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FINDING FAULT.

In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own; Remember those with whom of glass should seldom throw a stone. If we have nothing else to do Than talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we commence at home, And from that point begin. We have no right to judge a man Until he's fairly tried, Should we not like his company, We know the world is wide; Some may have faults, and who has not? The old as well as young, Perhaps we may, for all we know; Have fifty to their one. I'll tell you of a better plan, And find it works full well, To try your own defects to cure, Ere other's faults you tell. And though I some time hope to be No worse than some I know, My own short comings bid me let The faults of others go. Now let us all, when we begin To slander friends or foes, Think of the harm our own may do To those we little know, Remember, crows, chicken-like, Sometimes to roost each home; Don't speak of other's faults until You have none of your own.

Mr. Spinning's New Fouse.

Mr. Spinning was a round, rosy, compact, hard-working little woman. Job Spinning was a meagre, pale-faced, hard-working little man. Mrs. Job was a very nice, quite good enough for this world. Job was too good for it. By heroic labor, that laid out elsewhere would have made him a general, he earned a salary so small that I won't disagree these columns by telling it; and Mrs. Job who was a financial genius, stretched it, and met the ends over the year; and there were three little Spinnings of that abhorred class of infants who are perpetually taking every possible disease, or being brought home with the breath and teeth knocked out of them, or falling in these, fall back on hives and sore ears; and Mrs. Job doctored and precepted these three little Spinnings, made their clothes, made their own clothes, made Job's, made everything in fact, but flour, meat, coal and groceries, for which she had a receipt, all in the shortest conceivable time, running the household machine with prodigious dash, energy and friction.

One morning Job said, as he put on his hat, "My dear, I see that you are running down again, I shall be home very early this afternoon. This was a formula, and signified a Spinning spree; a familiar institution largely relied on in the Spinning family consisting of a trip across the ferry—after dinner, properly done, than you may imagine—and a lunch of buttered crackers; therefore Mrs. Spinning hurried what she called her "busy cares" out of the way, scrubbed each little Spinning within an inch of its life, and tied her bonnet strings in a flutter, with the hand of the clock at three, for that was Job's hour on early afternoons, and Job's hour of disappointed Mrs. Job since their wedding day.

There is a first time appointed, however, for all that can be said and done, and on this occasion Job did disappoint his wife. He came home late and looking gloomy, and found Mrs. Job pathetic. "I should not have cared for my own disappointment," she said. "I am used to that; but the children, poor—"

"Disappointment!" repeated Job, absently. "Oh yes!" and he looked at her with a thinking, and that was all the explanation that Mr. Spinning ever offered for keeping his wife waiting in bonnet and shawl for two hours by the clock. He was in a frightful humor, and answered Mrs. Job, who had been teasing him lately to insure his life, so like an ogre—or, not to be poetical, like other women's husbands when out of temper, that she should drop the subject aghast, and never dared to renew it. This was not all. On the next night he came home late again—a thing unprecedented in their married annals. On the next night he was later yet! After that he was regular only in being late.

Mrs. Job was a woman of energy, also a woman of some sentiment. When husbands change morally, for the worse she knew that good wives make themselves physicians; and, at least, always effect a cure. Mrs. Dr. Job resolved that she would try to touch Mr. Spinning's better nature; and this is how she did it. Job coming home, late as usual, found the clock laid, the steak on the gridiron, the little Spinnings trying to keep their eyes open, and worrying about the room, and Mrs. Job resignedly sewing. On Mrs. Job's entrance she laid aside her work with a gulp, indicative of wallowing much undigested sorrow, looked at her husband with red eyes and nose and a watery smile, and set about the supper as one doubly enfeebled by the pangs of sorrow and hunger, but resolved to bear all meekly without complaint. In fact, rousing from his haggard stupor, Job did ask, with something of the old interest, "Was anything the matter?" Mrs. Job set her lips. It would take a week to tell in order all that she thought was the matter; and then with a second edition of the watery smile, "No, nothing," says the little woman, sighing, and with the look of one who is telling a noble fib. Job rose abruptly and went into the adjoining room.

