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NOBODY BUT ME.

I'm very happy where I am
Far across the say,
I'm very happy far from home
In North Amerikay.

It's only in the night, when I'at
Is sleeping by my side,
I lie awake and no one knows
The big tears that I've cried.

For a little voice still calls me back
To my far-far countrie,
And nobody can hear it spake,
Oh, nobody but me.

There is a little spot of ground
Behind the chapel wall;
It's nothing but a tiny mound,
Without a stone at all.

It rises to my heart just now,
It makes a dawny hill,
It's from below the voice comes out,
I cannot kape it still.

Oh, little voice, ye call me back
To my far, far countrie,
But nobody can hear you spake,
Oh, nobody but me.

The Fatal Card.

Some years ago the Mississippi River was noted for its "floating palaces," as the large steamers plying between New Orleans and the ports above were called. Now the railways have driven nearly all the fine boats off the river, and left the field to the freight boats, whose accommodations for passengers are by no means palatial. The former class of steamers were in many respects delightful, but they never ceased to be subjects of dread to timid people, for if the racing which was reduced to a system, did not result in the loss of the boat, there was sure to be one or more encounters between the lawless portion of the travelers, in which pistol-bullets would fly rather too thick for the comfort of steady-going people. The cause of such disturbances was generally a quarrel over the gambling-table. The regulation of the boat usually required that all such amusements should be conduced in a saloon providided for that purpose in the "Texas, or officers cabin," situated on the hurricane deck; but the sporting gentry were by no means careful to obey this rule, and the gaming was most commonly carried on in the dining-tables in the main saloon of the steamer, to the great annoyance of two-thirds of those on board.

Many professional gamblers used ot make these boats their home, traveling back and forth with them, and fleecing all who were verdant or foolish enough to fall into their clutches. So well, indeed, was this system managed, that the various members of the "craft" seemed to have their different steamers marked out for them by common consent, so that no one would trespass upon the domain of the other. Of course, these men were warm friends of the officers of the boat, who were either too sincere in their friendship to put a stop to the practice, or too much afraid of the gamblers to care to provoke a quarrel with them, for in those days it was a common affair for such men to resent any fancied affront with a pistol-shot.

One of the most remarkable men of their class was named Daniel Sturdivant a Frenchman, the son of a broken-down scion of nobility, who had settled in New Orleans before the transfer of Louisiana to the United States. Sturdivant had been raised as a "gentleman" by his aristocratic father, but upon coming of age, and finding his fortunes very bad, had taken to cards as a means of bettering them. His success in this field was so great that he was induced to continue in it, and he was one of the most notorious gamblers between St. Louis and New Orleans. He was forty-five years old, but had kept himself so well that he seemed much younger. He was a man of fine personal appearance and great physical strength. He was also noted for his personal courage. As a gambler he was most expert and successful.

There were dark stories of deeds which he had committed while under the influence of play and liquor, and it was said by some that he had killed half a dozen men in his lifetime. Yet no one cared to state these stories openly, for no one cared to bring upon himself the anger of such a man. There were few who knew him who really cared to play against him, but feared a refusal to do so might involve them in a quarrel with him, and rarely declined his invitations.

About fifteen years ago, the time of which I write, he had attached himself to one of the magnificent steamers plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and had publicly announced his determination to shoot any man who attempted to encroach upon his scene of operations. Of course this left him in undisputed possession of the field, and he reaped a golden harvest from it during the one brief year that he conducted his operations there.

It was my lot at that time to be compelled to make frequent trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg, being heavily engaged in cotton speculations. I preferred the steamer of which Sturdivant, had taken possession, inasmuch as it was not only the most comfortable, but also the swiftest, and time was of importance to me. It was known that I carried large sums of money with me, and I was always apprehensive lest Sturdivant should ask me to play. I had fully made up my mind to refuse him, and if he attempted to draw me into a quarrel to shoot him without mercy, as I knew that the only chance for my life lay in getting the advantage of him. Strange to say, he did not make any such proposition to me, and I gave him no chance to do so.

One night we had started out from Vicksburg, and were heading merrily down the river, when Sturdivant came up to the group which had gathered around the stove. He had been drinking, and was smoking a fine cigar as he approached. All made way for him.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, in an unsteady tone, "you seem to be terrible dull. Who wants to play for $20 ante.

There was no reply. All present seemed to know the man, and no one cared to volunteer to place himself in his clutches.

"Umph!" he exclaimed with an expression of contempt, "afraid to try your luck against Dan Sturdivant, eh? Or maybe you want a little coaxing. Some of you must play with me. I can't stand such treatment. Come, let's see who it will be.

