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Those Eyes that were so Bright.

Those eyes that were so bright, love,
Have now a dimmer shine;
But what they've lost in light, love,
Was what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours;
That ripened all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers.

These locks were brown to see, love,
That now are turned to gray;
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love,
The golden glow of noon,
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love,
That looks so shaded now;
But for me it bore the care, love,
That spoilt a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,
Still memory looks and dotes, my love,
Where hope admired before.

The Deacon's Prayer.

In the regular evening meeting
That the church holds, every week,
One night a listening angel sat
To hear them pray and speak.

It puzzled the soul of the angel
Why some to that gathering came,
But sick and sinful hearts he saw,
With grief and guilt aflame.

They were silent, but said to the angel,
"Our lives have need of Him!"
While doubt, with dull, vague, throbbing pain,
Stirred through their spirits dim.

You could see 'twas the regular meeting,
And the regular seats were filled,
And all knew who would pray and talk,
Though any one might that willed.

From his place in front, near the pulpit,
In his long-accustomed way,
When the Book was read, and the hymn was sung,
The Deacon arose to pray.

First came the long preamble—
If Peter had opened so,
He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had heard,
Full fifty fathom below.

Then a volume of information
Poured forth, as if to the Lord,
Concerning His ways and attributes,
And the things by Him abhorred.

But not in the list of the latter
Was mentioned the mocking breath
Of the hypocrite prayer that is not prayer,
And the make-believe life in death.

Then he prayed for the church; and the pastor;
And that "souls might be his hire"—
Whatever his stipend otherwise—
And the Sunday-school; and the choir;

And the swarming hordes of India;
And the perishing, vile Chinese;
And the millions who bow to the Pope of Rome;
And the pagan churches of Greece;

And the outcast remnants of Judah,
Of whose guilt he had much to tell—
He prayed, or he told the Lord he prayed,
For everything out of Hell.

Now, if all of that burden had really
Been weighing upon his soul,
Twould have sunk him through to the China side,
And raised a hill over the hole.

* * * * * * * * *

'Twas the regular evening meeting,
And the regular prayers were made,
But the listening angel told the Lord
That only the silent prayed.

OUT OF WORK.

"If you please, sir, John Yates wants to see you"

"John Yates," I said to myself, "John Yates! What can he want? I thought he was at work for Coombs & Plank."

"Show him into the library, Jane; I'll be there directly."

"Well," sir, said John, as I came in, "I'm out of work, that's what it is, and the missis and two of the little 'uns is down with 'fluenza, or fever, or something of that sort; and truth is, sir, I ain't got a penny, let lone a shilling, to bless myself with. I can bear it myself, sir; it ain't for that as I'm come; but they ain't had a bit nor a drop this blessed morning."

"How long have you been out of work?" I asked.

"About a month, sir; leastways, a month come Saturday."

"A month!" I exclaimed. I was going to say, "Surely you ought not to be so bad off as this, only a month out of work."

"What wages have you been earning?"

"Well, sir, in a reg'lar way, it's five-and-twenty shillings a week; but I'll tell you all, sir, as you say. I made a good deal over-time in the Summer, and maybe, then, it was thirty, more or less."

"About that, take one week with another?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haven't you laid up anything against a rainy day, John; anything in the savings bank, now, or building society?"

John winced and said, almost surlily, "I shouldn't h' come to you if I had, sir." Then, as if he felt he hadn't been quite polite, he added: "P'raps I ought to have done, but a growing family is very expensive, sir."

"It is," I replied. "I know that myself; still, it's for their sakes after all that we save. Suppose now, John, that you had five, ten or even twenty pounds in the bank?"

"Well, sir, I only wish I had; but how's the likes o' me to lay by? What with rent being so high and meat and bread and everything else, and clothes and firing, a man's wages is gone afore he knows what he's about."

He was beginning to talk more freely now, and I tried to encourage his doing so. "I know it is so, John," I said. "The times have been hard for most of us. I know it's been tight work for me, anyhow, this last year. But there will be bad times as well as good times, and we must make hay when the sun shines. Come, now, times haven't always been so bad, have they?"

"Well, no, sir, I've no call to say they have, I've had regular work, thank God, for a good many years; and been able to pay my way, mostly, somehow or other, but there wasn't so many in the family then."

"But I suppose you had something laid by, or how could you have lived this last month?"

I knew pretty well how it was, and how he had never laid anything by; but, for his own sake, I wanted him to tell me.

"Well, sir, there, the truth must out! Most of the things is gone up, sir, and there ain't no more to go. I'm ashamed on it, sir, and it's hard to me to say it, but there's the truth."