"The brute!" she said to herself; "but I'll show him whether I am to be trampled on or not!" No talk now of appealing to his better feeling. The natural woman was in such a rage that she could not listen to Mrs. Dr. Job, unless that eminent practitioner should suggest some of the sterner modes of treatment. Keep his supper for him, indeed! Coming home on the following evening, Job found Mrs. Job grizzly sewing, and the room wearing that

put-away-for-the-night appearance so peculiarly aggravating to hungry and tired folks. "Isn't it late?" asked Job, glancing at the clock, with some dismay. "We have had our supper, if that is what you mean," says Mrs. Job, suddenly facing him, "hours ago? But there is bread in the pantry, if you want it," still with her eyes upon him, and, bristling for battle. But Job did not take up the gauntlet, but looked at her with a tender, sorrowful, pitying gaze, and, sighing, went and found his crust, and ate it with a word.

When a physician finds a patient getting beyond his skill, he calls in a brother practitioner; and Mrs. Dr. Job, thinking the moral symptoms of her patient more and more puzzling, laid the case before Mary Ellen.

Mary Ellen was Mrs. Job's sister, lived in the lower half of the house, and never had believed in Job Spinning. "There is a woman in the case," pronounced Mary Ellen portentously. Mrs. Job fired. "Mary Ellen, I don't believe it," Job Spinning isn't that kind of a man?" Mary Ellen smiled superior. "Men are men, and not women, Jane, and facts are facts; and if Job don't spend his time here, he does somewhere else. He may be Job's all right, and I don't say he isn't; but the first question I always ask about husbands is, what do they do with their time and their money? and then I judge accordingly."

"There's different ways of putting facts," said Mrs. Job much witted, but still vaguely convinced of the monstrosity of Mary Ellen's conclusions when applied to Job; "and we all know you were jealous about Job—that slipped off her tongue without intending—and I don't believe it, Mary Ellen, say what you like."

"None so blind as they that won't see; and for jealous," cried Mary Ellen, very red, "I must first see something to be jealous of—not to say that you needn't be mad at me, Jane, as I ain't the woman he's after, any how."

"I call that low," observed Mrs. Job, hastily picking up her work-basket and retiring with much dignity. "Not for worlds would she have cried before Mrs. Job, but sitting by her own fire, she couldn't do what she pleased—and then, her hysterical passion over, she sat, watching the fire gleam on the wall; and in the silence, broken only by the falling of a coal, or the measured ticking of a clock, came back to her a bright morning in their wedding lives when Job had brought home that very clock and set it up on the shelf, telling her it would give her as good a time as any other; and she had believed in it ever since; and Mrs. Job said to herself that the clock had ticked out many an hour that found her fretful, but never one that did not find him patient; and minutes enough in which she had been selfish, but never one where he was not self-denying—and what was the use of his faithfulness."

Mrs. Job started and gave a little scream—Job, coming in softly, had touched her on the shoulder before she was aware—and starting up, she faced him, hesitating and flushed. "What, crying?" asked Job in a troubled way. "No, not crying," returned Mrs. Job, glowing between her recollection and Mary Ellen's spur and a new resolve; "or, if I was, it was for myself, not because of you, Job, as I believe you are right; Job, though it all seems so strange, because it is you; and I love you, Job, and I am going to trust you till you speak out of yourself, and tell me what it is between us," crying heartily as she talked and with her arms about his neck.

"Between us?" over us!" muttered Job; and then a sudden and awful pain fell upon him—and he could not see. He turned pale, he was so pale as death, and with the pining, tender, woe-filled look that she had seen on his face before. "Poor little woman! poor Jane!" he said, stroking her hair that was still soft and bright; "poor dear!" and that was all. His manner was very tender, and from that night he softened into many of his old ways; but that was all.

