

The Dead Student.

It doesn't seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead; 'twas only yesterday at noon he had to take his bed.

The day before, he played first base, and ran McFarland down; and then, to slip away so sly—'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find it's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind.

And Brown was just as free with life. 'Twouldn't scare me, I avow, to hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as drifted snow. I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.

A-rushing in o' Brownie's room seemed awkward like and queer: We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't pull together square a single night or day: How'er I wen' he soon contrived to find another way.

He ran against me in my loves: we picked a dozen bones About that girl you used to like—the one that married Jones.

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes. He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize.

In the last campus rush we came to strictly business blows. And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his damaged nose.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with dismay—That life would be worth living for if Brown were out of the way.

But when I heard that he was dead, my feelings tacked; and then I would have given half my life to get his back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago. The room was neat beyond excuse—the women made it so.

Be sure he had no hand in that, and naught about it knew. To see the order lying round had made him very blue.

A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of death. Straight through the open window came the morning's fragrant breath.

Close-caged, a small canary bird, with glossy, yellow throat, Skipped daintily from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor McFarland near, Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear.

A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake, Was sobbing in the corner there as if her heart would break.

look as if she could ouy all the silks and laces she wanted. A man would not know how to spend twenty minutes in buying a pair of gloves and three yards of satin ribbon. Julia spent two very pleasant hours about it, and then, not being able to come to a decision about the fan, she determined to walk up to Union Square, and have half a dozen stores to select from. It was quite fair and bright by this time, the sky blue, the air soft, and not very cold; so, with a light, rapid step, she hurried along, pausing every few minutes before some gay window, and considering its contents as carefully as if she really meant to buy them.

Just turning into the square, some one said, "Julia! don't cut me in that direct way."

"Why, Charley, who ever thought of seeing you here at this time of day? I have been buying gloves. Have you got the tickets?"

"I was just going up town to see you."

"Good boy! Now what is the matter? You ought to be cutting up the world with a pair of scissors in that den of yours near City Hall. What are you doing among decent people on Broadway at three o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Well, something has happened."

"Oh, Charley! What? Is it nice?"

"I'll tell you what; we'll go into Bigot's and have some oysters, and you shall tell me all about it. Have you money enough, Charley?"

"I have two dollars, Julia, and I would rather spend them in that way than keep them."

"Of course. Besides, you would not keep them anyway, and you might waste them—and we are just here. I declare it is a pleasant providence meeting you. Shopping is such hungry work, and I was just thinking of oysters."

"I wish you had been thinking of me, Julia; you never do that."

"Oh, no, never! Charley, you know I do; but I can't afford to do it often, and that's a fact. Dear me! how nice the warmth is, and the fragrant smell of cake and things! I am afraid, Charley, I am a little gourmand. Would you respect me with such a character?"

"You know I like every fault you have. I think they are every one charming."

"Thank you, Charley," and the words had a tone that set them quite apart from the rest of the conversation.

"Here are the oysters and coffee; now make them bring some more, and then tell me how you come to be taking lunch with me at three o'clock in the afternoon, and it not Sunday."

"I thought you were taking lunch with me, Julia; but it is all the same; and if you had met me five minutes earlier you would have seen the cause of my holiday. He's a regular swell. I tell you—an English gentleman."

"Now, Charley, you need not try to impose on me. You've been collecting bills, I guess."

"Honor bright, Julia. I have been entertaining a very rich Englishman, and an M. P. at that."

She went up stairs a little excited, and laid out thoughtfully the well-used black silk dress. It was not so bad, after all. "I have new laces and ribbons and fresh flowers; I dare say I shall look well enough," she thought. And then, "Brookes!—that is twice to-day Brookes has been forced on my attention. It did not trouble me long the first time, and I dare say I shall get rid of the second intrusion quite as easily."

She took great pains with her toilet—but she always did that. And though she was dressed on time, she kept the gentlemen waiting for her a full quarter of an hour; but as she never kept Charley waiting, she hoped he would understand her motive, and do all in his power to make the Englishman feel that he was waiting on a woman. Somehow she had got the idea that Mr. Brookes would feel it a humiliation. But if he did, he had either admirable self-control or really fine manners. He chatted with Charley quite obliviously of the lapse of time, and rose to meet Miss Tyrrel with an air of such indifference as to the opera, that Julia really had the impression that he would just as willingly stay where he was as go.

And he was a nice fellow, too. In spite of his scrupulous toilet and his formal manners, he contrived to make the night a thoroughly delightful one to Julia. He did not give her an opportunity to say a single saucy thing; he was so charmed with America and every one in it that Julia declared "he deserved to be a New Yorker. However, Mr. Brookes," she added, with mock seriousness, "good Englishmen come to New York when they die."

