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B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

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GOING SOFTLY.

She makes no moan above her faded flowers,
She will not vainly strive against her lot,
Patient she wears away the slow, sad hours,
As if the ray they had were quite forgot;
While stronger fingers snatch away the sword,
And lighter footsteps pass her on the ways,
Yielding submissive to the stern award
That said, she must go softly all her days.

She knows the pulse is beating quickly yet,
She knows the dream is sweet and subtle still,
That struggling from the cloud of past regret,
Ready for conflict live Hope, Joy and Will;
So soon, so soon to veil the eager eyes,
To dull the throbbing ear to blame or praise,
So soon to crush rewakening sympathies,
And teach them she goes softly all her days.

She will not speak or move beneath the doom,
She knows she had her day, and flung her cast,
The loser scarce the laurel may assume,
Nor evening think the noonday glow can last.
Only, oh youth and love, as in your pride,
Of joyous triumph your gay notes you raise,
Throw one kind glance and word where, at your side,
She creeps, who must go softly all her days.

—*All Year Round.*

POISONED.

A Startling Experiment in a London Restaurant.

Fifteen years ago I was in London, living on a slender pittance and much troubled in the matter of dinners. As a rule I dined in the middle of the day on a chop sent in by a neighboring publican, and made out with bread and cheese and beer at night. But there were times when the soul craved more luxurious living. Those times generally coincided pretty accurately with the advent of quarter day, and then one would go in for a cut of Simpson's mutton, or if more reckless for a dinner at the Wellington.

Sundays were the worst days for dinner arrangements. By breakfasting at noon, indeed, one avoided the necessity of any luncheon; but at about five o'clock a desperate craving would come over me, a gnawing vulture in the stomach would unceasingly cry for food. Frequently, I confess, an empty purse coincided with an empty stomach, and the vulture cried in vain; but sometimes one had a few shillings in one's pocket, and then, even then, the problem was a difficult one—where to dine on Sunday.

One Sunday, I remember, my funds were gettidg low, very low.. I had determined to remain in my lodging and support nature on tobacco smoke; but my hunger was too strong. I had a few shillings left, and as the evening wore on, and the cravings of my appetite increased, resolution broke down. I put on my hat and hurried out in quest of a dinner.

When I made up my mind to go to the Recesses for a dinner, it was because I knew there was no other place open, the pieces of which would be within my means. How dismal it looked this Sunday evening, that long, low room! its tables almost deserted, save by one or two men here and there nodding over a plate of biscuits. There was pea soup that night I remember, and it was rather good, too. The fish was fishy, the joint reduced to a stump.

"Waiter," I cried, "can I dispense with the other courses, and dine off the soup?"

"If you wish, of course, sir," said the waiter.

I had three helps of the excellent pea-soup, and in each plateful I put a spoonful of dry mint. But after all, the result was not exhilarating; it rather clogged the pores, I think, that soup. Miserable and depressed after my dinner, I had spent my prescribed allowance. I couldn't go anywhere or do anything. I could only go back to my gloomy lodgings through the sloppy street and sit, and lonely chew the cud of bitter meditation.

The idea seemed too horrible; and yet now, as ever, there appeared to be no escape for me from the embraces of this dull, melancholy fiend. I couldn't help saying to myself, as I sat with my chin resting on my hands, "I wish I were dead!"

"I didn't mean to say it aloud, but I suppose I must have whispered it audibly, for a man who was sitting opposite me at the table—who had been sitting there, smoothing his heavy red moustache all the time I had been dining, his eyes fixed on his plate—looked up of a sudden and gave me a quick and searching glance.

I knew him then; it was Medhurst, an old school-fellow. As a boy he had always been a mystery to us; that quick, sudden glance of his had always had such a strange effect upon all on whom it fell. We used to say he had the evil eye, and wonderful tales used to be told at school about the effect of Medhurst's look. Still, I was glad to see him: any relief from the loneliness and monotony of my life was pleasant. He recognized me also, and came over and sat beside me.

"Well," he said, after we had shaken hands—he had a strange, flabby, chilly hand, which somehow sent an icy thrill to my very heart—"well, so you wish you were dead?"

Did you hear me?" I said. "Oh, it was nonsense, of course I often say so. A foolish habit I have. I don't mean it."

"It wasn't nonsense!" he said; he talked in a low, monotonous voice, intelligible enough to the ear for which it was intended, but not to be overheard by others. "It wasn't nonsense, but a very rational, prudent wish. I wish so myself; and what is more," he said, "I have the means to carry out both our wishes."

