

PRETTY ORNAMENTS.

Decorations from Illustrated Papers Can Be Transferred to Wood.

Great many of the panel pictures serve as interior decorations for steamboat saloons, and which are frequently being admired for artistic beauty, are first transferred to the wood from ordinary illustrations in the pictorial papers, and then by the artist afterward.

The process is simple, and can be done by any boy or girl of ordinary intelligence. Popular wood is regarded as best for the foundation, as its grain is even after being planed, and is so porous as pine, and is therefore liable to absorb the ink-marks.

Get any picture that the fancy may choose from some illustrated paper, say, a landscape or a marine scene. Cut it out of the paper, clip off superfluous portions around the picture, and lay it upon the board, leaving an inch margin all around on board. When the picture is transferred, which gives the picture the appearance of being inclosed in a frame, and must be thoroughly dry and free from knots. The surface should then be gone over with a coating of copal varnish (which is purchased at almost any paint store, evenly laid on.

Get a picture to be transferred, first get a care to see that no creases or wrinkles are in it, should be placed the board upside down—that is, the face of the picture to the back. Having accomplished this, the board and picture should be put away to dry, and covered with some light stuff, to prevent the dust from settling upon the back of the picture. The drying should not be forced by artificial means, such as placing near a fire, as it is liable to blister and ruin the effect of the picture. Let it dry in this condition until it is thoroughly dry; then, with a fine sponge, dampen with water, go slowly to the back of the paper. The paper will come off easily, leaving the picture on the surface of the wood. With a few coats of paint, a boy or girl may thus have a handsome picture that will last years.

The picture, however, in the original color, is to be transferred, without any addition of paint to enhance its beauty, is a very pretty ornament. Shields, cushions, easels and ovals can be cut out of the wood for small pictures, which furnish attractive ornaments for tables and mantle-pieces.—*St. Louis Republic.*

TOO MANY STUDIES.

Cramping Process in Colleges and Universities.

One of the greatest mistakes made in the present system of educating men is that they are given too many studies to study at once. The power of association—that is, of keeping one set entirely clear of another subject—is not great in the minds of children. They therefore have a mass of confused ideas when they have got through with their daily tasks, which it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, for them to separate one from another. It is true that some children, from the beginning, are able to concentrate the attention first on one subject and then on another; but these are the exceptional instances, and the majority are very likely to be strained in effort. It is as though a person should spend six hours in looking intently through a telescope and a microscope, giving a few minutes to each, would certainly be found at the end of the time that the sight had been blurred for the time being, at least, if the practice should be continued. It can be no doubt that permanent impairment of vision would be the result of the effort to form and maintain clear, forcible ideas of several subjects at once in a difficult matter, even for adults. It has been found by experience that it is advantageous to reduce the number of branches of medical science which students are required to study simultaneously. Several of the better medical colleges in this country have of late years cut down the list of studies to eight or ten, less than half the number, and extended the period of study from two sessions of four months to three of from six to eight months. I speak from personal experience when I say that I am aware of the lamentable results of the "cramping" process in medical students. I have been a teacher in medical schools for nearly twenty-five years. In the case of my examinations it has often happened that I have put a question in a branch of medicine to a candidate who had graduated and have received an answer in an entirely different branch. How much better it would be for the student or woman if the boy or girl, instead of being required to learn a dozen different subjects at once, should be the number reduced to two, or at best three.—*Dr. William A. Hammond, Popular Science Monthly.*

Proper Indignation.

"Clappie, I was grossly insulted to-day, don't you know," remarked Fitzgibbon.

"Ah! how did it occur, meddler boy?"

"I went to buy a hat, you see, and I asked the cwenchah at the store: 'Ah, out of a hat do you think would it be?' and the wench replied, as I was as you please, 'A soft one, sir.'"

"Did you wench the insult?"

"Yaas, promptly."

"How did you wench it?"

"I said 'Wats' wench loud and named the door as I went out,"—*Edinburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

CHINESE PIRACY.

How Celestial Corsairs Conduct Their nefarious But Profitable Traffic.