He glanced around the crowd as if to select his victim. For the first time I noticed the gaze of one of the group fixed steadily upon him. He was a stranger to me, and was dressed in a plain suit of homespun, and his face was partially concealed by a wide-brimmed sombrero which was drawn over it. He was a small, but powerfully made man, and in the decided expression of his well-shaped hand I read an unusual firmness and intensity of purpose.

"Are you Daniel Sturdivant, the gambler?" he asked in a calm tone, without rising.

Sturdivant flushed darkly and gave the stranger a fierce glance.

"Some persons call me so, behind my back," he said insolently; "but no one would dare apply that term to me before my face."

"Nevertheless," said the stranger, "I want an answer—yes or no."

"Well then." said the gambler angrily, "I am. What of it?'

"Simply this," replied the stranger, "I have heard it said that you claim to be the best card player in the Southwest. I have come two hundred miles to prove you a liar."

Sturdivant strode forward a step or two and thrust his hand into his breast as if to grasp a weapon.

"Stop," said the stranger, "if you shoot me, you will simply prove yourself afraid of me. Take your seat at the table, and I will make my word good."

There was something in the calm, stern manner of the stranger that seemed to render the gambler powerless. He hesitated for a moment, and then said, bullyingly:

"I never play with a man whose face I cannot see."

"Never mind my face," said the stranger. "If you are not afraid of losing you shall see it when I am done with you."

"But how do I know you have money enough for such sport?" persisted Sturdivant. "You look seedy enough, my fine fellow."

"There," said the stranger, producing a large pocket book "I have $10,000 there; if you can win it you shall do so."

With an oath, Sturdivant placed himself at the table and bade his challenger do likewise. Those of us who had listened to this singular dialogue, now gathered around the table, expecting to see a scene of more than usual interest. The stranger had not yet raised his hat-brim, and none of us had seen his face, but we all felt, from his general air and manner, that Daniel Sturdivant had at last met his match. It did not take long to show that the stranger was an unusually good player. For an hour or more the playing went on in silence. The stakes were high, and the contest marked with rare skill. Sturdivant exerted himself as he had never done before, but in spite of his efforts, he lost steadily. By the expiration of the time indicated above, he had lost two thousand dollars. I noticed the flush upon his face deepen, and a strange light came into his eyes. At last, with an exclamation of triumph, he drew toward him the heap of notes.

"That was well done," said the stranger. You are an expert at cheating. But go on, I can beat you whether you play openly or dishonestly."

Sturdivant said nothing but dealt the cards again. The hand was played, and Sturdivant was about to sieze the stakes when the stranger laid down a card and checked him. The gambler uttered a sharp cry and sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on a card, a worn and faded ace of hearts with a dark-red stain across the face. Sturdivant's face worked convulsively as he gazed at it and the spectators gathered more closely around the two, wondering at the strange scene.

"In God's name, who are you?" gasped Sturdivant, his eyes still fixed on the card.

"Look at me," said the stranger quietly.

As if powerless to resist, Sturdivant raised his eyes to the speaker. The stranger had raised his hat and sat looking at the trembling man with eyes that fairly blazed with fury. Sturdivant uttered a groan, and sank back in his chair, with his face white and rigid. The stranger with one sweep gathered up the money from the table and thrust it into his breast.

"That ace of hearts is an unlucky card for you, Daniel Sturdivant," he said coldly. "You played it once when you thought it to your advantage. Now, God help you, for the play is returned!"

As he spoke, he raised a pistol, which we had not seen, and, before we could stop him aimed it dellberrtely at the trembling man and fired. The gambler fell heavily upon the table, a corpse, and the bright blood streamed over it, hiding the fatal card from sight.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, rising to his feet, as we stood paralyzed with horror at the dreadful scene, "that man ruined my wife and tried to murder me. I have been hunting for him ten years.

He walked slowly by us down the stairway to the lower deck. Just then the steamer touched at a landing and he sprang ashore and vanished in the dark woods.

I never learned the history of the mysterious affair, for the dead gambler was beyond human questioning, and I never saw the stranger again; but I shall not soon forget the impression it made upon me at the time.

It is just as much your duty to be a Christian and set me an example, as it is my duty to be one and set you an example.

A Floating Island.