I laughed uneasily. "You are joking, I said.

"I never joke. Until now," he went on, "the great deterring influence which has restrained those wise men, who see the folly and emptiness of life, who, measuring their feeble capacities for enjoyment with their unlimited capabilities for suffering would gladly resign a possession which has no advantage for them—the great deterring influence has been the doubt whether death be really a complete severance of the body and soul, whether, indeed, there is not a lingering capability of feeling still hanging to the relaxed nerves, a lingering consciousness in the decaying brain; that, in addition to the bitterness of death, one may taste also the gloom of the grave, and the horrors of the charnel house."

"Good heaven!" I cried. "What a horrible idea!" He fascinated me this man. I would gladly have risen and gone away; but he stopped me with his eye.

"Listen," he said, "I have overcome this impediment; I have opened the gates of death to all mankind. To you, my young school-fellow, I will reveal the secret; lest, tempted some day to cross the boundary, I should leave mankind as wretched as ever. You see this powerful herb; it is like mint, is it not? the smell, the taste, everything is like mint—you would not know them apart; and yet in a small quantity of powder lies a relief for all the miseries of life. Don't shrink back it is innocuous in small doses, produces merely a pleasing languor; but in such a quantity as a teaspoonful, it produces lethargy; twice the quantity brings on syncope; thrice, inevitable death. I have often ventured as far as the second stage, but have always stopped short of a third. And I have brought back this much assurance from the world of shadows: consciousness ceases altogether at the second stage. There are no dreams in the sleep of death.

"The preliminary stage of lethargy is delightful—I often indulge in it; but I have had a doubt sometimes whether I might not possess an exceptional physical organization; whether the herb would produce exactly the same effect on others. I determined to try the experiment on a larger scale. I came here to night to do it. I have noticed that the frequenter of these rooms, on pea soup nights, which are frequent, takes one plate of soup, to which he adds one spoonful of mint. Well, I watched my opportunity. I came here as soon as the rooms were opened; and, whilst the waiter's back was turned, I emptied the contents of the plate of mint into my pocket, and filled the plate with my own powder. The experiment was a bold one, for I might have caused the death of innocent persons. However, I persevered; the interests of science over power considerations of humanity. The experiment has succeeded. Each habitue of these rooms has swallowed his plate of soup, his spoonful of precious herbs; each has gone through the state o lethargy. There are some now, yo observe, passing through that stage.

I threw an agonized glance aroun. Sure enough, there were two or thre men lying back in their chairs, thir heads sunk on their breasts, in a ste of complete lethargy.

"And," he went on, "I can see the symptoms of the approaching lethrgy upon you—the dilated pupil of the ye, the expression of anxiety in the ace; yes, all is perfect; the symptoms re—"

"But," I gasped, "*I have take three spoonfuls!*"

"Martyr of science!" he criespringing up and grasping me by th hand, how carefully, how painfully I will watch every symptom of yo declining vitality! Dear friend, our case will be an era in the historyf humanity. Like Curtius you haveaped into the chasm for the public wl."

"But isn't there an stidote!" I gasped; "a remedy?"

"There is none; and we there, you would not go back from thnoble path? My dear friend, imitate tl example of the ancient Roman; a quiude a serenity in your last hours isndispensible for the proper noting of ur phenomena."

"But I wont die!" I sluted, getting up. My limbs trembledeneath me; I felt the very chills of dch upon me. "I won't I won't! Hel I screamed, "Send for a doctor—r policeman. Quick! quick! I'm poised!"

All the lethargic rn jumped to their feet, the waiters me running in, the proprietor appeare pale and wondering.

"I'm poisoned!" I suted; poisoned in the mint! Send fora doctor, you fools! do you hear?"

"Mad!" said a quiwoice; "mad as a h oor fello! he's subject to those fits. He'll fa down directly; look out for him?"

"But I'm not goir to have the character of the house ten away for no mad freaks. Whato you mean, sir, by attacking the qlity of my victuals sir?"

"It was he," I puted, pointing to my friend, "who w seeks to screen himself by callinge mad. But good heavens! will youe a fellow creature perish, *perish* PERI!"

"There, don't gravate him," said my friend. "Puhim in a cab and send him to a pol station; he's sure to have been advised for."

I was draggedid hustled from the room and hurlento a cab. Two or three policemasad come up, and one took charge of inside, while another mounted the b. I was quiet now, overcome by r struggles, and lay exhausted in thorner of the cab, waiting the insidis advances of the deadly narcotic.