Piracy on the high seas is now, unfortunately, a crime long since dead among European nations. We must go back to the early period of Marryat and Cooper if we desire to know of the atrocities and iniquities committed by the hordes of lawless ruffians who used to infest the sea at the beginning of the present century and carry on their merciless business of butchery and plunder. Our brethren in the Celestial Empire, however, are slow to remove evils, and piracy with them seems to die hard. Reports occasionally reach this country of some European vessel being attacked in Chinese waters by the natives; but, fortunately, owing to the extreme cowardice usually displayed by the attacking party, these attempted depredations do not often lead to any serious result.

The China sea is, principally, the happy hunting-ground of these dastardly pirates; and nature seems to have adapted it specially for that particular purpose. The China Sea is, in many places, exceedingly shallow, strong currents sweep along its course; while numerous islands, with wooded creeks, dotted here and there, afford capital shelter and points of observation for piratical junks to lie in ambush, until some unsuspecting merchantman shall have in sight. Vessels in traversing these seas, except during the season of the monsoons, have often to contend against dead head-winds or calms that last for days and days. During these periods sailing ships have frequently, if in proximity to land, to east anchor, to prevent being carried ashore by the various swift and conflicting currents; and at such times present capital opportunities for the marauders of the seas to carry out their nefarious designs.

Although as the Chinese pirate is, as a rule, a most abject coward when Europeans are concerned, he is, at least, capable of striking terror into the hearts of his countrymen; and a couple of pirate junks, mounting but a single two-pounder gun between them, have been known to blockade a port of four thousand inhabitants, and to plunder every ship that passed. In another case a pirate gang of five hundred, who had yielded to a rush of twenty or thirty blue-jackets, had previously defied a native force of one thousand five hundred troops and forty war junks. Directly, however, a small gunboat, manned by Europeans, appeared upon the scene, their career was at an end.

Chinese piracy is, at times, almost a business. A pirate merchant, in the wholesale way, will infest certain villages on the seaboard or islands. He will keep fifteen or twenty junks, with a corresponding retinue of ruffians, and when he has secured his plunder, he stores it in safety. A pirate in a small way of business, having once made a good haul, will divide the spoil, and then his followers immediately disperse for fear of an attack from another gang. The old saying of "dog eat dog" applies with striking force to the transactions of these plunderers of the China sea.—*All the Year Round.*

RAVING ROBBER BANDS.

Daring Operations of Two Bands of Midnight Marauders in Paris.

Some recent burglaries which were committed in the suburbs, and the perpetrators of which were arrested, have led to the discovery of two bands of midnight marauders, whose exploits are worthy of record by a Sue. Two leading representatives of Parisian rascaldom, respectively named Poussin and Bontonne, had founded two rival schools of burglary. The Poussinists broke into an isolated villa, the ordinary occupant of which (an officer) was absent. Being unable to carry away all their plunder during the night, they returned to the charge toward morning, only to find their rivals, the Bontonnists, installed in their places. Thereupon a row ensued among the robbers. The disarmed arms which were hung up as monuments in the officer's museum were taken down from their pegs, and the combatants attacked each other energetically with sabers, the butts of muskets and old-fashioned arms, such as halberds and battle-axes. The sight of flowing blood, however, soon damped the ardor of the antagonistic thieves, and they also feared that the noise of the struggle would be heard by the police. A treaty of peace was accordingly entered into, and the whole gang cemented their union by a grand banquet in the villa at the expense, of course, of its absent owner, whose larder and wine-cellar were requisitioned to some purpose. Bontonne, one of the chiefs, drank six bottles of champagne and one of cognac, after which, being no doubt unable to oblige the company with a song or a recitation, he amused his companions by turning somersets over the chairs and tables, and shuffling the Gallie equivalent for a double shuffle on top of an Erard piano. After this he amalgamated band worked with the utmost boldness and energy in different suburbs of Paris. They did successful strokes of business in lonely houses, invariably ransacked the meat and wine departments, and left grateful notes of acknowledgement on the dining-room tables for the disconsolate proprietors. In one instance Poussin and Bontonne congratulated a despoiled house-owner on the excellence of his poultry, and promised to return in order to render the customary visite de digestion. The whole of this audacious band, numbering about twenty-five men, has been arrested. Poussin is an old zouave, and Bontonne is a good-for-nothing dandy of highly respectable origin, who was educated in the School of Arts and Manufactures.—*Paris Letter.*

TOBACCO CULTURE.