The existence of a floating island, Waga-quele, in Vanua Levu, South Pacific, is known to very few, probably, besides those natives who reside in or near the district of Nadogo, to the northeast of the province of Macuata. No visit previous to ours, so far as we are informed, has been paid to the place by any European. A short account, therefore, of what we saw may not be without some interest. We had slept on the island of Kavewa, and in the morning sailed to the mainland opposite, and entered the river Malaqio, near to the town of Nubu. The river is of considerable size, and might be navigable for five or six miles in a ten-ton cutter. On our arrival at the lake, whither the most of the natives had preceded us, the scene that presented itself was at once most lively and most dreary. Very dreary because, as far as the eye could reach, there lay a barren waste. We stood in the center of a vast moorland, and the lake had dwindled during a five months' drought to a swamp. There was no sign of life but what we ourselves had brought. We were lively enough, however, as you may imagine. The "taukei" had clambered up a tree on the island (or a tall bush called nalata), and was adjuring the island-gods to move; the girls were on the opposite side of the mere, in the full flow of a meke; about half a dozen natives were poling about a small island in the highest glee, and a number both of men and women were on the large island with the taukei, who seemed to be the genius loci, helping him (with stout poles) to move the mass. Every one was in the highest spirits. One chief told us that the Waga-qule had sailed across the mere that morning, which we had great pleasure in believing, as the wind was from that quarter, but it was lying on the lee side now, and swayed about without progressing much. A light spring of three or four feet landed us on the island, which without doubt is afloat and moved a fathom or two when we were on it. Had the wind changed, I feel sure that we should have been ferried over the water in the "Waga-qule." It is fifty paces in length and about twenty in breadth, and is composed entirely of firm turf, in some places quite dry, being thickly covered with tall bushes (kuts), besides several nalata bushes fifteen to twenty feet high. There are four islands in all. Three are of the size and appearance of that on which we stood. One has three balawa trees on it, and appears to have been more recently detached from its mooring. The fourth island is smaller, being only about fifteen feet in length, and on it was the scene of most uproarious mirth. At one time we counted ten men on it, one of whom was a very reverend vakavuvuli buli, i. e., head teacher of our party, who, being now convinced that there was nothing in the "kaci kaci," was giving his mind entirely to the scientific side of the question. The aggregate weight of the ten people must have been about 1,500 pounds, and the island sank several inches, and canted ominously until relieved of part of its burden. The men, one by one, teacher and all, plunged into the water and swam about, regardless of the grim warning of the old man up the tree that they would be seized by unseen hands below. We were not slow to follow the example of the natives, and jumped in also. The banks are covered with bushes, and are level with the water. They do not shelve at all, but go down sheer. Where we bathed there was no bottom for at least two to three fathoms at the very margin of the moss. In many places the water had sapped the loose soil under the turf to a considerable distance. At the time of our visit the size of the mere was about 250 yards by 150, but probably after much rain it is three times that size. We had no means of judging the depth other than by swimming, and we can only say that we found it to be more than two fathoms in the middle, but how much more we cannot say, and where the island had drifted it was two fathoms. The water is stagnant, but not impure; it is not pleasant to the taste, but there is hardly a suspicion of a boggy flavor. The sun was extremely hot, and after our shadeless walk we arrived in a simmering condition, and the water felt cool and refreshing. We swam the entire length and back again without finding any snags, or any leaves or sticks of any kind As may be supposed, the place is haunted by ghosts of old superstitions, and much of the interest of our visit was connected with the legends told to us. The natives were very eage to tell us that since they had become "lotu" they had ceased to believe in the god; but the very eagerness with which they spoke, and an entreaty that they had made to us on the day previous that we should not approach the island without the "taukei" were significant of the strength of their old habits of thought. Besides the man up the tree, to whose "kaci, kaci" we have called attention there was another "taukei" present—a woman tall and handsome, though no longer young. She had a most commanding appearance, and as she stood on the island and gave her orders, faded memories of what we had read of the syblls of old were revived, and we could believe in her as the last representative of an expiring faith. She told us stories of the island god, in what she has since been taught to call "devil times" (na gauna vaka tevora), but always added, "since I put on my sulu I do not believe in him any longer." His name was Dro Walavala (Dro meaning Mr.). We begged of her not to call him a tevoro, but a kolon as of old. He had power in the district, and was much feared, though not an unkindly god when respectfully treated. Offerings were brought regularly, and neglect was punished. We were told of some girls who attempted to swim across the mere without asking Dro Walavala's permission, and they swam, and swam, and swam, but could not get across at all." Then they remembered the god, and went home for a present. After that they crossed easily. One man, too curious, is said to have put his hand below the island, to see what it was made of, and when he drew back his arm his hand was gone. The island god once gave a present of a club to the tankei; and at fifty miles distance we were assured that we should see the club; but as we neared the place its whereabouts became more and more vague, until our arrival on the spot, when there was no trace of it. Another god, called "Lotu," had taken away that club. There were some other thinge, also, that we did not see. The three eels that served the Waga-qele as a rudder in the good old times, we did not see. But we were glad to see the island itself, and all the place, before the light of the ancient mythology had entirely faded away, or, rather, had become merged into the greater light; for the simple belief of these people was but a tropic night, and not entirely destitute of some good thing.

