A salmon will go up
an almost perpendicular fall as slick as
you could slide down a greased telegraph
pole.
"Did you ever see a salmon take the
fly? Well, then, when your first salmon
appears to you you won't know whether
to faint or shout 'Hallelujah!' The
salmon's haunt, when he is lying in
wait for prey, is in some deep, quiet
pool, where the water eddies and hesi-
tates, and then passes slowly on. From
the bank above this pool, or from your
canoe, you cast your fly on its surface.
Now, the beauty about salmon fishing
is that your tackle isn't much heavier
than if you were whipping some moun-
tain brook for trout. Your rod is elastic
and strong, and your reel must hold
at least 300 feet of fine silk line. Your
fly drops lightly on the surface, and if
the salmon is in the humor he goes for
it at once. Now, a trout rises to a fly
with a swoop and a whirl, and away he
goes. Your salmon darts from his hid-
ing-place in meteor fashion also, but,
before he reaches the fly, he pauses
within a few inches of it. The pious
guides cross themselves at this interest-
ing moment. 'He is saying his grace,'
they say. Then the salmon rises, opens
his mouth and draws it in, and drops
back toward the bottom. That is when
he gets himself in trouble. In dropping
down he sets the hook firmly in his up-
per jaw, and then is when he begins to
get you in trouble. As soon as he
feels the hook things begin to boil.
Away he'll go and take one hundred
feet of your line off your reel before
you know it. Then the chances are
that he'll take another course, perhaps
straight toward you, and then you've
got to work to take up that slack line.
As soon as you draw it taut on the reel
and he feels the pull on the hook, whiz!
he will come out of that water and
shoot into the air a dozen feet. Taking
a header, he darts down to the depths
again, tearing this way and that way,
round and round, and keeping your
fingers busy at the reel. Then suddenly
out of the water he comes again, throw-
ing himself high above water, and, de-
scribing a capricious arc in mid-air,
falls back into his element again, quiv-
ering with excitement and pain, and
sparkling with spray. Finding that
these tactics fail to release him from
the hook, the chances are that he may
take it into his head to seek another
part of the river, and down the stream
he goes like a race-horse.
"Have you ever seen a salmon take the
fly? Well, I have seen you a mile, or two
miles, keeping your attendants busy at
the oars, and yourself on the alert for
any sudden change in his maneuvering.
It may be that, after the chase, he will
have recourse to his former tactics, and
give you a lively struggle for half an
hour or so. By and by, however, dis-
couraged and exhausted, he will give
up absolutely, and allow himself to be
reeled in and gaffed. The whole fight
has been science and skill against cunning
and strength, and the former will
win every time."
The Herder's Enemy.
The coyote is the Oregon herder's
wily enemy. He is constantly on the
warpath and takes no pains to conceal
the fact. If the sheep wander away
from the camp at night, the coyote is
apt to find it out before the herder does
and at once proceeds to feast upon the
flesh of the flock. If very hungry he
will kill one and devour nearly the
whole of it; then summon his confeder-
ates, and lead them to the slaughter
for fun. The sheep soon scatter in
frightened squads all over the range.
The coyotes will then quit, as though
aware that a more vigilant watch will
be kept, and will turn their attention
to some neighboring herd until the
previous night's raid shall be in some
measure forgotten. Coyotes are con-
stantly being killed off, either by being
shot or poisoned. The latter mode is
more effective, but is attended with
serious danger to the shepherd dogs,
which in spite of the utmost precaution
often hunt up the poison and eat it.

The Gamblers' "square Game."
The claim is often made that many
gamblers do "a square business;" that
they give every man a fair chance to
win their money, and only expect in
return an even chance; but the fact is,
this is pure fiction.
A "squarely dealt" (?) game has an
immense advantage over the players in
three things—the "splits," the capital
it is played on, and last, but not least,
an expert to deal the cards. It would
be impossible to compute the value of
the percentage to be derived from the
"splits," as in a "square game" no two
deals will run alike. But of every bet
affected by a "split" fifty per cent. goes
to the game. An expert dealer can
"rip the deck for splits," and it is the
trick most practiced, because it re-
quires least skill in manipulating the
cards.