Presently e cab stopped. We've got the ch they advertised for," cried the maoutside to a policeman who was loging at the door of the police static"

"The deuyou have!" cried the Inspector, cong up "Then you've done a good jobto-night. There's fifty pounds offd now. Take him right off to the aum at once. Let's have a look at highough. Why this isn't the man all; this ain't Medhurst! Low, yought to have known better. Red, full ustache, drooping eyelids, aquiline se—why, they are different as ligfrom darkness.

"What Is Medhurst mad?" I said a light bting in upon me.

"Yes, he been playing any of his pranks on you, sir?—making believe to give y poison, or anything of that sort? El, he's the cunningest chap in creation, that Medhurst. He's a small fortune to the police to bring him back after his escape. He's quite 'armless, too, though he's always up to so many tricks. Quite a gentleman too. I've swallowed a pint or more of his p'ison, just to please him, and then he'd stand a bottle of champagne afterward. That's how you ought to have served him, sir. There you won't get hold of him to-night, chaps; he's miles away by this time."

I have never wished myself dead since then.

Just in Time.

A young physician, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball a rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove at full speed through the village. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carrying with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail.

The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close to his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping.

In the meantime his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return, in the face, of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ears, and he was driven to his wits'end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face, and said,—

"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time."

The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and, after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

Red Jacket's Parable.

Prof. Evens, of Hamilton College, tells a good story concerning an interview which his grand uncle, Joseph Ellicott, an Indian agent, once had with the Indian Chief Red Jacket. Ellicott and the Indian sat down on a log which happened to be convenient for the purpose, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said, in his almost unintelligible English, "Move along, Jo." Ellicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request: "Move along, Jo," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket said again: "Move along, Jo." Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not seeing what he meant, Ellicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But that was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time: "Move along, Jo." "Why, man," angrily replied Ellicott, "I can't move any further without getting off the log into the mud." "Ugh!" said the chief, "Just so white man. Want Indian move along—move along. Can't go no farther, but he say—'move along.'"

The Squirrel's Duet.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets, and whatever they transport is carried in their teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festive months. Invade some butternut or hickory nut grove on a frosty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on a horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig—what the boys call a "regular break-down,"—interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound, and a part a shrill nasal sound.

Visit Your Parents.

Never allow weather or want of time or considerations of expense or convenience to prevent it, short and often if in the same town, or if at a distance, make it a point now and then to go back to the old home and talk about old times, and tell them how you are doing. They are old now and are very much alone. There are no young people about the house to attract others, and most of those of their own age have passed away; they need some break in the loneliness of their homes; every visit of a child is pure happiness, and when the message comes, "They are dead," your first regret will be that you had not done more to make them happy, and to smooth their pathway to their last resting place.—*Dr. W. W. Hall.*

Pat and the Barber.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH

I had an invitation to a party one night, and the press of business kept me so long at the store that I found it rather late when I finally dismissed the last clerk and closed the doors. It was on the way to my lodgings that it occurred to me that I needed a barber's services the first thing before going home to dress, for I imagined that I could dress my hair better to suit my taste than the knight of the razor could.

I dropped into the customary shop and found three ahead of me, with two others in the chair undergoing manipulations.

When they had been attended to the other two took their seats. I glanced at the remaining one; he was a young Irishman of about twenty-three years or so, and evidently a laboring man; he had a rough beard to shave and a shock of red straight hair.

"Heavens." thought I, "if he should conclude to have his hair cut! Then would I indeed run the risk of being late to the party."

With these thoughts in my mind I seated myself by his side, and said: "Pardon me, sir, I am in a hurry and wish to get shaved as quickly as possible; if you will let me have your turn I shall pay the barber for whatever you want done."

"I'm agreed, sur," was the prompt answer.

"I'm obliged to you, sir," said I, quite relieved.

"Sure, it isn't in the nature of Pat Ryan to refuse a favor to a gintleman who proves himself as liberal as your honor," replied Pat.

So I took his turn, and when the Irishman was seated after I was done, I turned to the proprietor and said:

"Mr. Johnson, I shall pay for whatever this gentleman requires at your hands."

The barber nodded and a broad grin overspread the face of Pat Ryan; doubtless the term "gentleman" which I applied to him, amused him, and I hastened away, also smiling.

Now, what took place after I was gone was related to me by Mr. Johnson when I came there two days later to pay Pat's bill and get another shave myself.