The days went on into months, and one morning Job proposed a Spinning spree. He had not spoken the word before since that day that had changed him in such mysterious fashion. "We will take the steam cars," said Job. At once the small Spinnings were clamorous, but Mrs. Job was silent. Her heart beat fast to the thought that to-day Job would speak out. She never thought when she was going, only when would Job speak out? The iron horse puffed and pined up at one depot and stopped, and Job, with them to another—a rare little station where Mrs. Job looked about her bewildered. "I have a friend who has a horse here," said Job, giving her his arm; and she noticed that his breath came short and his steps were uneven. "He is going to speak, I know," she said to herself. The friend's house was a charming house, with a yard at the back and in the front, and, besides, the key of the front door in Job's pocket, who entered without ceremony. Mrs. Job entered, and looking about her, grew red and pale by turns. "There are large rooms above," said Job, watching her. "It's our very house," burst out Mrs. Job, "that we've planned a hundred times; and the carpet I was always coveting Job," catching him by the arm "whose house is this?" "It belongs to a bad man," answered Mrs. Job, "who never told his wife that his salary was raised six hundred and fifty dollars; and when she had been pinched on fourteen dollars a week, made her do home till nine, and ten—"

"Doing over?" burst in Mrs. Job, who is beating. "Being so bad," continued Job, "he took to bad habits, too, and never came home till nine, and ten—"

them in my coat. They can't take it from you, dear." "My name—take it from me!" repeated Mrs. Job, utterly bewildered. "I have had pleasure in every nail I drove and plank I laid," continued Job, "because it will be my work over and around you, and it will keep me in your mind."

"And you never told me!" moaned his wife, kneeling beside him with tears and sobs. "To break your heart twice, dear!" murmured Job.

Carrots and Mangolds are subject to but few diseases. In discussing their nutritious value, chemists differ somewhat, according as they measure this by the nitrogen they contain, their percent of dry matter or sugar, but they agree in ranking them much superior to the early varieties of turnip and somewhat superior to the Ruta Beta or Swede cake, particularly when fed to growing cattle. Prof. Johnson ranks Carrots with Cabbage when fed to oxen, for nourishment, and experiments appear to have proved that when equal measures of each are fed, Mangolds will give a greater increase of milk than potatoes, by about a third. For some reason not fully understood, (perhaps the depth they penetrate the soil has something to do with it; Oulons will do better after Carrots than after any other crop, the yield being larger, the bulb handomer, while the crop will bottom down earlier and better. Unlike Turnips or Swedes, with high manuring the crop can be profitably grown for years on the same piece of land. Swine prefer Mangolds to any root except the parsnip, and both in this country and in England score high, weighing from 12 lbs. and upwards have been carried through the winter in fine condition, when fed wholly on raw Sugar Beets or Mangolds. Chemists rank Carrots, when compared with oats, with reference to their fat and flesh forming qualities as 1 to 5.

Not only have roots a value in themselves as food, but they have a special office, taking to a large degree the place of grass and hay in the prevention of that dry feed sometimes causes. While practice proves that they should not be bottom down earlier and better. Unlike Turnips or Swedes, with high manuring the crop can be profitably grown for years on the same piece of land. Swine prefer Mangolds to any root except the parsnip, and both in this country and in England score high, weighing from 12 lbs. and upwards have been carried through the winter in fine condition, when fed wholly on raw Sugar Beets or Mangolds. Chemists rank Carrots, when compared with oats, with reference to their fat and flesh forming qualities as 1 to 5. Not only have roots a value in themselves as food, but they have a special office, taking to a large degree the place of grass and hay in the prevention of that dry feed sometimes causes. While practice proves that they should not be bottom down earlier and better. Unlike Turnips or Swedes, with high manuring the crop can be profitably grown for years on the same piece of land. Swine prefer Mangolds to any root except the parsnip, and both in this country and in England score high, weighing from 12 lbs. and upwards have been carried through the winter in fine condition, when fed wholly on raw Sugar Beets or Mangolds. Chemists rank Carrots, when compared with oats, with reference to their fat and flesh forming qualities as 1 to 5.