Thirty shillings a week—a month out of work—no bread in the house—and everything of value pawned! We both sat silent for a time. Then I got up, and, telling him to wait, went out of the room and sent a basket to his house. When I came back—there was no mistake about it—John had been crying, but he tried not to let me see it, and taking my pocket-book diary off the library table, I pretended to be looking at the almanac. I was really trying to think how I could best put John in the way of helping himself. I knew pretty well how it was with him, and a good many others like him. Honest, hard-working, good fellows, but neither thinking nor caring about the future, so long as they can meet the demands of the day, and whose money is always burning holes in their pockets. But I wanted to bring this fact home to him.

"John," I said, putting my hand on his arm, "I want to say a word or two to you very plainly. May I do so?"

"Certainly, sir, if you please."

"Well, then, I want you to tell me how you have spent your money. I don't ask from mere curiosity, but in order to help you. You are free to tell or not tell; but you come to me to help you in your difficulties, and I want to do so in the most effectual way."

"Well, I don't know as I've spent it different from others," he replied. "Thirty shillings a week ain't much for seven of us, come to pay rent and schooling out."

"Is the rent all paid?" I asked.

"He hesitated, and then said, "No, sir; and that's one thing as troubles me, for the collector says if it ain't paid soon, out we goes."

"How much is there owing?"

"It's two months a'most," he answered, hanging down his head.

"A month's rent was due when you were thrown out of work," I said. "Do you owe anything else?"

"Well, there's where it is, sir. We might ha' gone on for a bit longer, but last week they at the shop told my missus that they couldn't go on no longer unless she paid something."

"Is that much?"

"Well, sir, it's a goodish bit, I must allow."

"This is a serious matter, John. When a trader uses other people's money to speculate with, loses it and pays ninepence in the pound, you workingmen are very free with your comments; and when a noble-man outruns the constable you take him to pieces pretty sharply, don't you?"

"I can't deny it, sir."

"Well, what is wrong with a hundred thousand pounds is wrong with a few pounds. *You have not been honest, John.*"

He started and looked really angry, and his face flushed indignantly. "Stay," I said, "and hear me. If, instead of two months' rent for a small tenement, you owed it for a mansion in Belgravia; and if, instead of a bill at the shop, you owed thousands for the maintenance of an expensive establishment and for luxuries, and had no means of paying, because you had already spent all your income, would that be honest?"

"I can't say as it would, sir."

"Well, it's clear as day that you have been living beyond your income, somehow or other, or else where's the money gone to? And so you are not only in difficulty because you are out of work, but because you are in debt too. It's clear it hasn't been sending your children to school has ruined you. There are only three of them old enough to go, and sixpence a week for them can't make a man poor that earns thirty shillings a week. How much do you spend in beer, John?"

"I'm not a drinking man, sir, as you knows, though I ain't a teetotaler. A man must have something to work upon; leastways, I must."

"I won't dispute that point with you now," I replied, for I knew that to do so would be to lose the hold I had, by attempting too much. "But come, how much, about?"

He looked ashamed now, and said, "Well, for the matter of that, I might do with less, I don't doubt."

"Two pints a day, perhaps?"

"Yes, that is when I'm in work."

"Three sometimes, and an extra one, or a glass of gin and water on Saturday night, perhaps?" I said.

"Well, I won't deny it."

"Six or seven shillings a week then, when you're in work?"

"You like a spree now and then, don't you, John? And now and then a trip on a Sunday down to Greenwich or Richmond? Or to Brighton and back for three shillings?"

"A man must get out a bit sometimes," he replied, doggedly; "and the missis and children, too."

"Right," I replied; "by all means. But a man shouldn't drive a carriage and pair when he can only afford a donkey-cart. Now, come, how much do you spend when you go out for one of these trips on a Sunday?"

I helped him to make the calculation, and it came to this, that it couldn't well be less than four or five shillings, at the cheapest; and, of course, to Brighton and back a good deal more. He confessed to having once spent a pound in this way.

John's eyes began to be opened.

"And you go pretty often, in the Summer time, don't you?"

"Well, we do go pretty often, sir, and I don't say it's right at all times; but there, all the while there's money in the pocket, sir, it will go."

"Now, John," I said, "I am not going to send you away with good advice—'jaw' you'd call it, perhaps—and nothing else. I have a small fund at my disposal for deserving cases." (I thought he looked a little confused at the word deserving), "and I shall give you something out of it for present necessity. Make the best use of it you can, and I'll see you again soon. I've sent something down to your house for the children; and my wife will call and see your's soon. Good-bye, John."

I went to his house a day or two after this, and found him at home, sitting despondingly by the grate, in which was a mere handful of fire, though it was a cold, raw day. The room was almost bare of furniture, and had a poverty-stricken look.

"Well, John," I said, "how is it? Any work in prospect?"

"No, sir, nothing; and the governors, leastways the foreman, told me this morning it warn't likely there would be, not for some time to come. Things, he said, was as bad as they could be; so many of these banks and companies had gone to smash."

"Do you know why John?" I asked.