Gentlemen generally "talk over" the ladies who have adorned their evenings, but Mr. Brookes did not make a single remark about Miss Tyrrel. Charley wished he had. He had watched the two with a burning heart all through the opera, and he told himself with jealous anger that July had never looked so lovely or been so brilliant and entertaining.

"And that Brookes," he muttered, "did nothing but watch her. He is in love, of course; no fellow could help it; and he has nothing to do but to buy the ring and order the wedding cake. Fifty thousand pounds a year, and a title coming by-and-by—and I have fifteen hundred dollars, and no particular expectations of any kind. Of course Julia will take him—any woman would; and though Julia is an angel, she likes silk dresses and things of that sort. I wish I hadn't been such a fool! I only wanted him to see what a wonderful girl loved me, if I was a poor fellow of a writer, and now I'll have to cut me out. Serve me right, too!"

To such reflections as these poor Charley's pen and scissors went all the next day, and many days afterward. For Mr. Brookes having made Miss Tyrrel the regular formal visit, went again and again, until they were very good friends.

To Julia the winter passed happily. She loved music and riding, and Mr. Brookes was always glad to gratify these tastes. She had no suspicion that he regarded their pleasant companionship in any other light than one of mutual entertainment. Of course Mr. Brookes knew that she loved Charley; but he had never attempted to conceal the relation in which they stood to each other.

One beautiful spring evening, Julia, Charley and Mr. Brookes stood together at the open window. Suddenly Brookes took out his pocket-book and said, "Look here, Mr. Rath!—and he unfolded a ten-dollar bill and smoothed it carefully out—"do you see anything remarkable about that bill?"

"No," said Charley, carelessly. "It seems good enough; but I am no expert."

Julia glanced at the bill and smiled. "I can guess what you mean."

"Impossible."

"Yes, I can. There is a William Henry Brookes" written on the left-hand corner in very small characters. Brookes looked amazed; and Julia, laughing, said, "You need not be afraid of me. I am not a medium, and I have not the second sight. I came by my knowledge in a very natural way. Is William Henry your name?"

"It is, Miss Julia. May I ask you to tell us the secret of your information?"

"You had better first tell how you came to do so absurd a thing as write your name in such a place. It would make me feel as if I was wandering about the country looking for myself."

"Well, it was a whim. Rich Englishmen are allowed to have whims; it is one of the privileges of their condition. That bill was the first American money I touched; I got it on board the steamer; and I wrote my name on it in an idle whim, whose source I did not then analyze, and certainly cannot now. The first time I went on Broadway I went into a bookseller's and bought a map and guide to the city, and I paid for it with the marked note. I think I did this knowingly, but I am not sure; in fact, I had only a passing interest in the matter. That must have been about the 14th of January."

"And on the 16th I got it in payment for some writing. I know it was the 16th, for I was to go with Charley to hear Laura, and I wanted new gloves and a new fan, and I had only that one ten-dollar bill. Then, too, I did not feel very sure if I ought to spend it in that way. I sat thinking and thinking and turning the bill in my hand; finally I saw the writing—and that very night I saw also the writer."

"And what impression did it make on you, Miss Julia? I am very curious to know."

"I don't like to tell. You will feel hurt."

"Yes. I think there is no doubt of it."

"Now will you kindly get me pen and ink?"

"You will find them in the other parlor."

Brookes rose, and Julia followed him curiously. He spread out the bill, and wrote his name all over it in large, clear characters.

"You have made it useless, Mr. Brookes."

"It is too precious to use. Remember, it really introduced me to you. I shall never let any strange hand touch it again."

"Ah," said Julia, half pettishly and half longingly, "you are rich and can afford sentiment. As for me, I should be compelled to spend it in a week."

"What a lot of nonsense altogether!" said Charley, with angry contempt.

"Of course," answered Julia, scornfully. "It is nonsense to you, sir. Ten-dollar bills are simply beefsteak and cigars in your eyes."

"July, I did not expect this from you," said the poor fellow; and with a look of reproach that made her feel utterly wretched he took his hat and left them.

For some minutes no one spoke. Julia stood at the window watching Charley go, and Mr. Brookes leaned against the mantel watching Julia. At length he went to her and said, "Miss Tyrrel, this little incident affects me profoundly. I am a matter-of-fact man, and I have not known how to indicate my love by complimentary speeches. But I do love you with all my soul, and if you will be my wife, I can give you one of the most enviable positions in England."