Old Ebenezer Brown had long the reputation of being the stingiest man in Ohio; and the following incident regarding him is said to be true: One day a discussion arose as to the extent of his meanness, and in order to settle a dispute, a committee of three went to the old ruinous dwelling where Brown resided. He met them at the door, and the lady member of the committee said: "Mr. Brown, we have come to see if you are willing to accept a barrel of cider."

"Good cider?" asked the miser. "Will you bring it here?" "Certainly." "Put it in my cellar?" "Yes." "Tap it, and give me a glass to drink out of?" "I'll surely. Anything else?" asked the miser's barefaced meanness. "Yes." Old Brown looked at her a moment, the greed of avarice sparkled in his deep set eyes, and then he slowly muttered: "What would you give me for the barrel after the cider is gone?"

Law of the Road. First. Persons driving in opposite directions and meeting in the highway must turn to the right, as the law directs, and each one must give sufficient room for the other to pass. If a collision should occur and it should satisfactorily appear that one had kept the center of the road and had not given the other sufficient room to pass, the first would be responsible, civilly, for damage resulting from his negligence, and also, criminally, for an assault and battery. If both parties should keep in the middle of the road, both would be guilty of negligence, but neither could maintain a civil action against the other. Each would be guilty of a breach of the peace.

Second. When parties are traveling on the same road and the one behind comes up to his fellow, who refuses to let him pass and who purposely and maliciously retards his progress, the law is liable to be broken, but the party in passing must not do it so as to inflict any injury upon the other.

Third. Persons driving in opposite directions and meeting in the highway must turn to the right, as the law directs, and each one must give sufficient room for the other to pass. If a collision should occur and it should satisfactorily appear that one had kept the center of the road and had not given the other sufficient room to pass, the first would be responsible, civilly, for damage resulting from his negligence, and also, criminally, for an assault and battery. If both parties should keep in the middle of the road, both would be guilty of negligence, but neither could maintain a civil action against the other. Each would be guilty of a breach of the peace.

Oxygen as a Curative Agent.

The air we breathe is made up of nitrogen and oxygen, two distinct elements, in the proportion of four parts of nitrogen to one of oxygen. In respiration the nitrogen is thrown out of the lungs, but the oxygen is absorbed into the blood, where it forms a chemical union with the carbonaceous matter which it finds there, and the result is the production of carbonic acid gas, which is exhaled with the breath.

Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen as a distinct element and the life-giving principle of the atmosphere, called it "vital air," as it was known by this name for many years. Its chief action on the body is to purify and revitalize the blood, and the process by which this is done is as follows: One half of the heart is always engaged in the work of pumping the blood which has been collected from all parts of the body into the lungs. Here this blood, dark and impure from being loaded with a kind of charcoal or carbon, the worn out tissues of the body, comes so near the lungs that nothing lies between the blood and the air but a moist, filmy membrane, so attenuated that the oxygen is instantly absorbed through it into the blood. Here it immediately forms a chemical union with the carbon which it finds in the blood, thus generating carbonic acid gas; and this gas passes as readily through the same membrane to be exhaled with the breath as the oxygen did in the opposite direction. The blood is thus relieved of its impurities, and is left of a bright crimson color. In this state it is returned to the other half of the heart, to be again sent on its life and health dispensing round. Again it is returned to the lungs loaded with more impurities, thus ever completing the circle of life.

Now, it can readily be seen that if from any cause we get an insufficient supply of oxygen, the blood cannot be entirely relieved of its impurities, and will be sent to the arteries in an unhealthy condition. On its return to the lungs, charged with a new supply of carbon, it does not find enough oxygen there to dissolve it entirely out and so returns to the heart with a slight increase in the measure of its impurity, and again makes its round through the body. Unless something be done to increase the supply of oxygen to the lungs, it is clear our bodies must in time become overcharged with the carbon of our worn-out tissues, and the blood seriously poisoned. The process of deterioration may be slow, but if it goes steadily on, disease of one kind or another, according to the peculiarity of diathesis in the individual, must surely come.