"Well, not to say exactly, sir."

"Raising money on false pretenses and spending it before they had got it," I said. "They have been going too fast, John; steam full on, and not caring whether the fire was clear or no; and now they've run into another train, and there's an awful smash; and one train comes after another and makes it worse, and they can't do anything to prevent it."

"It's a great shame, sir, as so many should suffer, though."

"You love your children, John," I said.

He looked at me and tried to speak, but could not. It was no use his trying to hide it; and at last he fairly sobbed.

"Now, John," I said, we must try and rub through these bad times as best we can, and I'll do what I can to help you. But how is it to be for the future? With thirty shillings a week, you ought to lay by, ought you not?"

"It seems as I ought," he replied.

"Well, now make up your mind to begin as soon as ever you get afloat again. Of course, you must first of all pay what you owe. I have seen the agent who collects your rent, and he will take the back-rent in instalments of two shillings a week. A pint of beer a day will about pay that. The shop will do the same, and it may be paid from the same fund.

"Will you undertake to do that as soon as you get into work again?"

"Indeed I will, sir, and thank you heartily. You've behaved most kind to me, sir, and I shall never forget it."

"I don't wish you to do so, John; but I wish you to remember it for your own sake, and turn over a new leaf when you once get a fair start. Come to my house to-morrow, and there will be a paper for you to sign if you approve of it.

Twelve months passed away, and the dreary Winter came round again, when I had another visit from John Yates. Of course I had often seen him during the year, for we were better friends than ever. He was nearly another month out of regular work, and was often very hard up, and he and his wife talked a good deal over "what the parson said," as he told me. At first she was rather high and mighty about it, and thought it was interfering in their affairs, for she had been upper housemaid before she was married, and was inclined to be "genteel." But John's good sense prevailed. He reasoned the matter out for himself, and soon came to see that going on as they were, they were fast going to the parish, or worse. The pinch of poverty, too, which she had never felt before, was a forcible argument with her; and they both of them made up their minds to work hard and save carefully, (especially as there was another little mouth to be fed by this time), and try and get straight, and have a little put by for a rainy day. He found his beer an expensive luxury, and a temptation, too, so he gave it up, and gets on just as well, if not better, without it. And he made up his mind that to go on Sunday excursions, and come home late and tired, and half stupid with bad beer and gin, was not recreation, and that he might get rest and recreation in better ways. All these things I found out or observed in the course of the year. The children, too, came to school regularly, clean and tidy. Now John wanted to see me again.

So he came into the library (it was on a Saturday evening), in his working-dress—but looking clean and trim, and certainly not smelling of either beer or stale tobacco, as many do at that season—and with his honest face radiant with a smile, which was almost a broad grin.

"I thought you'd excuse me, sir, but I wanted to show you something," he said, and so saying, handed me his savings-bank book.

"Five pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence!" I exclaimed. "Well done!" I knew all the debts had been paid besides.

"It shall be ten more next year, please God," he rejoined proudly. Then, holding out his hand as the tears stood in his eyes, he said, "God bless you, sir!" And I replied with all my heart, and you, too, "John!" and I think my own eyes were a little dimmed.

John went on well. He had to endure, of course, a good deal of chaffing from his shopmates, but he took it for the most part very quietly, as was his way: and week by week his account at the Savings Bank—the Postoffice Savings Bank it was—grew larger. He was fairly working his way up to a better position, and might at no distant period have looked to be a foreman, when suddenly, unexpectedly, as great blows do come upon us, he and many others were struck to the ground by an event which was deemed important enough to have a newspaper paragraph to itself.

"We regret to hear that the large building contractors, Messrs. Combs and Plank, have at last succumbed to a pressure which has already fallen so heavily on many smaller houses. They stopped payment only yesterday afternoon, and the principal works in ——— street are now closed. More than 400 men are thus at once thrown out of work, to add to the already great distress of the district, and to the daily increasing number demanding parish relief. The liabilities of the firm are, we hear, not less then £150,000; probably more."

John's improved character and position in the works could be no protection against such an event as this; and in the stagnation of trade which was then prevailing, in consequence of the collapse of so many seemingly prosperous speculations, there was little chance for even the best men to find employment. John was therefore again "Out of work." We were very good friends now, and so when I heard of the sad affair, I made up my mind to go at once and see him.

He stood up to greet me as I entered his house, and held out his hand "Trouble again, sir," he said, "as I suppose you've heard. But anyhow you are welcome. Bring a chair, Besse. Please sit down a bit, sir. We've been talking as I'd better go and see you."

"And I'm first, you see," I replied, as cheerfully as possible, for it was a sad affair. But I knew it would not help to be grievous over it. "I am very sorry, indeed, Yates," I said. "What is to be done?"