Bill Nye Contributes His Mite to a Burning Question of the Day.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—No doubt some of the finest flavored smoking tobacco in the world is grown in this region and manufactured in this State. It is a bright and beautiful golden color, as thin as tissue paper, and smells well while feeding itself to the devouring element.

Tobacco has been known to our race for about four centuries, and during that time it has made wonderful strides.

It is a sad thing to think of the suffering that existed throughout the length and breadth of the land before tobacco was discovered.

Tobacco is grown upon the rich, red hillsides of North Carolina and Virginia by means of agriculture. The Venetian-red soil of the South has to be fertilized before it will produce much tobacco. The best fertilizer is the handiwork of Signor Guano, of Peru, whose works are very popular in the South.

The soil is then tickled with the hoe, and African humorists who can amuse a plantation in this way readily command a salary of about seven dollars per month.

Fertilizing is quite expensive, and it requires a good crop to get even on the year's expenditures for labor, fertilizers, etc. One man I heard of the other day sold his crop two weeks ago, and still lacked \$4.85 of having enough to pay off Mr. Guano.

Such things as these do much to discourage the use of agriculture as a means of relaxation in the South.

Tobacco is a strong, growing, herbaceous, fuzzy annual, rising frequently to a height of six feet unless previously "topped." The only ornament worn by the adult tobacco plant is a large, thick-set worm, which may be secured by imbedding him between the leaves of Mr. Webster's verbiage dictionary and then deftly closing the volume.

On opening the book years afterward the still features of the worm may still be detected.

Tobacco is not sold at the South by the producer at a regular price per pound, but he hauls it into the warehouse, and when there is a break, or sale, his tobacco is sold at auction, though sometimes it is bought at private sale.

The pinhooker is a peculiar feature of the private sale business. Pinhookers work in threes. Pinhooker A goes to the horny-handed producer and says: "I will give you \$9 for your lot; tobacco is falling a little to-day, and I will not hold that offer good more than an hour." The producer refuses to accept the offer.

Pretty soon Pinhooker B comes up to him and says: "I'll offer you \$68 for your lot if you give me a reply soon. What do you say?"

The planter gets a little scared over the falling market, but refuses to sell.

Then comes in and offers \$60 if accepted promptly, and the now thoroughly frightened teller rushes around to find A and accept his offer. But A says it is too late—the market is too shaky. He then scours the premises for B, who reluctantly takes the goods at about \$15 less than they are worth.

This is another reason why the domain of agriculture at the South is now rarely invaded by the white man.

Tobacco is used in the preparation of snuff, fine-cut tobacco and plug tobacco. It is frequently used also to flavor cigars, and sometimes in the better grade of cigarettes.

The exports of tobacco from 1850 to 1875 increased from \$6,427,251 in value to \$28,547,352. Ten years ago the internal revenue from tobacco was nearly \$40,000,000.

For years it has been a favorite amusement on the part of the United States to jerk a few millions of revenue now and then out of the poor tobacco agriculturist and seek the amount into the various avenues where the great sausage grinder of government needed more means.

That is the reason why so many nickel cigars are being sacrificed at the rate of two for a quarter.

Other information regarding the great tobacco industry is liable to follow close upon the heels of this treatise.—*Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.*

GENERAL.

—New York State produced 11,093,000 bushels of wheat last year from 683,493 acres.

—The Danvers yellow onion, introduced to American growers in 1849 or 1850, is just coming to be appreciated in European gardens.

—The Puritan rose, the latest production of the queen of flowers, has a compact blossom, is of a delicate creamy white, and will last for days.

—Fifty thousand tons of root were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at two hundred and four thousand dollars—as a fertilizer.

—Mrs. Mary Savage, of Greenwood, Mass., has a daughter, granddaughter, great granddaughter, and great-granddaughter all residing in Norway, Me. It is an unbroken line of females of five generations. Their ages are as follows: First, eighty-four; second, fifty-six; third, thirty-six; fourth, seventeen; fifth, eight months.—*Boston Journal.*

—A San Francisco statistician demonstrates that 333,000 pounds of opium are smuggled into the Pacific slope every year, entailing a loss of duties to the Government of over \$3,000,000 a year. As each Chinaman in California smokes four pounds of the drug annually, it is probable that a large amount of this smuggled opium must be charged to that race.

HE WALKED AWAY.