After Ryan had been shaved, he requested to have his head shampooed, and when Mr. Johnson remonstrated, Pat exclaimed: "Sure, an' didn't the gintleman say he would pay fur what I wanted done?"

The barber was obliged to admit this fact, and Pat underwent a thorough shampoo.

The tonsorial artist was about to take off the wrappings, when his customer observed quietly:

"Misther Barber, I think you may currel my hair!"

"Come, my dear sir," said the operator in an offended tone, "Mr. Selwyn scarcely intended that you should have your hair curled."

"Misther Selwyn knows nothing of my wishes or wants," was the smiling response; "this matter concerns meself intirely."

"But my dear sir—"

"To the divil wid your buts," interrupted the incorrigible son of Erin, rising in his chair and appealing to those in the shop: "Gintlemen," said he, "Some of ye wur prisint when the gintlemin tould the barber that he would pay for all that I required done; didn't he say so?"

All declared this to be the truth.

"Well, thin, Misther Barber, go on wid your woruk, an' don't keep a gintleman waitin'," said Pat.

And amid rather *loud* smiles, Pat's stiff hair was curled.

"There, now," said the barber, glad to have done with such a troublesome customer; but the Irish gentleman was not ready to leave his seat yet, and leaning over till his mouth nearly touched Mr. Johnson's ear, he said in a loud whisper, heard by all in the shop:

"Be obligin' enough to dye me moustache!"

"The mischief!" exclaimed the irate shaver.

"No, sur, the moustache," quietly observed Mr. Ryan as he dropped back into his seat and closed his eyes.

Mr. Johnson gazed around at his customers half distracted, but by nods and winks they urged him to humor the man. With a sigh of resignation, he began the new process just as Pat opened his eyes and with an inquiring glance seemed to ask why he delayed his operations.

The red moustache was turned into a deep black, and the contrast between it and the red beard was so ludidrous as to create a hearty laugh from all assembled.

Instead of taking offence, the good-natured Irishman arose and observed:

"Let those laugh who win."

"Can I do anything else for you, Mr. Ryan?" asked Mr. Johnson, sarcastically, as the Irishman complacently surveyed himself in a mirror.

"Yis, sir," was the reply. "I'll jist take a bath."

The horrified face of the tonsorial artist caused another laugh, in which the author of it joined heartily, as he followed an attendant to the bath-rooms.

While the "hard customer," as Johnson called him, was at his ablutions, the customers quizzed the barber unmercifully, but that individual consoled himself with the idea of the round bill he would make me pay for my indiscretion, as he termed it.

At length Pat came forth and remarked that he felt as 'fresh as a daisy.' „What more can I do for you?" once more asked the barber, doubtless thinking; that Ryan had exhausted his wants. But who ever came off the best man in an encounter of wit with a live Irishman?

"I think I'll teke one ov your best cigars, Mr. Johnson," said Pat, with a most serious face.

"Mr. Ryan this is too much," exclaimed Johnson, now downright angry at the impudence of his customer. "Mr. Selwyn surely did not mean to pay for a ten-cent cigar for your use!"

"Who said he did?" responded Pat in a surprised tone; "But I thought that you cculd surely afford to make such a profitable customer as meself the trifling prisint of a cigar."

"Mr. Ryan is perfectly right," said one of the gentlemen present, slyly winking at the bothered barber, who, seeing that the Irishman was in real earnest handed him the weed, which was accepted with a smile and not ungraceful bow by the recipient, who then requested a light, which was given him. He lit the cigar, and after two or three whiffs remarked: "This is a rale illigent article, and I shall recommend the same to the b'ys,"

Another laugh followed this remark. He then once more surveyed himself in the glass, and as a smile of huge satisfaction illumined his features he turned to those present and said:

"Sure, gintlemen, me Molly will niver know me, but will take me for an illigant gentleman entirely. Murther! won't I have the fun wid her to-night."

He stepped toward the door, and was on the point of going out, when an idea seemed to strike him, and he turned round again and thus delivered himself:

"Whiniver I come here again, an' any gintleman wishes to take my turren I shall not refuse to thrade!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Johnson, "I am much obliged to you for your custom."

A cunning twinkle appeared in Pat's eyes as he took the door-knob in his hand, and as he opened the door and said: "Sure, an' ye don't look like it."

With these words he finally departed, with a deafening roar of laughter following him.