"Ah! there it is, sir," replied he. "I'm sure I'd sweep the streets, or break stones, or anything, sooner than be out of work for long. But where's the work to be found? It breaks a man's heart a'most to be—He was obliged to stop here and make believe to put the fire to rights—"to be slaving hard to get on and put by a bit, and then to be flung like this."

I put my hand on his shoulder, and said, "You remember coming to me—how long was it?—a year ago and more—when you were out of work before?"

"I do, sir," he said with emphasis. "It was one of the best day's work as ever I did."

"I am glad to hear it," I answered. "Now I want you to fulfill the promise of that time. You have done well, nobly, hitherto. Never despair!"

"That's what I says," struck in his wife, who had been busy about some household matters before, but now came and took her seat by his side with the baby on her lap. "It'll never do to go back, and we must hope for better times; 'hope, and hope ever,' I says."

I gave her a look and a nod of encouragement, and then turning again to John I said:

"John there was once One who knew a working man's lot, and his trials and temptations, too. He knows yours, and is willing to help you. Don't forget Him."

John bowed his head, but made no reply.

"And then," I went on, "just think how differently you stand now to what you did then. Why how much have you in the bank John? you had nothing then."

"Well," he said, recovering himself, "it may be a matter of some twenty or five and twenty pounds, but I had put that by for this here boy, to apprentice him;" and he put his hand affectionately on the head of a bright-looking boy who stood by him.

I liked to see that. I like a man who can sacrifice and save for his children. "God bless him," I thought. "His boy shall not suffer from this disaster." I sat silent for a while, and then said—

"John, you must draw on the bank, there's no doubt about that, but don't be down-hearted. Believe me your friend, and wait till I see you again. Your boy will be willing to wait, and help his father and mother I know."

I must cut my story short, or I shall weary my readers. John's hoard, I was sorry for it, dwindled away while that long and weary time of "Out of work" continued, and I could see by his worn look and anxious eyes, how great a trial he was suffering. But he bore it nobly. He saw it was inevitable, and braced himself up to it.

One morning he came to me and asked me to look at an advertisement he had just seen in one of the local papers: "Wanted a good experienced hand as foreman. Apply at the Albion Works." "I think, sir, I might perhaps do for that post, if I may be so bold as to ask your good word."

I laughed back. "My good word. Your good character, John, is a deal better than that. I know the proprietor of the Albion Works, and will write at once. I only hope you may be successful."

He *was* successful. He got his boy on also without any difficulty. His employer was pleased with his skill and integrity, and I only hope that no disaster may occur to throw him again "*Out of Work.*"

A Brief History of Long Branch.

Long Branch takes its name from a brook, a branch of the Shrewsbury river. In the year 1793 the place was inhabited by Indians, and was styled Land's End. About that time four men, named respectively Parker, Slocum, Wardell and Hewlett came from Rhode Island and established a settlement there. A considerable portion of the land which they obtained continued in the possession of the Slocums until thirty years ago, and some of the land warrants are still in existence. A few years later other hardy settlers from neighboring provinces bought land in Long Branch at twenty shillings an acre, built dwellings and occupied themselves with farming and fishing. It now embraces a population of four thousand five hundred.

The Liberty Pole is the name given to the village, from a flag staff erected there during the war of 1812, while the coast portion, upon which the cottages and hotels are located, is known as the Shore, fronting the ocean. Land purchased at the edge of the village by Mr. Samuel Laird, in 1863, for $2.50 an acre, was sold for $4,000 in 1870, soon after the Burlington Pathway was opened. The first hotel erected at Long Branch was the Ocean House. There are now accommodations for twenty thousand people. Three years ago Blythe Beach, south of the present West End Hotel, comprised only farming lands. To-day it is laid out as a park, with new roads from seventy to one hundred feet wide, and beautiful sites for cottages. Of these there are now two hundred.

A new style of wedding card is pure white with wide gilt edge.

Picture of a Chinese City.

To give a correct idea of a Chinese city says a correspondent, is next to an impossibility. After passing through two gates, over two bridges, along several zigzag passages, and then penetrating a labyrinth of streets, all idea of the points of the compass is lost, and so it continues until you get out again, which without a guide would be almost a hopeless task. Six feet I think would exceed the width of some of the streets, which are so thronged that one feels as though threading a bazaar. The roofs of the houses project until they almost meet overhead. The natives live mostly in the upper story, the lower one being used for merchandise or as a workshop. Chinamen are very dextrous in various trades, excelling in carvings, filagree work, and other handicraft. The shop signs are as numerous as with us, and generally hang perpendicularly, with the edge to the street, are painted on both sides, and read from top downwards as is usual with Chinese writing. The colors are as varied as ours, though gilt characters on a black ground seem to be the favorite. The joss houses or temples are particularly interesting to strangers. The interiors are very showy in gilding and embroidery. In some of them may be seen idols from ten inches to as many feet in height, most of them of the human form—not divine, but rather of the opposite character. The word joss is a corruption of the Portuguese dios; but I think some of their images personify Satan—so I understood my Chinese guide to say. The Chinese have three forms of religion—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taonism—all of which originated several hundred years before the Christian era. There are ten or twelve Christian churches and chapels here now four of which are American and four English, the others Roman Catholic. Two of the Protestant churches are in the old city. Bishop Williams, of the American Episcopal mission, is stationed here, and the Rev. Robert Nelson, of Virginia who came out in 1851. Their labor and that of others has been blessed, for there is now a native officiating in one of the chapels in the Chinese city and another at a village near by, while the number of native communicants is 150.

