# Poem-From the German.

When I was young and tender, too, I had to mind and had to do Whatever mother bade me. She used to have a walnut stick Which kept me on the double-quick-And that is where she had me.

When older grown, and quite a bean Among the girls, Lused to know A Miss Priscella Cadmy : And with the help of smile and nods, I fell in love at forty rods-And that is where she had me.

When I was older, say sixteen, I thought it time to have a Queen, And asked her if she'd wed me. She said she did not much object. Or words to something that effect-And that is where she had me.

And when, to make the matter straight, I went down to negotiate

Affairs with Colonel Cadmy. He said he did not care to sell. He told me that I might go to-well-That was where he had me.

I drowned my sorrow in the cup, Until I got my dander up-

I could not have been madder. When she proposed that we be one, In spite of Pa-the thing was done-And that is where I had her,

Two lovely children ou my knee, I'm proud to say belongs to me-That is, to me and madam ; For when we left our native sod We spent a year or two abroad-And that Is where we had 'em.

### Old Man Brown Plays Keno.

A procession of antique bahoons marching down a street would not have attracted more interest than old man Brown alway tild, so patriarchal and banocen was his mien. On one oc-casion, but as he good off mass was lifting a tried oyster to his mouth. somebody shapped him on the back so bard that he drove the fork half way down his throat, and a voice cried

"Why, daddy, when did you come to town ?!

Old Brown turned round and beheld a very nice young man, with a dia-mond pin and a waxed monstache. who grasped him by the hand and seemed as though he never would get

done shaking it.
"Don't you know me Smithy?" said
the lively youth.

"My name is not Smithy, friend," said old Brown; "my name is Brown. I cannot at present recall you.

"Browny, I mean," said the young man; "why, don't you know your own nephew?"

"What? are you Sarah's sou?" "Certainly, that's what's the mat-

"Is it possible that this is Bob? Why, Bob, how are you? how is your mother?"

The old man was delighted to find his nephew, and insisted ou some more oysters. They walked up the street together, and old Brown was very eager to know when his sister had come to town. The young man informed him that Sarah laid been at bome all summer, and was beeping a keno shop, and doing very well. Old Brown said he would go and buy some kenos the next day, but Bob said he was going to invest that night, and that Brown had better come along.

## AND SO HE DIM'T TOYETT

They stopped at the door of a house which seemed perfectly dark, and Bob rapped, when the door was opened at once, and they passed up a flight of strirs. Here out Brown's a stoul-hed eyes fell upon a large room, hand-somely carpeted and furnished with a great number of round tables. On a raised platform at one side sat a man at a cashier's desk with money in front of lifting and another was twirling around a sort of wooden bottle, out of which, from time to time, dropped litthe white numbles with mumbers on them, which he called out. Nearly all the tables were occupied by gentlemen, who lad before them cards with figures upon them, and piles of buttons such as old Brawn wore on his breeche. They raised their heads to look at at old Brown, and then

## RIVETED THEIR EYES

on the cards. All was silent except the cards. All was shent except the rattle of the balls in the bottle, and the calm voice of the man, saying, "Forty-eight," "Twenty-seven," "Eighty-three," "Number nine," till suddenly somebody thumped the ta-

indignation and disgust.
"What did he thump for?" said old

"He struck the table because he had struck a keno," said Bob. "But come, old gentleman, let's sit down and buy some eards." They took an unoccupi-ed table and Bob explained that each card cost twenty-five cents, and that you might buy as many as you pleased. A man whom Bob called "Piggy" came up, and Bob told old Brown to buy two cards, which cost him fifty cents. Bob bought two himself.

Now there were on each card four for there were on each card four horizontal rows, each having on it five figures. The only figures used in keno range from 1 to 90 but of course they connot all be on one card. It happened that on one of the cards old from had beautiful figures. Brown had bought there were these numbers on the upper row—5, 14–30, 68, 69; with the rest of his numbers we are not concerned. Bob explained that if he could cover five numbers in any row with buttons he would get

"But I den't wan't a pot," said old Brown; "fifty cents won't bny a good pot."
"I've known it to buy a fifty dollar

ot," said Bob. "A pot is a pool."
"What is a pool?" asked old Brown. At this moment "Piggy" auntanced that the pool was \$17.75, and that the

#### GAME WOULD BEGIN.

The dealer began to turn the bottle round, and the balls began to drop out. "Fifty-six." "Sixty-nine"—and lare old Brown with his spectacles on, put a button on Number 69, "Forty-one," "Eighty," "Thirty-two," and all around the room the men were eageraround the room the men were eagerly watching their cards, putting flown buttons and listening to the numbers as they were called. "Thirty," and down went another of Brown's buttons, and soon after he had covered 5, 30, 63, 63, and Bob, who was getting excited, whispered, "All you want is 14; If he calls 14, you must call Keno on the top row," Old Brown never ook his eye of the card, and set like ook his eye off the card, and sat like a statue, holding his button up in the "Fourteen," said the dealer and

thundered out old Brown.