A Military Romance.

Orange county, N. Y., has just had a wedding with enough romance about it for a novel. In 1862 the bridegroom then a young man, though under an engagement to the lady whom he expected to marry enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him from what he thought his duty, and with breaking heart she bade him adieu, and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of the family beside herself. For awhile all went well, and loving letters from his sweetheart cheered the gallant soldier and tender words of hope from him made life endurable to her. After the battle of Chancellorsville his letters suddenly ceased. Letter after letter was written to him and his comrades but all that could be learned was, that after the terrible battle he was missing. Whether he had been killed or taken prisoner no one could tell, and his fate remained a mystery. His striken sweetheart never entirely abandoned hope, and lived on "tender and true." Hoping against hope for his return. After many patient years her troth has been rewarded, and she is now a happy bride. His narrative is that sometime during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after he was sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year, suffering untold torture. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockade runner. After that all is blank. He learned afterwards that he had been taken ill, and soon after was insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to the insane asylum by the Captain of the blockade runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded in securing a situation in a mercantile house, where he rapidly won the esteem of the principles, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him, he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a mature lady of thirty-two, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married, and returned to England, where he proposes to remain for a term of years. During his long absence his only surviving relatives, a brother and uncle, had died and he had no ties to keep him here, save the love of country, which will eventually bring him and his faithful wife back to our shores.

Enormous Prices for Paintings.

Some enormous prices were realized at a sale in London of the collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. Munro. Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Kitty Fisher" brought $3,570, and his portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Stanhope, personifying "Contemplation," was knocked down for $15,300. Wilkie's "Gentle Shepherd" brought only $816, and the pictures of Richard Wilson, believed by many in England to be the finest classical painter of the eighteenth century sold for a mere song. Then came the productions of Joseph M. W. Turner. Thirty-two drawings, large and small, brought a little over $81,600. The old pictures, which included "Ancient Italy," "Modern Rome," "Rome from the Oventuine," "Juliet after the Masquerade," "Van Tromp's Gallery," "Avalanche in the Vald'Aosta," and the "Kilgarren Castle," went at prices ranging between $10,200 and $29,780 apiece. Two others sold for $26,000 each. The nine works in oil produced an aggregate of $211,956, and the grand total for all the Turners sold that day was $293,632. Two undeniable genuine Hogarths, being two of the scenes from the "Harlot's Progress," went cheap, one for $2,650, and the other for $1,530. Two paintings R. P. Bennington, "The Fish Market," and "The Grand Canal, Venice," sold for $15,300 apiece. The total amount realized was $356,575, the highest ever reached for such a small number of pictures.

The Right Man.

A day or two since, Mr. Shaw, a timekeeper of the Consolidated Virginia mine, found a watch lying on the snow where it had evidently been dropped by some one working in or about the mine.

Mr. Shaw wrote a note to that effect, posting it up by the side of the window to which the men came to give in their names when going on or coming off their shifts.

Several men called and described what was, according to their ideas, a "valuable watch," nearly all making it gold, with a fine chain of the same metal. Some set a number of beautiful pieces of gold quartz into the links of the chain.

At last a little Frenchman came to the window and said:

"You find one watch, Mistair Shaw?"

"Yes, sir," said Shaw. "Have you lost a watch?"

"Yes, sare, I have lose one watch."

"Can you describe it?"

"Oh, yes, sare, very perfectly."

"Well, what was it like?"

"My watch was a silver one."

"What kind of a face?"

"Well, he have he's face wide open."

"What kind of a chain."

"One leedle brass chain."

"What kind of a key was on the chain?"

"He have no key at all; I wind him by zee tail."

The watch was a stem-winder, and the Frenchman had given a perfect description of it, even down to "zee tail.'

Poesy in a Swamp.