The Women of Paris.

Some of the incidents in the women-fights in Paris were thrilling in the extreme. A medical student offered one who was greatly exhausted some bread and wine. She declined them, saying: "For the short time left me I shall not 'need them." Immediately after the commanding officer of the Versailles troops was heard addressing the women: "You are brave; you have killed two of my men." The women burst into a fierce laughter and exclaimed: "May the curse of the Almighty rest upon my soul for not killing more. I had two sons killed at Issy and two at Neuilly. My husband died at this barricade. Now do with me what you will." Then there was the word "fire," and the woman fell dead.

Of the men it is said, a lieutenant colonel of the Commune, who was a Pole by the name of Potokenski, said he had but one privilege to ask of his executioners when he found that all prisoners were shot. He asked to die in his uniform. Melin, one of the members of the Commune, was tied to a post to be shot, and his last words were: "We have lost the game this time, but our children will begin it again some day and then succeed." A very common last cry was, especially of fine looking young women, "Shoot, shoot at once." Some who were about to be conveyed off, as it was pretended, for examination, took their stand and exclaimed. "No, we perish here. Save us the fatigue of that journey."

Romantic Result of a Stare.

A beautiful and wealthy young lady, at a social party, took offence at what she supposed to be the impertinent gaze of a gentleman present, who was a stranger to her, but a friend of the lady of the house. The young lady demanded his expulsion as a condition of her remaining. Explanations ensued. The gentleman was not looking at her, "though beautiful enough to attract and fasten the attention of any one." He was looking at a fine and costly chain that encircled the fair one's neck—just such a one as he had purchased for his sister—in one of the links of which (having a secret opening) he had put his photograph. But, some months since, and before he had an opportunity to present it to his sister, it was stolen from him. Upon examining the lady's chain he touched a spring (to the little beauty unknown), and lo, and behold! there was his photograph!

I leave you to judge of the confusion of the fair one. She immediately offered to return the piece of jewelry, which was politely declined, for the time, and it is said by knowing ones that she has concluded to accept of the young man's hand and heart, in order that, being the possessor of the one she may be permitted to retain the other. It is but justice to remark that the young lady bought the chain of a travelling peddler, who had stopped at her father's house, for about one-half of its original cost.—*Ohio paper.*

SAN DOMINGO.—Information reaches Washington that in consequence of the Senate not ratifying the treaty for the purchase of the Bay of Samana, and making no appropriation to pay the money instalment of $150,000 due this year, private individuals in New York have advanced this amount of money to Mr. Fabens, to pay over to President Baez, in order that the United States may still retain the control of the bay and fly the American flag there. The money is advanced, it is stated, in the confident expectation that the United States will, ere long, annex the whole island of San Domingo, and that persons who subscribed toward the $150,000 will be reimbursed by the Government.

BOYS AND SMOKE.—A French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dulness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epis-taxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

A MIXED POPULATION.—In the Fourth Ward of New York, in one block, are 69 old and rickety buildings occupied by 418 families, of which 2 are Welsh, 7 Portuguese, 19 English, 10 American, 12 French, 39 colored, 186 Italians, 189 Polish, 218 German, and 848 Irish. In one block of buildings owned or controlled by the same parties, are over 3,000. Several tenements contain over 1,000. These are huddled together in filthy, dark, unventilated rooms, for which they pay extortionate prices and suffer untold miseries in body and mind.

THE hay crop near Portsmouth, N. H., is fast being harvested. The estimated yield will be from one-third to one-half less than last year.

A Dog that Plays Euchre.

One evening, a listless party were sitting in the main cabin of the Providence steamer Metis. A disagreeable northwester made it unpleasant to remain on deck. A middle-aged, keen-eyed, sandy-haired man was the most restless individual in the cabin. He appeared to be somewhat annoyed by the walking backwards and forwards of a dark-haired, fine-looking young man, whose every step was followed and movements watched by a large sized Spanish poodle that slightly limped with his left fore leg. The sandy-haired man finally accosted the man with the dog:

"I say, stranger, it's very dull here; can't we get up a game of euchre?"

"I don't care much about playing, sir: but my dog here plays a tolerably fair game. Perhaps he'll try a hand with you."