"Don't make such a fuss about it," said a surly fellow at the next table.

"But I've got a keno!" said old
Brown—"a keno on the top row."

"Well, you needn't rub it in, dad-

dy. I've been waiting bere with two

What did he want with two cases?"

said the old gentleman.

"Why, to take the pot with. Say!
you ought to be in bed. An old man
like you has no business running
around and stealing pots this time of

Old Brown shook with indignation at this accusation, but Bob called his attention to a pile of ivory chips" which "Piggy" put before him, and told him that when he wanted to go, the cashler would redeem them at a dollar each. He bought some more cards and continued playing, but every time be had four figures covered in a row, or a "case," somebody else would thump the table and the pot was gose. The old gentleman fixisted on buying a dozen cards at a time, and as he couldn't keep run of so many numbers. be lost all he had won and more, and become disgusted. He stopped play-ing and so did Bob, who was com-pletely "broke," as he said.

Old Brown now surveyed the scene with interest and more enlightened

"It seems to me," he said, that this

business of selling keno is very much like gambling."

"Solt is." said Bob; "petty gam-bling reduced to perpetual motion."

"Do you tell me that Sarah keeps a gambling house?"

"Bother Sarah!" said the youth;

"Then you are not my nepheys." said old brown; "give me your hand —I am very glad of it."

The young man who was good nature enough, then began to explain to the old gentleman the beauties of the the old gentieman the beauties of the game. He told him that it was falle enough, and that it was a matter of mere luck who won. He sald the house had no interest in the whener, as its profits were made by taking ten per cent out of every pot. But he showed how the chances were against

ANY SINGLE PLAYER.

"I have seen," he said. "one man win poo's of twenty, thirty-five and forty dollars in an hour, and the same man bay sixty dollars' worth of cards in a night and win nothing.

ble, and everybody look at him with by constantly draining the ten per indignation and disgust.
"What did he thump for?" said old "Why do you play, then?" said old

Brown.

"Because I love the excitement." said Bob, "and besides, I am pretty lucky. The other night I went in with a dollar and came out fifteen dollars.

"It seems to me," sald old Brown. "that your prectice, young man, is very different from

#### YOUR THEORIES."

The game was all this while going on and kenos being called, and the players were absorbed in the cards. Old Brown saw the scientific players, who always buy six cards, and study out combinations of numbers. Bob aughed at these players, and said it was all luck. The moral effect of the game engaged the old gentleman's attention. "Don't you think," said he, it is a pity to see so many young men wasting their time and money? There is that young man with the red necking and the red area was and the seed area. tie, and the red eyes, and a red look

altogether—fon't you think keno is an injury to him?"
"No." replied Bob, "nothing can furt him—now. He's past being

"That may be," said old Brown, "but the influence of these kenos must be bad as a rule. I can understand how young fellows can become facina-ted with it, and by winning a pot once or twice a week be led on to wasting thousands of dollars a year. When I won that pot myself I was quite inter-ested," said the old gentleman, blushing like a girl, and thought I was going to make my fortune at once. see now the mistake-

#### KENO DON'T PAY.

But bless nie! four o'clock! My son John will think I've been murdered."

They left the room, and Bob walked down the street with him. At the door they met a couple of policemen.

"What are they here for?" whispered old Brown.

ed old Brown. "To protect the players," said Bob. "What! Isn't the game of keno con-

trary to haw? "Yes," said the young man, but the law is contrary to the practice, and though every faro bank keno shop, lottery office and gambling house in the city is well known to the authorized ties, there is not one, from the Mayor down, who interferes with them. Now and then an example is made of some poor devil of a gambler, but gambling in Philadelphia is altogethere as a fine that of sulling at our line of sulling at the content of the sulling at the sulling at

tion houses in the city looking for him, and the family greatly worried. They asked him where he had been, and he said he had been buying pots. He would give no other satisfaction, and they still think that the old gentleman was on a fearful jumborce. When he was on a fearful jumborce. When he went to bed he dreamed all night of mile long rows of figures all covered. with buttons, excepting 69, which never would get filled, and that Bob kept saying to him—"Old man, it's a hard case."