How a Pumped-Out Humorist Was Insulted in a Railroad Office.

The door opened with that lengthened creak which bespeaks extreme carelessness on the part of the one who is entering, and a tall, thin man stood in the presence of the superintendent of the great Continental Air Line.

"Well, sir," said the superintendent. The visitor bowed profoundly, and said:

"It is not in a spirit of haughtiness that I come to you. I make no pretensions, advance no claims to recognition, but simply submit my case."

"I don't understand you," said the superintendent.

"It will not take me long, sir, to explain myself. I am a pumped out humorist."

"Ah?"

"I am inclined to think, sir, that it is so."

"What is your name?" the superintendent kindly asked.

"Napoleon T. B. Bucklefield."

"And you were a humorist?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have never heard of you."

"Ah my dear sir, there is many a humorist who is pumped out before anybody hears of him. Mark Twain spoke recently of endowing a home for me and my exhausted contemporaries, as usual he seems to be taking his joke."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Give me a pass. Remember that I do not come haughtily."

"Have you heard of the—"

"Yes, I know all about the Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Then you know that we can not give passes except to employees."

"Yes, but you can say that I am an employee."

"But none only those who are on the regular pay roll are to be recognized as employees."

"Please do not let that stand in your way. Put me on the pay roll."

"It would still be a violation of the law unless we actually paid you money."

"Well, then, pay me money."

The superintendent bestowed a searching look upon him. "I feel sorry for you," said he, "and perhaps may give you employment. Are you good in mathematics?"

"I fear not, sir. The ninth line of the multiplication table is my mortal enemy."

"Can you measure cord wood?"

"No, I fear not."

"Mark cross ties?"

"I am not artist enough."

"You say that you are a pumped-out humorist?"

"Don't I look like one?"

"I suppose you do. Let me see," he said, musingly, "if there is not something I can give you to do. Can you carry a horse?"

"No, sir."

"Let me see. Pumped-out humorist?" The superintendent mused for a moment, then springing to his feet, he threw his arms around the visitor.

"Thank Heaven that you have come!" he exclaimed. "I can give you employment at an enormous salary. I want you to answer the funny letters the editors write when they return their asses."

The pumped-out humorist disengaged himself from the superintendent's embrace, shoved him back with an ungainly hand, cast a look of deep reproach upon him, and without speaking slowly walked away.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Madame Nilsson's Husband.

Camt de Casa de Miranda, now the lawful husband of Christine Nilsson, is the son of a lady who was governess to the late Queen Mercedes, and who was raised to the rank of Marchioness by King Alfonso. The Count a good many years ago a Boulevardier sort of life in Paris. After the Spanish Republic collapsed he was in rapport with the Spanish Embassy. His particular function was to work the press. Those journalists who were in relations with him found him the pink of obliging courtesy, and he was in a good many instances *bon camarade*. He could be a "Tartar" when he liked, but he preferred not to be one often. His memory does not deceive me he was arrested in the winter of the siege of a French city by the Prussians and taken to Versailles to be interrogated by Bismarck in person. The terrible chancellor made a conquest of him.—*London Times.*

Turtles at Key West.

From all along the coast, during the months of May, June and July, parties go out in the keys and watch for the coming up of the turtles. By hundreds all along the coast they come crawling up, dig holes in the beach and lay their eggs. Carefully they cover them up, then start seaward, happy turtles if they reach the water's edge. Oftener the watcher rushes out, takes the nest, turns the turtle on his back, where he lies helpless, and then kills it. Night after night, on almost every key, this goes on. The eggs are, some say—I detect them—no eating, so is also the meat. In almost every house near the coast during the season one sees great piles of these round, chalky, paper-shelled eggs, and offered cake and bread made from them, and nauseam.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fetherhedge at the Club.

"That cattabwain is a dreadful aw. He's such an aw he makes my head ache every time I see him, wondawing how he darvel he can be such an aw as he is."—*Town Topics.*

BERMUDA HOUSES.

Durability of the Peculiar Building Material Used in Their Construction.

In speaking of the Bermudas, Rev. John Snyder said: "One of the prettiest sights, I believe, I ever saw was when I went up into one of their light-houses and looked out upon the islands below on the one hand and the wide ocean on the other. The landscape was green with palms and all kinds of tropical plants, and the earth was carpeted with grass. The natives build in small villages which dot this country on every side, and the white tops of these village houses, down among the palms, and with a carpet of green grass for a background, make a picture one must see to appreciate. The air is balmy, and said to be a wonderful curative for consumptives."