The second advantage is graduated
by each player. Say, for example, eight
players are in front of the table, and
jointly show up (produce) \$400. The
game's capital being \$2,000 is increased
to \$2,400—by the sale of chips. Now,
if one man were to play the whole \$400,
the game would have the advantage of
him in the ratio of six to one in betting
capital. Then, as the limit allowed by
the game is \$100 on double cards and
\$50 on single cards or cases, the actual
advantage is twenty-four to one—on
the supposition that the limit is bet
every time, which is never done by
"suckers," and but seldom by profes-
sionals. The fact is, the \$400 is di-
vided between eight players, with an
average capital of \$50 each, while all
are playing against \$2,400. The reader
can figure the averages himself.
I will only state that, with an average
dealer \$2,000 "string" (capital), and a
daily front of \$400 divided between
eight players, there is not a game work-
ing twenty-eight days a month that
will not quit winner \$7,500 twelve
months in the year.
But that which in my estimation is
the strongest evidence that the as-
sumed virtue and honor of the gam-
bling fraternity are a sham and have
no solid foundation in fact, is the fact
that "brace" games are allowed to
flourish. Every gambler knows just
where the games are located, and is
personally acquainted with the man-
agers. If their own games were honest
they would combine and crush on the
"brace" games. It would be for their
interest to do so. But the fact is, the
only difference between a "brace"
game and an ordinary game of faro is,
that the first mentioned is like the
man-eating shark, which swallows at
one gulp everything that falls into its
mouth; while the latter is an ordinary
bottle-nose, which devours its victim
piecemeal.
To sum the whole matter up: A busi-
ness that is illegitimate in itself, and
draws to its support criminals from
every walk in crime, must on its face
be demoralizing.
Cheese as Food.
Cheese when properly made, and
thoroughly cured, so that all of its
substance is available for food, has
twice the value of butchers' meat for
sustaining life, and is quite as easily
digested, and as wholesome. But all
cheese, even when well cured, is not
equal to its highest possibilities. Many
circumstances interfere with its perfec-
tion. In the first place, good cheese
can only be made out of good milk,
and this is not always at the command
of the cheese maker. The milk which
was good when it came from the cow
may not be so when it reaches the
cheese vat; it may be sour or stale, or
uncleanly; and, further, milk itself is
liable to wide variations in its consti-
tuents, thereby varying the quality of
cheese made from it. But these are
only accidental irregularities, that are
not always present, and cheese made
from milk which is free from them
should not be condemned on their ac-
count. They are avoidable, and do not,
in fact, give much ground for complaint
against the use of cheese.
There are other things connected
with the use of cheese equally avoid-
able, which give rise to well-grounded
complaints, that are telling heavily
against its good name and use. Bear-
ing in mind the indigestible, and conse-
quently unwholesome, condition of
newly-pressed curd, or, as it is called,
green cheese, and remembering that
this condition only abates gradually,
as the cheese advances in curing, the
ill effects of putting it into consump-
tion too soon, while it is yet in the
green state, will be understood. Those
who are at all familiar with the traffic
in cheese know very well that much of
the cheese of commerce, when it goes
into consumption, is too imperfectly
cured to have its food value fully
available. It is so indigestible as to be
unhealthful, and it is used at a loss be-
cause much of it is not digested at all.
Thus the practice of thrusting green
cheese upon the markets gives rise to
just grounds for objections to its health-
fulness and value, and greatly restricts
its consumption, all of which would
be obviated by retaining the goods in
the curing room till they are fit for
use.
What is mine, even to my life, is hers
I love; but the secret of my friend is
no mine.
Discontentment is not a fruit of hum-
ility, but of pride.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
Good manners are the small coin of
virtue.
True merit, like a river, the deeper
it is, the less noise it makes.
A virtuous life with a happy con-
science is a grand success.
Keep your character on your fore-
head; your life in your heart.
He that would not when he might
shall not when he would.
Vulgarity, pure and simple, is pre-
tending to be what you are not.
There is no less theft because it is
countenanced by political usage.
He surely is most in want of another's
patience who has none of his own.
We cannot right every wrong, but
we can, indeed, wrong every right.