That from many causes incident to our daily lives and sedentary habits, and to our mode of breathing, such a deficient oxygen to purify the blood, is not taken, is a fact well known to physicians. This is found to be one of the most fruitful causes of depressed vitality and consequent impaired health, and unless an occasional larger supply of oxygen is obtained by persons who fall into these vicious modes of respiration freedom from some form of disease is impossible.

Ever since the discovery of oxygen, and a knowledge of its special use in the animal economy, physicians and chemists have, naturally enough, looked to it as the means by which vitality might be restored when lost by disease; and for years experiment after experiment has been made in the hope of making it available as a curative agent. But not until within the ten or twelve years has such a combination of oxygen and nitrogen been obtained as to give the right proportion. The discovery of this particular combination of oxygen and nitrogen, after long and laborious scientific research, has resulted in developing it into a practical, safe and powerful curative agent.

The history of this agent, now so widely known as "Compound Oxygen," is as follows: An American physician who had suffered from an attack of pneumonia which came near proving fatal, found his recovery so slow and imperfect as to make it necessary for him to relinquish his practice and seek recovery in a European climate. Months of diligent search for lost health ended in disappointment. Not willing to abandon the hope of restoration he thought to try the assistance of chemistry. Like hundreds before him, he seized upon the idea that oxygen, that natural stimulus of the lungs, promised best for research and investigation. Having possessed himself of the best English and continental literature upon the subject, and profiting by the failures as well as the successes of European savants, he entered upon his researches. The crown of all these efforts was a gas he named "Compound Oxygen," and through its use a complete restoration of his own health. In less than three months, under its use his weight, remarkable as the statement may be thought, increased from one hundred and twenty pounds to one hundred and at ninety, which it has remained for many years.

Immediately on reading this result, the doctor commenced the administration of this new remedy for pulmonary disease, and found, to his great surprise and pleasure, that where other diseases were present in his patients, relief and cure followed as surely as in the special ailments for which it had come for treatment. Catarrh, dyspepsia, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and the various forms of chronic and nervous diseases which so baffle the physician's skill, yielded to the compound oxygen as readily as affections of the lungs and bronchia. And this, because the action of the new remedy was general; removing obstructions from all parts of the system, purifying the blood, and revitalizing the nervous centres. Health comes as a natural consequence.

After a few years of unobtrusive practice in this new direction, and with results which alike surprised both the doctor and his patients, the more thorough work of a general administration of the oxygen treatment was given into the hands of Dr. G. R. Starkey, at No.

1112 Girard street, Philadelphia, medical practitioner of over twenty years' standing. It is now more than ten years since he became identified with this treatment, and in that time its remarkable curative and re-vitalizing power have become known in all parts of the country, and hundreds stand ready to give their grateful testimony in its favor. More recently Dr. G. E. Palen, a physician of high character and professional ability, has become associated with Dr. Starkey in the work of introducing this new agent of cure more widely to the public.

In cases of low vitality, and in convalescence, this treatment, it is alleged has been found of great value. After medicine has done its work of breaking up some acute disease, and the physician leaves his patient, as he must to do so, to rest and restoration, he too often finds that nature builds again so slowly that the period of convalescence is often prolonged through weary months, while in too many cases the old vitality is never restored. In this condition, it is said that compound oxygen is a wonderful restorer of force and taking the theory of its action to be true, it is just here that its value should most certainly appear.

If all that is claimed for this new combination of oxygen and nitrogen be indeed true—and we have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative power from many persons of high character and intelligence, who are well known throughout the country—then it looks as if a brighter day had come for thousands of invalids who have heretofore sought relief from suffering and slow decline.—Lutheran Observer.