"I do not love you, Mr. Brookes."

"But you might learn."

"Oh, never! I love Charley Rath with all my soul."

"Thank you again for being so honest with me. But if you love Mr. Rath, why did you speak so—so—so?"

"Cruelly? Oh, I don't know; Charley provokes me sometimes. We have been engaged three years, both of us working and hoping for better days; but they don't come. Charley does his best, though; it is not his fault; and I am ashamed of myself for making him feel his poverty so terribly."

"I beg you to believe, Miss Tyrrel, that my love is no selfish one. To make you happy is its fondest hope—happy in your own way, you understand. Can I do anything to forward Mr. Rath's prospects?"

"Yes, I really think you could. You know all the famous London editors, and you are an M. P., and a rich man too. I should think you could easily get Charley some position that would afford us enough to live on. You see I don't want much; I can make all my own dresses, and I know how to keep house and cook, and I can write too."

"My dear young lady," said Brookes, and his eyes were misty with tears, "you deserve everything that you can desire. Be very sure I shall not forget you. And kissing her hand, he murmured over it a "farewell," and departed.

All this happened about five years ago. Julia's confidence at the time, and I must say I felt annoyed at her refusal to see the rich Englishman. "You were real selfish, Julia," I said; "you might have remembered what a nice place your house would have been for me to come to every year, and I am just sick to go to England, too."

The Chinese National Gambling Game. "Fantan" is the national gambling game of the Chinese, and is played by beggar and prince with equal avidity. A correspondent gives an interesting account of the game as played in a gambling house at Macao, situated at the entrance of the Canton river.

Gaudily painted lanterns of immense size and ornamented with a multitude of cabalistic signs swung in front of the portal, which was further adorned by a number of slips of red paper covered with Chinese characters and a quantity of tiny oil lamps. On gaining the top of the narrow staircase we found ourselves in a room furnished in the usual Chinese fashion, with polished wooden stools and tables ranged all round the sides and with carved ornaments decorating the walls. About half way across one side extended a high table very much in the fashion of a bar counter in a first-class American saloon, except that the top of it was covered with matting instead of being polished. Behind this, in the middle, sat the high priest of "Fantan," an enormously corpulent Chinaman, in a very capacious and comfortable armchair, his legs tucked away beneath him.

"water" pipe at his elbow, from which ever and anon he inhaled a whiff or two of the coarse tobacco generally used among the natives. He was the "dealer," and he bestowed a very friendly recognition upon our host as we entered. Next to the dealer at the banker, a sharp-eyed and sharp-featured man, who had before him a large box containing money, in bank-notes, gold and silver, and an "abacus" which Chinamen always use to assist them in calculating. Two or three other "solid" looking Celestials in long blue gowns also sat in a sort of recess behind the table, silently smoking, and occasionally protruding a hand, adorned with very long finger nails, with which they altered the position of certain small circular bits of jade on the table which represented the stakes of gamblers who were not present, but who still participated in the fortunes of the game, being quite content to trust the honesty of the proprietors as to the winning or losing. Right in front of the dealer, and riveted to the table, was a piece of metal about one foot square. This is the Tom Fiddler's ground upon which the gamblers try their luck. The four sides represent the numbers one, two, three and four—that next to the dealer being number one and that next to the players number four. The game commences by the dealer taking a handful of bright new "cash" from a heap at his right hand, putting them in a separate heap at his left and covering them over with a little brass cap. Then the players put their stakes on the table on whichever side of the metal square it may please them.

The Macao gambling houses, but the naivest coin is not rejected, and it is no unfrequent occurrence to see the European or American "punter" risking a roll of banknotes alongside a coolie who is stolidly "bucking the tiger" with two or three "cash" at a time. Considering that one hundred "cash" equal only one cent, the passion for play, it will be seen, can be gratified at small cost. When all have staked the dealer removes the brass cover from the small pile of "cash," and with an ivory "chop-stick" proceeds to count the coins out by fours. He takes care to bare his arm, and counts slowly and delicately, removing each "cash" by the hole in its center, so that everybody may "see fair." The excitement grows more and more intense as the pile gradually diminishes, and the more acute and experienced gamblers often are able to announce the winning number when yet quite a quantity of "cash" remain untouched. A moment and the pile is reduced to small dimensions. "Gat, yee, sam, see," counts the dealer—"one, two, three, four"—gat, see, sam, see—"gat, yee, e, sa-am, see." The "cash" remains on the balance of the heap, and so three is for this time the winning number. The banker thereupon sweeps in all the money that has been staked on Nos. 1, 2 and 4, and then pays over to those who put their money on No. 3 three times the amount of their investment, minus eight and a half per cent, which is the profit allowed to the bank. Tea and other refreshments—brandy and soda for the Europeans, of course—is handed round by the "boys" and the game recommences. The room was full of people all the time, and the two galleries that ran round it were also occupied by players who let down their stakes in a small basket provided for the purpose and gave directions to the dealer where to place it. One dried up old Chinaman in this gallery won \$3,000 in three deals, simply leaving his stake on the same side all the time. Neither the dealer nor the banker evinced the smallest degree of emotion whether the table won or lost and they never spoke except in monosyllables.