## A Pretty Good Story About a Dog.

An English triend of the writer, who resided many years in Texas, traveled, when a young man, in France. He became the purchaser of a poodle dog, belonging to a non-commissioned officer of an infentry regiment station-ed in Paris. The dog was the pet of the whole command, from its great intelligence. intelligence, and the many amusing as well as remarkable tricks it performed,

Our Englishman, then a gay, wild. jolly young man of fortune, saw the possile blow out a ligated candle every time it was held to his nose. John Bull like, he determined to own that dog if he had to box the whole regiment. It was with great difficulty that ment. It was with great dimenty that he could induce the sergeant to agree to part with the dog, so afraid was he of the anger of the regionent, and it was only by offering a very large price, half in advance, and balance on delivery, that the Englishman carried his point, and had to walt some time for the regionant to leave. Paris use the the regiment to leave Paris ere the poodle could be transferred. To describe all the strange and won-

derful tricks that this sugacious pondie could perform—all taught their par by over one thousand soldiers in their hours of leisure, during two or three years that he served with them—would be usuless. For they would not be believed. Many a time during the war, the even har some fire how there was

Englishmen to play a game of cricket, just outside of Calais. Such active exercise, and such hot weather, naturexercise, and such hot weather, naturally made everybody thirsty, and it was not long ere all the party's drinkables had vanished in the way that drinkables generally disappear among thirsty men on a hot Summer day. The game was a long one, and well contested, and by-and-by everybody got thirstier than before. Their discust at finding nothing at land to got thirstler than before. Their us-gust at finding nothing at hand to quench thirst, and no place near by where quenchables could be obtained, was loudly expressed. Everybody de-clared that it was impossible to go on with the game without something to drink, yet to give up the game was not to be thought of by ye Britons

Illingsby, who, with his poodle (named Zouzon,) had been quiet looker-on of the game, now stepped for-ward, and as some of the cricketers had doubted his stories of the poodle's intellectual capacity, officed to bet them, one and all, that he could send. Zouzou back to the city, and get some-thing to drink for them, and that the dog would not only get the refresh-ment, but would bring it back all by himself, and simply on his mere verbal instructions.

"Done ?" cried every cricketer at once, with English faith hi betting. Hilngsby called Zouzon. The dog

"Sit up, sir, when a gentleman speaks to you!"

Zouzon sat up, looking as grave and dignified as could be.

"Now, gentlemen," said Illingsby,
"I will whisper his instructions in
Zouzou's ears, and after he is gone, I
will tell you what I directed him to
do,"

"Agreed !" Illingsby stooped down and whispered to the poodle, and then patting him on the head said, sharply:
"Go!"

"Go!"
Off started the dog, at a mpid rate, straight for Calais,
"Gentlemen," said Blingsby, "I ordered Zouzon to go to my rooms in the lotel; ask the landlord for the key; go in my bedroom; he would find a bottle of burgundy on the centre table; he at to put it in one of my boots, which he will find in the corner, and bring them, boot and bottle, to and bring them, boot and bottle, to me here.

An uproarious burst of derisive laughter greeted this announcement.
"Will you double the bets?" said fllinsby. "Yes, yes!" said they, one linsby.

gambling in Philadelphia is antogener as safe as that of selling stock."

When old Brown got home he found his son John had been at all the station houses in the city looking for him, and the family greatly worried. They to flish it as soon as possible and then go back to the city for an early dinner and plenty of iced thirsty-quenchables. They put not the slightest faith in Il-lingsby's dog; his-burgundy was a north.

Presently, in the hight of the game, Illingsby exclaimed, "There he comes!" Every player stopped and looked down the broad, straight, level avenue leading to the city. There was a dark spot dintly visible in the distance. "Two-to one it's not the poolie!" excitimed one cricketer. "Done! said illing-by beginning to get overled." get excited.

It was soon certain that the black spot was a black dog, and that the black dog was Zouzon; and, being a big, strong fellow, it was seen that he was belding his head unusually high in the air, and that he carried some object in his month.