A Disappointed Man. He was a short man with a voice like a file, and whenever he spoke he waved his arms in a furious manner. "This is the hair that breaks the camel's back!" he squeaked as he trotted out before the desk. "My dear Mr. Fuller, your back is not broken," replied the Court. "Well, I have been swindled and defrauded and disappointed till I'm ready to die in the last ditch. I'd like to buy this lot of boots and sink it into the sea!" "Such excitement any result in apoplexy," cautioned the Court.

"Well, let 'em come! I came here last Monday to see the regatta, but all there was too it was a few boats rowing around. I looked all around for a horse race, but there was a none. I looked for dog fights, but they were not. My board was as much again as I had figured on. These boats were all broken out on your stone pavement. I lost my hat in the river. Went home sick yesterday, and last night I felt like a raging lion."

"Got into a fight and got choked, I hear," observed the Court. "And that was another swindle bringing me in here, continued the man. 'The officer told me right up and down that I'd have a regular hotel supper, a bed room on the first floor, with a high bedstead and sea mattress, and he'd lead me money this morning to pay my way home. Did I find things as he represented? Where are those hotel meals? Where is my money to go home on?" "I do not know," solemnly answered his Honor. "I think of how I have been treated I feel as if I could kill some one!" shrieked the prisoner. "It's awful sad," remarked the Court, "you raised a great row, made a good deal of trouble and ought to be fined."

"Would you deliberately cap the climax of all my troubles by imposing a fine on me?" asked Fuller. His Honor hesitated. "You would like to see your wife?" "I would," squeaked the little man, as his arms were tossed around. "I guess I would. I guess I'll fine you about \$5."

Mr. Fuller stepped back a little. He heaved his feet. He grasped his elbow. He got his voice round under his left ear. "And he squeaked—"

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His Mother-in-Law's Jaw.

A tall, angular woman, in a sun-bonnet, with a stride like a man late for a train, came into the Recorder's office in San Antonio, Texas, recently, and took a seat on the end of a bench near where the city marshal was at work at his desk. She removed her bonnet, laid it across her knees, removed her spectacles, and after snapping her eyes a couple of times at the city Marshal, asked, in a voice sounding like sharpening a cross-cut saw:

"Be you the man that locks people up?" "Sometimes I find it requisite to appeal to that extreme measure," answered the official. "I know all that, but be you the man?" "Yes, madame."

"Well, why didn't you say so when I asked you?" "I did."

"What do you want, madame?" said the city Marshal. "I want that good-for-nothing skunk that was married to my darter locked up."

"What has he done?" "What has he done, the vile wretch?" and she breathed hard, glared about, and gritted her teeth, until the officer felt in his pocket for his police whistle.

"Be calm, madame, compose your feelings," argued the Marshal. "He told me—if I just had him alone a few minutes—what a picture he would make!"

"Continue, madame."

"I overheard him telling my darter he'd give three hundred and twenty acres of land with a gold mine on it to anybody who would amputate my jaw with a boot-kick," said she. "What in the world could he have intended him to say that?" observed the official. "I got him by the hair and drew him across the kitchen table with my own hand, and had only hit him a time or so with the long-handled skillee, and he was calling me 'mother dear' and all that sort of nonsense—"

"You let up on him—you felt sorry for him," observed the Marshal. "Yes, I felt sorry for my at his hair falling out. It looked like Providence was agin' me. Mebbe I'll never get to lay my hands on him no more. It would be just my luck never to fetch him another clip," and for the first time she seemed depressed.

"What could have induced him to talk in that absurd way?" asked the city Marshal, feeling uncomfortable. "But after all it makes me feel good to talk about it. It calls up old recollections, you know. It brings to mind about Matilda's husband, his hair didn't give waltz a cent. What a time they had holding that inquest. There was some of him hanging on the fence, and right smart of him was wrapped around the ax-handle. It makes me feel bad about these things, and then to think how that miserable little fellow, spinile-banked, goggle-eyed, brassy headed, wanted to amputate my jaw, did he?"

"I really can't imagine what he meant by that remark?" observed the officer of the law, as she went out, "it is perfectly incomprehensible."