"Of what material do they build houses in Bermuda?"

"Of coral; that is to say, of a stone found about two feet under the soil at almost any point. This is the work of the coral insect, and has been covered by the soil in the process of forming the island."

"Does the stone stand the weather and answer for all building purposes?"

"Yes, its durability is somewhat remarkable when we consider what the stone is and the way in which it is obtained. The masons go out and remove the two feet of soil which cover the stone, and they find it as soft as wood, perhaps softer than some kinds of our hickory. They cut it out into blocks of any desirable size or shape and leave it exposed to the air a short time, when it becomes as hard as real stone and stands the weather accordingly."

"You spoke of the village house-tops being white; what makes them so?"

"Every peasant and resident of the Bermudas is supposed to paint his house-top at least once a year. The covering is of stone and sometimes almost flat, and as cistern water is their only source of water supply, they paint their roofs that they may better turn the water into their cisterns. Very often you can see about the forts large surfaces arranged in this way to turn water into the cisterns. The earth is removed off a large space of stone and this is so arranged as to turn the water into a common cistern. The stone is all painted, and as I said, looks very beautiful when one looks down from the lighthouse at this snow-white substance among the green grass.—*St. Louis Republic.*

WHITEHEAD TORPEDOES.

Adopted by Nearly Every Naval Power in Europe and America.

The torpedo that has been adopted by nearly every naval power in Europe is known as the Whitehead, and belongs to what may be designated as the "projectile class," that is, having been started on its course toward the enemy, no control of it is retained by the operator. Most of the various types of this class are wholly submerged when operated against any enemy, and are generally arranged to run at a given depth below the surface, varying from five to fifteen feet.

Naturally, one of the main objects of inventors of torpedoes, as well as of those engaged in other fields of invention, is financial profit. The Whitehead is the only torpedo that has yet proved a success in this respect. It is built of thin sheets of steel, is cigar shaped but without the attached float and is made in three sizes, the largest being 19 feet long by 16 inches diameter, and the smallest 9 feet long by 11 inches diameter. The motive power is compressed air, carried at a pressure of about seventy atmospheres, in a cylindrical reservoir within the torpedo. The speed attained is about 25 miles per hour for a distance of 450 yards. The torpedo is divided into three sections—"forward," "middle" and "rear"—containing, respectively, the charge of 70 to 93 pounds of gun cotton; the adjusting mechanism, wherein lies the secret of the inventor, and by which the hydrostatic pressure of the surrounding water is made to regulate the depth of immersion; and the air engines and steering machinery. It is designed to be carried on board a very swift torpedo boat, capable of overtaking the fastest iron-clad, and, when within effective range, to be discharged from the boat with the steering rudder of the torpedo set in such a position as to direct its center toward the enemy. The first motion, or "discharge," is effected through a guide tube in the bow of the boat, either above or below the surface of the water, usually by means of a very small charge of powder, after which, upon reaching the water, the torpedo is propelled by its own engines. The explosion may be made to take place either upon impact with the enemy or after the torpedo has run a given distance.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Governor Bartlett of California.

During a recent official visit to Red Bluff, was waited upon by a delegation of fifty young ladies, each of whom gave him a bouquet and a kiss. The local chronicler records that as the last one laid down her floral offering and the kiss on the Governor's lips he looked up, glorious expectancy pictured in every lineament of his countenance, and said: "Come on; it shall never be said that a 49er quailed before the bewitching eyes and rosy, pouting lips of fair woman—no, not a thousand daughters of the Golden West!"

Texas horsemen are enthusiastic over the success of the cross of the French draft horse with their native Texas mares.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

SICK-ROOM "DON'TS."

The Kind of Comfort for Which Suffering Mankind is Hardly Longing.

Don't enter a sick room with your face long as eternity, and, with a voice mournful as a screech owl's, remark: "This is a world of trouble; we all have somethin' to bear; if 'tisn't one thing it's another." Just so; and the "another" is to try to look happy when listening to such cheerful observations regarding the vanity of human affairs.