An Aged Heiress Haying. The Reading (Pa.) Eagle says: Elizabeth Leibesberger, aged ninety-two, resides in Richmond township, this county, and is, in all probability, one of the richest maiden ladies in the county. She owns several beautiful farms in Richmond township, where she has lived nearly all her life. Her brother is also a large land owner. Miss Leibesberger is remarkably well preserved. She was never married, and has lived ninety-two years in single blessedness, without being dragged down by the cares of married life, domestic troubles and other vexations and tribulations. She has silvery gray hair, is neat and trim in appearance, and, considering her great age, is quite active and alert. A few days ago her farm hands commenced haying. To their great surprise the aged lady and land owner made her appearance in the field, rake in hand. She was suitably attired for the occasion, her skirts and dress being well gathered in and tucked back so as not to drag or give her any trouble in moving over the field. She said she was going to show them how to work. This was greeted with clapping of hands and cheers. Miss Leibesberger went to work in good earnest, tossed the hay over and over, raked it in rows from one end of the field to the other, and then helped to rake it in piles, and finally assisted in loading and raking after the wagons. It was an exhibition of old-time hay-making, the way "they used to do it when she was a young girl," she said, "before the patent machinery was ever heard of." The lady worked in the field the entire day, and kept up her pluck remarkably well.

Walking matches between young ladies and gentlemen are getting to be quite common. You can see them any pleasant evening by going out along the bluff. Any young couple who are engaged are a walking match when they are out for a stroll, aren't they?—Kookai Gae City.

A Home for Lepers. Honolulu correspondent writes: After the scourge of small-pox had swept over the Hawaiian islands some years ago, at which time compulsory vaccination was resorted to, leprosy increased to such an alarming extent that the government was compelled to take measures to arrest its progress. When less extreme measures failed it finally decided upon segregation, and the island of Molokai was selected for the settlement because of its peculiar natural advantages. The trade winds sweep across it in such a direction that all the infectious gases are carried out to sea instead of toward the other islands. The valley is fertile and abundantly supplied with fresh water, while at its back a perpendicular wall of rock—called a pali—rises several hundred feet, and like a grim, unyielding sentry seems to say, "Thus far shall you go and no farther." Of course, the law made with violent opposition, for the natives themselves have no dread of the disease, and freely use their garments or occupy the same bed with a leper of the worst type; and the enforcement of the law would sunder families, for though husbands and wives might imolate themselves for each other they were not allowed to take healthy children with them. However, time has done much toward convincing them of the wisdom of the policy, and now opinion is rarely met with farther than in concealing the existence of the disease as long as possible. When a person is discovered who has indications of the disease he is taken to the island, but in order that no one may be held there without reason each person committed first receives treatment for the diseases bearing some resemblance to it, and in occasional instances persons have been cured and returned to their families, but usually the march of the disease is so rapid that two or three months make it unmistakable, and they are committed to the island for life.

The provisions for their comfort are most generous, and those who have the means to do so are allowed to build cottages for their own occupation, and there they live with as much seclusion as they had the world to choose from. The government has perhaps erred on the side of mercy in allowing husbands and wives to follow each other, for the only objection to the addition to the settlement by births, numbering some years as many as fifty—a mistake, kindly as it would seem when the child's heritage is loathsome disease and its care entails a still greater financial burden upon the government, but so far as is consistent with the hygienic regime established for their good they are allowed their own habits of life. The settlement now numbers eight hundred persons, at least two of whom are Americans. It would be a mistake to attribute to this afflicted class the intense mental or physical suffering which we are wont to imagine in a singular way, and a general provision of nature brings with the disease an apathy of mind and numbness of body which prevents acute suffering. Indeed, it is asserted that a pin may be thrust into any part of the diseased flesh without causing the slightest sensation of pain.