Mr. Johnson bore the terrible quizzing of his customers with tolerable grace, and observed: "It will be my turn to laugh when I present my bill to Mr. Selwyn."

On the following evening Pat entered the saloon again, but lo! what a change had come over him. His face wore a serious expression, and with a bashful glance at the barber he beckoned to him and whispered:

"Could ye take the color out av me moustache please?"

"What's the matter with it?" asked Johnson, amused at the lugubrious face of Pat.

"Mather enough, sur," was the reply.

"Me Molly went sore agen me whin I prisinted meself before her last night, dressed in me best styhle, and saluted her wid; "How are ye me darlint?"

"She jist sprang to her feet, and comin' up to me cried' 'What befrizzled and parfumed blackguard is this that comes fornenst me an' has the impidence to call me his darlint?' You see," he continued, dolefully, "she did not recognize me at all, at all."

"It's meself—your own dear Patrick,' sez I, bouldly.

"'My swatcheart, Patric Ryan is a gintleman, and not a monkey like yersilf,' said she, an' wid that she sazed a sthick of kindlin' wood, and befoor I could at all be on my guard she whacked me a belt on the gob, gave me a lifther in the lug, and then a counter hit across the jugular, and, may the divil take me, sur, if she didn't cause me to bate a retrate whether I wud or no."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Ryan," said the barber.

"Divil as sorry as I am," was the reply. "But could ye take the color out of me moustache, plase? You see I took the kink out of the currels, but divil the washing will faze the color in the moustache,"

"I am sorry to say that time alone can remedy that," replied Johnson.

"Time!" cried Ryan, with a puzzled look. "What do ye mane by that?"

"As your moustache grows it will come out in its original color, and you can trim it as it grows until all the black is removed," said the barber.

"Whirrah! Och! be me soul is that so, Misther Barber?" cried the delighted fellow, as he grasped the other's hand.

"You may depend on its being a fact," was the reply.

"Howly mother of Moses!" said Pat, dancing around the shop like one demented, "but I'm the happy man tonight;" then suddenly sobering down, he once more approached the barber, and in a confidential whisper said: "Do ye know that I was under the impreshun that the color would stick to me all me life; that I was dyed in the wool like a naygur?"

Mr. Johnson laughed heartily at this confession and again assured him that time and patience would set him all right, which so delighted Ryan that he repeated the Irish jig to the imminent danger of some of the barber's furniture. But he cooled down again and after once more expressing his thanks, he prepared to depart.

"Call soon again," said Johnson,

For a moment a comical expression rested on Ryan's face, then with the remark, "I don't think I will, Misther Barber, for ye see the results of me last visit here are not of the most agreeable nathure; good night, an' obliged to ye."

And he was gone to return no more.

* * * * * *

This is the tale as it was told me on my next visit to the barber shop and I cheerfully paid the bill that Johnson presented, for I declared that the divertisement I had derived from his recital was worth the price paid for it.

Sleep and Dreaming.

Do we ever sleep without dreaming? The question has been discussed both by ancients and moderns. Hippocrates, Plato, Liebnitz, Descartes, Cabanis, and other eminent physicians and philosophers take the affirmative. They hold, substantially, that it is the body which sleeps, the soul that dreams; that the former needs rest and the latter does not; that, physically fettered the soul's natural expression is in dream. The soul being immortal, incapable, independent of stay or stop, must necessarily and perpetually dream. Because we do not remember our dreams is no proof that we do not have them. Persons on waking will feel confident that they have not dreamed, and yet during the day some outward happening or passing thought will by force of association recall the dreams that they had entirely forgotten. It is even questionable if dreams ever go entirely out of memory. they may not be recollected for a week, a month or a year, but they are some time, though in so vague and shadowy a manner as to lose their identity.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Strange Hands at Cards.