To be good and disagreeable is high
treason against the royalty of virtue.
Actions, looks and words, form the
steps by which we may spell character.
Satire lies about men of letters dur-
ing their life, and serves as a veil after
their death.
A little praise is good for a shy tem-
per. It teaches it to rely on the kind-
ness of others.
There cannot be a greater rudeness
than to interrupt another in the current
of his discourse.
Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it
treats little things, as little things and
is not hurt by them.
So long as the rich remain indifferent
to the outcast poor the gulf between
them will widen and deepen.
Good councils observed are chains to
grace, which, neglected, prove halters
to strange, undutiful children.
Be at least as polite to father, mother,
child, as to others; for they are more
important to you than any other.
The firm without pliancy and the
pliant without firmness, resemble ves-
sels without water and water without
vessels.
Good nature is the very air of a good
mind; the sign of a large and generous
soul, and the peculiar soil in which
virtue prospers.
It is useless to attempt to reason a
man out of anything he was never rea-
soned into. Reason is a very light rider
and easily shaken off.
The wisest are always the readiest to
acknowledge that soundly to judge of a
law is the weightiest thing which any
man can take upon him.
The only gratification a covetous man
gives his neighbors, is to let them see
that he himself is as little better for
what he has as they are.
The only way to make the mass of
mankind see the beauty of justice is
by showing them in pretty plain terms
the consequence of injustice.
The ruin of a State is generally pre-
ceded by a universal degeneracy of man-
ners and contempt of religion, which is
entirely our case at present.
It will be very generally found that
those who sneer habitually at human
nature, and affect to despise it, are
among its worst and least pleasant sam-
ples.
Contentment furnishes constant joy;
much covetousness, constant grief. To
the contented, even poverty is joy; to
the discontented, even wealth is vexa-
tion.
Charity is a principle of prevailing
love to God and good will to men,
which effectually inclines one endued
with it to glorify God, and to do good
to others.
Whosoever commands the sea com-
mands the trade; whosoever commands
the trade of the world, commands the
riches of the world, and, consequently,
the world itself.
In religious concerns, reason without
faith tends to casuistry. Not in juris-
prudence alone applies the ancient
maxim (Apices juris non sunt jura)—
Subtleties of law are not law.
He that hath wife and children hath
given hostages to fortune; for they are
impediments to great enterprises, either
of virtue or mischief. Certainly wife
and children are a kind of discipline of
humanity.
One of the surest evidences of friend-
ship that an individual can display to
another is telling him gently of a fault.
If any other can excel it is listening to
such a communication with gratitude
and amending the error.
Those boast of abstinance who have
lost their digestive power; those boast
of knowing how to be silent who have
nothing to say. In short mankind
make vices of the pleasures which they
cannot enjoy, and virtues of infirmities
to which they are subject.
Speak kindly in the morning; it
lightens the cares of the day, and makes
the household and all its affairs move
along smoothly. Speak kindly at night
for it may be that, before dawn, some
loved one will finish his or her space of
life for this world, and it will be too late
to ask forgiveness.
A poor widow, not having bed-clothes
to shelter her boy from the snow which
blew through the cracks of her boiler,
used to cover him with boards.
"Mother," said the boy, "what do poor
folks do this cold weather who have no
boards to put upon their children?"
When we get to heaven, no doubt
there will be great surprises for nearly
all of us. Here we are like chestruts
with the burrs on; there we will be
without the burrs, and many of us will
be astonished to find there that we are not
half so big as we thought ourselves on
earth.
Wait not for your difficulties to cease;
there is no soldier's glory to be won on
peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be
shown on sunny seas, no trust or friend-
ship to be proved when all goes well.
Faith, patience, heroic love, devout
courage, gentleness, are not to be formed
when there are no doubts, no irrita-
tions, no difficulties.
Exquisite fineness of nature is quite
compatible with heroic bodily strength
and mental firmness; in fact, heroic
strength is not conceivable without
such delicacy. Elephantine strength
may drive its way through the forest,
and feel no touch of the boughs, but
the white skin of Homer's Atreides
would have felt a bent roseleaf, yet
subdue its feeling in glow of battle and
behave like iron.