The best time to visit a swamp "aright," as Scott says of Melrose, we must "go visit it by the morning light," when the sunbeams are nearly level, and the dew hangs heavy on the grass blades. Then it is a picture that would be worth all the works of Rubens and Titian for splendor and richness of color, if art could copy it. On one side and curving round the end is a large bed of grass that at a distance looks as smooth as a carpet of velvet. Here and there spots and ridges of higher growth and darker tint vary the surface, which with every breath of breeze sends shadows dancing from the higher points across the lower levels like the play of some strange shot silk. On the other is a ranker growth of coarser grass and flags, the latter set in clumps, now round, now oblong, now irregular triangles, now long narrow lines, like soldiers in battle order, their large purple and lavender flowers now in the fullness of bloom, standing in spots that their curved leaves interlock, extend its whole length, thinned to a line here, broken across there by enroaching grass or yellow scum. Through the middle, nearly, runs a broad band of water so closely covered with scum that it looks solid sending out winding little branches, sometimes yellow and glossy as satin, sometimes clear as crystal, into the lines of purple blossomed flags on one side or the changeful emerald grass on the other.

The low lying beams of the sun shine out all inequalities, hide every little offensiveness, and light up every dew drop on the grass blades, on the flag leaves, on the leaves of the bushes, with a flashing radiance that would shame a royal velvet robe covered with diamonds, while the yellow scum is turned to a silky lustre that Lyons never approached. A rotten log half way up the grass bed is covered with greenish yellow moss so closely that at a little distance it looks like a shaft that had been laboriously covered with velvet, and turtles glistening like silver plates that cover it from end to end. Here and there above the scum is a frog's head, which, when it catches the light properly, lets one see that wonderful golden iris which makes the frog's eye the most beautiful in color that can be found "in any human head." In the bushes on the left, and darting thence to the other bank and back, are a flock of red winged starlings, the showiest bird in the woods, with their glossy black and blazing scarlet.

A jay bird on a beech on the bank is orating to the woods in the genuine Voorhees style—two squats and a squall and then a squall and two squats. Opposite on the peak of a fence-stake a meadow lark pours its musical call; higher, lower, higher and lower again, like an audible expression of Hogarth's line of beauty. Away in the distance the dove's doleful plaint in three notes is heard, when the rattle of the robin and the stump-speech of the jay bird don't fill the air. A slight cloud passes over the sun, and its shadow in an instant changes all the hues of the velvet carpet and the satin scum, the silver-backed turtles and the shaft of emerald and chrvsophrase they are lying on. The diamond gleam of the sun and its rainbow glories go out all over the swamp. In an instant all comes back again, as the cloud floats on and away, and the glow and glitter, the radiance and the richness of color come back as if a curtain were suddenly jerked from over them. There is something worth seeing even in a swamp.

Wonderful Leaping.

A late visitor to the Sandwich Islands gives the following account of the leaping, swimming and diving of the natives. We returned to the Sunbeam on Christmas, and on the following day we witnessed some extraordinary feats of swimming performed by the natives of the Island. A copious stream enters the sea about a quarter of a mile west of the little town of Hilo. At a short distance from its mouth it forces its way through a chasm in the volcanic rocks, and then winds round a precipitous crag of lava, at the foot of which it forms a still pool six fathoms in depth. We had been invited to witness two noted swimmers leap from the summit of the crag into the pool below. The whole population turned out on the occasion, and seated themselves on the grassy slopes above the river, awaiting the arrival of the two athletes. Meanwhile a number of the more youthful inhabitants of Hilo, of both sexes, entertained us with a display of the art of swimming and diving. One active girl leaped repeatedly from a height of twenty feet into the river. In the intervals between their performances these amphibious people climbed up the rocks that overhung the river, where they gathered themselves into the most picturesque groups of bronze, colored yet shapely humanity. There were few garments to mar the symmetry of their forms, but there was not the slightest taint of immodesty in the scene. A sculptor, looking on with the cultivated eye of a trained artist, would have reveled in the graceful movements of the forms displayed before him; while a painter would have appreciated not less the harmonious colors of the picture, in which the olive flesh-tints formed such an admirable contrast to the dark lava-rocks on which the swimmers reclined. Many a laborious student of the academy has racked his brain in the vain effort to produce a composition on canvas or in marble, with not one half the beauty or the truth to nature of these fortuitous assemblages of graceful figures.

An hour had passed away not unpleasantly when the heroes of the day arrived. They were to leap into the pool beneath from the summit of a precipice ninety feet in height. Thirty feet below the edge a crag juts out fifteen feet from the face of the rock. It was necessary for the swimmers to clear this projection. We were seated on the ledge of rock near the edge of the water to witness the feat they were about to perform. It was a point of view whence the swimmers were seen with striking effect, as they first appeared on the crag before us, and paused for a moment on its brink before taking their tremendous leap into the gulf beneath.