One recorded example of strange hands at cards was testified in a very complete way, to remove all doubts of the good faith of the narrator. Thirteen years ago, in the military cantonment at Jubbulpore, in the East Indies, five officers of her Majesty's Ninety-first Foot assembled, four playing at whist and one looking on. A brief narrative was written in the names of and signed by all five officers—comprising the lieutenant colonel, two captains, and two ensigns of the regiment, and transmitted to the editor of a London weekly newspaper. The cards used on this occasion had been played with before and were shuffled and cut in the usual way. When all the fifty-two cards had been dealt out, and the hands were looked at, the combinations were such as might well astonish the players. The dealer was found to have all the thirteen trumps (spades); his partner had eleven clubs; his antagonist on the left hand had twelve hearts; and he on the right had twelve diamonds! In so far as the dealer's hand contained all the thirteen trumps, we have already noticed an instance of this kind; but the extraordinary thing is that each of the other three hands was made up so very nearly of one suit only. There was a fair probability, for example, that the dealer's partner (all the spades being held by the dealer himself) would have nearly equal numbers of clubs, hearts and diamonds, four or five of each; but that he should have so many as eleven of one suit was certainly not to be expected. And so of the other two hands; there was a combination of improbabilities so extraordinary as to make the odds enormous against such a phenomenon occurring in actual play. The number of strange and exceptional hands at cards which have actually been held is very large; but comparatively few of them are publicly known, either because the players do not deem it worth while to put them in print, or because they lie buried in publications, having a relatively small circulation. One is known as the "Yarborough hand." The (or an) Earl of Yarborough once held a hand containing no card above a nine, and had reason to remember it on account of some heavy betting that was going on. Ever after that he held himself ready to bet one thousand guineas to one guinea against such a hand being held again. A practical arithmetician calculated that the real odds are somewhat larger than the Earl supposed; and yet the hand has been held sufficiently often to obtain for it a distinctive name. One whist player noted that he held the king of hearts six times running, or in six successive deals. The odds against such a coincidence can be exactly calculated, but we have not the figures at hand. Another recorded instance relates to the game of bezique, not to whist; but it serves equally well as an illustration. Two players, cutting for deal, both cut aces; they tried again; and both cut kings; they cut again a third time, and here appeared two knaves. As a bezique pack consists only of thirty-two cards—all the twos, threes, fours, fives, and sixes being rejected—the improbability of such a coincidence is not so great as in a whist pack of fifty-two cards; nevertheless the odds are calculated to be five thousand to one against the occurrence of this particular event. A whist-player would sometimes give much to know how many honors are held by his partner; a fact which, of course, in honorable contest, he can only guess approximately by the course of the play. Nevertheless, calculators, especially the mathematician Demoivre, have estimated numerous probabilities in connection with four honors of each suit. Such questions as these have been answered: "What are the odds against the dealer and his partner having all the honors between them?" "And what against their holding the three honors, but not the fourth?" "What are the odds against the other two players holding four, and against holding three?" Without going into particulars, we may say that the odds in these supposed instances range from thirteen against seven up to twenty-three against one.—[*All the Year Round.*

Secret Societies in China.

In peaceful times the ranks of the society are recruited by volunteers, but when the league is preparing to take the field threats and violence are often used to secure members. At such a crisis a man returning home finds a slip of paper bearing the seal of the League awaiting him, which calls upon him, at a given hour to betake himself to a certain spot, and warns him that the murder of himself and his family will be the penalty of disobedience to the command. Sometimes, it is said, also, that one of the brotherhood insults a stranger on the road, and, pretending to fly from the just consequences of his act, leads the unsuspecting wayfarer to some lonely spot where he is seized upon by a number of brothers and is carried away to the place where the lodge is held. On the appointed evenings the recruits present themselves at the "City of Willows," as the lodges are called, where they are met by the "vanguard," who carefully enters their names and places of residence in a book kept for the purpose. The vanguard then gives orders to form the "bridge of swords," whereupon the brethren place themselves in a double row, and drawing their swords, cross them in the air in the form of a bridge or arch. Under this arch the new members are led, and at the same time are mulcted of an entrance-fee of twenty-one cash. After this they are taken to the Hung-gates where stand two Generals, who introduce the "new horses" to the Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty. Here the neophytes are instructed in the objects of the society; and, finally, they are conducted into the presence of the assembled council in the "Lodge of Universal Peace." As a preliminary to the administration of the oaths, the Master examines the vanguard in the 333 questions of the catechism of the society, and then orders him to bring forward those neophytes who are willing to take the oath, and to cut off the heads of those who refuse to do so. As the vanguard is supposed not to bear the sword in vain, few decline to take the oath, and the ceremony of affiliation is proceeded with by cutting off the queues of the recruits (though this operation is dispensed with if the members are living among Chinese who are faithful to the Tartar rule,) by washing their faces and exchanging their clothes for long white dresses as tokens of purity and the commencement of a new life. Straw shoes, signs of mourning, are also put on their feet to signify the death of their old nature; and thus attired they are led to the altar. Here some questions with reference to the immediate objects of the League are put to the vanguard, and then each member offers up nine blades of grass, and an incense stick, while an appropriate stanza is repeated between each offering. A red candle is now lighted, and the brethren worship heaven and earth by pledging three cups of wine. This done, the seven-starred lamp, the Imperial lamp and the Hung lamp are lighted, and prayer is made to the gods, beseeching them to look down upon the members and to accept the incense burned in their honor. The oath binding them to observe obedience to the League, and to display a spirit of fraternity, devotion and righteousness toward the brethren, is then read aloud, and is followed by each member drawing some blood from his middle finger, and letting it drop into a chalice partly filled with wine. Each neophyte then, having drank of the mixture and repeated the appointed stanzas, strikes off the head of a white cock, as a sign that so shall perish all unfaithful and disloyal brothers. And now the ceremony of affiliation is over, and it remains but for the President to give to each recruit a diploma, the book containing the oath &c., a pair of poniards and three Hung coins. With these emblems of their obligations the new members return to their homes at break of day.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Effect of Marriage.

Marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Lydgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified. The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in a large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; and now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not awake him. It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor, and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and that these old maids and wives who are unhappily married, have often more of the true motherly touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain; if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Ghost of Mohammed.

The founder of Islam is displeased with the conduct of his followers, and has appeared in broad day-light before the eyes of the guardian of his tomb at Medina. The hour of the vision was 2 P. M., just as Sheik Ahmed had concluded his prayers and returned to his meditations on the Koran. What the prophet said was in this wise:

"Ahmed Hossain, my followers are sinning. Seventy thousand of them have died lately. Of that number only seven have died in the faith. In consequence of the prevalence of such sins as bribery, drunkenne-s, murder, forgery, adultery, &c., and the neglect of fasting during Ramazan, God withheld rain. My instructions previously given have not been heeded. Kings have not ruled justly. They have all become tyrannical. It has been revealed to me that my followers do not fear the anger of God, though the day of judgment is nigh. I prayed for the pardon of my people. It has been revealed to me that in 1295 H. darkness will cover the face of the earth. It will commence in the beginning of Jammadoosanee and continue to the middle of Rujjub—a month and a half. During the prevalence of this dense darkness Hazrat Immam Mehndi, the last of the prophets, will come to earth, and Jazrael will also come to take up the Koran. Whosoever will freely circulate this my revelation will be protected by me on the day of judgment. Whosoever doubts the revelation is an infidel and will go to hell."

Sheik Ahmed stoutly affirms his own veracity, and wishes that his face may be blackened both in this world and the next if he is telling a lie. Of course nobody doubts the word of a lineal descendant of Mohammed. The faithful are, in conclusion, enjoined to fast three consecutive days, when they may partake of a little *goor*, the same preparation of sugar which the thugs used to affect. Persistence in prayer and liberal distribution of alms, and the circulation of the above document may, perchance, avail to turn aside the wrath of Allah.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Being Sociable.

A great deal of the calling and twittering and my-dearing have no more real connection with sociability than the flowers and feathers on a woman's hat have with her head. They are purely artificial, and tacked on by the milliner. There is a vast deal of social millinery, however, which passes for nature's handiwork; and people are often praised for their fine social qualities merely because they are adepts in the art of saying pretty nothings by the hour, and exhibiting themselves in other people's drawingrooms in an entertaining way. And, on the other hand, those who are eminently social in nature and spirit are often condemned as unsociable because they say little, and do not care to exhibit themselves and turn their hearts inside out for other people to admire. Perhaps they are deficient in the graces of cultivated society; they may not have the gift of rapid utterance or sparkling repartee; they may find it hard to intrude their thoughts and feelings upon others while more variable natures make the air vocal with their incessant buzz. But behind their reticence, and beneath the disguise of modest and unattractive ways, are all the elements of the truest sociability, which it requires but the least penetration to discover and the fit occasion to bring out.

Being sociable requires something more than ceaseless chattering and gadding about. It requires the culture and expression in all proper and helpful ways of those thoughts and sentiments which are unselfish, generous, sympathetic and human. It means a pervading interest in others and the general good. It means the lively commerce of mind with mind, and communication of heart with heart, by listening as well as by speaking; by large respectively as well as generous giving. And this sociability is just what is wanted to redeem our social intercourse and make our coming together helpful, stimulative and ennobling.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Wisconsin produces 100,000 bushels of cranberries annually.

—It is estimated that the Sioux in Dakota number 40,000, and occupy 42,000,000 of land.

—It is estimated that the hide trade at Graham, Texas, will reach $150,000 the coming season.