The Gamblers at Monaco. From a sound sleep last night I was awakened by a sudden, strangely starting noise. I thought something had fallen in the room; I struck a light, and finding everything in its place, went to the front window, opened the shutter and looked out upon the street.

All was silence and darkness. But in the morning it was now a quarter past one. The body of a man was found upon the sidewalk. He had shot himself through the heart. It made me sad to think I had heard, and perhaps was the only one who did hear, the sound of that death-shot. The man had come back to Nice from Monaco, ruined by gambling, and in madness and despair, had made one leap from the helix of Monaco to another from which there is no escape.

"It's nothing strange," said my friend who explained the suicide; they often kill themselves, these gamblers; and we have the same, or worse tragedies every year. You noticed the sudden death of a young man last week; the papers said he committed suicide, but the facts were concealed. A mere boy, he got in the way of gambling, he got his fresh youth was blighted, and he murdered himself before he was 18 years of age.

"Two years ago a young married couple came here; they had apartments close by me; the wife had the money, and the man could spend only what she let him have; when she found that he was frequenting the tables at Monaco, she refused to give him more; he was already in debt and in his desperation he killed her and then himself. The tragedy was hushed up as well as it could be, but it was one of many in the history of the infernal regions next door."

This vortex of ruin has had a depressing influence upon Nice, as a winter resort. Thousands and tens of thousands come and enjoy the season; the numerous and spacious hotels are crowded; and now ones are every year added to the number; but it is said that the growth of the city has been checked, and hundreds of families that formerly made this their home in the winter now seek other climes where such temptations are not presented.

A standing notice in the daily papers says that no inhabitants of Nice are permitted to enter the "saloons of play" at Monaco unless they are members of a club! This curious provision is very French. There are several fashionable clubs in Nice, answering to those in London and New York, and here as there it is understood that no gambling is allowed. But it is equally well understood that the members may gamble at their own sweet wills. And we have had our own amusement lately, reading in the papers the incidents of the clubs in New York, illustrating beautifully what the world means by a gentleman and a man of honor. "The Hostler Chinese" has his pupils and friends in the highest circles of club life at home and abroad. The members of clubs at Nice are free to enter the "salles de jeux" of Monaco, where there is no play for money, and where the company that runs the machine makes incredible sums out of the dupes that are drawn into their saloons. So the fly walks into the spider's parlor and has his life-blood sucked out of him. This rule of exclusion is merely a pretence; cards of admission can be obtained by any and everybody who has money to lose, and the nuisance is just as great now as it ever was.

A few years ago these gambling tables set up a public man, that of the German and French watering places, Homburg and Baden-Baden were the chief cities of play. Public opinion has put them down, though they were the source of much gain to the governments that licensed them. Gambling is not now considered respectable except by the members of our fashionable clubs. The establishment at Monaco is about the last that is left. I believe one is still licensed in an obscure Canton in Switzerland. And if you ask why it flourishes here in the midst of civilization and Christianity, I will tell you. Monaco is a kingdom, the smallest and most contemptible in the world. It is also one of the oldest, and perhaps one of the very oldest, in Europe. It dates from the tenth century. On the coast of the Mediterranean sea, at the foot of the Maritime Alps, three or four fishing and trading villages managed, with infinite and foolish sacrifices, to make themselves into a separate state, over which the Grimaldi family have held sway for a thousand years. In 1561, the crown of France, as Monaco is about the last that is left. I believe one is still licensed in an obscure Canton in Switzerland. And if you ask why it flourishes here in the midst of civilization and Christianity, I will tell you. Monaco is a kingdom, the smallest and most contemptible in the world. It is also one of the oldest, and perhaps one of the very oldest, in Europe. It dates from the tenth century. On the coast of the Mediterranean sea, at the foot of the Maritime Alps, three or four fishing and trading villages managed, with infinite and foolish sacrifices, to make themselves into a separate state, over which the Grimaldi family have held sway for a thousand years. 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