"No jokes, if you please; I am an old euchre player, and very fond of the game. I once played three nights in succession with Gen. Hillyer, and beat him two to his one," said the sandy-haired man rather sternly.

"I am not joking sir; I tell you honestly that my dog can play a good game of euchre. I'll warm him up a little and show you what he can do before you play with him."

By this time the conversation had attracted the attention of the other passengers, and they had gathered around the dog and men.

"Now, gentlemen, please to step back, so as to form a good-sized ring, and we'll show you some specimens of canine sagacity that may astonish you," said the owner of the dog.

As soon as the ring had been made the dog man shouted:

"Come, Sport, give us a walk around on your ear."

Sport immediately raised himself on his fore legs and walked around the circle with his head close to the carpet, his lame leg giving him the appearance of sliding on his ear.

The man next took a ten-cent stamp, rolled it up into a little newspaper ball made a dozen other balls of the same size and appearance, mixed them up and threw them on the carpet.

"Now, Sport, pick out the one with the stamp in it."

Sport immediately walked round the paper wads, looked at them eagerly, and pull out the one with the stamp.

Sport's master now pulled a pack of cards about the size of ordinary playing cards from his pocket. Each card had a black letter printed on it. The cards were placed around in a circle, with the letter uppermost.

"Sport, tell the ladies and gentlemen where you came from this evening."

Sport walked round the cards until he came to the letter P; this he took in his mouth and laid one side, and then took the letter R and placed beside it, and so on until he had spelled Providence.

"Sport, old fellow, where are you bound for?"

Sport spelled out New York in the same manner.

The letter cards were now taken up and a pack of playing cards laid in their place.

"Well, Sport, what do you say to playing a game of euchre with this gentleman?" inquired his master.

Sport didn't appear to be very eager, but hung his head a little, as if tired.

"Oh, there is plenty of time; you never retire until nine, you know. Just look at my watch."

Sport jumped to his master's knees and looked at the watch which was held before his eyes.

"Now Sport, tell us the right time to a minute."

Sport walked round the cards again and took a nine-spot in his mouth, which he laid on one side of the ring. Then he picked up a seven-spot and laid it a short distance from the nine-spot. He followed this up by placing a tray and ten-spot by the side of the seven. The man then showed his watch to the spectators. It wanted just twenty minutes to nine.

"Before you commence the game, Sport, I want to see whether your head is clear. Supposing you were playing a game of old sledge with Boss Tweed for a charter of railroad against a million dollars, and the game stood six to six, and it was your deal, what card would you like to turn up?"

Sport walked around the ring and turned up the jack of spades.

"Right, old Sport, your head is level," said his master, patting the dog fondly.

Then turning to Gen. Hillyer's friend, he said:

"In playing with Sport it will be necessary for you to deal his cards face up. This will give you an advantage. In order to make the game even deal Sport ten cards. As soon as the trump is made he will pick out five and throw the rest aside. When Sport passes he will turn one of his cards over. When he orders you up he will nod his head."

Gen. Hillyer's friend agreed to the arrangement, shuffled the cards, dealt Sport ten cards and five to himself, turning up the nine of diamonds. Sport passed, and Gen. Hillyer's friend took it up. Sport then selected the queen of diamonds, ten of diamonds, eight of diamonds, and ace and king of hearts. Sport led with the ace; Gen. Hillyer's friend followed suit and lost the trick. Sport then laid down the queen; Gen. Hillyer's friend took it with the left bower. The right bower was then slung at Sport; he laid the eight-spot on it. Taking the trick, Gen. Hillyer's friend laid down the nine-spot. Sport taking it with the ten. The dog then shoved the king of hearts at Hillyer's friend, who had to hand over the queen of clubs with the exclamation:

"Euchred, as sure as fate, by a poodle!"

Two more hands were then played, Sport winning the game.

"Now," said the owner of the dog, "lie down and rest, Sport; you have done nobly."

The dog lay down with outstretched and stiffened legs, as if he were dead. His master pulled first one leg and then another, then pushed and shoved him about, but he gave no signs of life. Suddenly he sung out.

"Sport, you rascal, you have been gambling; here comes the police!"

Sport was off like a shot for the forward end of the cabin.

A man who witnessed these wonderful tricks could detect no signals between the dog and his master. Sport appeared to do everything from the working of his own brains. His master's name is R. M. Dodd. He stated that he was a drug clerk in Williamsburg, and had spent three years in educating Sport. Sport is seven years of age.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ENTERING TOWN SITES ON PUBLIC LANDS.—The Secretary of the Interior decides in the matter of the application of the Probate Judge of Jefferson County, Montana, to enter certain lands as the town site of Springville; that towns with less population than 100 can enter the public lands under the act of March 2, 1867, thus reversing the ruling of the late Commission or of the Grand Land Office, in this and similar cases. The Secretary concurs in the opinion of Assistant Attorney-General Smith that although the act of March 2, 1867, makes a limitation for more than 100 and less than 200 inhabitants being 320 acres, yet a less number than 100 may enter the area actually occupied and improved as a town site, not exceeding the lowest prescribed limitation as to quantity.