"He has the boot!" exclaimed: H-

lingsby snapping his finger in around hard boot?" shouted an excited cricketer. "Done?" shouted alllingsby, who would have bet any amount on his fa-

Zouzon came slowly but proudly up to his master, Zouzon held the boot in his mouth. Zouzon left that he had accomplished a remarkable feat. He evidently foresaw Darwin, and ex-claimed to himself: "How is that for

The cricketers were dumb. Illingsby took the boot from Zonzon and held it took the boot from Zouzon and held it up. An angry frown gathered on his brow. "Stlipid dog! he has lorgotten the burgrudy." The cricketers laughed in trhumph. Zouzon still cronched at his master's feet, looked up and whited reproachfully. Illingsby put his band in fine boot. "Oho!" he excained, a smile lighted up his countenance, "here is the bottle afterall." Anothe pulled out a bottle of whie. The cricketers started. "The burgundy, as P'm a living man!" said Hingsby, delighted "I know it by this marks! put on the label this morning." The cricketors examined the bottle one byone, in astendabel allence. Zousand forty dollars in an bour, and the same man buy sixty dollars' worth of cards in a night and win nothing. Nobody can make anything by playing keno, though all delude themselves by the idea that they may. The longer and more steadily you play, the more certain that you may lose. The bank, absorbs the capital of the players

lingsby, with a look of intense surprise, as be pulled out a package wrapped in paper. "My silver cup and corkscrew. I left them on the table but forgot to tell Zouzon to put them in the boot, and he has done it of his own accord."

The cricketers cheered wildly: Zou-zon jumping about delighted; Illings-by opened the bottle and drank to the poodle's health. So did the cricketers. Zouzon is dead long ago. Illingsby is somewhere in Omaha or Nebraska. or thereabout. Let Darwin ponder on: this true narrative.

### HUMOROUS.

When Charles Lamb visited the Ca-thedral at Litchfield his guide told him that three men once dued upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb.

A Dutchman getting excited over an elopement of a married woman, gave his opinion thus: "If my wife runs away mit another man's vife, I shake him out of his preeches, if she pe mine fadder, mine Got!"

A widower who had never quarreled with his wife said that the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another widower said the last day of his marriage was the happiest.

The Bridgeport man attempted to make his children afraid of fire by scorching the ends of their flugers, but his wife took him and so thoroughly toasted a much larger surface that he has taken no comfort since. He wants to know what is to become of the social fabric i, family discipline is to be undermined in this way.

The other day a little boy who hadcut his finger ran to his mother and cried: "The is up, tie it quick, for the julee is all running out!" The same urchin, on one of the late excessively bot days, appealed to his mother for help, saying: "Ma, do fix me, for I'm leaking all over!"

Charles Lamb, one afternoon, in returning from a dinner party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full in-

side?" "I don't know how it may be, sir. with the other passengers." answered Lamb, "but that last piece of ple didthe business for me!"

A mulatto girl, in attempting to cross the track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, recently, was struck by the cow-catcher and thrown back upon the pilot. She was found to be unburt, and remained there quietly enjoying the ride until the next station was reached, when she jumped off and exclaimed, "Dis is jes de place I wanted to come to!"

A boy got fooling around his father's horses, until finally one of them put his foot in his face. He was carried in and the doctor sexed up his lips and bandaged his eyes, and poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid about a number of days; and when he began to get a little better he called for a looking-glass, and cassing his eyes upon it his countenance fell. "Father. db you think I will ever be as pretty again?" "No, my son," the old man replied; "you'll never be so pretty again, but you'll know a darned sight

A buly made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia:
"Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly."
"That's none
of my business," replied the King.
"But he speaks Ill of you," said the lady. "That, "replied he, "4s none of your business."

An old man who believed that "what was to be would," but who was very particular to have his gun with him when he went among the Indians, was once disappointed in one of his usual trips because his grar was not within reach. Tantalized by the suggestion that he "would not die t'll his time came." and that the want of his gue made no matter: "But," said he, "suppose I should meet an Indian whose fime came, I would not-like to be without my gun."

Q. I am a lover rejected? Pray-what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal," like some lovyers true? A. Of no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage your chance is still goods. Remuster your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl!

A dimb man recently went to law with a deaf man. The latter, of course, was the degf-endant.

They are still growling about the weather at the centers of observation. They invariably speak of the mean.

A Memphis paper defines advertisacommers."