Strange Death of a Dog. Jack, an intelligent and valuable Newfoundland dog, owned by Thomas Pillington, of Newark, N. J., met his death in a singular manner. He was a bitter enemy of cats, and he had been known to spring over an eight-foot fence after a feline that had tantalized him. Whenever a cat concert was begun near his master's house Jack scattered the serenaders without ceremony, and he was not only much prized by Mr. Pillington, but was also a favorite with the neighbors who, thanks to his emity to the cat creation, enjoyed peaceful slumber. Mr. Pillington took Jack to the house of a friend, where he tied the dog to a piece of wood weighing about thirty pounds, in order to prevent his escape from the yard. In the evening the cats came from all the houses in the neighborhood and perched on the fence close to the spot where their implacable enemy was secured. They seemed to know that Jack was tied fast, for they began an exultant serenade, and continued it until he howled with rage. He made several savage springs at the cats on the fence nearest to him, but he could not get loose from his fastenings. His tormentors continued to tantalize him in cat language until he became frantic. He tugged desperately at the chain that held him to the block of wood, and the serenade party seeing his helpless condition then began such a noisy caterwauling that a dozen night-capped heads popped out of as many bedroom windows. Bootjacks, sticks and crockery were hurled at the cats. Meantime Jack, who had dragged the block of wood close to the fence, made a desperate spring at a big tomcat. He cleared the fence at the same instant that the cat disappeared in the adjoining yard, but he unfortunately had not calculated on the weight of the block of wood. The result was that poor Jack was suspended by his neck to the chain, which was firmly held to the block of wood on the other side of the fence. Before assistance arrived Jack had slowly strangled to death. The next day he was given a decent burial by his owner and friends. It is said that he had saved three human lives.

Peculiar People. Most people, whatever their condition or race, are so homogeneous nowadays, through long exposure to the same influences, that it is enlivening to hear of a people, even though they be savages, altogether different from the common. The natives of Botel-Tobago, an island in the China Sea, are curious and peculiar in most respects. They excited the wonder of a number of American naval officers, who recently visited them while surveying a rock east of the South Cape of Formosa. These aboriginals, who are of Malay stock, knew nothing of money, and could not be made to understand the object of its use. They had never tasted tobacco or rum, nor had they any substitutes for these. Nevertheless, the females liked anything and everything of an ornamental or decorative character. They admired brass buttons, tin vessels, or anything bright; freely gave goats and pigs for them, and could not get enough for their delectation. Any shining object they were eager to obtain, and they would dive for a button or a coin if thrown into the water, and often seize it while it was sinking. They play in their canoes about the ship for hours, watching for an opportunity to dive for the (to them) precious trifles. The natives are as primitive as they can be. They wear only breech-clouts; they live on taro and yams; they have no other implements than axes, spears and knives, made of common iron; but the females employ shells and the beads of goats for ornament.

A TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

Miss Julia Tyrrel sat before the fire with her feet on the fender and a ten-dollar bill in her hand. To ordinary mortals a ten-dollar bill is a ten-dollar bill—that, and nothing more; but to Julia it meant an evening of enchantment.

"I shall buy white gloves, white satin ribbon and a fan," she whispered softly, and Charley will be sure to bring a bouquet. My dress isn't very shabby, and if it was, he would never notice. I ought to have an opera cloak and lots of other things, and I ought—yes, I ought to pay madame my week's rent. But nobody does everything he ought to do, and it is not my fault if I have a fifty-dollar way for every ten-dollar bill."

Then she looked thoughtfully at the bill, and turned it over in her pretty white hands. As she did so she noticed a name written in small clear letters in one corner. The characters were so small that she had to take the note to the window in order to decipher them. But very little puzzled those bright young eyes. "I see," she said, nodding her head wisely. "William Henry Brookes. I wonder who he is, and what made him write his name on a bill that is everybody's—mine just at present, and going to A. T. Stewart in half an hour. Not a pretty name either. I dare say he is some little snob that thinks there is only one man in the world, and he is William Henry Brookes."

It was snowing heavily by this time, but Julia cared little for that. It was a block to the stage, and the stage would put her down at Stewart's door. It was always a little holiday for Julia to go shopping; and even if it was only a ten-dollar shopping nobody knew it but her—and it gave her perfect freedom to

look as if she could ouy all the silks and laces she wanted. A man would not know how to spend twenty minutes in buying a pair of gloves and three yards of satin ribbon. Julia spent two very pleasant hours about it, and then, not being able to come to a decision about the fan, she determined to walk up to Union Square, and have half a dozen stores to select from. It was quite fair and bright by this time, the sky blue, the air soft, and not very cold; so, with a light, rapid step, she hurried along, pausing every few minutes before some gay window, and considering its contents as carefully as if she really meant to buy them.

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