As we looked up to the summit of the precipice the powerful forms of these olive colored men—notable specimens of the native races of the Pacific—stood out in magnificent relief against the dark blue sky. Each wore a green wreath fastened on his brow, a trifling touch which enhanced the resemblance to those admirable products of ancient art, the bronze figures of the flying Mercury in the museum at Naples. As the first swimmer gathered himself together for the leap there was a breathless silence in the crowd, a momentary glance of hesitation in the hero of Hilo, succeeded by that set look which a man wears who is determined to do a chivalrous deed or perish in the attempt. Then came a superb elastic bound, an agile readjustment of the balance, and the athletic figure darted downwards like an arrow through the air, with a tremendous splash, disappeared feet downwards below the glassy surface, and after a prolonged immersion, rose again to the surface scathless, amid the enthusiastic ovations of the crowd. The great feat was followed by a performance which, would have excited wonder. It was a leap down a waterfall having a fall of fifteen feet. Not only did the two champions take the leap, but even the nymphs of Hilo, in numbers, followed them. After disappearing for a few moments in the seething water at the foot of the cascade, they reappeared laughing and talking, evidently regarding this feat as an ordinary bathing incident.

"The First Private."

A rare specimen of soldierly humanity once appeared at a Southern hotel. In the large barroom of the house, during the evening, a discussion arose touching certain events that transpired at the battle of Shiloh. The dispute waxed warm. Many of those present had been in the war, some engaged on the one side, and some on the other, and being military men and officers at that, they were very emphatic. At length a modest gentleman, who had been sitting in a far corner, quietly listening, arose and came forward.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I happened to be in that battle—was in at the beginning, and came out at the end—and if you would like, I will tell you just how it was."

All were respectfully silent while he spoke, and they could not be otherwise than attentive; for the man's description of the battle was so precise, so circumstantial, so eloquent, and so startlingly vivid, that those who had been there seemed to be living the fiery scene over again. When he had concluded, all understood, and there was room for no more dispute.

On the following morning, the soldier of Shiloh went to the office to settle his bill previous to departure, and asked the amount of his indebtedness. Said the landlord—

"You were in the army?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask what office you held?"

"I held no commission, sir, I was but a private soldier."

"Is it possible? Well, sir, I shall claim the privilege of celebrating this rare event by making you a present of a receipted bill without further cost to you. Of the thousands of soldiers that have stopped at my house since the close of the war, you are the first private."

A Cause of Deafness.

Persons who contemplate spending the summer at the seashore will be interested in a paper contributed to the *Medical Record* by Dr. Samuel Sexton, Surgeon-in-Chief to the New York Ear Dispensary, in which he estimates that a thousand people of that city are sent to their physicians, to be treated for ear diseases, every year, whose trouble has arisen from getting water in their ears while bathing, or from catching cold at such times by exposure or neglect. It appears from the Doctor's researches that salt water is peculiarly irritating to the delicate structures of the inner ear. Very cold water of the freshest kind may, however, be equally harmful, and there is a short list of cases resulting from the Russian bath, two of the patients being themselves physicians. A few instances are cited where the trouble came from using the so-called "nasal douche," water having penetrated to the ear by the passsage from the back of the mouth. But these are unimportant compared with those where trouble has come from salt water bathing. In all of sixty-five of the last named cases inflammatian occurred; in fifty-seven it was acute. A variety of subsequent damages may accrue, when the trouble spreads; permanent deafness is not among the least of these, and life itself may be endangered. Surf bathers are especially exposed to such injuries, since a breaker may strike them on the side of the head and drive the water into the ear; the same result may ensue if the bather gets a sudden mouthful from an unexpected wave, the water then being forced through from the mouth to the inner ear. Man, the doctor thinks, is not naturally amphibious. Animals fitted for aquatic life are provided with various arrangements for keeping the water out; seals, for instance, have a movable membrane n the ear, which closes and shuts out fluid; the muscles of the water shrew are competent to shut the ear passages. People who are blessed with very small openings to their ears run the least risk in bathing. A man should never dive, says the doctor, if he wishes to preserve his hearing. When in the surf he should take the wave on his chest or back, "closing his mouth and nostrils," though how a man can close his nostrils the doctor does not state. But the pledget of cotton for the ears is essential, and every bather should be provided with it.

Those who aspire after what is holy and pure shall have assistance from above.

The Honey-Moon Eclipsed.