A California Hog.

A correspondent speaking of the hogs in California, droves of which abound on the ranches, says: One day I had been gathering flowers in a field a mile or two from the house, when, on emerging from a valley, I saw quite near me, coming along the road where I was standing, 40 or 50 hogs, driven by two men on horseback. I was in the direct road, and the men upon seeing me turned the hogs aside. Still continuing my walk leisurely, I watched them until they were well past me. Suddenly three or four hogs took it into their heads to turn back and retrace their steps. One of the men started after them and succeeded in turning back all except one, that started in the road directly towards me. The man, still on his horse, placed himself between me and the hog and tried in vain to make it turn and join the other hogs. I watched with interest the apparently unequal contest, the man and horse being of the one party and the hog of the other. But the hog proved itself master of the situation. Although the horse understood the methods of warfare as well as the man, they were both unable to overcome the hog, which fought as valiantly as any royal tiger ever did. I had as yet considered myself an altogether uninterested spectator of the fight. Suddenly, the man turned to me and said, "It may bite you." I needed no second admonition, but fled from this ignoble porker, as I would have done from a furious grizzly bear, had I met one in the forest. I looked around for a place of refuge, not wishing to depend on unlimited flight. Fortunately, there was near at hand an aqueduct in which water was taken across a ravine. I found a beam across it, on which I elevated myself, and there for one mortal hour, in a broiling sun, sat perched, while the contest continued. The valor of the hog was rewarded with victory, as it ought to have been. He stayed where he was, the man keeping him at bay while I beat a retreat. It is this kind of hog that finds favor here. The smooth unctuous, aristocratic Chester White has too little self-reliance, energy, and pluck, to find out the soap-root and other concealed esculenta necessary to sustain life and to fatten.

A Business Proposition.

A and B enter into business; A invests $10,000, B $15,000. They remain in partnership about ten years without taking an inventory, and not knowing whether they gained or lost any money—which I admit is a careless way of doing business; but always having enough cash on hand to pay their bills as they were presented, they were not anxious about anything else. At the end of that time, A finds he has drawn out at different times sums amounting in all to $13,000. B, in the same manner, has drawn out $16,000. And on taking an account of stock they find their present worth, after deducting all debts, to be $35,000. What is each one's present worth?"

Answer—As A put in two-fifths of the capital and B put in three-fifths, and the $25,000 of capital were converted into $13,000, $16,000, $25,000, in all $54,000, the division becomes easy. Two fifths of $54,000 are $25,600 for A's share, out of which he has had $13,000, leaving his share worth $12,600. Three-fifths of $54,000 are $38,000 for B's share, out of which he has drawn $16,000, leaving *his* share worth $22,400.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.—A Chinaman who was murdered in San Francisco recently was given a grand funeral, some fifty carriages of Celestial sympathizers parading in a long procession, headed by a discordant band of Chinese musicians. The murdered man had been laid out in a new suit of clothes, with a quantity of feathers placed around his head. In his hands were placed a dirk-knife, and other weapons, with which he is expected to pitch into his murderers when they arrive in another world—if he can find them. From the shoes the soles were removed, the uppers being left. This was done so that he might step softly and reverently into the presence of his Joss. As usual, a quantity of Chinese provisions were put into the coffin, and left at the grave. Chinese wine—rice spirit—was also left at the grave; but alas! those profane Melican ruffians of the Golden City always follow these processions, and ruthlessly gobble all they can find eatable and drinkable as soon as the backs of the living Celestials are turned.

GOVERNING WIVES.—Brigham Young has again been telling his disciples what he knows about wives, and if he is not as well posted on that subject as any other man in America he has been terribly maligned. This is a sample of his talk: "I say to you who want to govern your wives, set them an example continually that is good. Let them say, 'There is my husband, does he do anything that he ought not do? No, he does not. He prays, he is faithful, humble, meek, full of kindness and of good words and works; I see nothing wrong in him.' If a man pursue this straightforward, manly, God-like course he will find woman in her place by his side following him. When we find an elder of Israel do this we find plenty of women who will go along with him."

WOULD WHIP HIM.—In the Court of Claims in Lexington, Ky., a few days ago, the presiding Judge was annoyed by an irritable old gentleman, who would insist in speaking disrespectfully of the action of the Court. The Judge fined the old gentleman eleven times in succession, for contempt, and threatened to commit him to jail, without doing any good; and finally, in order to maintain the dignity of the Court, told him that if he was only a young man, the Court would whip him in so short a time that it would make his head swim.