—The salary of the President of Peru has been raised to $48,000, but the term is sometimes limited to 48 hours.

—Clara Louise Kellogg is to be married by the newspapers again this fall. Smith has not yet been heard from.

—A numerous pilgrimage of Canadian Catholics to Rome will occur in the spring to attend the Pope's episcopal jubilee.

—Two hundred French Canadians have been brought to Norwich, Connecticut, to work in the mills in that vicinity.

—An odd marriage has just taken place in Jersey City. A clergymaness, who was also the mother of the bride, officiated.

—It is not generally known that Maj. Andre's remains were brought from America and interred in Westminister Abbey in 1821.

—Two Californians, who four years ago planted 1,000 acres in walnuts and almonds, will net over $250,000 from this year's crop.

—It must be said that it looks odd to see American sewing machines that sell here for from $60 to $90 advertised in England at $15 and $20.

—Miss Adelaide U. Murdoch a sister of J. E. Murdoch, will make her debut on the stage this season, appearing as *Lady Macbeth* at Washington.

—Apples in Michigan are sold for seventy-five cents a barrel, and in Georgia they go for twenty-five cents a bushel, with the bag thrown in.

—A hard nut to crack. The Robertson county (*Ky.*) *Herald* has a hickory nut seven inches in circumference, and an acorn three and one-eighth.

—The annual income of London charities is about $12,000,000. Two thirds come from contributions, and the remainder from investments.

—"A fool and his money," etc. The testimonial fund to the father of modern spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis, has reached the large sum of $3,781.35.

—Out at Janesville, Wisconsin, one firm has made, during this season, 45,000 cucumber-pickles, and converted 3,000 heads of cabbages into sour kraut.

—The 4th of March during inauguration years has fallen on Sunday in 1821 and 1849, and will in 1877, 1905, 1917, 1945, 1973, 2001, 2029, 2057, 2125, 2153, 2181, 2221 and so on.

—Of the 31 persons condemned to death in France during 1875, but one had received a good school education. Only four could write, and the remaining 26 were illiterate.

—Bishop Jayne's successor as presiding bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, by right of senlority, is Bishop Levi Scott of Dover, Del. He was elected bishop in 1852.

—The new Sultan of Turkey is by no means prepossessing in appearance. He is only 34 years old, but looks 50. He is small with a hard Armenian face and a very common exterior.

—Dr. J. C. Ayer presented a beautiful hall, costing $60,000, to the town which bears his name. The woodwork is all finished in cherry-pectoral, and has a light and Ayery appearance.

—The fishermen of Greenport R. I., have taken 51,000,000 menhaden this season. These have offered 205,000 gallons of oil, showing that it takes 250 fish to make a gallon of oil, or eight to make a gill.

—Mrs. Sally Beers, of Clinton county Michigan, works a farm of one hundred acres and has nine children. If there were a few thousand such persons as Sally, many more of us might escape work.

—The present Emperor of Germany should be a model for old gentlemen. He looks young and hearty for his age, and defies Time as vigorously as any other enemy. Think of it—he rode into Paris in 1814!

—Maine's potato crop is very large this year. It will probably reach 2,500,000 bushels, worth $1,000,000. Aroostock County Starch Mill will take from 300,000 to 500,000 bushels. A great many thousand bushels will be exported.

—The number of vessels which passed through the Suez canal in July last was 112, against 99 in the same month of 1875, and 98 in 1874. The amount of tolls collected was 2,248,000 francs, against 2,065,200 in 1875, and 1,987,951 in 1874.

—The largest box of layer figs ever brought to this country has just been received at Boston from Smyrna. It is four feet long and three wide, weighs 600 pounds, and contains over 11,000 figs. The ordinary boxes weigh 10 pounds.

—The German investigations at Olympia have brought to light 178 works in marble, 685 in bronze, 242 in terra cotta, 174 coins (besides 806 Byzantine copper coins), and 79 inscriptions. The next work will be the completion of the excavations of the Zeus temple, with its immediate neighborhood.

—There is said to be a paper church actually existing near Berlin, which can contain nearly 1,000 persons. It is circular within, diagonal without. The reliefs outside and statues within, the roof, ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are papier mache, rendered waterproof by saturating in vitriol, lime water, whey and white of eggs.

Build your house small and neat, then keep no spare rooms, if you would reduce your expenses. An old gentleman once said to a newly-married couple, "If you would 'get on,' don't entertain everybody's friends; but if you have too much room