"When you are looking on me you are looking down on a heart-broken woman," said Eliza Powers as she wiped her eyes before the desk.

"They come here most every day,' he replied.

"I was married four weeks ago," she sighed softly as she scratched her nose. "I was living as cozy as a duck, up on Chene street, when Powers first found me. He said he was struck with my beauty."

"Was he crazy?" softly inquired his Honor, after the boys got through laughing.

"No sir; he was a nice man, or so I though then. He could quote off the nicest poetry you ever heard.—He could tell you how long George Washington was President, which is the biggest city in the world, when old John Brown was killed, and lots of other things. And he called me his angel, sir, and he was always talking about my raving locks and chestnut eyes."

"Hurry up—come to the family fight as soon as you can," warned the Court, as she paused for breath.

"Can't I tell what I wore when we went to be married?"

"No, ma'am. The law doesn't know as you wore anything."

"Well, I did, sir. D'ye s'pose I'd be married without clothes, and good clothes, too? Well, as I was saying, we'd been married three days when I hit him a slap on the ear and he gave me a cuff on the mouth."

"Any more?"

"Yes, sir; but it was his fault.—He called me names, and he objected when I took a little sip to drown me sorrow, and he was mad when I wouldn't draw me seven dollars out of the bank and let him invest it for me. The other day he left me. We had a row, sir, and because I backed him into the woodbox and jamed his head agin a rail he flew to Canada."

"I'm left here with me sorrow
This dark day;
That I may die to-morrow
I shall pray."

"Pooh!"

"Oh, you may make light of this aching heart, sir, but I'll soon be under the sod."

"You'll soon get the red color out of your face, your hands washed your hair combed, and a job for sixty days," he replied.

"If you send me up I'll choke meself to death with a string!"

"That is nothing to me, Mrs. Johnson. If I lend a man my snow-shovel and he breaks his back by falling over it, the law can't hold me. Go in and sit down. There's a pan of snow apples, a dime novel, and a good fire in there.

A Rope's Fatal Weakness.

People who were near the New York anchorage of the East River Bridge about noon on the 15th inst., were suddenly startled by a loud report, as of a cannon, and a crashing whizzing noise. One of the strands of cable No. 1 of the bridge had suddenly given way, killing two of the men who had been working upon it. This is the first accident of the kind that has happened on the bridge. The New York anchorage is seventy feet in height, and at the top it is 120 feet square. Running east and west are the four main cables, none of which is completed, that will support the bridge. The cables are made in the following manner: A steel wire is run along by a reel over the pier to the anchorage, and there is passed round the "shoe." This is a large piece of iron something in the shape of a horse-shoe, and weighing about a ton. The shoe is held in position by two thick iron bars, nearly fourteen feet in length, with pulleys at the other end. The shoe and bars are laid between long, thick, and broad iron bars, called eye-bars, connected together by iron pins that run through all the bars. When the steel wire is passed around the shoe, it is sent back on the reel to go through the same process on the other side of the bridge. When he wire has been laid 270 times each way it forms a strand. The wires are firmly wound round with other wire and rope. When nineteen such strands are completed they are in their turn bound together and form a main cable. When a strand is being made the wires are stretched at the highest possible attitude to test the utmost tension and when completed are lowered to the level of the main cable. The strain upon the strand, when completed is seventy-five tons, and when lowered to the level of the cable at about forty tons. The strand is lowered by a wire rope, an inch and a quarter thick, fastened to the shoe and passing through sheaves or blocks of six wheels so that the maximum strain upon the rope between the sheaves in not more than twelve and a half tons. The rope is worked by a steam engine at the foot of the anchorage. At the time the accident occurred a gang of men was employed in lowering this strand, which was at the northern end of the anchorage, under the direction of Mr. Farrington, the master machinist. Thomas W. Blake was standing on the block at the northwestern end of the anchorage; Henry Suple standing on the northern eye-bars, was bending over, with a crow-bar in his hands, prying off the strand to keep it between the bars and Mr. Farrington was standing upon the other strands that had already been placed in position nearly opposite to Supple. The other men were holding the wire rope with pieces of loose rope, coiled round it. The huge iron block of six iron pulleys was slowly moving forward; the wire rope was slowly running through the sheaves, and the strand was already lowered so much that the strain upon it had been reduced from seventy-five to less than fifty tons It was within a few seconds of 12 oclock.