Don't start from "way down East" and travel steadily to the Pacific coast, baring a little pleasure excursion to the Gulf of Mexico, to give an account of your cousins', your uncles' and your aunts' diseases. How these esteemed relatives suffered, pined and finally died. The original sin of the listening invalid is likely to be so awakened as to wish you had died too in the long, long ago.

Don't, by way of comfort, say: "I've known sights o' folks sick just like ye be lay round and thought they couldn't do nothin', but when somethin' happened to 'em they could work smart's anybody. Now lots o' times I git up in the mornin' and feel so puny and spindlin', seems if I couldn't do my work now; but I just 'rouse myself and go to work smashin' through my sweepin', moppin', cookin', etc., and by noon I'm chippin' as a cricket. Nothin' like havin' ambition and will."

Don't say: "I know you're dretfully 'flicted, but like as not this is the way the good Lord has taken to teach ye and discipline ye. We all have to learn patience one way or 'nother and I've heard tell nothin' was so good to make us poor 'creechers' kind o' soft and lamb-like in our feelins' as to have the flesh mortified by sickness."

This kind of comfort will make your hearer, in nine cases out of ten, feel more like an old sheep than like a tender lamb.

Don't say: "I know sights o' folks worse off 'n ye be. There's Sary Ann Noddin, grass has cancer, rheumatiz, malary and fits and yet she keeps up jest; wond'ful. And then Marthy Simpkins; she's got a tumor, dyspepsy and neuralgia, and yet you wouldn't think nothin' ailed her. She's so chippin' and cheerful. None of 'em don't never have no doctor, neither, and yit they git 'long jest as well as these folks that are forever putterin' up a doctor."

Does the gentle reader think these hints are useless? If so, I fear he has never been privileged to act as a reception committee of one to all sorts of callers during a protracted illness; well-meaning persons, dear, dear souls, (Heaven bless them and have mercy on them), but as unfitted for their self-appointed mission of comforting the sick as a Sioux Indian would be. Aye, more unfit, for the Indian would keep silence instead of talking by the hour and then hoping you had not been talked into a chill.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

HIS IMPRESSIVE NAME.

How Mickey Hamilton Became Arthur Hamilton Montague.

A Court street lawyer has had under his eye of late, in the case of his office boy, an interesting instance of the influence upon the rising generation of the reading of romantic literature. Not long ago the lawyer advertised for an office boy, and employed a bright-looking youth of fourteen, solely on his own recommendation, partly because he liked the boy's looks and partly because he was impressed with his name, which was Arthur Hamilton Montague. The boy turned out well, despite a propensity for reading rainbow-covered literature in his spare moments, and the lawyer found an unalloyed pleasure to be able to summon an Arthur Hamilton Montague and send him trotting off on an errand.

One day, after the boy had been in the office about a month, the outer door opened one afternoon at an hour when Arthur Hamilton Montague happened to be out, and a sturdy and elderly Irish woman in a faded shawl and a straw bonnet came peeping furtively through the door of the inner office.

"I ax yer pardon, sorr," she said, when she saw the lawyer, "but is this L'y'ar Faywarthy's office?"

"It is."

"Sure, an' I thought so. And can ye tell me, sorr (glancing under the table and then up toward the top of the book-case), if me boy Mickey is anny where about, sorr?"

"Your boy Mickey? There's no boy Mickey here, madam."

"Sure, he's the office-boy of L'y'ar Faywarthy, sorr."

"You've made a mistake, madam. Our office-boy is named Arthur Hamilton Montague."

The woman looked aghast for an instant, and then burst into a convulsive laughter.

"Arthur Hamilton Montague, is it, indeed?" she exclaimed, between her spasms of laughter. "Sure, then, the b'y's ma own choild, an' his name is Mickey Halligan none the less sorr."

Confronted on his return with the visit of the inquiring woman, Arthur Hamilton Montague was compelled to admit the relationship. He said he had got his official name, so to speak, out of no less than three novels, and felt that he was fairly entitled to it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"You know Jimmy Saywell?" said a traveler. "Yes." "Well, he's a great poker player." "Yes, he has the reputation of being the best in the city. Lots of nerve. Never known to back down before a poor hand." "Yes, but I saw him scared nearly to death the other day at a small pair." "Indeed. Who held it?" "The nurse. They were twins."—*Merchant Traveler.*