THE LARGE CITIES.—The only three cities on the globe positively known to contain over 1,000,000 inhabitants are London, Paris, and New York (including Brooklyn), the reported population of Yeddo, Pekin, and other heathen centers having been proved to be wildly exaggerated. Berlin, St. Petersburg, Naples, and Vienna do not differ very widely in population, though the Prussian capital is growing more rapidly than any of the other cities, and is probably the largest by 40,000 to 50,000.

THE TEXAS CATTLE TRADE.—The Abilene (Kansas) *Chronicle* gives the following as the most accurate figures of the Texas cattle trade this season. There are now near the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad 125,000 head; passed Red River station to be driven on that line, 100,000; for Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, 50,000; for Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad, 75,000; for the Union Pacific, 50,000; to be wintered in Kansas and Colorado, 50,000; total, 500,000. This is lower than all previous estimates, though larger than any previous year.

THEY ARE NEEDED.—There are ninety-nine societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in full working order in various countries. England has been working in the cause for the past sixty years, and has founded twenty-seven societies. America has been working only five years, and twenty-three States have organized similar associations.

Home-Made Ices.

Given a "Five-minute Freezer" and a shilling's worth of ice, and other material costs almost nothing. With lemons at ninepence a dozen, Sicily oranges fourteen for a quarter of a dollar, currants and rasberries reddening in the garden, and strawberries at every corner, a mould of ice costs less than a pudding or a pie, and involves less heat and trouble in preparation. A bit of carpet and a mallet, a few minutes' pounding and stirring—your freezer is ready—your mixture poured in and covered over; you come and go leaving it to itself, with now and then a twirl of the dasher—half an hour and it is ready. The ghost of last winter has entered your kitchen and done his spiriting deftly.

The varieties of material are many. They sound the gamut of the seasons. There is an ice for every month in the year, and a dozen for those in which ice is most palatable and welcome.

As, for instance,—all the winter long, lemon and orange ices can be had, made simply of the juice of the fruits, cold water, and sugar. A little sweetmeat, or the left-over syrup of a can of peaches, may be added to enhance and vary the flavor, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg makes the composition lighter and more delicate. Later, pineapple ice comes on; then strawberry, rasberry, cherry—made precisely in the same way. Currant juice well-sweetened and frozen without water forms a ruby cone delightful to look and taste. Frozen peaches sliced into cream and well sweetened, are not to be derided. In fact, there is no fruit or mingling of fruits which will not blend harmoniously under the magic influence of the freezer. The most unlikely things turn out the most toothsome. We distinctly remember once eating a mixture of wonderful goodness, which proved on investigation to be compounded of milk, flour, a little melted butter, a very little cream, sugar, sliced peaches, and the juice of stewed pears! After that, who shall hesitate?

One word more. Pound your ice very fine, and add plenty of rock salt, packing it close with a stick or broom-handle. These precautions taken, the freezing becomes a very easy affair.—*From "Home and Society," in Scribner's Magazine for August.*

Touching Devotion of a Child.

One of the most tearful cases ever told on paper is this, of a little boy, a mere child, who travelled 1,400 miles, taking care of the dead body of his mother all the way.

An expressman, upon reaching his office one cold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk a long, heavy box, which his practiced eye at once identified as containing a corpse. Upon the end of the box, shivering with cold, sat a half-clad boy about seven or eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he said:

"My lad, don't sit there; you will freeze. Come in and sit by the fire."

Bursting into tears, the little fellow replied:

"No, I can't come. My mother is in this box, and I promised her I would not leave her until we got home."

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of this brave little boy, he finally succeeded in convincing him of the entire safety of his precious charge, and taking him to a restaurant, gave him a warm breakfast, and then learned the particulars of his story.

His father died but a year previously, in a remote village in Minnesota, leaving his mother in poor health and nearly destitute. She died but a few days before the boy's sad journey, charging the little hero with the sad duty of conveying her remains to her friends in a distant State, and furnished him with (all she had) a sum of money barely sufficient to carry them both to their destination.

The little fellow had actually ridden night and day in a freight car with his melancholy trust, never for a moment losing sight of it.

A Fight With a Rattlesnake.

A Minnesota paper says: "Last week Sunday, as a Norwegian girl, living some four miles from this place, was walking along the road, she passed directly in front of and very close to a huge rattlesnake that was just coming out of the grass into the road. This uncourteous action seemed to make his snakeship very wroth, and he immediately sounded the battle alarm by rattling his gong. The girl well knew that sound, and turned to ascertain the exact location of her ugly foe, which she soon did, and, instead of running, screaming, or fainting, looked about for something with which to defend herself. She could find nothing, nor had she a long time to look, for the snake, with eyes glistening and rattles in motion, mouth wide open, and his tongue darting back and forth, was close upon her. But she was pluck to the back-bone, and did not propose to surrender the field without a fight—in fact, a retreat was now out of the question