Mr. Farrington had just told the men to remove the ropes by which they were holding on to the wire rope, when suddenly a loud report was heard, The wire rope while running between the sheaves had snapped. The ends of the rope went flying round through the sheaves, knocking the men in all directions Blake was struck by the recoil of the hinder portion of the broken roge and hurled to the corner of the anchorage, covering the stones and iron work with his blood,. His right arm was dislocated at the shoulder, and torn out at the elbow, the bone protruding about three inches from the flesh. A blow on the head, just above the forehead, had made a hole through which the brains could be seen. He died immediately. Supple, who was standing forward was hurled back against the woodwork, and ropes on the side of the anchorage, and, rolling through, fell down into the yard, nearly seventy feet below. He died about two o'clock. Mr. Farsington was struck by the rope and thrown upon his on the other strands, the entire tackling flying over his prostrate body, but without doing him any further injury.

The huge block of pulleys, weighing about 800 pounds, attached to the shoe, which, with its bars weighed about three tons, all under the heavy strain of the strand, being suddenly released darted toward the river with a loud whizzing sound. The huge missle passed over two houses, demolishing the chimney of a third partly cracking its roof, and knocked off a few bricks from the roofs of the two next houses. South street, which was crowded with vehicles and people it broke down, a stout new telegraph pole, which it bore along with it. Passing over the entire street, it struck the pavement on the eastern side and rebounding, tore away part of the high wooden fence of the yard of the main pier, and finally rested on a heap of gravel, where a few minutes before a gang of men, with several carts, had been at work. The gate watchman and one of the foremen were sitting eating their dinners, about five feet from where the shoe finally struck. An Italian candy vender, was standing in the street, and a portion of the rope struck his stand, demolishing it and scattering his wares in all directions, but the man escaped. A car was passing, and the rope rushed past close behind the rear platform. The distance between the anchorage and the pier on the river side is 930 feet, and the shoe attached to the strand passed over fully 700 feet before it rested on the bed of gravel. That purt of the strand between the piers over the river, rapidly descending under its own weight; and one of the Union ferry boats which was crossing to Brooklyn, narrowly escaped being struck by it.

Painless Death

The phenomenom of death is little understood. The mystery which shrouds death is not greater than that which shrouds birth, or thought or volition; yet religion and various other things have all conspired to misinterpret its attendant phenomena. One of the most common errors is the idea that pain and dying are inseparable companions. The truth is they rarely go together. Occasionally, the act of dissolution is a painful one, but this is an exception to the general rule. The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. Convulsive twitchings, livid features, gurgling in the throat, and similar ghastly symptoms which mark the last moment, are only exhibitions of unconscious automatic action. The testimony of the dying, so long as they are able to give any testimony, is that their sufferings do not increase as the termination of life approaches, but on the contrary grows less. The following incident illustrates the truth of this remark, and so far as a single instance is of value, confirms what has been said as to the painlessness of dissolution. A medical friend, whom I attended professionally in his last illness, was a victim of a most painful disease. He was aware of its incurable character. Supported by an intelligent faith in God and immortality he prepared himself with admirable courage and unfaltering trust for the final change. In consequence of continual and severe pain, he was obliged during the last few months of his life to take opium daily. He sent for me one night soon after midnight. A brief examination was sufficient to show that the end was near.

"Do these symptoms mean perforation?" asked Dr. ——.

"They do," was the reply.

"Then I have reached the end of the chapter," he quietly remarked, and added, "how long shall I probably last?"

"That you know," I said, "as well as anyone; perhaps twenty-four hours or thirty-six hours."

Scarcely heeding the reply he continued:

"I am ready, but promise me this, that I shall not suffer pain if you can prevent it."

The promise was given, of course, and I agreed to see him every hour or two as long as he lived. This being done, I said to him, "One thing remains, how shall I communicate with you when, at the very close, the time comes that you cannot indicate whether you suffer or not?"

"After a little talk the following signals were agreed upon. He was to indicate a negative answer, or no, by raising the forefinger, and affirmative or yes, by raising the forefinger, and the one next it also. One ganger was no; two fingers yes. Having arranged this matter, he took rather more than his habitual dose of opium, and was soon comparatively quiet. *The pain did not return.* For twelve or fifteen hours he appeared much as usual; conversed with his family and friends, and was cheerful and serene. Then as nature's anesthetic began to act, he became dull and heavy. In answer to repeated inquiries as to pain, he constantly replied in the negative. At length he answered less readily. For an hour or so before death he answered only by the signal of his fingers which had been agreed upon, and by that signal he replied quickly and intelligently. Fifteen minutes before dissolution I asked him, "Do you suffer pain?" He instantly made the negative signal by raising the forefinger. After this he made no sign, but slept peacefully to the end.